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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1912 TO MAY, 1913



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Painting by Marion Powers — Illustration for "Children in Fiction"

RICHARD FEVEREL AND LUCY DESBOROUGH

"She loitered shyly to steal a look at the handsome new-comer"

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WHEN SUMMER CAME WE PROCEEDED EAST ALONG THE COAST
Dogs towing the *umiak* in calm weather

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

FIRST PAPER

THIS is to be the story of an undertaking the reason for which was the belief that there might exist on the north shore of the American continent people who had never seen a white man. The scientific importance of finding and studying such a tribe, if any existed, need not be argued here any more than it needed to be argued before the governing boards of scientific institutions in the autumn of 1907, when their financial support of the project was first sought. The only question was, did any such isolated people exist? The American Museum of Natural History of New York, and the Geological Survey of Canada, decided that the matter was worth looking into. These two institutions, therefore, joined hands in the scientific indorsement of what came to be known as the Stefánsson-Anderson Arctic Expedition. The chief burden of expense fell upon the Museum.

We hoped we should find people who had never seen a white man, and we found several hundreds of them eventually; but what no one hoped (or shall I say feared?) was that the expedition

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would one day come to attract world-wide interest, and became the subject, in many lands, of praise, debate, and denunciations, through the simple circumstance that we found some of these people to be of a fairer complexion than one expects to meet with among aborigines of the American continent. As yet no one officially connected with the expedition has declared his adherence to any theory, to the exclusion of all others, that shall explain why it is that we found so many blond individuals where we should have expected to find none. I have been denounced in print and in many languages, both in America and abroad, for not adopting at once the particular theories which to the writers seem self-evidently true. No doubt I shall some time (when our scientific data shall have been computed out and digested) adopt a theory that more or less satisfies me, and this, together with the facts on which it is based, I shall at the proper time have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*. Meantime we turn to a brief narrative of the events which finally brought us in contact with the people in question—the Eskimos of Dolphin and Union Strait and Coronation Gulf.

The story of how our expedition was planned can be touched on only briefly. The essential feature that set our venture apart from the typical arctic expedition was that we expected to dispense with the large stores of food and complicated paraphernalia that are commonly considered essential. We were not looking for the pole, nor for any waste countries; we hoped to discover people, and to live with them a year or so to find out what manner of men they are who as yet have no acquaintance with the "blessings of civilization." Evidently, then, we reasoned, we need take no food along with us, but merely the implements for getting food; for where the Eskimos, armed as they must be with bows and arrows only, can live and provide sufficient food for themselves and their children, there, surely, we too could live in comfort, if armed with modern rifles. With the courage of our convictions we therefore went into the field with an outfit that could be carried in two thirty-foot boats.

Our first year in the arctic was not devoid of incident nor barren of results, but a detailed account of it is not intended to form a part of the present narrative. My own winter headquarters were near the mouth of the Colville in northern Alaska, while Dr. Anderson spent the sunless period in the Endicott Mountains, a hundred miles to the eastward. During this time he and his party of four Eskimos lived on caribou, mountain-sheep, and ptarmigan, and he had his first experience of going without such luxuries as flour and salt.

Most people are in the habit of looking upon the articles of our accustomed diet, and especially upon salt, as necessities.



BRINGING ASHORE A BEARDED SEAL, LANGTON BAY

We have not found them so. The longer you go without grain foods and vegetables the less you long for them. Salt I have found to behave like a narcotic poison—in other words, it is hard to break off its use, as it is hard to stop the use of tobacco, but after you have been a month or so without salt you cease to long for it, and after six months I have found the taste of meat boiled in salt water distinctly disagreeable. In the case of such a necessary element of food as fat, on the other hand, I have found that the longer you are without it the more you long for it, until the craving becomes much more intense than is the hunger of a man who fasts. (The symptoms of starvation are those of a disease rather than of being hungry.)



VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

Among the uncivilized Eskimos the dislike of salt is so strong that a saltiness imperceptible to me would prevent them from eating at all. This circumstance was often useful to me, for whenever our Eskimo visitors threatened to eat us out of house and home we could put in a little pinch of salt, and thus husband our resources without seeming inhospitable. A man who tasted anything salty at our table would quickly bethink him that he had plenty of more palatable fare in his own house.

When summer came we proceeded by ice and water east along the coast, and the following winter our headquarters were near Cape Parry. We were now on the threshold of the unknown country. The coast-line to the eastward as far as Cape Krusenstern had indeed been mapped by Richardson in 1826, but of the people who might or might not inhabit the country nothing was known, for Richardson had seen none, though he had seen traces of them here and there. None of the Baillie Islands or western Eskimos had within the memory of living men come in contact with any people to the eastward. They knew, however, that there once had been such, but the opinion was current that they no longer existed. And if they existed, it was said, they were probably like their forefathers, with whom the Baillie Islands people had had dealings—treacherous, wicked, even cannibalistic people who killed all strangers. Besides, the country that lay between them and the Baillie Islanders was devoid of game, and any one who went into it would starve. At this time we had six Eskimos in our employ. We had hired them a year before, and from the first they had been pledged to accompany us into the unknown country to the eastward to look for "new people." When now they heard the terrible character given by the Baillie Islanders both to the country itself and to the people who might or might not inhabit it, they quickly lost all enthusiasm for the undertaking.

The winter of 1909-10 proved the least pleasant of our four in the arctic. During the summer our party had been divided; Dr. Anderson with a thirty-foot wooden boat and four Eskimo companions had been left behind near Herschel Island, and though I myself and two Eskimos in our *umiak* reached Langton Bay early in September, Anderson was unable to get to us until after the sea had frozen over.

On arrival at Langton Bay we immediately set about making preparations



ESKIMO AND DOGS CARRYING PACKS ON A CARIBOU HUNT

for winter. My Eskimos, Natkusiak and Pannigabluk (both natives of Alaska), were resourceful and good companions for such a task as we now had before us. Although talkative by nature, Pannigabluk did not mind being alone for a day, so we left her to make camp while Natkusiak hunted southeast and I southwest in the hope of finding caribou.

At Langton Bay the Melville Mountains, about a thousand feet high, are three miles inland. They are really the sea front of a plateau that slopes almost imperceptibly south from their crest to Horton River, ten miles farther inland. Each of us climbed the mountains by a separate ravine, and each reached a commanding peak at about the same time. We were three miles apart, but could see each other clearly with the glasses. It was evident to me that Natkusiak soon got his eye on game to the south of him, for he spent but little time on his peak—there is always something decisive and unmistakable about a hunter's actions when he sets out toward a distant band of caribou. I read the signs clearly and with satisfaction, but I knew my man and that he needed no help, so, although I saw nothing from my point of vantage (except scenery, which at the approach of an arctic winter has no attractiveness except as a fitting background for caribou), I started southwest in the hope of picking up something.

The afternoon developed for me into a profitless twenty-mile tramp over the spongy tundra. There were few tracks of caribou, none very fresh, and all going east—evidently we were a little too late to intercept the few animals that had spent the summer toward Liverpool Bay and were now moving to other pastures. I had given up hope of game for the day and had turned home, for the dusk of the short night was approaching, when I saw over a small ridge what I took to be the flutter of a raven. A little farther on, and I thought I saw four ravens. They were not quite in my line of march down the mountain toward the sea, so I turned my glasses on them, thinking to see if it was the carcass of a caribou they were feeding on. It was fortunate for me and for the American Museum that I was inquisitive, for this proved my first sight of the Barren Ground grizzly, *Ursus arctos richardsoni,* perhaps the rarest of the large land carnivoræ of the world in museums and the least known scientifically; but my inquisitiveness was unlucky for the bear, for he became the nucleus of our collection, which finally grew to number nineteen specimens. It was his four paws I

had taken for four ravens; for he had been lying on his back, pawing the air like a fat puppy — and fat he was, in truth. On the rump the blubber layer was about four inches thick, for he was an old male almost ready for hibernation. In the hurry of skinning him, a good deal of the fat remained with the hide; I allowed the paws and head to go with the skin for mounting purposes, and the matted, woolly hair was wet, all of which went toward making that skin one of the heaviest back-loads I ever carried to camp—it must have weighed considerably over a hundred pounds. I found that Natkusiak had seen several deer, but had been able to approach only three before it became too dark to shoot. He got those three, all fairly fat. In an arctic existence ordered as ours the necessities of life are meat and skins, the luxuries are fat, caribou meat, and short-haired summer caribou-skins. We had, therefore, begun well. In one day we had secured meat enough for perhaps three weeks, skins enough for one suit of outer clothes, and oil enough for light for a month.

The next day Natkusiak and I hunted together. There were no caribou near the coast, but about ten miles inland we saw seven, all of which we shot. Ten caribou and a bear made a pretty good showing for the first two days of hunting, but we found that we had come to the end of our rope. The animals we had secured had been the rear-guard of the east-moving herd, and it soon became evident that we could reach no more game from a hunting-base on the seacoast. We therefore cached the meat of the bear and the three deer first killed at Langton Bay, and moved camp about ten miles inland to where we had buried the meat of the seven caribou — buried with the double idea of keeping it fresh in the cool ground until the freeze-up (which was now only a few days distant) and of protecting it from foxes.

The second day after moving camp inland I had one of the pleasantest surprises of my traveling experience. The general topography of the country led me to believe there should be a river at a greater or less distance to the southwest. To ascertain the truth of this I had gone about five miles southwest, when I suddenly came upon a deep ravine. Looking down this for half a mile to where it had its mouth into another and deeper ravine, I saw a small band of little Christmas trees straggling up the steep bank. I have never been half so glad to see the sun after its midwinter absence. I had intended to make an all-day hunt, but the news was too good to keep — the Eskimos were at home, I knew, and I



THE WINTER HOUSE IN THE VALLEY OF HORTON RIVER, ABOUT FORTY MILES SOUTH OF LANGTON BAY

had to go and tell them about it. The branch of evergreen I took to them carried an invitation not to be resisted. None of us had suspected that trees were anywhere near. We had been using small green willow twigs for fire. It was already autumn; ice formed every night on the ponds, and the drizzling rains of the season made comfort impossible on the shelterless barren ground. There were no two opinions, therefore, about moving camp, and the following night found us sitting by a crackling fire of dry wood in a sheltered spruce grove in my creek-bottom. This creek proved to be a branch of Horton River, a stream about the size of the Hudson that it has been our privilege to add to the map of North America.

This was the harvest season on the arctic tundra; the caribou were still short-haired, and their skins, therefore, suitable for clothing; they were still fat, and their meat, therefore, good eating; but we knew that the approach of cold weather was about to change all that. We expected every day that Anderson's party would come to join ours, in which case—between men and dogs—our supply of meat would last less than a month. A whaling-ship had, it was true, landed about three months' supplies for us, besides ammunition and other gear, at Cape Parry, about seventy-five miles to the north, but these supplies we hoped not to be forced to touch for a long time, for we had several years—it turned out to be three—of work ahead of us, and could count on no reinforcements. We hunted, therefore, energetically every day from dawn till dark, but saw no caribou. One day, however, I picked up two more grizzlies. We were in the habit of considering a full-grown grizzly equal in food value to about two large bull caribou. I also shot a fat white wolf, which gave us a good seventy-five pounds of excellent meat.

On September 29th we had the first heavy snowfall of the year. The snow and ice are one's best friends in the North, for they make travel easy. Up to this time we had been forced to make beasts of burden both of ourselves and our three dogs; we carried our camp-gear on our backs from place to place, and whenever we killed an animal we had to pack the meat and skin home. Carrying a hundred-pound back-load of meat ten or fifteen miles home over boggy ground is more like work than sport, especially after an all-day hunt, when darkness overtakes you while you are skinning your game or cutting up the meat. So soon, therefore, as there was sufficient snow on the ground we made a trip to Langton Bay to get our sled, and then proceeded southeast up Horton River in the hope of overtaking the caribou which, as we knew by their tracks, had gone in



CAMPING ON THE EDGE OF THE BARREN GROUND



AN ICE "PRESSURE RIDGE" ON THE OPEN SEA NEAR CAPE PARRY

that direction about three weeks before.

Before starting we cached, as safely as we could, not only our store of meat, but most carefully of all the grizzly-bear skins, which we considered priceless scientifically. We took little meat with us, and the first night out one of our dogs stole half of that. On the third day of the up-river journey we supped on the half of an arctic fox I shot that day, and breakfasted on the other half. That morning, however, we came on the tracks of eight young bull caribou. Leaving Pannigabluk to pitch camp, Natkusiak and I followed these, overtook them about five miles away, and killed seven of the eight. We soon found that we had overtaken the rear-guard of the caribou, and as we were anxious that Dr. Anderson's party should overtake us as soon as possible, we built here a permanent house of wood, sod, and moss, and prepared to spend the winter. During the remainder of October we shot sixteen more caribou and hauled their meat safely to camp.

At this point we made the first serious mistake of the year. I myself did not worry much about Dr. Anderson's not turning up, for I considered that he had probably been unable to get any farther than the Mackenzie delta by open water, and that he was, therefore, hardly overdue; but my Eskimos were of the opinion that his Eskimos might possibly have "struck" and refused, on account of fear of hunger, to accompany him farther east than the most easterly Eskimo settlement (at the Baillie Islands). They therefore advised that we should make the 150-mile trip to the Baillie Islands to let the news get out that we had found caribou. If we did not actually meet Dr. Anderson there, they argued, the news would eventually get to his party, and his Eskimos would then be all eagerness to come and help us eat our store of venison. I yielded to these persuasions unwisely; we should, of course, have stayed where we were to make hay while the sun shone—to kill more caribou while we yet had daylight enough for shooting purposes. Dr. Anderson was in no danger; for if he could not get his Eskimos to go where he wanted them to, he could always stay where they wanted to stay, as I had had to do myself on a former expedition—the winter of 1906 in the Mackenzie delta.

I let the arguments of my Eskimos prevail, and we accordingly left Pannigabluk to look after our camp and protect our meat caches from the wolverines while Natkusiak and I went to the coast to look for Dr. Anderson. We met him and his party on their way to join us; it was a pleasing thing to see him a fortnight earlier than we should have done; but this trip to the coast was the beginning of our misfortunes.

Inland on Horton River we were short of ammunition, tea, and tobacco — the first of which is a real necessity; the last two are considered necessities by the Mackenzie Eskimos. It was therefore decided that Dr. Anderson, Natkusiak, and Pikalu (a man who had at his own instance joined Dr. Anderson's party) should make a quick trip to Cape Parry for a supply of these necessities, while I returned to our hunting-camp up the river with the remaining five of Dr. Anderson's party.

When we parted with Dr. Anderson, November 23d, at the mouth of Horton River, we each had about two days' provisions. It was blowing a blizzard from the southwest and was very cold, but the wind was nearly fair for him, and he would be able, we thought, to make our meat cache at Langton Bay in three days (which he succeeded in doing). It would take us longer, we knew, to get home to our hunting-camp. It turned out that it took us thirteen days. The sun was gone, and there were blizzards more than half the time. We had counted on getting both ptarmigan and rabbits along the way, but on account of the snowstorms and darkness we got not a single rabbit and only seven ptarmigan.



THE WIFE OF ONE OF OUR ESKIMOS

On the coast, near the mouth of Horton River, we had discovered on the beach the carcass of a bowhead whale that had (we afterward learned) been dead four years. It would have been securely hidden from sight by the level three feet or so of snow that covered it, had not the arctic foxes smelled it out and by their tracks and burrowings given us the clue. After working half a day to shovel off the snow, we got at the carcass at last, and chopped off from the tongue of the huge animal about a hundred pounds of what we intended for dog feed. When fresh the tongue is mostly fat, but after four years of weathering there remained chiefly the connective tissues, so that what we cut off resembled more chunks of felt than pieces of meat. Of these one hundred pounds, Dr. Anderson and I each had taken half; he took no more because he expected to reach Langton Bay with its cache of caribou and bear-meat in three days; I took no more because I expected to find plenty of small game along Horton River as we ascended it toward our main camp.

After Dr. Anderson left us we were kept in camp two days by a blizzard so violent that our dogs would not face it. Whether your dogs will or will not face the wind is the test of fit and unfit traveling weather in the arctic, for a properly dressed man will face a wind that is too much for the Eskimo dog. These two storm-bound days used up most of our ordinary food, and on the first day of actual travel we were on half-allowance. The second day out we boiled up some sealskin that we had intended for boots; the third day we ate some more skins and boiled a little of the whale tongue. This last all of us found unpalatable, for the tongue had been so long awash



A SUMMARY OF MR. STEFÁNSSON'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS

Mr. Stefánsson and Dr. R. M. Anderson, in the summer of 1908, descended by the Mackenzie River to the Arctic on his first journey to the Arctic in 1906). In two thirty-foot boats he then proceeded west in scientific explorat was "on the road" all winter, visiting for ethnological purposes every Eskimo settlement as far west as Wainwri ceeded east along the coast by water, and the following winter their hunting-camps were inland on Horton River.

In the spring of 1910 Mr. Stefánsson started east toward Coronation Gulf on a trip during which he and months solely on the products of their rifles. Mr. Stefánsson followed the coast east to Cape Bexley, where he f 'blond" Eskimos; he then crossed to Victoria Island, returned again to Cape Bexley, proceeded east, and cross foot of Basil Hall Bay. Thence he skirted the coast to the mouth of the Copper-mine, and proceeded up it six 6th) sledding had to be given up for the year. Using pack-dogs, and themselves carrying packs, Mr. Stefánsso the wandering bands of Eskimos between Coronation Gulf and Bear Lake.

In November, in order to communicate with Dr. Anderson, Mr. Stefánsson with two companions crossed one Bear Lake to Langton Bay. In December and January (1911), accompanied by Dr. Anderson, the party retu of Dease River. In March they proceeded to Coronation Gulf, where Dr. Anderson with two Eskimos remained be Coronation Gulf, passed west through Dolphin and Union straits, crossed Victoria Island from Simpson Bay t sound, and thence across the east end of the Amundsen Gulf to Crocker River. They reached Langton Bay June Horton River until March 22, 1912, when Mr. Stefánsson started on the one-thousand-mile journey to Point Ba

Mr. Stefánsson estimates his travels afoot in the arctic at, approximately, 10,000 miles in about five and a graphically and corrected many errors of former maps.

on the beach that it had become thoroughly impregnated with sea salts (other than sodium chloride). No doubt it was these salts, too, that made us sick, so that two or three days farther on our journey, when—between men and dogs—we had finished the whale tongue, we were really better off than while we had it. We had tried slicing it thin and boiling it twice and even three times, but it seemed impossible to get rid of the quinine-like bitterness of the stuff.

I must not give the impression that we were really starving, or even suffering much from hunger. We had plenty of seal-oil—a sealskin bag full of it—and of this we ate all we wanted. All of us found, however, that we could not take much of it "straight"—the stomach needs bulky food; it craves to be filled with something. For this reason we used to eat the oil soaked up in tea leaves, ptarmigan feathers, or caribou hair. Most commonly we used to take long-haired caribou-skin, cut it in small pieces, dip the pieces in oil, and eat them that way. This is, too, the method we used in feeding oil to dogs in an emergency; on this trip, as on many other occasions, we and our dogs fared exactly alike.

The tenth day out (December 4th) we camped near the place where two months before we had cached our grizzly-bear skins. I had then been so profoundly impressed with their value to science that I had spent a day in burying them safely in frozen ground; now their food value impressed us so strongly that we spent a day in digging them up to eat the heads and paws, though we destroyed thereby the scientific value of the skins. There was one ham of caribou cached at the same place, but that and the heads and paws of the bears all went in one day, our dogs getting a share, of course. They were now so weak that we had to pull most of the weight of the sleds ourselves, though we were a little weak, too. I have noticed—and Dr. Anderson's experience has been the same as mine—that on a diet of fats alone one gradually loses strength, but that this symptom of malnutrition is not so conspicuous as sleepiness and a mental inability to call quickly into action such strength as one has.

After a day of high living on the one caribou ham and eight bear paws we were down to a diet of skins and oil again. We also ate our snow-shoe lashings and several fathoms of other rawhide thongs—fresh rawhide is good eating; it reminds one of pig's feet, if well boiled. It occurs to one in this connection (seriously speaking) that one of the material advantages of skin clothing over woolens in arctic exploration is that one can eat them in an emergency, or feed them to one's dogs if the need is not quite so pressing. This puts actual starvation off by a week or so. As for eating one's dogs, the very thought is an abomination. Not that I have any prejudice against dog-meat as such; it is probably very much like wolf, and wolf I know to be excellent. But on a long, hard sled trip the dogs become your friends; they work for you single-mindedly and uncomplainingly; they revel with you in prosperity and good fortune; they take starvation and hard knocks with an equanimity that says to you: "We have seen hard times together before, we shall see good times again; but if this be the last, you can count on us to the end." To me the death of a dog that has stood by me in failure and helped me to success is the death of a comrade in arms; to eat him would be but a step removed from cannibalism.

After finishing our bear paws we had only two more days on deerskins and oil. We arrived at our home camp on the 7th of December, and found Pannigabluk well and most of our meat safe—in spite of her watchfulness (which was not quite as keen as it might have been) the wolverines had gotten off with some of our meat; they are animals with a genius for thievery and mischief. For the time our prospects were not bad, except for the fact that out of the six Eskimos I now had with me, three were more or less sick from the effects of the diet of deer hair and oil—or rather from the effects of overeating when they got to where meat was abundant.

We now had meat to do us about two months, we thought, but we were short of fat. Some blubber cached on the seacoast was one of the things that Dr. Anderson had gone to get. Had

everything gone moderately well with him he should have rejoined us by the middle of December, and we hoped he would come even sooner. After a diet of oil straight during our trip up the river, it was very hard on all of us to have to live on lean caribou meat alone —for the caribou had been killed too late in the season, and the meat we had was all poor. Those of my Eskimos who had been taken sick on coming home not only did not get better, but the others got sick, too, and by Christmas all of them were affected with what resembled dysentery. We had no oil for light, of course, and it must have been a dreary thing for the Eskimos, all of them more or less sick, to sit in the dark house all day around the little sheet-iron stove. I myself used to go out hunting every day, but there was only twilight at noon, and the caribou in the country were few. Four poor animals were all I was able to kill during the month of December.

After two or three weeks without fat the situation began to get serious. All of us ate ravenously of lean meat, yet we were always hungry; at the end of a meal one might feel like bursting with the amount he had swallowed, and still the hunger persisted. It was so with the dogs; we fed them more than twice as much meat as dogs need when they have fat to eat also, yet they all became as skeletons. Although I was never actually sick, I felt uncomfortable, and was growing gradually weaker.

By the first of January (1910) Anderson was a full two weeks overdue by my calculations, and we all became seriously worried. January 8th I made my first diary entry after December 28th, for the women had pounded up a large quantity of caribou bones and had been able to boil a little fat out of them, most of which we ate, but a little we used for light to enable me to write and them to sew. Four days later while out hunting I spied three men on top of a hill several miles to the north. One of the Eskimos had gone out with me this day, and we at once gave up our search for caribou and hurried to meet what both of us thought to be Anderson's party. These men, however, turned out to be Eskimos who had come from the Baillie Islands to visit us, and who could tell us nothing of Anderson or his party. They were old friends of ours, and I was glad to see them for many reasons. They were able to give us a little seal-oil, and I found I could get them to stay with my sick and badly discouraged people while one of them and a boy of my own party went with me to the sea-coast to look for Dr. Anderson and to get blubber. Langton Bay, where we had some blubber and bear fat cached, was about three days' journey north, and Cape Parry, where Anderson had gone, was two days farther still.

At Langton Bay we not only discovered no traces of Anderson, but found our cache rifled of most of its stores of fat by a wolverine that we caught at his stealing and later ate for supper. Much worried about Dr. Anderson's safety, we naturally proceeded at once to Cape Parry, where (January 21st) we found Dr. Anderson and Pikalu both convalescing from what seems to have been a mild attack of pneumonia. Pikalu had been taken sick the evening before they intended to start for Horton River. A few days later Dr. Anderson himself had been taken sick. The misfortune of illness would have been much more serious had it overtaken them anywhere but at Cape Parry, where we had our stores, such as they were. At any other place a situation serious enough as it was, might have become a tragedy.

Dr. Anderson had not yet recovered enough to travel, and naturally I did not care to leave him while he was not fully recovered; I therefore sent Natkusiak back inland with a load of blubber and other necessaries, and remained behind myself at Cape Parry.

Dr. Anderson recovered steadily, and by early March was able to travel. Meantime our Eskimos inland had been through difficult times. They had been unable to kill caribou in sufficient number, and had been forced to eat most of the skins of the animals Natkusiak and I had killed in the fall, including those that had been intended for scientific purposes. These hard times while in our service were in marked contrast with the easy lives they were used to on the whaling-ships at Herschel Island, and now all of them wanted to go west. They had no desire



SUMMER TRAVEL BY SEA-ICE WHEN THE LAND IS BARE OF SNOW
A seal intended for supper is being dragged behind the sled

to find new people to the eastward, and they did not see why I should have any—in fact, they could not see why any sensible man should. We would all surely die of starvation if we went still farther east—we had been too far east as it was, and see the result: we had nearly starved to death. Quite as serious as the discontent of our natives, and adding materially to it, was the fact that most of our dogs, and all the best dogs, had died during the winter.

Nevertheless, Dr. Anderson quite agreed with me that our plans had to be carried out irrespective of whether or not we had good excuse for failing, for failure can never be so excused as to be the equivalent of success. We had been two years gone from New York, and the Eskimos uncontaminated by civilization were still as problematic as when we left home. We had faith, however, that they were somewhere along the coast less than three hundred miles to the east. A five-hundred-mile trip to the westward to meet supplies of ammunition, and of photographic and writing materials shipped by whaler to Herschel Island, had to be made by one of us. Dr. Anderson volunteered to make this trip without any dogs at all, suggesting that I could then have a six-dog team for my forlorn hope to the eastward, and leave the remaining four to those of our Eskimos who would stay behind near Langton Bay. They were to look after our gear there, and to try to kill caribou and seal against the coming winter, so that I should have some place to retreat if things went badly in the Coronation Gulf district.

We both felt that my journey to the eastward might turn out seriously because of the handicap we were under. We still had faith in the belief that a white man can live on the country wherever an Eskimo can do so, but we did not know for certain that there were any Eskimos where we were going, for no one had ever—so far as I know—seen Eskimos on the mainland shore between Cape Parry and Cape Krusenstern, a stretch of coast which, as has been said, the Baillie Islands people believed destitute of game. As Dr. Anderson would have to take action and to answer questions in case we failed to return, I gave him written memoranda of what my plans were, gave him a date up to which he need not worry for our safety, and told him what efforts I expected him to make to reach me in case we overstayed our time limit, which I put at about nine months. Dr. Anderson started west toward Herschel Island, March 14th, accompanying a party of Mackenzie River Eskimos. When we parted we knew that before we should meet again our expedition would either have succeeded or failed. Five weeks later (April 21, 1910) I started toward Coronation Gulf with one sled, six dogs, three Eskimo companions, 960 rounds of ammunition, and a two weeks' supply of food, on what proved to be a year of living by our rifles only in the country of a strange people.

My Platonic Sweetheart

BY MARK TWAIN

NOTE.—*Mark Twain was always interested in those psychic phenomena which we call dreams. His own sleep fancies were likely to be vivid, and it was his habit to recall them and to find interest, and sometimes amusement, in their detail. In the story which follows he set down, and not without some fidelity to circumstance—dream circumstance—a phase of what we call recurrent dreams. As the tale progressed he felt an inclination to treat the subject more fully—more philosophically—and eventually he laid the manuscript away. The time did not come when he was moved to rewrite it; and for the pure enjoyment of it as a delicate fancy it may be our good fortune that he left it unchanged.*—A. B. P.

I MET her first when I was seventeen and she fifteen. It was in a dream. No, I did not meet her; I overtook her. It was in a Missourian village which I had never been in before, and was not in at that time, except dreamwise; in the flesh I was on the Atlantic seaboard ten or twelve hundred miles away. The thing was sudden, and without preparation—after the custom of dreams. There I was, crossing a wooden bridge that had a wooden rail and was untidy with scattered wisps of hay, and there she was, five steps in front of me; half a second previously neither of us was there. This was the exit of the village, which lay immediately behind us. Its last house was the blacksmith-shop; and the peaceful clinking of the hammers — a sound which nearly always seems remote, and is always touched with a spirit of loneliness and a feeling of soft regret for something, you don't know what—was wafted to my ear over my shoulder; in front of us was the winding country road, with woods on one side, and on the other a rail fence, with blackberry vines and hazel bushes crowding its angles; on an upper rail a bluebird, and scurrying toward him along the same rail a fox-squirrel with his tail bent high like a shepherd's crook; beyond the fence a rich field of grain, and far away a farmer in shirt-sleeves and straw hat wading knee-deep through it; no other representative of life, and no noise at all; everywhere a Sabbath stillness.

I remember it all—and the girl, too, and just how she walked, and how she was dressed. In the first moment I was five steps behind her; in the next one I was at her side—without either stepping or gliding; it merely happened; the transfer ignored space. I noticed that, but not with any surprise; it seemed a natural process.

I was at her side. I put my arm around her waist and drew her close to me, for I loved her; and although I did not know her, my behavior seemed to me quite natural and right, and I had no misgivings about it. She showed no surprise, no distress, no displeasure, but put an arm around my waist, and turned up her face to mine with a happy welcome in it, and when I bent down to kiss her she received the kiss as if she was expecting it, and as if it was quite natural for me to offer it and her to take it and have pleasure in it. The affection which I felt for her and which she manifestly felt for me was a quite simple fact; but the quality of it was another matter. It was not the affection of brother and sister—it was closer than that, more clinging, more endearing, more reverent; and it was not the love of sweethearts, for there was no fire in it. It was somewhere between the two, and was finer than either, and more exquisite, more profoundly contenting. We often experience this strange and gracious thing in our dream-loves; and we remember it as a feature of our childhood-loves, too.

We strolled along, across the bridge and down the road, chatting like the oldest friends. She called me George, and that seemed natural and right, though

it was not my name; and I called her Alice, and she did not correct me, though without doubt it was not her name. Everything that happened seemed just natural and to be expected. Once I said, "What a dear little hand it is!" and without any words she laid it gratefully in mine for me to examine it. I did it, remarking upon its littleness, its delicate beauty, and its satin skin, then kissed it; she put it up to her lips without saying anything and kissed it in the same place.

Around a curve of the road, at the end of half a mile, we came to a log house, and entered it and found the table set and everything on it steaming hot — a roast turkey, corn in the ear, butter-beans, and the rest of the usual things— and a cat curled up asleep in a splint-bottomed chair by the fireplace; but no people; just emptiness and silence. She said she would look in the next room if I would wait for her. So I sat down, and she passed through a door, which closed behind her with a click of the latch. I waited and waited. Then I got up and followed, for I could not any longer bear to have her out of my sight. I passed through the door, and found myself in a strange sort of cemetery, a city of innumerable tombs and monuments stretching far and wide on every hand, and flushed with pink and gold lights flung from the sinking sun. I turned around, and the log house was gone. I ran here and there and yonder down the lanes between the rows of tombs, calling Alice; and presently the night closed down, and I could not find my way. Then I woke, in deep distress over my loss, and was in my bed in Philadelphia. And I was not seventeen, now, but nineteen.

TEN years afterward, in another dream, I found her. I was seventeen again, and she was still fifteen. I was in a grassy place in the twilight deeps of a magnolia forest some miles above Natchez, Mississippi; the trees were snowed over with great blossoms, and the air was loaded with their rich and strenuous fragrance; the ground was high, and through a rift in the wood a burnished patch of the river was visible in the distance. I was sitting on the grass, absorbed in thinking, when an arm was laid around my neck, and there was Alice sitting by my side and looking into my face. A deep and satisfied happiness and an unwordable gratitude rose in me, but with it there was no feeling of surprise; and there was no sense of a time-lapse; the ten years amounted to hardly even a yesterday; indeed, to hardly even a noticeable fraction of it. We dropped in the tranquilest way into affectionate caressings and pettings, and chatted along without a reference to the separation; which was natural, for I think we did not know there had been any that one might measure with either clock or almanac. She called me Jack and I called her Helen, and those seemed the right and proper names, and perhaps neither of us suspected that we had ever borne others; or, if we did suspect it, it was probably not a matter of consequence.

She had been beautiful ten years before; she was just as beautiful still; girlishly young and sweet and innocent, and she was still that now. She had had blue eyes, a hair of flossy gold before; she had black hair now, and dark-brown eyes. I noted these differences, but they did not suggest change; to me she was the same girl she was before, absolutely. It never occurred to me to ask what became of the log house; I doubt if I even thought of it. We were living in a simple and natural and beautiful world where everything that happened was natural and right, and was not perplexed with the unexpected or with any forms of surprise, and so there was no occasion for explanations and no interest attaching to such things.

We had a dear and pleasant time together, and were like a couple of ignorant and contented children. Helen had a summer hat on. She took it off presently and said, "It was in the way; now you can kiss me better." It seemed to me merely a bit of courteous and considerate wisdom, nothing more; and a natural thing for her to think of and do. We went wandering through the woods, and came to a limpid and shallow stream a matter of three yards wide. She said:

"I must not get my feet wet, dear; carry me over."

I took her in my arms and gave her my hat to hold. This was to keep my own feet from getting wet. I did not

know why this should have that effect; I merely knew it; and she knew it, too. I crossed the stream, and said I would go on carrying her, because it was so pleasant; and she said it was pleasant to her, too, and wished we had thought of it sooner. It seemed to me a pity that we should have walked so far, both of us on foot, when we could have been having this higher enjoyment; and I spoke of it regretfully, as a something lost which could never be got back. She was troubled about it, too, and said there must be some way to get it back; and she would think. After musing deeply a little while she looked up radiant and proud, and said she had found it.

"Carry me back and start over again."

I can see, now, that that was no solution, but at the time it seemed luminous with intelligence, and I believed that there was not another little head in the world that could have worked out that difficult problem with such swiftness and success. I told her that, and it pleased her; and she said she was glad it all happened, so that I could see how capable she was. After thinking a moment she added that it was "quite atreous." The words seemed to mean something, I do not know why: in fact, it seemed to cover the whole ground and leave nothing more to say; I admired the nice aptness and the flashing felicity of the phrase, and was filled with respect for the marvelous mind that had been able to engender it. I think less of it now. It is a noticeable fact that the intellectual coinage of Dreamland often passes for more there than it would fetch here. Many a time in after years my dream-sweetheart threw off golden sayings which crumbled to ashes under my pencil when I was setting them down in my note-book after breakfast.

I carried her back and started over again; and all the long afternoon I bore her in my arms, miles upon miles, and it never occurred to either of us that there was anything remarkable in a youth like me being able to carry that sweet bundle around half a day without some sense of fatigue or need of rest. There are many dream-worlds, but none is so rightly and reasonably and pleasantly arranged as that one.

After dark we reached a great plantation-house, and it was her home. I carried her in, and the family knew me and I knew them, although we had not met before; and the mother asked me with ill-disguised anxiety how much twelve times fourteen was, and I said a hundred and thirty-five, and she put it down on a piece of paper, saying it was her habit in the process of perfecting her education not to trust important particulars to her memory; and her husband was offering me a chair, but noticed that Helen was asleep, so he said it would be best not to disturb her; and he backed me softly against a wardrobe and said I could stand more easily now; then a negro came in, bowing humbly, with his slouch-hat in his hand, and asked me if I would have my measure taken. The question did not surprise me, but it confused me and worried me, and I said I should like to have advice about it. He started toward the door to call advisers; then he and the family and the lights began to grow dim, and in a few moments the place was pitch dark; but straightway there came a flood of moonlight and a gust of cold wind, and I found myself crossing a frozen lake, and my arms were empty. The wave of grief that swept through me woke me up, and I was sitting at my desk in the newspaper office in San Francisco, and I noticed by the clock that I had been asleep less than two minutes. And what was of more consequence, I was twenty-nine years old.

THAT was 1864. The next year and the year after I had momentary glimpses of my dream-sweetheart, but nothing more. These are set down in my note-books under their proper dates, but with no talks nor other particulars added; which is sufficient evidence to me that there were none to add. In both of these instances there was the sudden meeting and recognition, the eager approach, then the instant disappearance, leaving the world empty and of no worth. I remember the two images quite well; in fact, I remember all the images of that spirit, and can bring them before me without help of my note-book. The habit of writing down my dreams of all sorts while they were fresh in my mind, and then studying them and rehearsing them and trying to find out what the source of

dreams is, and which of the two or three separate persons inhabiting us is their architect, has given me a good dream-memory—a thing which is not usual with people, for few drill the dream-memory, and no memory can be kept strong without that.

I spent a few months in the Hawaiian Islands in 1866, and in October of that year I delivered my maiden lecture; it was in San Francisco. In the following January I arrived in New York, and had just completed my thirty-first year. In that year I saw my platonic dream-sweetheart again. In this dream I was again standing on the stage of the Opera House in San Francisco, ready to lecture, and with the audience vividly individualized before me in the strong light. I began, spoke a few words, and stopped, cold with fright; for I discovered that I had no subject, no text, nothing to talk about. I choked for a while, then got out a few words, a lame, poor attempt at humor. The house made no response. There was a miserable pause, then another attempt, and another failure. There were a few scornful laughs; otherwise the house was silent, unsmilingly austere, deeply offended. I was consuming with shame. In my distress I tried to work upon its pity. I began to make servile apologies, mixed with gross and ill-timed flatteries, and to beg and plead for forgiveness; this was too much, and the people broke into insulting cries, whistlings, hootings, and cat-calls, and in the midst of this they rose and began to struggle in a confused mass toward the door. I stood dazed and helpless, looking out over this spectacle, and thinking how everybody would be talking about it next day, and I could not show myself in the streets. When the house was become wholly empty and still, I sat down on the only chair that was on the stage and bent my head down on the reading-desk to shut out the look of that place. Soon that familiar dream-voice spoke my name, and swept all my troubles away:

"Robert!"

I answered:

"Agnes!"

The next moment we two were lounging up the blossomy gorge called the Iao Valley, in the Hawaiian Islands. I recognized, without any explanations, that Robert was not my name, but only a pet name, a common noun, and meant "dear"; and both of us knew that Agnes was not a name, but only a pet name, a common noun, whose spirit was affectionate, but not conveyable with exactness in any but the dream-language. It was about the equivalent of "dear," but the dream-vocabulary shaves meanings finer and closer than do the world's daytime dictionaries. We did not know why those words should have those meanings; we had used words which had no existence in any known language, and had expected them to be understood, and they were understood. In my note-books there are several letters from this dream-sweetheart, in some unknown tongue—presumably dream-tongue—with translations added. I should like to be master of that tongue, then I could talk in shorthand. Here is one of those letters—the whole of it:

"Rax oha tal."

Translation.—"When you receive this it will remind you that I long to see your face and touch your hand, for the comfort of it and the peace."

It is swifter than waking thought; for thought is not thought at all, but only a vague and formless fog until it is articulated into words.

We wandered far up the fairy gorge, gathering the beautiful flowers of the ginger-plant and talking affectionate things, and tying and retying each other's ribbons and cravats, which didn't need it; and finally sat down in the shade of a tree and climbed the vine-hung precipices with our eyes, up and up and up toward the sky to where the drifting scarfs of white mist clove them across and left the green summits floating pale and remote, like spectral islands wandering in the deeps of space; and then we descended to earth and talked again.

"How still it is—and soft, and balmy, and reposeful! I could never tire of it. You like it, don't you, Robert?"

"Yes, and I like the whole region—all the islands. Maui. It is a darling island. I have been here before. Have you?"

"Once, but it wasn't an island then."

"What was it?"

"It was a sufa."

I understood. It was the dream-word for "part of a continent."

"What were the people like?"

"They hadn't come yet. There weren't any."

"Do you know, Agnes—that is Haleakala, the dead volcano, over there across the valley; was it here in your friend's time?"

"Yes, but it was burning."

"Do you travel much?"

"I think so. Not here much, but in the stars a good deal."

"Is it pretty there?"

She used a couple of dream-words for "You will go with me some time and you will see." Non-committal, as one perceives now, but I did not notice it then.

A man-of-war-bird lit on her shoulder; I put out my hand and caught it. Its feathers began to fall out, and it turned into a kitten; then the kitten's body began to contract itself to a ball and put out hairy, long legs, and soon it was a tarantula; I was going to keep it, but it turned into a star-fish, and I threw it away. Agnes said it was not worth while to try to keep things; there was no stability about them. I suggested rocks; but she said a rock was like the rest; it wouldn't stay. She picked up a stone, and it turned into a bat and flew away. These curious matters interested me, but that was all; they did not stir my wonder.

While we were sitting there in the Iao gorge talking, a Kanaka came along who was wrinkled and bent and white-headed, and he stopped and talked to us in the native tongue, and we understood him without trouble and answered him in his own speech. He said he was a hundred and thirty years old, and he remembered Captain Cook well, and was present when he was murdered; saw it with his own eyes, and also helped. Then he showed us his gun, which was of strange make, and he said it was his own invention and was to shoot arrows with, though one loaded it with powder and it had a percussion lock. He said it would carry a hundred miles. It seemed a reasonable statement; I had no fault to find with it, and it did not in any way surprise me. He loaded it and fired an arrow aloft, and it darted into the sky and vanished. Then he went his way, saying that the arrow would fall near us in half an hour, and would go many yards into the earth, not minding the rocks.

I took the time, and we waited, reclining upon the mossy slant at the base of a tree, and gazing into the sky. By and by there was a hissing sound, followed by a dull impact, and Agnes uttered a groan. She said, in a series of fainting gasps:

"Take me to your arms — it passed through me—hold me to your heart—I am afraid to die—closer—closer. It is growing dark—I cannot see you. Don't leave me—where are you? You are not gone? You will not leave me? I would not leave you."

Then her spirit passed; she was clay in my arms.

THE scene changed in an instant, and I was awake and crossing Bond Street in New York with a friend, and it was snowing hard. We had been talking, and there had been no observable gaps in the conversation. I doubt if I had made any more than two steps while I was asleep. I am satisfied that even the most elaborate and incident-crowded dream is seldom more than a few seconds in length. It would not cost me very much of a strain to believe in Mohammed's seventy-year dream, which began when he knocked his glass over, and ended in time for him to catch it before the water was spilled.

Within a quarter of an hour I was in my quarters, undressed, ready for bed, and was jotting down my dream in my note-book. A striking thing happened now. I finished my notes, and was just going to turn out the gas when I was caught with a most strenuous gape, for it was very late and I was very drowsy. I fell asleep and dreamed again. What now follows occurred while I was asleep; and when I woke again the gape had completed itself, but not long before, I think, for I was still on my feet. I was in Athens—a city which I had not then seen, but I recognized the Parthenon from the pictures, although it had a fresh look and was in perfect repair. I passed by it and climbed a grassy hill toward a palatial sort of mansion which was built of red terra-cotta and had a spacious portico, whose roof was supported by a rank of fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. It was noonday, but I met no

one. I passed into the house and entered the first room. It was very large and light, its walls were of polished and richly tinted and veined onyx, and its floor was a pictured pattern in soft colors laid in tiles. I noted the details of the furniture and the ornaments—a thing which I should not have been likely to do when awake—and they took sharp hold and remained in my memory; they are not really dim yet, and this was more than thirty years ago.

There was a person present—Agnes. I was not surprised to see her, but only glad. She was in the simple Greek costume, and her hair and eyes were different as to color from those she had had when she died in the Hawaiian Islands half an hour before, but to me she was exactly her own beautiful little self as I had always known her, and she was still fifteen, and I was seventeen once more. She was sitting on an ivory settee, crocheting something or other, and had her crewels in a shallow willow work-basket in her lap. I sat down by her and we began to chat in the usual way. I remembered her death, but the pain and the grief and the bitterness which had been so sharp and so desolating to me at the moment that it happened had wholly passed from me now, and had left not a scar. I was grateful to have her back, but there was no realizable sense that she had ever been gone, and so it did not occur to me to speak about it, and she made no reference to it herself. It may be that she had often died before, and knew that there was nothing lasting about it, and consequently nothing important enough in it to make conversation out of.

When I think of that house and its belongings, I recognize what a master in taste and drawing and color and arrangement is the dream-artist who resides in us. In my waking hours, when the inferior artist in me is in command, I cannot draw even the simplest picture with a pencil, nor do anything with a brush and colors; I cannot bring before my mind's eye the detailed image of any building known to me except my own house at home; of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the Eiffel Tower, the Taj, the Capitol at Washington, I can reproduce only portions, partial glimpses; the same with Niagara Falls, the Matterhorn, and other familiar things in nature; I cannot bring before my mind's eye the face or figure of any human being known to me; I have seen my family at breakfast within the past two hours; I cannot bring their images before me, I do not know how they look; before me, as I write, I see a little grove of young trees in the garden; high above them projects the slender lance of a young pine, beyond it is a glimpse of the upper half of a dull-white chimney covered by an A-shaped little roof shingled with brown-red tiles, and half a mile away is a hill-top densely wooded, and the red is cloven by a curved, wide vacancy, which is smooth and grass-clad; I cannot shut my eyes and reproduce that picture as a whole at all, nor any single detail of it except the grassy curve, and that but vaguely and fleetingly.

But my dream-artist can draw anything, and do it perfectly; he can paint with all the colors and all the shades, and do it with delicacy and truth; he can place before me vivid images of palaces, cities, hamlets, hovels, mountains, valleys, lakes, skies, glowing in sunlight or moonlight, or veiled in driving gusts of snow or rain, and he can set before me people who are intensely alive, and who feel, and express their feelings in their faces, and who also talk and laugh, sing and swear. And when I wake I can shut my eyes and bring back those people, and the scenery and the buildings; and not only in general view, but often in nice detail. While Agnes and I sat talking in that grand Athens house, several stately Greeks entered from another part of it, disputing warmly about something or other, and passed us by with courteous recognition; and among them was Socrates. I recognized him by his nose. A moment later the house and Agnes and Athens vanished away, and I was in my quarters in New York again and reaching for my note-book.

IN our dreams—I know it!—we do make the journeys we seem to make; we do see the things we seem to see; the people, the horses, the cats, the dogs, the birds, the whales, are real, not chimeras; they are living spirits, not

shadows; and they are immortal and indestructible. They go whither they will; they visit all resorts, all points of interest, even the twinkling suns that wander in the wastes of space. That is where those strange mountains are which slide from under our feet while we walk, and where those vast caverns are whose bewildering avenues close behind us and in front when we are lost, and shut us in. We know this because there are no such things here, and they must be there, because there is no other place.

This tale is long enough, and I will close it now. In the forty-four years that I have known my Dreamland sweetheart, I have seen her once in two years on an average. Mainly these were glimpses, but she was always immediately recognizable, notwithstanding she was so given to repairing herself and getting up doubtful improvements in her hair and eyes. She was always fifteen, and looked it and acted it; and I was always seventeen, and never felt a day older. To me she is a real person, not a fiction, and her sweet and innocent society has been one of the prettiest and pleasantest experiences of my life. I know that to you her talk will not seem of the first intellectual order; but you should hear her in Dreamland—then you would see!

I SAW her a week ago, just for a moment. Fifteen, as usual, and I seventeen, instead of going on sixty-three, as I was when I went to sleep. We were in India, and Bombay was in sight; also Windsor Castle, its towers and battlements veiled in a delicate haze, and from it the Thames flowed, curving and winding between its swarded banks, to our feet. I said:

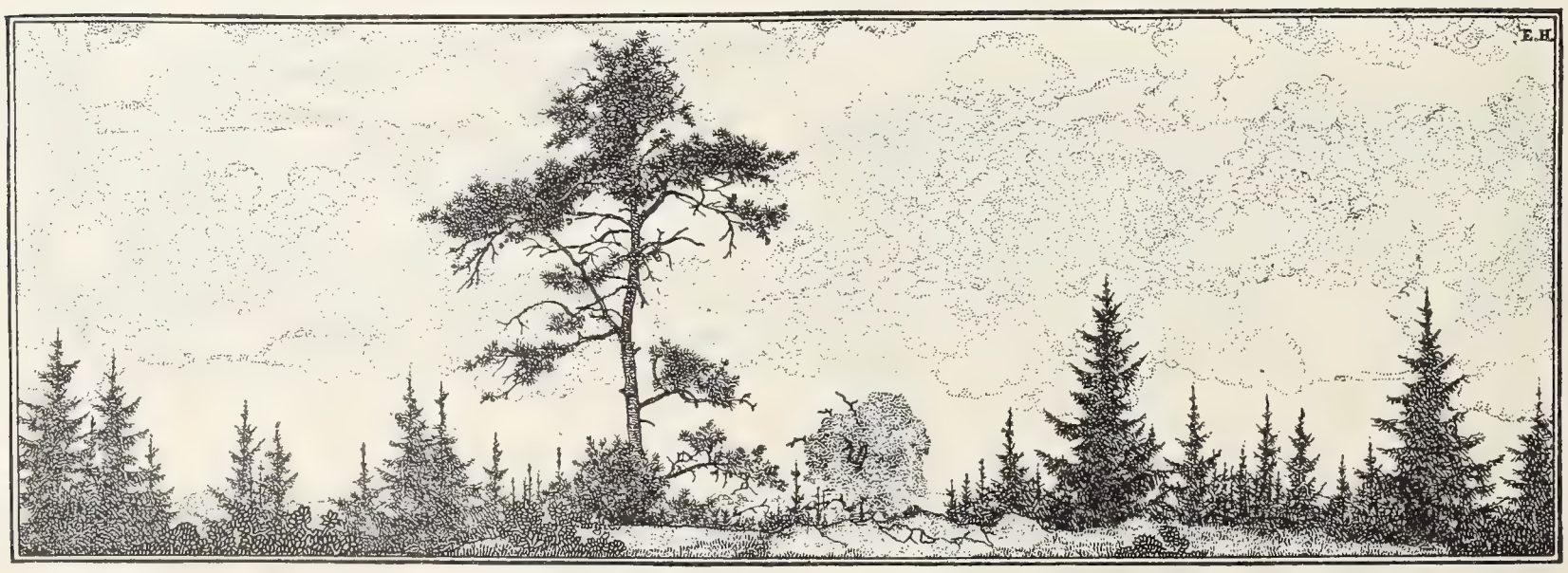
"There is no question about it, England is the most beautiful of all the countries."

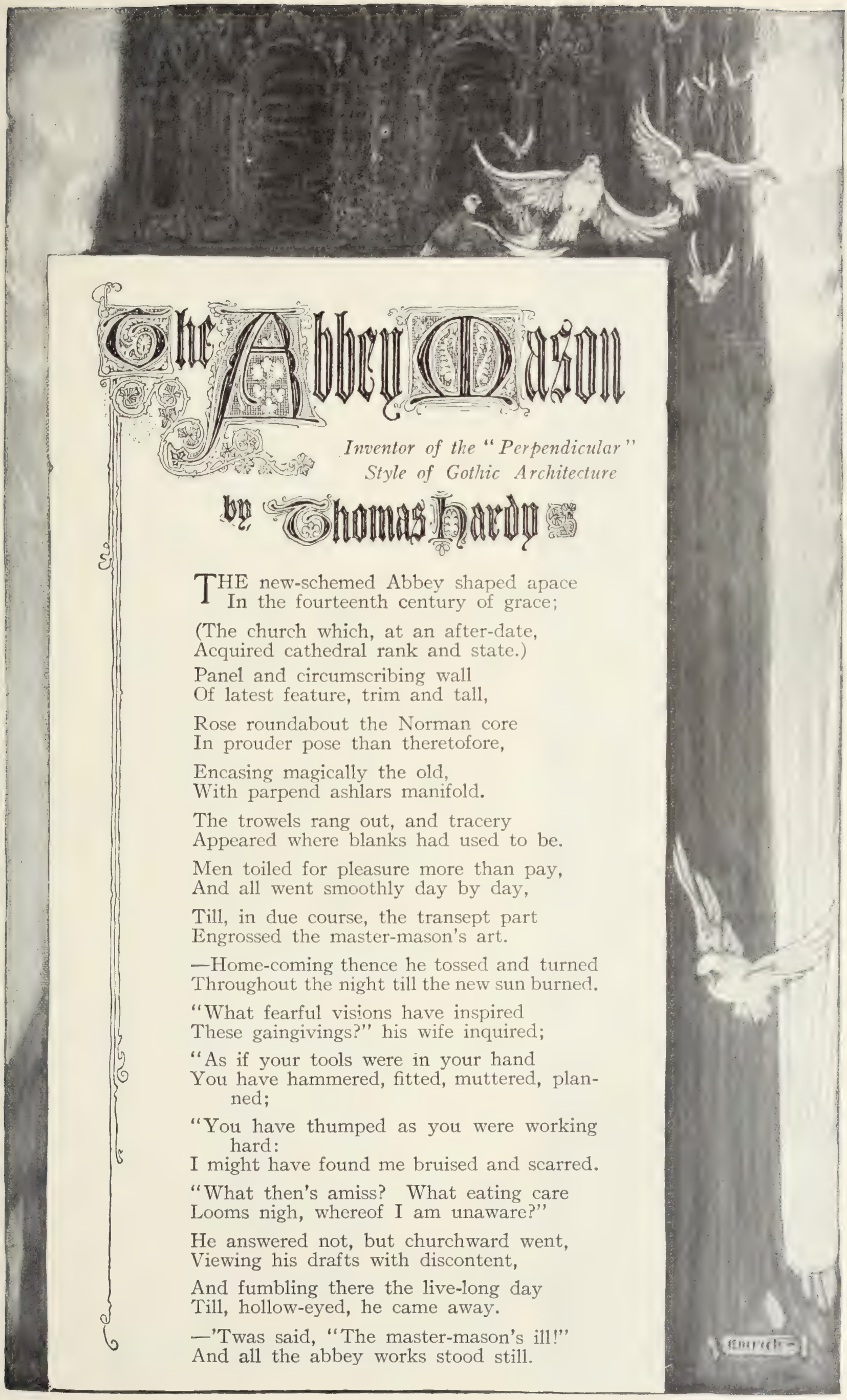
Her face lighted with approval, and she said, with that sweet and earnest irrelevance of hers:

"It is, because it is so marginal."

Then she disappeared. It was just as well; she could probably have added nothing to that rounded and perfect statement without damaging its symmetry.

This glimpse of her carries me back to Maui, and that time when I saw her gasp out her young life. That was a terrible thing to me at the time. It was preternaturally vivid; and the pain and the grief and the misery of it to me transcended many sufferings that I have known in waking life. For everything in a dream is more deep and strong and sharp and real than is ever its pale imitation in the unreal life which is ours when we go about awake and clothed with our artificial selves in this vague and dull-tinted artificial world. When we die we shall slough off this cheap intellect, perhaps, and go abroad into Dreamland clothed in our real selves, and aggrandized and enriched by the command over the mysterious mental magician who is here not our slave, but only our guest.





The Abbey Mason

Inventor of the "Perpendicular" Style of Gothic Architecture

by Thomas Hardy

THE new-schemed Abbey shaped apace
In the fourteenth century of grace;

(The church which, at an after-date,
Acquired cathedral rank and state.)

Panel and circumscribing wall
Of latest feature, trim and tall,

Rose roundabout the Norman core
In prouder pose than theretofore,

Encasing magically the old,
With parpend ashlars manifold.

The trowels rang out, and tracery
Appeared where blanks had used to be.

Men toiled for pleasure more than pay,
And all went smoothly day by day,

Till, in due course, the transept part
Engrossed the master-mason's art.

—Home-coming thence he tossed and turned
Throughout the night till the new sun burned.

"What fearful visions have inspired
These gaingivings?" his wife inquired;

"As if your tools were in your hand
You have hammered, fitted, muttered, planned;

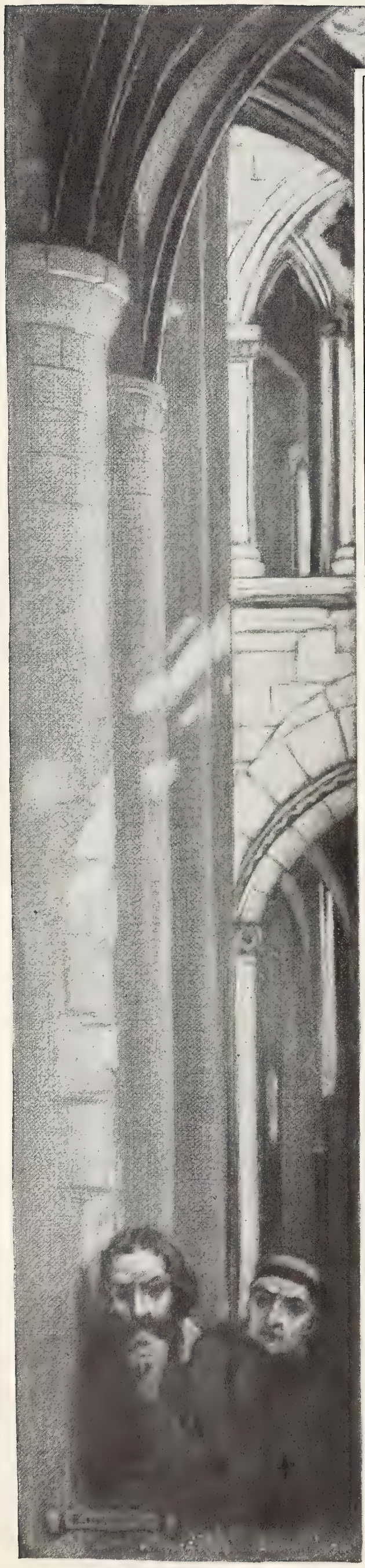
"You have thumped as you were working hard:
I might have found me bruised and scarred.

"What then's amiss? What eating care
Looms nigh, whereof I am unaware?"

He answered not, but churchward went,
Viewing his drafts with discontent,

And fumbling there the live-long day
Till, hollow-eyed, he came away.

—'Twas said, "The master-mason's ill!"
And all the abbey works stood still.



Quoth Abbot Wygmore: "Why, oh, why
Distress yourself? You'll surely die!"

The mason answered, trouble-torn,
"This long-vogued style is quite outworn!

"The upper arch-mold nohow serves
To meet the lower tracery curves:

"The ogees bend too far away
To give the flextures interplay.

"This it is causes my distress. . . .
So it will ever be, unless

"New forms be found to supersede
The circle when occasions need.

"To carry it out I have tried and toiled,
And now I needs must own me foiled.

"Jeerers will say: 'Here was a man
Who could not end what he began!'"

—So passed that day, the next, the next;
The abbot scanned the task, perplexed;

The townsmen mustered all their wit
To fathom how to compass it,

But no raw artistries availed
Where practice in the craft had failed. . . .

—One night he tossed, all open-eyed,
And early left his helpmeet's side.

Scattering the rushes of the floor,
He wandered from the chamber door

And sought the sizing pile, whereon
Struck dimly a cadaverous dawn

Through rain that drenched the diagram-board
Of tentative lines he last had scored—

Chalked fantasies in vain begot
To knife the architectural knot—

In front of which he dully stood,
Regarding them in hopeless mood.

He closelier looked; then looked again;
The chalk-scratched draft-board faced the rain,

Whose drops had so deformed the lines
Innumerous of his lame designs

That they had streamed in small white threads
From the upper segments to the heads

Of arcs below, uniting them
Each by a stalactitic stem.

—At once, with eyes that struck out sparks,
He adds accessory cusping-marks,

Then laughs aloud. The thing was done
So long essayed from sun to sun. . . .

—Now, in his joy, he grew aware
Of one behind him standing there,

And, turning, saw the abbot, who
The weather's whim was watching too.

Onward to Prime the abbot went,
Tacit upon the incident. . . .

—Men now discerned as days revolved
The ogive riddle had been solved;

Templates were cut, fresh lines were chalked
Where lines had been defaced and balked,

And the work swelled and mounted higher,
Achievement distancing desire;

Here jambs with transoms fixed between
Where never the like before had been—

There little mullions thinly sawn
Where meeting circles once were drawn.

"We knew," men said, "the thing would go
After his craft-wit got aglow,

"And, once fulfilled what he has designed,
We'll honor such a magic mind!"

When matters stood thus poised awhile,
And all surroundings shed a smile,

The master-mason on an eve
Homed to his wife, and seemed to grieve. . .

"—The abbot spoke to me to-day:
He hangs about the works alway.

"He knows the source as well as I
Of the new style men magnify.

"He said: 'You pride yourself too much
On your creation. Is it such?

"'Surely the hand of God it is
That conjured so, and only His!

"'Disclosing by the wash of rain
Forms your invention chased in vain;

"'Hence the devices deemed so great
You copied, and did not create.'

"—I feel the abbot's words are just,
And that all thanks renounce I must!

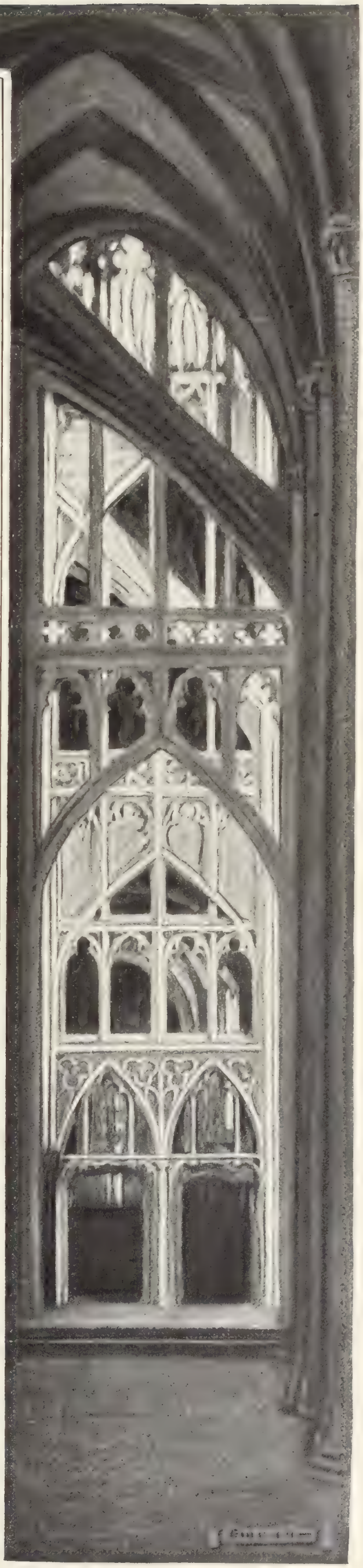
"Can a man welcome praise and pelf
For hatching art that hatched itself? . . .

"So, I shall own the deft design
Is Heaven's outshaping, and not mine."—

"What!" said she, "praise your works insure
To throw away, and quite obscure

"Your beaming and beneficent star?
Better you leave things as they are!

"Why, think awhile. Had not your zest
In your loved craft curtailed your rest—



"Had you not gone there ere the day,
The rain had scoured the lines away!"

—But though his good wife argued so,
The mason let the people know

That not unaided sprang the thought
Whereby the glorious fane was wrought,

But that by storm when dawn was dim
The method was disclosed to him.

"Yet," said the townspeople thereat,
"'Tis your own doing, even with that!"

But he—chafed, childlike, in extremes—
The temperament of men of dreams—

Aloofly scrupled to admit
That he did aught but borrow it,

And diffidently made request
That with the abbot all should rest.

—As none could doubt the abbot's word,
Or question what the Church averred,

The mason was at length believed
Of no more count than he conceived,

And soon began to lose the fame
That late had gathered round his name. . . .

—Time passed, and like a living thing
The pile went on embodying,

And workmen died, and young ones grew,
And the old mason sank from view;

And Abbots Wygmore and Staunton went,
And Horton sped the embellishment.

But not till years had far progressed
Chanced it that, one day, much impressed

Standing within the screen-graced aisle,
He asked who first conceived the style;

And some decrepit sage detailed
How, when invention naught availed,

The cloud-cast waters in their whim
Came down, and gave the hint to him

Who struck each arc, and made each mold;
And how the abbot would not hold

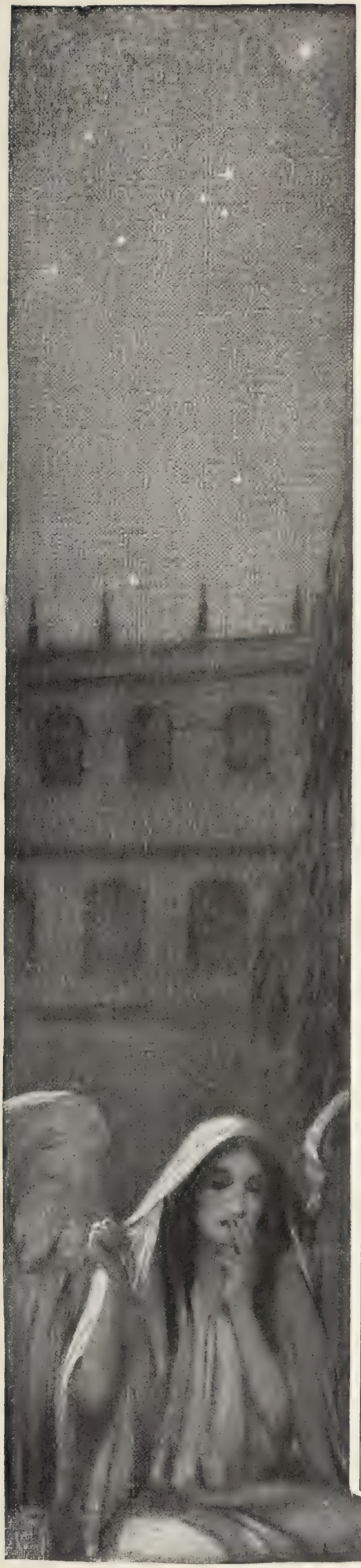
As sole begetter him who applied
Forms the Almighty sent as guide;

And how the master lost renown,
And wore in death no artist's crown.

—Then Horton, who in inner thought
Had more perceptions than he taught,

Replied: "Nay; art can but transmute;
Invention is not absolute;





"Things fail to spring from naught at call,
And art-beginnings most of all.

"He did but what all artists do,
Wait upon nature for his cue."

"—Had you been here to tell them so,
Lord Abbot, sixty years ago,

"The mason, now long underground,
Doubtless a different fate had found. . . .

"He passed into oblivion dim,
And none knew what became of him.

"His name? 'Twas of some common kind,
And now it has faded out of mind." . . .

The abbot: "It shall not be hid!
I'll trace it." But he never did. . . .

—When longer yet dank death had wormed
The brain wherein the style had germed,

From Gloucester Church it flew afar—
The style called "Perpendicular"—

To Winton and to Westminster
It ranged, and grew still beautifuller;

From Solway Firth to Dover Strand
Its fascinations starred the land,

Not only on cathedral walls,
But upon courts and castle halls,

Till every edifice in the isle
Was patterned to no other style,

And till, long having played its part,
The curtain fell on Gothic art. . . .

—Well: when in Wessex on your rounds,
Take a brief step beyond its bounds,

And enter Gloucester: seek the quoin
Where choir and transept interjoin,

And, gazing at the forms so famed,
Charmed from the stone by one unnamed—

The ogee arches transom-topped—
The tracery-stalks by spandrels stopped—

Petrified lace-work—lightly lined
On ancient massiveness behind—

Muse that some minds so modest be
As to renounce fame's fairest fee

(Like him who crystallized on this spot
His visionings, but lies forgot,

And many a medieval one
Whose symmetries salute the sun),

While others boom a baseless claim,
And out of nothing carve a name.

Doing the Dollivers

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE Dollivers were preparing for their usual week-end tour in the little automobile which had brought country so close to town for them that they had taken no other vacation that summer. It was the last day of a hot, humid week in August, and Page had outlined a particularly inviting route for this journey, which, contrary to their usual practice, they had decided to take alone.

After their last experiment in picking up casual wayfarers along their road, when they had narrowly escaped arrest and rough handling as kidnappers, Page had declared with some heat that in future their hospitality would be confined to persons known to them at least by name, and accordingly they had since shared their car with their less fortunate acquaintances even more freely than had been their wont. The time had come, however, when they had wearied, not of well-doing, but of the tension inseparable from constant adjustment to the presence of guests, and therefore they were looking forward with unusual eagerness to the relaxation of this outing, when they should have only each other to consider, and might indulge without constraint in those long, confiding silences which are one of the truest tests of real companionship.

When Page reached home that Saturday noon he found the packed suitcases ready in the hall, and Marjorie dressed and waiting, and they hastened their luncheon that they might sooner be on the road. They were still at the table, however, when the telephone-bell rang, and a moment later the maid entered.

"Mrs. Cheever is down-stairs, Mrs. Dolliver, asking if you can see her." Page and Marjorie exchanged a quick glance of dismay. "She says she is in a great hurry and won't detain you a moment."

"Certainly. Ask her to come up," said Marjorie, after the briefest hesitation. To her husband she added, tentatively: "I think I'll put on my bonnet and dust-coat before I see her—or would that be too pointed?"

"Do, by all means," he counseled. "But it won't be of the slightest use, you know. She has chosen the strategic moment."

"Page!" protested his wife, although she laughed a little, too. "How can you, when she is so kind herself! And she's been so nice to me!"

"Granted. She's a very charming woman. She is also—chatty, I think is the word for it. And if 'Ol' Sis Fate' wanted an instrument wherewith to delay our departure, she found it to perfection in Mrs. Cheever."

"Oh!" said Marjorie. "Was that what you meant?"

"What else could I have meant?" he countered, and neither pressed the question further. "Scurry into your things, dear, and for heaven's sake don't encourage conversation! We can't get out of this furnace too quickly! It's the hottest day yet!"

"It certainly is," said his wife. "And, anyway, we want to get lost in the landscape, just we two by our lones, don't we?"

Thus it was that Mrs. Cheever, a moment later, found her hostess awaiting her in street dress. Mrs. Cheever was a woman of middle age, whose graying hair was parted over a serene brow, whose manner was invariably gentle and winning, and every inflection of whose voice was musical.

"Dear Mrs. Dolliver," she now exclaimed, holding out both hands, "you will pardon my coming at this unearthly hour, won't you? I know you are just going out—I saw your car at the door—and I won't detain you one moment. Indeed, I'm in the greatest haste myself, for I heard only this morning, by wireless, that Cousin Clara Spencer is on the

Transitania, which will dock in less than an hour, and I'm rushing down to meet her."

"To the docks on a day like this? Oh, you poor soul!" cried Marjorie.

"I know. It is an appalling prospect, isn't it? And so totally unexpected! Of course, Cousin Clara must have written me that she was coming, but I dare say her letter is in the hold of her own ship. Anyway, here she is—and here am I, with only an hour or two in which to prepare for a guest, and you can imagine what that means in my tiny quarters, especially in this weather!" She sighed, but immediately a smile dispelled the momentary weariness of her expression, as she brightly added: "Please don't misunderstand! I'm perfectly delighted to have Cousin Clara come to me at any time. She was poor, dear mamma's favorite cousin, and I'm devoted to her. Such a sweet, fragile little old lady, my dear! But if you were anybody but your two generous selves, I could find it in my heart to envy you this delightful, airy apartment just now—not for my own sake, of course, but for hers. Oh, don't think I'm complaining," engagingly. "I'm so happy to be able to give her my poor little best, and she's far too sweet ever to make invidious comparisons."



"MRS. CHEEVER IS DOWN-STAIRS, ASKING IF YOU CAN SEE HER"

"But your apartment is perfectly charming!" cordially protested Marjorie.

"Oh, don't dignify it by calling it an apartment," laughed the other. "*Com*-partment conveys its dimensions so much more adequately! It's well enough, just for me, though of course when my dear husband was alive—ah, well, I mustn't think of that! I'm fortunate to possess the little I have left." Again the brave, bright smile. "And I do have good times in spite of it all."

"And you give good times to so many other people," interpolated Dolliver.

"Not as often nor to as many as I'd like," she returned, her smile grown wistful. "One of the saddest things about being poor is one's inability to do things for other people. Do you know, that's the only thing I really envy you two? You have such wonderful opportunities, with your cozy home and your little car and all, to make other people happy. Yet nobody can begrudge you these things, for you share them so royally! You do all the things that I should like to do if I had your opportunities. You ought to be very happy!"

"We are," softly said Marjorie, glancing at Page, who put his hand on her shoulder for a moment and smiled into her eyes. Then they both looked at Mrs. Cheever, whose eyes were misty and whose lips quivered ever so slightly, and Page quickly took his hand away.

"But here I am detaining you, when I promised not to!" cried their guest, with her courageous smile. "And I must be on the dock when that steamer arrives! I saw your car at the door and realized that you were probably going off for the afternoon—you lucky things!—so I ran in to catch you before you went, and to ask if you would come over to supper—very informally, of course—to-morrow night, to meet Cousin Clara. Oh, don't say you can't!"

"We'd love to if we were to be in town," Marjorie told her, "but we're just

off for the week-end. We shall not be home until Monday morning."

"Oh, I'm *so* disappointed!" All the lines of Mrs. Cheever's face drooped. "I had so counted on Cousin Clara's meeting you—I know you'd love each other at first sight!—and she never stays in New York more than a day or two. I suppose you couldn't—ah no, it would be too much to ask you to give up your outing just to meet an old lady!"

"Can't you persuade her to stay until Tuesday at least, and both dine with us Monday night?" suggested Marjorie.

"How like you!" Mrs. Cheever affectionately patted the younger woman's hand. "But I'm afraid it's quite impossible. Cousin Clara never stays that long, and in this weather I wouldn't have the heart to urge it, even with such a pleasure in store. But I *am* so disappointed! She loves young people, and of all my friends I most wanted her to meet you. However," with a quick little sigh and her bright, pathetic smile, "I mustn't be selfish. You're going off together for a lovely time in the country, away from all these hot, noisy pavements, and if anybody in the world deserves it you do. There!" She held out a hand to each. "I'm really *glad* you're going, in spite of my own selfish disappointment. Now I must run along to the subway, or I'll miss—"

"To the subway! In this heat?" cried Marjorie.

"Naturally. It's the only way to get there quickly enough," was the cheery reply. "To be sure, it isn't very pleasant, but beggars can't be choosers, you know, and poor folk grow accustomed to far worse things than that. I confess I do dread bringing Cousin Clara home that way, though." She smiled rather plaintively. "Imagine passing from the sea to the subway on a day like this! However, my poor little purse isn't equal to taxi fares, and the only alternative lies in letting Cousin Clara pay for the cab. I suppose that's what will happen, and she's quite able to do it, for she has a lot of money, but—oh, it *does* hurt not even to be able to bring an elderly guest home properly!" Her soft tones broke, and they caught the gleam of tears in her eyes before she smiled again, crying: "But I mustn't spoil your happy day with my sorrows! You'll forgive me, and forget all about me and my troubles and have a happy time, won't you? I must run now, or I won't be there when the steamer docks, and that would be dreadful! Good-by! Good-by!"

"See here, Mrs. Cheever," said Dolliver, still holding her hand as she would have turned away, "have you a pass?"

"A pass?" she echoed.

"You know you won't be admitted within the inclosure where the passengers land unless you have a permit from the Surveyor of the Port," he reminded her.

"Good heavens! I never thought of that!" she exclaimed. "What shall I do? There isn't time to go to the Custom House for it now, and I *must* get inside that inclosure! Cousin Clara, as I have told you, is old and not very strong, and she's probably alone, and in this heat—oh, they *will* let me in, won't they?"

"I'm afraid not, unless—perhaps, if I—" He hesitated, looking inquiringly at Marjorie, who nodded eagerly. "I may be able to arrange it for you," he resumed. "Have you the wireless message with you?"

"No, I didn't bring it."

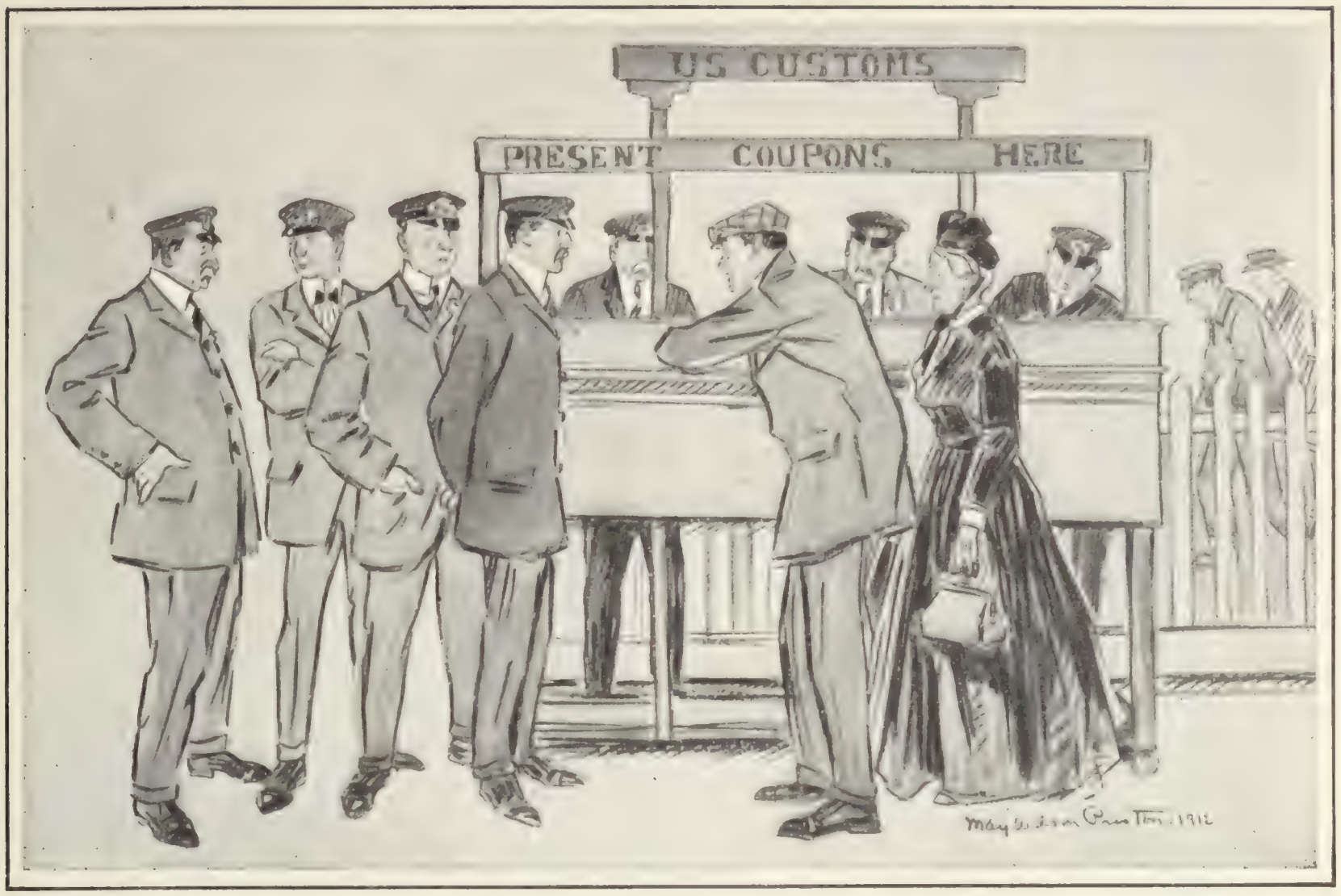
"Well, we'll just jump in the car and run over to your house for it, and then we'll go to the dock. I think if I show them that, explaining the situation, and give them my business card, they may let us in. Then perhaps I can help your cousin with her luggage, and we'll bring you both home."

"You're perfect angels, but I ought not to let you do it," she demurred, albeit with acceptance in her tone. "I'm afraid it will spoil all your lovely afternoon."

"No, it won't," said Dolliver, easily. "It will simply mean starting an hour or two later. That is, I—er—I suppose your cousin won't have a great deal of luggage to be examined?"

"I'm sure she will not. Cousin Clara is quite a modish little person, but she never takes a lot of trunks about with her. Oh, I feel that I have no right to let you do this, much as I want Cousin Clara to know you—but it would be such a relief!"

"We shall love to do it," Marjorie



He accompanied her to the Desk, and secured the Services of an Inspector

assured her; and Page added cordially, though with a little humorous tightening of the corners of his mouth that caused his wife to regard him attentively for a moment, "You can't stop us now, dear lady. It's so obviously the only thing to do, and it will give us great pleasure. Now, as we have no time to spare, I suggest that we stand not upon the order of our going."

Accordingly, they all went down to the car, and hummed around to Mrs. Cheever's apartment, where she armed herself with her cousin's message, after which Page made all possible speed to the docks, Mrs. Cheever happily dilating the while on the extraordinary kindnesses of her many friends, the Dollivers in particular. She said, and reiterated in varying phrase, that she had never understood why people should so constantly be doing lovely things for her, who could do so little for any one in return, but she supposed they recognized in her the spirit of love, and perceived that her greatest pleasure would have been in helping others had she not unfortunately been denied the means wherewith to carry out her desires. But after all, she reminded them, the important thing is to keep alive the loving spirit, and surely no one could cherish it more tenderly than did she. To all of which Page listened with the same shadowy, quizzical, but entirely good-natured smile that Marjorie had noticed before.

They arrived at the dock just before the steamer was sighted down the river, and after the necessary explanations to the officer in charge of the customs and the presentation of Dolliver's card he and Mrs. Cheever were admitted to the inclosure, Marjorie having remained in the car. The heat in the shed was intense, the heavy, humid air was further burdened by all the strange odors of the water-front, and again Mrs. Cheever reiterated her regret that the young people should have subjected themselves for her sake to this discomfort, and her gratitude that they had not left her to meet the situation alone.

Mrs. Spencer proved to be a soft-voiced, frail-looking little woman, with a gentle, humorless smile and mild brown eyes, and she seemed touchingly relieved to find Page willing to conduct the various formalities necessary before her luggage could be inspected. She said that she had made out her declaration with great



"SINCE YOU'VE LISTED THESE THINGS, I'VE GOT TO EXAMINE EVERY ONE OF 'EM"

care, and was sure there would be no trouble about it, but that she had nevertheless dreaded the ordeal of undertaking alone the business of entry into the United States, lest she should fail to understand and observe some important detail, thus rendering herself liable to the suspicion of trying to evade the customs laws, of the strict and unreasonable enforcement of which one heard such terrifying things.

"But I'm sure you know just what to do, Mr. Dolliver," she said, "and I shall be so grateful if you will take charge of it—and of me—until it is over."

So Page found a porter, assembled Mrs. Spencer's luggage, of which there was gratifyingly little, accompanied her to the desk, and secured the services of an inspector. As they walked back through the stifling shed toward Section S, the perspiring officer at Page's side, scanning the declaration in his hands, ejaculated:

"Suffering Mike! Madam, what on earth did you do this for?"

"What?" asked Dolliver.

"Isn't it right?" anxiously queried Mrs. Spencer. "I kept very careful account of every single thing I bought, and took such pains with all the computations."

"I should say you had! Look at it!" The paper was thrust into Dolliver's hands. "Just cast your eye over that, will you?"

Glancing through the long lists, which at first sight gave him a shock of apprehension, as they seemed to threaten careful appraisal and heavy duties, Page read, among more important items, details like this:

1 veil	$.52
2 hdkfs	.91
1 box hairpins	.09
1 box face-powder	.61
12 postal cards	.24
1 pc. white tape	.06
2 yds. Val. lace	.18

and so on, *ad infinitum*.

"Do you realize, madam, that since you have listed these things, I've got to examine every one of 'em?" demanded the exasperated inspector.

"But isn't that the right way? Isn't it the law?" timidly urged Mrs. Spencer. "What should I have done?"

"I think it's customary to combine most of these small purchases under one comprehensive head," suggested Dolliver. "As, for example, 'toilet articles, ten dollars.'"

"But I haven't ten dollars' worth," she objected. "And besides, the law says the declaration must be itemized, doesn't it? Isn't that the law?" She turned anxiously to the frowning inspector. "Doesn't it mean what it says?"

"It may be the letter of the law, but it isn't usually interpreted quite so literally as all this," he replied, dryly. "You haven't got anything here, anyway, according to your declaration. The whole thing only comes to eighty-seven dollars and sixty-two cents. Listen to that, will you?" He turned to Dolliver, a shade of amusement creeping into his eyes. "Eighty-seven dollars and sixty-two cents—and that list! Must be two hundred items!"

"It doesn't exceed the hundred dollars allowed by law, you see," complacently returned the little lady. "I thought it would, but it doesn't. So I sha'n't have to pay any duties, shall I? But I thought I ought to put everything in."

"No dresses?" asked the inspector, running a damp forefinger down the lists.

"Oh no, I never bother with dressmaking abroad," she earnestly assured him. "I have such a good woman at home."

"Nor hats?"

"No, indeed! It would hurt my milliner's feelings terribly if I should buy hats in Europe. She'd think it was a reflection on her. Besides, I'm a good American, and I believe in patronizing home industries."

"H'm!" commented the inspector. "Well," mopping his streaming face, "we've got to go through with this thing now. Let's go to it."

Dolliver suggested that, inasmuch as the inspection would probably take some time under the circumstances, Mrs. Cheever should join Marjorie in the car, where she would find a more comfortable seat than the surrounding piles of luggage afforded, and at the same time he asked her to explain to his wife the reason for the delay. To this arrangement Mrs. Cheever immediately acquiesced.

"Poor Mr. Dolliver!" she murmured, with a deprecating little laugh. "I *hope* I needn't tell you I had no idea of this! But you see how it is? *Dear* Cousin Clara!"

"Oh, it's quite all right," he pleasantly assured her. "I'm sorry that you ladies will have to suffer this heat a little longer, but our inspector seems a very reasonable chap, and I dare say he'll hurry it all he can without neglecting his duty."

This the inspector did, glancing as



MRS. SPENCER ENDURED IT ALL VERY PATIENTLY

rapidly as possible through the assortment of small purchases which formed the greater part of Mrs. Spencer's imposing list. Presently he came upon one item which gave him pause.

"What's this?" he asked. "'Ladle, seven dollars and twenty-seven cents.' What kind of a ladle?"

"It's just a little old silver punch-ladle," she returned, burrowing in her trunk. "I got it at a shop in Wardour Street. Here it is."

"Oh, it's an antique," he assumed.

"N-no, I don't think it could be called an antique," she deliberated. "It's hardly old enough for that. It's just—just a ladle."

"But you bought it as a curio," he persisted.

"Oh no, I bought it to use. I needed a punch-ladle."

"Then it comes under the head of household articles, and you'll have to pay duty on it," the man wearily informed her. "As an antique or a curio it would have come in free, but since you say it is neither I shall have to assess you accordingly."

"How much will it be?" she asked.

"I don't know, but it won't be much. Not enough to bother with," he added, under his breath.

"Well, I couldn't conscientiously call it an antique," she decided.

"We have some queer experiences in this business," the inspector quietly confided to Dolliver, "but this is a sort that gets on my nerves, especially on a day like this. Say, what would you do if you had to carry a needle's-eye conscience like that around with you all the time?"

Nothing else dutiable was found, but even after the inspection was finished there was some further delay incident to the payment of the trifling duty on the ladle. Mrs. Spencer endured it all very patiently, making no complaint, although she was very pale and was evidently suffering from the heat, but she complied very readily with Page's suggestion that she should sit upon a convenient pile of luggage while he arranged for the delivery of her trunks.

When she arose as he rejoined her, a noisy, jostling group of young people was passing them, together with three or four porters wheeling heavily laden trucks, and amid the resulting confusion of sound and movement neither Mrs. Spencer nor Dolliver heard the sharp rending of silk, as her taffeta skirt caught on a point of broken metal protruding from the trunk upon which she had been seated, leaving a triangular hole in the left side of her skirt. She seemed so tired that he took her arm to steady her as they passed through the shed, and it chanced that he walked upon her left, thus unconsciously screening from observation the tear in her gown, until they reached the street.

Here, standing in the open entrance to the dock, they found Marjorie and Mrs. Cheever, who explained that they had sought the one spot in the neighborhood where a draught could even be imagined, and they all stood for a moment chatting before Page went to bring up the car. Mrs. Cheever engaged her cousin in the discussion of some personal topic, and Marjorie seized the opportunity to whisper to her husband:

"You poor boy! Are you melted?"

"Just about," he admitted, "but on the whole it was worth it. Did you hear about that declaration of hers?"

"Wasn't that delicious?" She chuckled delightedly. "I wish I might have seen it. She's a treasure, isn't she?"

"She's all that! And she's game, too. The heat in there was terrific, but it was all in the day's work for her, and she stood it like a soldier. She wouldn't countenance any evasions on technical grounds, either, and kept us in that oven twenty minutes longer than we should otherwise have been, because she insisted on paying duty on an old—" He stopped short and looked fixedly at the skirt of Mrs. Spencer's gown before asking: "What's the matter with her dress? Torn it, hasn't she?"

"Oh, what a shame!" mourned Marjorie. "Such a horrid—" Then she, too, stopped short, stared at the large, three-cornered rent in the black silk skirt, and lifted a startled glance to meet her husband's. "Page!" she gasped. "Do you see what's under it? That's lace! Exquisite lace!"

"You don't mean—?" Again he broke off, and they looked into each other's eyes. "Impossible—it's trimming, isn't it?—on her underskirt, I mean."



"DO YOU SEE WHAT'S UNDER IT? THAT'S LACE—SHE'S SMUGGLING IT!"

"My dear," said his wife, "ordinary people don't flounce their petticoats with Venetian point. She—Page, she's smuggling it!"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Dolliver. "And these docks alive with detectives! Go and stand beside her—close beside her—and keep that spot covered until we can get her into the car!"

So Marjorie hugged the left side of her serene and smiling elderly guest, casting nervous glances about to make sure they were still undetected, until Dolliver, grim-visaged, brought the automobile to a stop as near them as possible, when with great solicitude she helped Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Cheever into the tonneau and tucked a dust-robe about them. Then she took a long breath and stepped into the seat beside her husband, and a moment later they were making their tortuous way through crowded streets, presently turning north into one of the broader avenues. The cousins had fallen at once into lively chat, but Page and Marjorie were silent until they had passed through the thickest of the flood of traffic and into less congested ways. Then Marjorie's indignation broke its bounds, and she demanded with hushed intensity:

"Page, would you have believed it of her? She looks like a lady!"

"Wanting something for nothing seems to be a trait common to members of that family," he dryly returned.

To this Marjorie made no reply, but she looked a little startled and glanced penetratingly at him. Her cheeks were flushed and her expression changed with the surge of her resentful thought, but his face was set in stern lines, and his steady eyes looked straight ahead. Presently he said: "This places us in a delightful position, doesn't it?"

"Is there nothing one could do?" she asked.

"Oh yes, there are several courses open to us, such as they are. We might report the case to the customs authorities, for example."

"That's out of the question," swiftly decided his wife.

"We might accuse her privately of wilfully defrauding the government, and force her to make restitution."

"We couldn't do that, either. She's Mrs. Cheever's cousin, and—nominally, at least—our guest."

"Precisely. And the only other alternative is to continue in our present equivocal position and become party to her fraud."

"We're not!" she protested, to which he retorted: "Why aren't we? We know she's smuggling, don't we? We knew it before we left the dock, and we helped her to conceal the fact."

"What else could we have done, under the circumstances?"

"That's the deuce of it," he assented. "There's nothing one can do in such a case—except to drop the lady."

"But why," hotly whispered Marjorie—"*why* should we permit a perfectly strange woman to force a situation like this upon us? It's abominable!" Dolliver shrugged his shoulders and compressed his lips. "And to think," she went on, "that it wouldn't have happened at all if you hadn't been so unselfish in offering to help Mrs. Cheever meet this woman. You were perfectly dear about that, Page."

"My angel," he demurred, "there again, what else could one do? She left us no alternative. She told us how happy and generous and fortunate we were, and how sad her simple lot, until we should have felt like brute beasts to go off to the country without first doing a little thing like this for her."

"Oh!" breathed Marjorie. "Oh, Page, dear, have you felt that, too? I have, sometimes, and I was so afraid you'd find it out and be ashamed of me! I thought I must be a low-minded wretch to suspect her of such a thing, when she was always so plucky and sweet about it."

"Sure she is!" he said, laughing a little. "That's her trump card, and nine times out of ten it takes the trick. She knows exactly how to get what she wants when she wants it. In her hands grafting is a fine art, and it's a privilege to watch her operate."

"But she has done lots of nice things for us, too," she conscientiously reminded him. "Some of the most delightful people we know here we have met through her, you know."

"To be sure. And do you remember when this social solicitude for us began?" he asked, smiling at her, the old, amused twinkle again in his eye.

"Oh, has it seemed like that to you, too? You mean—you mean the car? I hated myself for thinking that had anything to do with it!"

"That was when it began, anyhow," he affirmed. "Just about a week after we bought the car, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was at Mrs. King's tea. I didn't know anybody but the hostess and Mrs. Cheever, and I had only met her twice, but she was perfectly sweet to me, and introduced me to so many charming women, and said we lived on opposite sides of the same block and I must run in and be neighborly—and then, when you came for me with the car, we took her home."

"And we've been taking her out, and taking her home, and entertaining her friends, and doing her errands ever since," he finished for her.

"Page! You don't know how you comfort me! I thought I was getting horridly cynical. Do you remember the day we met her down-town and she made us take a girl home, away out in the Bronx somewhere, when we were headed for Staten Island and she knew it? And the next week the girl gave a box-party for her!"

"And another time," he supplemented, "when we offered to take her home from a matinée—we were going out to dinner—and she did three errands and made a call, and kept us waiting half an hour in the rain, before we finally got her home."

"But we offered to do all those things, Page. We wanted to!"

"Of course we wanted to! And we enjoyed doing them. That's where her fine art comes in. When I was a youngster there was a popular music-hall song, with a refrain that went like this." He leaned toward her and lightly sang:

"Do, do, my huckleberry, do;
They'd do you if they could;
So when you do your neighbor do
Be sure to do him good!"

"Now, that's the way our friend has occupied herself of late, Marjoricums. She has indulged freely in the gentle pastime of 'doing' the Dollivers, and it must be acknowledged that we lend our-

selves rather readily to that sort of thing, you and I."

"I suppose we do," she admitted, with a rueful little grimace.

"And I'm glad we do," he maintained. "I'm perfectly willing, within reasonable limits, to let a charming lady like the one in question 'do' us occasionally, though it does hurt my feelings when she so persistently assumes that we don't know what's happening to us. That's a reflection on our intelligence. But this time she and her cousin, between them, have somewhat exceeded the limit. In the elegant words of the song, they have done us good! And the beauty of it is that we are perfectly helpless, trussed and tied in our own traditions."

"I'm not so sure about that," thoughtfully said Marjorie. "There's one way of reaching her that you haven't mentioned. We might be modern and try suggestion."

He shook his head. "It wouldn't work. Women like that are impervious."

"Still, it can't do any harm to try," she ruminated. Then, with a little vindictive gleam: "I'm going to stick in a few pins, anyway!"

For a moment she sat in silence, smiling wickedly to herself, and then turned toward their companions in the tonneau. Before she could speak, however, Mrs. Cheever leaned forward, exclaiming in soft dismay:

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dolliver, I've just had the most awful thought! I've been telling Cousin Clara what heavenly times you two have, running off to the country for the week-ends, and how angelically generous you are in sharing all your outings, and it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps you were to take some one with you to-day—some one whom we have kept waiting all this time! I do *hope* not!"

"No," tranquilly answered Marjorie, "no one is waiting."

"Oh, then we needn't feel quite so guilty. What we should have done without you I can't imagine, but if I had had any idea, when you offered to come, that you would lose so much of your lovely afternoon in the country, I should never have permitted it, never! However, you'll soon be off among green fields now, and I suppose you'll sleep to-night in some adorable, cool little country inn."

"I suppose we shall," admitted Mrs. Dolliver, with the same serene, impersonal smile. Then, turning to their other guest, she said: "I hope you didn't get overheated on the dock, Mrs. Spencer. Mrs. Cheever told me some of the delay was caused by your carefully itemized declaration. That seems a high price to pay for such careful attention to the letter of the law, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but—I thought I ought to put down everything," was the reply. "They said it must be itemized."

"Dear Cousin Clara's always so conscientious — so punctilious," murmured Mrs. Cheever.

"Evidently the inspectors don't often meet just that sort of thing," Marjorie went on, conversationally. "I suppose people usually err the other way. Isn't it a pity that Americans generally have so little conscience about smuggling? Especially women. I suppose most of them don't realize that it really is smuggling when they 'bring in a few little things for themselves.' They probably assume that their little things don't count, without ever stopping to think of the aggregate of all these small sums."

"I suppose so," vaguely assented Mrs. Spencer.

"To most people petty smuggling seems to be a sort of game, like 'I spy' or 'Hide and seek,'" cheerfully pursued Mrs. Dolliver, "and I like to think that the lamentable frequency of it in this country is due to our essential youthfulness as a people, rather than to any fundamental dishonesty in us. Don't you think that may be the reason?" She appealed to Mrs. Spencer, who replied somewhat hesitatingly:

"Why — I don't know — I never thought— Of course, I'm very careful myself, as you know, but still, would you call it—dishonest—just to bring in a few little things for yourself—or your family?"

"Well, it certainly isn't very honest, is it?" lightly returned Marjorie, laughing a little. "One is given a blank and asked to make an honest declaration, and the only really honest thing is to do it, isn't it?"

"But you don't think most people do?" easily assumed Mrs. Cheever.

"No, I'm afraid most people don't,"

came the prompt reply. "That is indicated, at least, by the large sums of money—'conscience money,' they call it—anonymously sent to the Treasury every year by people who have evaded the customs laws, and it's not supposable that anything like a majority of these lawbreakers make restitution. I'm afraid most of them never feel any qualms at all. People who scrupulously observe the rules of bridge seem to think it's perfectly justifiable to cheat the government. For instance, I have friends who rarely go over without bringing in undeclared clothing or jewelry or lace. Especially lace. It's so easy to conceal."

"Well, I never could see why the duty on lace should be so high," declared Mrs. Spencer, whose face had flushed a little. "I am a good American, and I believe in patronizing and protecting home industries, but we don't make any fine laces in this country, and I don't think we ought to be forced to pay duty on what we buy abroad."

"Dear lady," contributed Dolliver, "the mission of our tariff is not wholly to protect infant industries. It is also a source of large revenue to the government, and, unlike some other countries, we place highest taxes on the luxuries of the few rather than on the necessities of the many. You may prefer other methods of securing the necessary revenues—I do myself—but that's not the point. The point is that this is the method provided by our present laws, and therefore the tax on dutiable articles imported ought to be as scrupulously and cheerfully met as the bill for running any other organization to which one belongs—club dues, for example, or pew rent. It is one's share of the burden prescribed by law for the sake of the common good, and evasion of it is cowardice as well as fraud. If one doesn't wish to pay the bill, one should not incur the obligation. In other words, no one is compelled to belong to any club, or to go to church, or to buy things abroad. Thus endeth the first lesson," he added, laughing. "I seem to be getting rather didactic, but this happens to be one of my hobbies. I feel very strongly on this question of petty smuggling. Besides, on general principles, I believe in playing the game straight."

"And of course you're quite right about it, Mr. Dolliver," acknowledged Mrs. Cheever, prettily. "It is so helpful to get a man's point of view. A woman alone misses it so!" She sighed, and then smiled at Marjorie, adding: "And you're a lucky girl to have such a splendid, upright young husband—but I know how well you know that! These two have the best times!" Here she turned to her cousin. "They're just like two happy, generous children playing together and wanting to share their happiness with the whole world. It's beautiful to be with them. Ah"—with a shadowing of her tone as the car swung into her street—"here we are, almost at home. Dear Cousin Clara, I *hope* you won't stifle in my tiny place! It's a cozy box, isn't it?" smiling at Marjorie. "But it is hot. If it hadn't been for these blessed Dollivers and the delightful breath they've given us—my dears, how am I ever going to thank you!"

A few moments later as they drove away, having taken final leave of Mrs. Spencer, who said she should be gone when they returned, Page looked at his wife with a cheerful grin.

"Well," he observed, "your psychological game didn't work, but the day's not wholly wasted, anyhow, and there's no loss without some gain. Do you know, on my way down to the dock I was seriously turning over in my mind the advisability of suggesting to you that we invite those ladies to take this trip with us?"

"So was I," she admitted. "And the silly part of it is that in spite of it all, that woman can still make me feel that we ought to ask them to go."

"Not on your life!" remarked Dolliver. "We're through playing fish to her Simon Peter, and we've done enough rescue work for one day, anyhow. It's us for the Back of Beyond and each other until Monday morning."

They were obliged to return to their apartment for their suit-cases, however, and they were still there when the telephone-bell rang, and Mrs. Cheever's beautiful voice said:

"Oh, Mr. Dolliver! I'm so fortunate to catch you! Could you—*would* it be too much to ask you to stop at my house a moment on your way out of town?"

"Why—we're already somewhat behind our schedule, you know," he replied, pleasantly, "but if it's anything important, of course—"

"Oh yes, it is! *Really* important!" she assured him. "Cousin Clara has just made a most disconcerting discovery, and she begs you to let her consult you as to what she'd better do about it. I'm so sorry to trouble you, but if you would come it would be such a boon to us."

"Very well. We'll come—at once," he replied, and hung up the receiver.

"Page!" cried Marjorie, when he told her. "Do you suppose—?" She paused, with shining eyes, watching him.

"Give it up," he said, "but probably not. I suspect that it's merely another hook, with a new kind of bait, calculated to land a week-end tour in the country. However, we can't refuse her the chance."

When they entered Mrs. Cheever's little sitting-room they found the ladies awaiting them in an atmosphere that somehow felt electric. Their hostess still smiled caressingly, and her voice held all its musical intonations, but there was about her an indefinable suggestion of wariness and tension, and beneath her velvet a sense of steel. It was evident that Mrs. Spencer had been weeping, and in a trembling hand she held a roll of something soft, loosely wrapped in white tissue-paper. The rent in her gown was concealed by the end of a chiffon scarf, skilfully arranged.

"So sweet of you to come, and we won't detain you five minutes, truly," was Mrs. Cheever's greeting. "But poor Cousin Clara has made the most appalling discovery, and—tell them, Cousin Clara."

"Well, I—you see, I—I thought I had put down everything on the list—"

"Declaration, you mean," prompted her cousin.

"Declaration, I mean," echoed the other. "But I—you remember, I said I thought it ought to be more than it was—I thought it ought to go over a hundred dollars—"

"Yes, I remember," gently said Dolliver, pitying her confusion. "And you have found—?"

"Yes, that's it!" She caught eagerly at the thread he tossed her. "I've found some more things—a little lace—"

"Some rather expensive lace," suavely interpolated Mrs. Cheever.

"Yes—in fact, some quite expensive lace," faltered Mrs. Spencer, her miserable eyes wandering from Dolliver's direct glance.

"I see," he said, still gently. "And you want to declare it now?"

"Cousin Clara doesn't know—she can't understand how she came to overlook so important a purchase," explained the velvet voice.

"No, I—I don't know how I could have overlooked it—"

"That doesn't matter now, does it?" Marjorie came to the rescue. "The important thing is that you have found it, and I suppose you want to pay—?" She paused inquiringly, and Mrs. Spencer completed the sentence.

"The duty. Yes, of course, I want to pay the duty. But I—I don't want them to think—I don't want anybody to think that—that I—" She stopped.

"Cousin Clara is afraid that if she declares these laces now there may be some misunderstanding—some trouble—about it, and as it is rather important that she should not be delayed here, we thought—we hoped—perhaps—"

"You said people sometimes sent the money—anonymously?" tremulously suggested the culprit.

"Oh yes," said Page, calmly, as if the matter were of the most ordinary occurrence. "It's often done. That would be quite the best course in this case."

"But the government—I mean, nobody needs to know who pays the duty—as long as it's paid?" faltered Cousin Clara. "Do they?"

"Not in the least," he assured her. "You have only to decide on the amount you owe—the duty on lace is seventy per cent. of its value, I believe—and send the money to—"

"But I haven't that much with me," interrupted the traveler, in new alarm. "And I couldn't send a check! That would mean my name!"

"If you care to give me your check for the amount you owe the government, Mrs. Spencer, I will cash it on Monday and see that the currency reaches the proper fund without delay, and without involving you in any way," he offered.

"Oh, will you? Thank you! That is

what I—that will be so very kind of you! I'll draw the check at once!" She fluttered into an adjoining room.

"Poor, dear Cousin Clara was so distressed when she found what had happened, especially after that careful declaration of hers. But of course you understand how it was?" Mrs. Cheever's smiling glance was as keen as her words were non-committal. "You know elderly people sometimes forget—?"

"Oh yes, yes, of course," hastily assented Marjorie. "We quite understand, I assure you."

Mrs. Spencer returned with her checkbook, and asked Dolliver how to make out the check. She also offered to show him the laces, but he drew back distastefully, protesting that he knew nothing of their value and that she must know what she had paid for them and what she now owed the government in duty. A few moments later he and Marjorie again said good-by to Mrs. Spencer and her cousin, and drove away in silence.

As they turned out of the street in which she lived, Dolliver said: "Exit Mrs. Cheever." A little later, after a long breath, he said: "Well, we've done something for our Uncle Samuel to-day, anyway. It was quite a lump she owed the old boy." After another pause: "I'd like to know just exactly why she paid it, though! Was it because her conscience really smote her after your little preachment? Or because, when she found that hole in her skirt with the lace showing through, she was afraid we had seen and understood it? Or did Mrs. Cheever realize that her goose was cooked if we had caught her dear Cousin Clara smuggling, and make the old lady tell, to clear her own skirts? I rather incline to that theory; don't you?"

Then for the first time since leaving Mrs. Cheever's apartment his wife turned her troubled glance to meet his.

"Page," she said, "is that it? Or is it—us? Is it possible that we are getting suspicious and blasé and cynical?"

For a moment he regarded her quizzically, and then his glance softened.

"Bless your heart, I couldn't be cynical for more than ten minutes at a time to save my life," he said, "for one very excellent reason."

"What is it?"

"You, dear love."

"That's so!" Marjorie's face was instantly flooded with tenderness. "We never can be really cynical as long as we have each other, can we?"

"Never!" promptly replied her husband. "But, on the other hand," he added, "it doesn't necessarily follow, you know, that because we are both turtle-doves there are no English sparrows left in the world."

The Last Sleep

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

SOME shining April I shall be asleep,
And over me the ancient joy shall pass;
I shall not see young Spring dance down the world
With ribbons of green grass.

But I shall dream of all that I have lost—
Breath of the wind, immortal loveliness,
Wild beauty of the sunlight on the hills,
Now mine no less

Because I slumber. Nay, but more than mine,
Since I a part of them shall strangely be.
Only I ask, when the pink hawthorn breaks,
That one shall think of me.

A Girl's Recollections of Rubinstein

BY LILLIAN NICHIA

GOING back to the eighties, I see myself at the age of short frocks and sashes, in a fever of excitement as I am dressed for my first evening concert; overwhelmed at the honor of being allowed to take part in the pleasure of grown-ups, and quite dazed with delight at the prospect of seeing the composer of the Melody in F and of the Op. 18 D Major Sonata for Piano and Cello, both of them the *chefs-d'œuvre* in my small repertoire. I remember that May evening as if it were yesterday. I can still hear the voices of my mother's guests in the dining-room, their careless laughter and chatter as they finished dinner, lingering over their liqueurs and coffee, while I stood on the staircase above, a bundle of impatience, watching the hands of the eight-day clock as they neared eight-thirty, the hour for the concert to commence. When the half-hour chimed, I could stand the strain no longer, so, hurrying down the stairs, I flung open the door and cried pantingly, as much with temerity at my own audacity as with the haste of my entrance:

"Mamma, do come. It is half-past eight; the concert has commenced."

There was a pause of surprise, a slight frown from my mother at the interruption; then, taking pity on my impatience, she nodded to the woman of highest rank, and with a laugh the party rose from the table; carriages were ordered, and five minutes later we were driving from our town house in Kildare Street, Dublin, to the Exhibition Palace, where the concert was to take place.

As we took our seats, a man emerged from a side door on the platform and crossed to the pianoforte. A vague feeling of disappointment came over me. Could this be Anton Rubinstein, about whose personality his own wonderful music had conjured up so big a romance in my child's imagination? Deliberately the man opened the lid, raised the stick for its support, and then walked off. I breathed more freely. When the door again opened, a figure leonine, majestic, commanding, loomed up in the aperture, and at once my ideal was satisfied. In an instant the magnetism of that presence seemed to capture the house, and an actual shout of welcome, always inspiring and spontaneous when given by Irish throats, greeted the man who advanced with apparent indifference to bow his acknowledgments.

I gazed up into that face fascinated, yet frightened. Sphinx-like, satanic, the power of the square jaw, the ruthless severity of expression, the high, wide brow of the poet and dreamer, the bloodless complexion, the steely glance of the half-closed eyes, the lips so sternly drawn, were as a mask concealing gigantic forces of thought and emotion. I was too young to reason discriminatingly, but I could feel and understand that here indeed was one who was truly worthy to pose as the Genius of Music. With a gesture of impatience Rubinstein waved his hand and took his seat. Tossing back his head, like a war-horse about to take the field, he touched a few chords, and an instantaneous silence settled over the audience.

No one who has ever heard Rubinstein can forget the magic beauty of that wonderful touch. He could draw from the pianoforte the inmost soul of its sweetness and poetry, summoning at will powers either celestial or demoniac, for in the whole gamut of human emotions there was none over which, as a performer, he had not absolute and infinite control. Truly a wizard of tone, all the wild abandon of grief and joy, the fierce utterances of hate and scorn, the groans of despair, the exaltation of love, the airy whisper of romance, the charm and witchery of coquetry—all these he could mirror in exquisite perfection.

Not for a moment during that concert did Rubinstein notice us; engrossed in

his work to the exclusion of all other considerations, he gave to the music he interpreted so grandly the best that was in him. Amid the thunders of applause that greeted the maestro, not once did that face lighten or change. Sphinx-like he sat before his instrument, sphinx-like he rose to acknowledge our homage, but no symptom of emotion disturbed the stone-like calm of his facial expression. That night we heard him in the music of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and of some of his own compositions. After the concert was over and he had finally refused to come back to the platform, a crowd of musical enthusiasts unharnessed the horses from his carriage and drew him in triumph through the street to his hotel in St. Stephen's Green.

It was the custom in Dublin for professional men to have their chambers in their town residences, and although we had dinner in Kildare Street, we were to sleep that night at Dundrum, where we lived in summer; a beautiful suburb at the foot of the Dublin Mountains, within view of the famous Three Rocks, near the summit of which stood the ruins of the historic Hell Fire Club. At Harcourt Street station I entered the railroad carriage and crouched in a corner by myself, determined that no one should break by idle conversation the spell of the wonderful music to which I had just listened.

As the train sped along I went number by number through the programme, noting the difference of interpretation, and living again through the joys of the evening. Yet I was unhappy. I was the disconsolate peri without the gate. Never again, perhaps, should I have the opportunity to listen to such music; and as this thought struck home, my soul rose in wild rebellion and my native island home became a prison. Then and there came over me a fixed determination to leave it. How, I could not then perceive, but I had no doubt my will would sooner or later find a way.

As soon as I reached home I went to the pianoforte, although it was midnight, and with the damper down commenced going over as much of the programme as I knew, until peremptory orders were given me to retire. I obeyed, but sleep was out of the question. Over-excited, restless, at last I stole into the night, and, sitting under a hawthorn bush, gazed out over the moonlit landscape, lost in the thoughts and emotions conjured up by the music of Anton Rubinstein. When the wild and fragrant beauty of the spring dawn began its transformation of light and shadow, a thrush in a near-by apple-tree commenced its melodiously melancholy piping, and was answered by a blackbird from a lilac bush, till in a few minutes the whole valley was alive with song. The tones of the thrush and the blackbird had been depicted in a Chopin ballade the night before, but I should never have noticed the beauty of either had not the genius of Rubinstein enlightened my soul. I had put away childish things forever, and stood at the threshold of the great tone world of Art.

I hurried to the city that morning as usual to my lessons, my head teeming with plots and plans, my impatience increasing until it was two o'clock, when the Rubinstein matinée was given.

The moment I entered the concert-hall I knew Fate was about to be kind to me. A chair having been placed on the platform, Sir Robert Stewart, a college friend of my father, also my pianoforte-teacher, came and sat down on it. Again I lived through a delirium of enjoyment, and, when the concert was over, hurried to the artists' entrance and ran into the arms of Sir Robert, with whom was Rubinstein. The soul of kindness and good nature, Sir Robert, knowing my enthusiasm for Rubinstein's music, said, quickly:

"Herr Rubinstein, here is a little girl who plays your D Major Piano and Cello Sonata excellently."

"So," Rubinstein said, amusedly, as he caught hold of my hair and twisted my face toward his; then together the three of us walked toward his hotel, and I would not have changed places with the Queen of England, for Rubinstein caught hold of my hand and swung it to and fro as he puffed at his cigarette.

At the hotel we parted, but I had made up my mind not for long. Running around the corner to the Kildare Street house, I hastily packed a few things in a valise and went in search of a cousin on whose readiness to be obliging I could depend. I do not remember what arguments I

used with him, but the first boat that left Kingstown for Holyhead carried the two of us, and, although I had not seen him, I knew it also carried Rubinstein, who was booked the following day for a concert at Liverpool; nor did I see him during the voyage, for Rubinstein was a miserable sailor and always kept close to his cabin while at sea. Just before sailing I sent a telegram to Dundrum and Kildare Street dated from the boat, with the laconic sentence: "Don't worry. Am going to Rubinstein concerts.—Lillian."

At the very first concert Rubinstein spied us, and sent an usher to tell me to come to the artists' room during the intermission.

"See here, young lady," he said, threateningly, although he was laughing as he handed me a telegram, "you and your cousin will get something when you get home."

The telegram was from Sir Robert Stewart, and ran: "Look after my little pupil, L. McA. She will be at your concerts. With cousin has run away to hear you. Family will come after the truants. —R. P. Stewart."

As an instance of Rubinstein's kindness of heart, let me say that, busy man as he was, and in spite of his duties—and they were legion, for he was making arrangements for the production of his works as well as giving concerts—until we reached London, when one of the family took us in charge, he kept us under close observation, had us travel with him, saw that we had the best seats at his concerts, almost every evening made us dine with him, and had us very often to luncheon. What I saw of him during this tour, going from Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, and London, convinced me that the life of a traveling virtuoso, be his triumphs what they may, was anything but to be envied; for although Rubinstein was everywhere received with an enthusiasm that literally swept away all the staid, matter-of-fact characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, yet he was horribly lonely, homesick, and unhappy. During our little dinners and luncheons together he spoke in endearing terms of Russia and of his family, particularly of his daughter Anna, whose picture he carried about in a locket and used to put down on the table beside him to keep before his vision. All the triumphs given him were as nothing in comparison to the pleasure he knew when the post brought him a letter from home, and on the day when the post brought him nothing he was always cross and moody.

When the hour of parting came I wept bitterly, tears of actual rage, for I knew I had come to the end of my resources; but when Rubinstein said, "Now be a good girl; go back and study hard—harmony, counterpoint, languages—and then come to me and I will give you lessons," I dried my eyes and made the best of things, and, returning to Ireland, started in on a programme of work with an enthusiasm nothing could dampen.

It was not until I had passed my fifteenth birthday that I was able to overcome the bitter opposition of my family and begin my music studies on the Continent. Then, strange to say, I did not go direct to Rubinstein, but to Frankfort-on-the-Main, to the Raff Conservatorium, for in the mean while I had come under the spell of Hans von Bülow's intellectual gifts, and was deep in the study of the last sonatas of Beethoven as he had edited them. I went to Frankfort, because Bülow gave a course of lessons there each year. I think my Goethe studies, too, had much to do with this divergence, for I had a longing to live amid the scenes of the great poet's childhood, scenes that had inspired so much of his muse. But I bade adieu to all this one night, and started northward along the banks of the Rhine on my three days' journey to Russia, reaching St. Petersburg in the depths of winter; something Rubinstein marveled over when he learned I had brought with me two boxes filled with manuscripts.

It was at a rehearsal of the Symphony Concert that I first greeted him again. With that formal politeness so characteristic of him, he recognized me, rose and kissed my hand, saying in German: "*Nun,* Titian Head, so you have come, after all. I am very glad to see you and welcome you to Russia, but what have you done with your hair?"

I quickly explained that I had cut it off on leaving Ireland to save the trouble of arranging it; to which Rubinstein

replied, "Why, the police will be after you; you look just like a nihilist," a sally pretty well true, as I was to find out later. We sat down together, and this time I wouldn't have changed places with the Tsaritza.

During the intermission in the artists' room Rubinstein asked me if I had heard of the insult tendered him by Hans von Bülow, who, on finding a copy of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" on the conductor's desk, had tossed it aside, saying, "I will not conduct this music; my hair is not long enough."

"But I," said Rubinstein, with the consciousness of one who has had the best of the encounter, "replied that although Bülow had had time to measure my hair, I as yet had not had time to measure his ears." Then he added, maliciously, "We have no 'H' in Russian; we use 'G' instead; so we have to write him down Gans von Bülow."

When the concerto rehearsal was over, Rubinstein hurried away, telling Mr. Petersen to bring me to dinner, and warning me that he dined at six sharp, and would wait for no one, a threat I was later to find out was true, for on one occasion he began dinner although a grand duke was expected.

I spent the rest of the afternoon practising, and a little before six o'clock found myself at last in Rubinstein's study, amid all his intimate associations, touching the books and music that belonged to him, sitting before the piano he played on, glancing over the pages of manuscripts that he had just finished; in short, at home with him.

I found then that he was no longer the sphinx-man of the concert platform, but a genial, gracious host, asking after the friends I had recently left in Frankfort, making inquiries after those in Ireland and England, especially after all young artists, for whom he had a heart flowing over with kindness and sympathy. Possibly his own student days in Vienna, when he had literally starved, had something to do with this. At the dinner-table I found out he was thoroughly a *bon vivant,* enjoying the Russian dishes before him and the different wines with the zest of a connoisseur.

After dinner I had to go through the ordeal of playing for him, and when I had finished, his man-servant brought in a card-table, and we sat down to a game of vindt, a difficult sort of whist, much like the present-day bridge. Rubinstein and I were partners, and lost shamefully —hardly to be wondered at, for I had just learned whist—but he insisted on playing again and again.

Matve, the servant, then brought in tea in the long Russian glasses with their silver holder, lemon, not cream, being served; and one of the ladies present, knowing I was a new-comer and ignorant of the fact that it was an unwritten law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians that his guests should not ask him to play, whispered to me to make him go to the piano.

Cheerfully and innocently I went up to him, and, running my arm through his, said, coaxingly, "Do come and play something."

His face changed in a moment, an ominous silence fell on those present; even the culprit who had led me into the trap looked disturbed; as for Rubinstein himself, he gave me a scowl and fairly flung my hand away.

"No," he said, shortly, "I never play. Don't forget this."

The sudden change in his manner unnerved me, for the tears started to my eyes, and I stood gaping at him. As a matter of fact, I was thoroughly disconcerted and taken aback. As soon as Rubinstein saw this his face changed again; and, laughing, he held out his hand to me apologetically.

"Well, come! give me a kiss and I will play for you."

I had just reached the age when my kisses were not lightly given; besides, I was cut to the heart's core, and I turned my head away in denial.

"What!" cried one of the women present. "Could you refuse Anton Gregoriewitch?"

"Yes," cried Rubinstein, "and just for that I am going to play for her, anyhow, for she is the first that ever did."

It was a fitting conclusion to a day of wonder. Rubinstein was in one of his rarest moods, and those of us who were present will never forget the ineffable beauty of the Chopin F Major Ballade as he started the opening theme, one of the wonder-pieces of that composer whom

Rubinstein had designated "*die Seele des Fortepiano.*" When he had finished the ballade, he passed, almost without a pause, to the preludes, four of which he played; then he dashed into his favorite Mazurka, and ended with the heroic F Sharp Minor Polonaise. Across the room I could see some figures huddled, as it were in fear and terror; the thunders of that music rang through the room; it was as if the Polish legions were marching, swords outstretched, banners flying, hastening to die like heroes for faith and country, singing their love-songs gallantly, although the funeral dirge was to follow.

When Rubinstein had finished, his face was ashen white, his breath was coming in gasps, and he was laboring under the excitement caused by that malady which, alas! a few years later was to carry him off. None of us guessed it then; for, brawny of build, impatient of sympathy, scorning all bodily weaknesses, he hid his sufferings from those about him till too late. He had almost reached his sixtieth year; for fifty years subjecting himself mercilessly to the fierce and absorbing joys and sorrows of the artist; and the hour of reckoning was not far away. After he had puffed at his cigarette for a few minutes, he stood up—the signal that it was near eleven o'clock and time for us to go.

That dinner was the first of hundreds to succeed it, for during the three and a half years I made my home in Russia, at least five evenings out of the seven I dined with him, except during the two months of the summer vacation which he spent at Peterhof, when I used to go once a week, or oftener if he sent for me, for I had taken on myself the task of answering all his English and American letters, one of his friends answering Russian letters, and another German letters; in fact, there were four or five of us who attended regularly to his enormous mail; for Rubinstein, like Chopin, detested letter-writing, at least during his later years.

It was principally at Rubinstein's dinner-table that I gathered materials for my biographical sketch, which was the first biography of Rubinstein to be published. It was a daring task for a girl still in her teens; it, however, pleased Rubinstein, was favorably received by the Russian press, and on my part was a labor of love. During all my time in St. Petersburg we were a company of seldom less than a dozen persons, often more, excepting on very rare occasions, when the severity of the Russian weather made travel difficult. Only once have I a distinct recollection of dining with him alone, about which I shall have something to say later.

A *raconteur* gifted with remarkable powers, he made his dinner-table a scene of brilliance. Conversation never flagged, embracing all subjects but one—home politics. As the director of the Conservatory, Rubinstein was, in fact, a government official; and for this reason, if for no other, any political discussion would have been injudicious, if not positively dangerous. Artists of all kinds, not only distinguished musicians, but painters, sculptors, writers, and poets, always kept the ball rolling; and statesmen, rich merchants, distinguished public officials, members of the imperial family, and many charming, aristocratic women were among the gatherings.

On one occasion Count Tolstoy graced the board, and I sat wondering who the rough-looking *moujik* could be, till Anton Gregoriewitch—for so they called Rubinstein in Russia—whispered to me that the new-comer was the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata,* as the Russian author had named his latest book, which at that time had been prohibited by the censor, but of which Rubinstein had managed to secure a manuscript copy, and had read it to us a few evenings previously. Always outspoken, especially where music was concerned, Rubinstein told the distinguished author that he had altogether missed the meaning of Beethoven's music, around which the author had woven his tale, to which Tolstoy replied with a shrug:

"*Nun, nitchevo*" ("No matter"), "one piece of music or another, I have written a romance."

"True," Rubinstein replied, almost hotly, "but no matter how great you may be in your own line, it doesn't give you the right to distort the work of another artist."

For a moment it almost looked as if

the two great men were about to grow angry with each other; but some one gave a quick turn to the conversation, and peace was kept, although Rubinstein could not restrain himself from shaking his fist as the door closed on his distinguished guest, and saying, vindictively:

"I never knew a novelist yet who could write anything but trash about music."

If I had had power to see into futurity, I could not have timed my arrival in Russia more opportunely. Rubinstein, a year previously, had assumed the directorship of the Conservatory, doing this from a sense of duty. Under the rule of Carl Davidoff, the great cellist whom Rubinstein, with his characteristic severity whenever it was a question of art, had deposed, although the latter was his most intimate friend, the great Russian school of music which in 1862 had been founded by Rubinstein with the help of the Grand Duchess Hélène and others, had lost something of its prestige. No word of censure ever fell on Davidoff, except it be that owing to his too gentle and kindly nature he had allowed himself to be grievously imposed upon; but there were others whose presence there as professors caused the mothers of young girls to refrain from sending their daughters for instruction; and one of the first innovations Rubinstein made in the building was to put glass doors in every class-room. In one of the comic prints of the time Rubinstein is depicted in the garb of a *dvornik,* or porter, with a broom in his hand, sweeping out a medley of figures from the Conservatory steps. This he practically did, for the whole faculty was changed under his régime, with the result that Carl Davidoff died of a broken heart, and Rubinstein thereby made for himself a host of enemies who created difficulties for him at every turn. However, by the time I reached St. Petersburg matters had quieted down somewhat.

Twice a week Rubinstein had a pianoforte class, which I attended as an onlooker, twice a week an orchestral class, and twice a week he played for the students, going through the entire literature of the pianoforte. He played informally, with the music before him, pausing frequently to illustrate the meaning of this or that passage, and always preceding his playing with explanatory notes on the intention of the composers he was interpreting, as well as giving historical data connected with their lives. It was a treat no money could buy; for only the Conservatory students and myself—I was the only stranger—were given passes. Among the former I remember Ossip Gabrilowitch, so well known to American audiences, then a boy young enough to wear a lace collar over his blouse suit.

At these recitals Rubinstein seemed to lay aside all those stern traits I had noticed in his playing on my first meeting him. He was as a father among his children, at home among those who could understand him. He smiled and joked with us, took the trouble to be witty, and told us endless anecdotes of his meetings with Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Liszt. At these reunions, for so can I best term them, Rubinstein never failed to impress on us the dignity of the artist and his profession, as he tried to instil into our minds a devotion worthy of our work. There was a *camaraderie* about him that spoke volumes for the innate modesty and greatness of his genius; a modesty that has frequently and maliciously been denied him by those who knew little about him, or else had obtained their knowledge at second-hand and prejudiced sources.

At the conclusion of one of these concerts he wound up with the remark:

"I am old and must go the way of the old; therefore it can be understood that I love best the old composers rather than the new. You are young; and I do not wish to turn you from young composers. Love them and study them if you will, but do not forget the old ones, the great ones."

This was in particular an allusion to the new Russian school, for which, as a firm adherent of the classics, he had very little sympathy. He feared the innovators because of what he supposed would be the detrimental effect on students; yet he was not against them. He contended that the music student should first grasp the prescribed forms, and then break away from these if he found his peculiar genius so demanded; but a formless art, based on the mere whim or

caprice of the student or of the teacher, seemed horrible to him, spelled artistic shipwreck.

Any one who has had experience in the working of art cliques knows how high party feeling can run and what vituperation hot-headed brains can foment. The Russian party in St. Petersburg took a mean advantage in referring to Rubinstein's Jewish parentage. When he was six months old, Rubinstein and all the members of his family were received into the Russian Orthodox Church following a ukase of the Tsar: as a boy Rubinstein had diligently studied his catechism, and as a man he went through all the observances of the Orthodox Church faithfully. It was not a question of faith with his adversaries—many of them were avowed free-thinkers; it was simply that the term Jew, which stands for all that is unpatriotic in Russia, was a strong point against him, one calculated to raise bitter ill-feeling in the breasts of unthinking Slavophiles. Rubinstein, as they well knew, never meddled in politics, and cared nothing about it; but he loved Russia passionately, believed in her musical future, and served his country devotedly. No Russian has done as much for Russian music as Anton Rubinstein. He was the moving spirit in the foundation of the great institutions that in future will be the best monument to his genius, giving his time, money, and experience with prodigal liberality. "The Christians call me a Jew; the Jews call me a Christian," he once remarked, sarcastically and truly; but let them call him what they might, he went his way, believing, as he so often privately boasted, "the future lies with us." Intrigues and the cry of "Russian music for the Russians" prevented his operas from being performed at the imperial opera-houses; but in spite of this the imperial family recognized his generous disinterestedness and sacrifice for his country, the Tsar raising him to the rank of General, so that he was addressed as "Your Excellency"—"*Vashiprevoskaditelstvo*"—a mouthful not easy to utter when one is in a hurry or excited.

The Tsar and Tsaritza sometimes attended the Conservatory concerts, and an amusing incident happened on one such occasion. Alexander III. was a man of enormous proportions, and it was rumored that he wore beneath his uniform a complete suit of chain armor to protect him from the knife of the assassin. Rubinstein had been notified that their Majesties would attend the concert; accordingly two handsome arm-chairs were placed in readiness. I always sat either beside or behind Rubinstein at ordinary concerts, so I took my usual seat, which was beside the *Gorodnachalnik* (Mayor), who, with an aide-de-camp, sat immediately behind the Tsar and Tsaritza, Rubinstein being to the right of the latter. As the two imperial personages entered, the Conservatory band played the national anthem, all standing; at its close the Tsaritza sat down; so, too, did the Tsar, only to rise immediately. Rubinstein grew red in the face, not understanding the delay; there was an awkward pause, and at once I saw what was the trouble—the arms of the chair were not wide enough apart to permit the entrance of the enormous bulk possessed by his Majesty. As no one seemed to understand and no one did anything, I pushed forward my chair, took back the arm-chair for myself, the wide space between the first and second row of seats permitting this, and received an amused smile from the Tsar of all the Russias, who sat down with a bow and a "Thank you" in English.

Rubinstein as a teacher was a martinet. He accepted no excuses and would listen to none. Many a time when I was playing for him and did not do as he wanted, he would bring down his two hands on my shoulders with a jar that made me fear the dislocation of my entire anatomy; for him to sweep one off the piano-stool with whirlwind force was nothing. I have seen him in rages that were absolutely diabolical; nor do I wonder at this in my own case, for I was too ambitious.

Besides writing his biography, I attended all the concerts I could as music critic, I was doing special work for a New York newspaper under the pseudonym "Sascha," I was writing short stories, and studying nihilism and Russian. As a matter of fact, twice a week I had to sacrifice my night's rest to catch up with all my work; so Rubinstein must be excused in my case. I always had my

lesson at his house, usually in the half-hour after his arrival from the Conservatory, which was at five o'clock. One such lesson stands out vividly in my memory. I had brought the C Minor Chopin Nocturne Op. 53, and had no sooner started it — I was playing horribly—than Rubinstein began to abuse me, until I jumped up from the pianoforte. The day was an off-day for me—a letter from home had given me a bad attack of nostalgia; the leaden sky of St. Petersburg, which had lain for months without a break, had taken all ambition out of me, and Rubinstein's scathing remarks, so justly deserved, broke down all my reserve, and I wept like a baby.

After a few minutes he pulled down my hands from my eyes and said, angrily:

"What are you crying for?"

"Because I am tired of life, I am lonely, and I wish I were dead; besides," I added, defiantly, "what is the good of trying to be a piano-player, as long as you have been born?"

"See here," was the sudden retort, as he shoved me back on the piano-stool, "don't waste words on me. Go and make your instrument say all that, make it sing out your *Heimweh* and your soul-sickness, make it growl out all the contempt and hatred you have for that old curmudgeon Rubinstein, who, you regret, has ever been born. Kill him with your scorn."

I had to laugh in spite of myself, Rubinstein's manner was so comical; and I started in to play as he told me, although without the music, for I could not see on account of my tears.

When I had finished, he said, solemnly and slowly:

"Now, you have played like an artist, because you have learned the secret of art. You have made the pianoforte the mirror of real suffering, real emotion, therefore your work is good."

Rubinstein had a horror of methods and of "canned" pianists, as he termed the output of some of the music schools. "Another machine," he often remarked, *sotto voce,* after he had listened to the playing of a new-comer from one of the celebrated conservatories. With his own pupils his one endeavor was to bring out individuality and, when possible, temperament. Mere technique he despised; at the same time woe betide the pupil who brought him a piece badly prepared, or slurred or mangled any of its passages. One's fingers had to be in perfect control, otherwise the dogs of war were let loose with a vengeance. Sometimes, I will allow, his whims and his moods were puzzling, but the great axiom of his teaching was, "Play as you feel; but feel right." It was usually his special delight when a pupil ventured to differ from him on any matter of interpretation—that is, if he or she gave him some sufficient or even plausible reason; then he was all attention and interest.

"I do the passage so," he would often say, as he ran over the passage on the second pianoforte at which he presided in the Conservatory—in his own home he had but the one instrument—"but if it appeals to you so"—and he would illustrate the difference—"why, play it so. Do not imitate any one; play as you understand, provided you do no violence thereby to the conception of the composer."

It was the hardest thing for a pupil to get Rubinstein to hear him or her in his own music at the Conservatory. I never heard him give a lesson there in any of his own compositions; and it was only by dogged insistence on my part that I made him hear me go over one of his own pieces at each lesson. From my earliest childhood I had loved Rubinstein's music; it suited my hand, which was broad and fleshy like his own, and I could always play it *con amore,* be my musical mood what it might. After a time I broke down his reserve in this direction; I was the only one of his pupils who did so, with the exception of Josef Hofman, who studied with him two years later in Dresden.

He had one constant regret—his bygone youth—and was always telling us of the treasure we possessed, which youth only realizes in the losing. He had a sort of sarcastic delight in making remarks about his age. Knowing that I could always secure his attention, knowing also that Rubinstein was at the time pressed for money, several times American *impresarii* wrote me to arrange for a series of concerts in the United States. Sometimes the money seemed

a temptation to him, and he would even go so far as to sign a conditional contract; but he always backed out, with the remark, "*Ach was!* An old fellow like me playing Chopin nocturnes and ballades to the ladies! No, no; it would be too ridiculous." To such an extent was his sense of personality interwoven with the execution of his work.

In his youth Rubinstein had memorized practically the entire classic literature of the pianoforte; during the years of his virtuoso life he had a working programme of over eighty pieces, one or all of which he was ready to perform at a moment's notice. Tone study and tone production were his particular hobby. "Bring out that note, boy; don't slur it; that note is worth your whole soul and body," he once said to a pupil who was playing one of the numbers from Schumann's "Carnival." He often told us he used, when a student, to spend days acquiring the particular quality of timbre in a voice or in a bird's song that pleased him. "This, not that, is what I want," he would say sometimes in his lessons, as he illustrated the difference of touch with his own fingers on the back of the pupil's hand. In tone *nuance* he always excelled; even the unmusical and ignorant could distinguish the difference. So great was the beauty of his touch that I have seen the *dvorniks* (porters), in the corridor of the Conservatory, outside his class-room, suddenly stop work and say as they stood quiet to listen:

"*Anton Gregoriewitch egrait!*" ("Anton Gregoriewitch plays.")

On his fiftieth anniversary as an artist Russia offered him a magnificent tribute of appreciation and homage; there was a "festival" of six days, during which, when he was not playing himself, others were playing his music, and the people, not the musical cliques, had a chance to show their love and admiration for the great artist whose renown was world-wide. Of the large sum collected, Rubinstein took no part for his own use, but donated it entirely to the coffers of the Conservatory. Moscow followed St. Petersburg in according him homage, and this was Rubinstein's farewell to the concert platform; fifty years earlier he had made his début in that city, and it was here he took his leave. The heart of every true Russian lies in Moscow; of St. Petersburg they are proud, but it is Moscow they love.

With the proceeds of his tour in America in 1872, which amounted to two hundred thousand francs net, Rubinstein built a home for himself—he used to call it his American-dollar villa—that was the dream of his life, on the lovely wooded shore of Lake Ladoga, in close proximity to the imperial palace of Peterhof. Here during the seventies he dispensed princely hospitality, and here he led an ideal existence.

One wild and blustery night I found myself at dinner alone with Rubinstein, the weather being terrific even for St. Petersburg. The winds were howling round the house, and Rubinstein, who liked to ask questions, inquired of me what they represented to my mind. I replied, "The moaning of lost souls." From this a theological discussion followed.

"There may be a future," he said.

"There is a future," I cried, "a great and beautiful future. If I die first, I shall come to you and prove this."

He turned to me with great solemnity.

"Good, Liloscha, that is a bargain; and I will come to you."

Six years later in Paris I woke one night with a cry of agony and despair ringing in my ears, such as I hope may never be duplicated in my lifetime. Rubinstein's face was close to mine, a countenance distorted by every phase of fear, despair, agony, remorse, and anger. I started up, turned on all the lights, and stood for a moment shaking in every limb, till I put fear from me and decided that it was merely a dream. I had for the moment completely forgotten our compact. News is always late in Paris, and it was *Le Petit Journal,* published in the afternoon, that had the first account of his sudden death.

Four years later, Teresa Carreno, who had just come from Russia and was touring America—I had met her in St. Petersburg frequently at Rubinstein's dinner-table — told me that Rubinstein died with a cry of agony impossible of description. I knew then that even in death Rubinstein had kept, as he always did, his word.

The Master

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

PAPA MUSARD, whenever he felt that he was about to die, which happened three times a year at least, would beckon as with a finger from the grimy Montmartre tenement in which he abode and call Rufin to come and bid him farewell. The great artist always came; he never failed to show himself humble to humble people, and, besides, Papa Musard had known Corot—or said that he had—and in his capacity of a model had impressed his giant shoulders and his beard on the work of three generations of painters.

The boy who carried the summons sat confidently on the curb outside the restaurant at which Rufin was used to lunch, and rose to his feet as the tall, cloaked figure turned the corner of the street and approached along the sunlit pavement.

"Monsieur Musard said you would be here at one o'clock," he explained, presenting the note.

"Then it is very fortunate that I am not late," said Rufin, politely, accepting it. "But how did you know me?"

The boy—he was aged perhaps twelve—gave a sophisticated shrug.

"Monsieur Musard said: 'At one o'clock there will approach an artist with the airs of a gentleman. That is he.'"

Rufin laughed and opened the note. While he read it the boy watched him with the admiration which, in Paris, even the rat-like gamin of the streets pays to distinction such as his. He was a tall man splendidly blond, and he affected the cloak, the slouch hat, the picturesque amplitude of hair which were once the uniform of the artist. But these, in his final effect, were subordinate to a certain breadth and majesty of brow, a cast of countenance at once benign and austere, as though the art he practised so supremely both exacted much and conferred much. He made a fine and potent figure as he stood, with his back to the bright street and the gutter-child standing beside him like a familiar companion, and read the smudged scrawl of Papa Musard.

"So Musard is very ill again, is he?" he asked of the boy. "Have you seen him yourself?"

"Oh yes," replied the boy; "I have seen him. He lies in bed and his temper is frightful."

"He is a very old man, you see," said Rufin. "Old men have much to suffer. Well, tell him I will come this afternoon to visit him. And this"—producing a coin from his pocket—"this is for you."

The gamin managed, in some fashion of his own, to combine, in a single movement, a snatch at the money with a gesture of polite deprecation. They parted with mutual salutations, two gentlemen who had carried an honorable transaction to a worthy close. A white-aproned waiter smiled upon them tolerantly and held open the door that Rufin might enter to his lunch.

It was in this manner that the strings were pulled which sent Rufin on foot to Montmartre, with the sun at his back and the streets chirping about him. Two young men, passing near the Opera, saluted him with the title of "*maître*"; and then the Paris of sleek magnificence lay behind him and the street sloped uphill to the Place Pigalle and all that region where sober, industrious Parisians work like beavers to furnish vice for inquiring foreigners. Yet steeper slopes ascended between high houses toward his destination, and he came at last to the cobbled courtyard, overlooked by window-dotted cliffs of building, above which Papa Musard had his habitation.

A fat concierge, whose bulged and gaping clothes gave her the aspect of an over-ripe fruit, slept stonily in a chair at the doorway. Rufin was not certain whether Musard lived on the fourth floor or the fifth, and would have been glad to inquire, but he had not the courage

to prod that slumbering bulk, and was careful to edge past without touching it. The grimy stair led him upward to find out for himself.

On the third floor, according to his count, a door looked like what he remembered of Musard's, but it yielded no answer to his knocking. A flight higher there was another which stood an inch or so ajar, and this he ventured to push open that he might look in. It yielded him a room empty of life, but he remained in the doorway looking.

It was a commonplace, square, ugly room, the counterpart of a hundred others in that melancholy building; but its window, framing a saw-edged horizon of roofs and chimneys, faced to the north, and some one, it was plain, had promoted it to the uses of a studio. An easel stood in the middle of the floor with a canvas upon it; the walls were covered with gross caricatures drawn upon the bare plaster with charcoal. A mattress and some tumbled bedclothes lay in one corner, and a few humble utensils also testified that the place was a dwelling as well as a workshop.

Rufin looked back to be sure that no one was coming up the stairs, and then tiptoed into the room to see what hung on the easel.

"After all," he murmured, "an artist has the right!"

The picture on the easel was all but completed; it was a quarter-length painting of a girl. Stepping cautiously around the easel, he came upon a full view of it suddenly, and forthwith forgot all his precautions to be unheard. Here was a thing no man could keep quiet! With his first glance he saw—he, himself a painter, a creator, a judge—that he stood in the presence of a great work of art, a vision, a power.

"But *here!*" he exclaimed, amazedly. "Of all places—here!"

The painted face looked out at him with all the sorrowful wisdom that is comprised in a life sharpened on the grindstone of a remorseless civilization. It was a girl such as one might find anywhere in that neighborhood; she had the hardy prettiness, the alertness, the predatory quality which belong to wild creatures civilized by force. It was set on the canvas with a skill that made Rufin smile with frank pleasure; but the skill, the artifice of the thing, were the least part of it. What was wonderful was the imagination, the living insight, that represented not only the shaped product of a harsh existence, but the womanhood at the root of it. It was miraculous; it was convincing as life is convincing; it was great.

Rufin, the painter whose fame was secure, upon whom Art had showered gifts, gazed at it, absorbed and reverent. He realized that in this picture his age had achieved a masterpiece; he was at least the contemporary of an immortal.

"Ah!" he said, with an impulse of high indignation. "And while *he* paints here and sleeps on the floor, they buy *my* pictures!"

He stepped back from the easel. He was equal to a great gesture, as to a great thought. As though he had greeted a living princess, he swept his hat off in a bow to the work of his unknown fellow.

Papa Musard in his bed, with his comforts—mostly in bottles—arranged within his reach, found it rather shocking that a distinguished artist should enter the presence of a dying man like—as he remarked during his convalescence—a dog going into a pond. He sat up in astonishment.

"Musard," demanded Rufin, abruptly, "who is the artist who lives in the room below this?"

"Oh, him!" replied Papa Musard, sinking back on his pillow. "M'sieur Rufin, this is the last time I shall appeal to you. Before long I shall again be in the presence of the great master, of Corot, of him who—"

Rufin, it seemed, had lost all respect both for Corot and death. He waved an imperious arm, over which his cloak flapped like a black wing.

"Who is the artist in the room below?" repeated Rufin, urgently. "Do you know him?"

"No," replied Papa Musard, with emphasis. "Know him—an Italian, a ruffian, an *apache,* a man with hair on his arms like a baboon! I do not know him. There!"

He was offended; a dying man has his privileges, at least. The face, gnarled and tempestuously bearded, which had

been perpetuated by a hundred laborious painters, glared from the pillow at Rufin with indignation and protest.

Rufin suppressed an impulse to speak forcibly, for one has no more right to strip a man of his pose than of his shirt. He smiled at the angry invalid conciliatingly.

"See how I forget myself!" he said, apologetically. "We artists are all alike. Show us a picture and our manners go by the board. With *you,* Musard, need I say more?"

"You have said a lot," grumbled the ancient of days. "Coming in roaring like a bull! What picture has upset you?"

"A picture you have not seen," said Rufin, "or you would be grasping my hand and weeping for joy—you who know pictures better than us all!" He surveyed the invalid, who was softening. Musard knew no more of pictures than a frame-maker; but that was a fact one did not mention in his presence.

"Since Corot," sighed Musard, "I have seen few pictures which were—*en effet*—pictures."

"You have great memories," agreed Rufin, hastily. "But I have just seen a picture—ah, but a picture, my friend!"

The old cunning face on the pillow resisted the charm of his manner, the gentleness of his appeal.

"Not *his?*" demanded Papa Musard. "Not in the room underneath? Not one of the daubs of that assassin, that cutthroat, that Italian?"

Rufin nodded, as though confirming a pleasant surprise. "Is it not strange," he said, "how genius will roost on any perch? It is true, then, that he is a person who offends your taste? That is bad. Tell me about him, Musard."

He reached himself a chair and sat down near the foot of the bed.

"You are always making a fuss of some worthless creature," grumbled Musard. "I do not even know the man's name. They speak of him as Peter the Lucky—it is a nickname he has on the streets, an *apache* name. He has been in prison, too, and he bellows insults at his elders and betters when they pass him on the stairs. He is a man of no soul!"

"Yes," said Rufin. "But did you say he had been in prison?"

"I did," affirmed Musard. "Ask any one. It is not that I abuse him; he is, in fact, a criminal. Once he threw an egg at a gendarme. And yet you come to me—a dying man—and declare that such a creature can paint! Bah!"

"Yes," said Rufin, "it is strange."

It was clearly hopeless to try to extract any real information from Papa Musard; that veteran was fortified with prejudices. Rufin resigned himself to the inevitable, and, although he was burning with eagerness to find the painter of the picture he had recently seen, to welcome him into the sunlight of fame and success, he bent his mind to the interview with Papa Musard.

"I have had my part in the development of art," that invalid was saying at the end of three-quarters of an hour. "Perhaps I have not had my full share of recognition. Since Corot, no artist has been magnanimous; they have become tradesmen, shopkeepers."

"You are hard on us, Musard," said Rufin. "We're a bad lot, but we do our best. Here is a small matter of money that may help to make you comfortable. I'm sorry you have such an unpleasant neighbor."

"You are going?" demanded Musard.

"I must," said Rufin. "To-morrow I go into the country for some weeks, and nothing is packed yet."

"Corot would not have left an old man to die in solitude," remarked Musard, thoughtfully.

Rufin smiled regretfully and got away while he could. Papa Musard in an hour could wear down even his patience.

The painter's room was still unlocked and unoccupied as he descended the stairs; he entered it for another look at the picture. He needed to confirm his memory, to be assured that he had not endowed the work with virtue not its own. The trivial, cheaply pretty face fronted him again, with its little artificial graces only half masking the sore, tormented femininity behind it. Yes, it was the true art, the poignant vision, a thing belonging to all time.

In the courtyard the fat concierge was awake, in a torpid fashion, and knitting. She lifted her greedy and tyrannical eyes at the tall figure of Rufin, with its suggestion of splendors and dignities. But



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

HE SAW THAT HE STOOD IN THE PRESENCE OF A GREAT WORK OF ART

she was not much more informative than Papa Musard had been.

"Oh, the painter!" she exclaimed when she understood who was in question. "Ah, m'sieur, it is two days since I have seen him. He is not of a punctual habit —no! How often have I risen in the blackness of night, upon a frightful uproar of the bell, to admit him, and he making observations at the top of his voice that would cause a fish to blush! An Italian, m'sieur—yes! But all the same it astonishes no one when he is away for two days."

"The Italians are like that," generalized Rufin, unscrupulously. "His door is unlocked, madame, and there is a picture in his room which is—well, valuable."

"He sold the key," lamented madame, "and the catches of the window, and the bell-push, and a bucket of mine which I had neglected to watch. And he called me a she-camel when I remonstrated."

"In Italian it is a mere jest," Rufin assured her. "See, madame, this is my card, which I beg you to give him. I am obliged to leave Paris to-morrow, but on my return I shall have the honor to call on him. And this is a five-franc piece!"

The big coin seemed to work on the concierge like a powerful drug. She choked noisily and was for the while almost enthusiastic.

"He shall have the card," she promised. "I swear it! After all, artists must have their experiences. Doubtless the monsieur who resides above is a great painter?"

"A very great painter," replied Rufin.

His work, during the next three weeks, exiled him to a green solitude of flat land whose horizons were ridged by poplars growing beside roads laid down as though with a ruler, so straight they were as they sliced across the rich levels. It was there he effected the vital work on his great picture, "Promesse," a revelation of earth gravid with life, of the opulent promise and purpose of spring. It is the greater for what lodged in his mind of the picture he had seen in the Montmartre tenement. It was constant in his thought, the while he noted on his canvas the very texture of the year's early light; it aided his brush. In honesty and humbleness of heart, as he worked, he acknowledged a debt to the unknown Italian who stole the key of the room to sell and called his concierge a she-camel.

It was a debt he knew he could pay. He, Rufin, whose work was in the Luxembourg, in galleries in America, in Russia, in the palaces of kings, could assure the painter of Montmartre of fame. He went to seek him on the evening of his return to the city.

The fat concierge preserved still her burst and over-ripe appearance, and at the sight of him she was so moved that she rose from her chair and stood upright to voice her lamentations.

"Monsieur, what can I say? He is gone! It was a nightmare. It is true that he omitted to pay his rent—a defect of his temperament, without doubt. But the proprietor does not make these distinctions. After three weeks he would expel Michael Angelo himself. The monsieur who was driven out—he resisted. He employed blasphemies, maledictions; he smote my poor husband on the nose and in the stomach—all to no purpose, for he is gone. I was overcome with grief, but what could I do?"

"At least you know whither he went?" suggested Rufin.

"But, m'sieur, how should I know? His furniture—it was not much—was impounded for the rent, else one might have followed it. He took away with him only one picture, and that by force of threats and assaults."

"Oh yes, of course he would take that," agreed the artist.

"He retired down the street with it, walking backward in the middle of the road and not ceasing to make outcries at us," said the concierge. "He uttered menaces; he was dangerous. Could I leave my poor husband to imperil myself by following such a one? I ask m'sieur, could I?"

"I suppose not," said Rufin, staring at her absently. He was thinking, by an odd momentary turn of fancy, how well he could have spared this gruesome woman for another look at the picture.

"Who are his friends?" he inquired.

But the concierge could tell him nothing useful.

"He had no friends in the house," she said. "Our poor honest people—he treated them with contumely. I do not know his friends, m'sieur."

"Ah, well," said Rufin, "I shall come across him somehow."

He saluted her perfunctorily and was about to turn away, but the avidity of her face reminded him that he had a standard to live up to. He produced another five-franc piece and was pursued to the gate by the stridency of her gratitude.

A man—even a man of notable attributes and shocking manners—is as easily lost in Paris as anywhere; it is a city of many shadows. At the end of some weeks, during which his work had suffered from his new preoccupation, Rufin saw himself baffled. His man had vanished effectually, carrying with him to his obscurity the great picture. It was the memory of that consummate thing that held Rufin to his task of finding the author; he pictured it to himself, housed in some garret, making the mean place wonderful. He obtained the unofficial aid of the police and of many other people whose business in life is with the underworld. He even caused a guarded paragraph to appear in certain papers, which spoke temperately of a genius in hiding, for whom fame was ripe whenever he should choose to claim it. But Paris at that moment was thrilled by a series of murders by *apaches,* and the notice passed unremarked.

In the end, therefore, Rufin restored himself to his work, richer by a memory, poorer by a failure. Not till then came the last accident in the chain of accidents by which the matter had presented itself to him.

Some detail of quite trivial business took him to see an official at the Palais de Justice. In the great Salle des Pas Perdus there was, as always, a crowd of folk, jostling, fidgeting, making a clamor of mixed voices. He did not visit it often enough to know that the crowd was larger than usual and strongly leavened with an element of furtive shabby men and desperate calm women. He found his official and disposed of his affair, and the official, who was willing enough to be seen in the company of a man of Rufin's position, rose politely to see him forth, and walked with him into the noisy hall.

"You are not often here, Monsieur Rufin?" he suggested. "And yet, as you see, here is much matter for an artist. These faces, eh? All the brigands of Paris are here to-day. In there"—and he pointed to one of the many doors—"the trial is proceeding of those *apaches.*"

"A great occasion, no doubt," said Rufin. He looked casually toward the door which his companion indicated. "Of course I have read of the matter in the newspapers, but—"

He ceased speaking abruptly. A movement in the crowd between him and the door had let him see, for a space of seconds, a girl who leaned against the wall, strained and pale, as though waiting in a patient agony for news, for tidings of the fates that were being decided within. From the moment his eyes rested on her he was sure; there was no possibility of a mistake; it was the girl whose face, reproduced, interpreted, and immortalized, looked forth from the canvas he had seen in the Montmartre tenement.

"Two of them held the gendarme, while the third cut his throat with his own sword. A grotesque touch, that—*vous ne trouvez pas? Très fort!*" the official was remarking when Rufin took him by the arm.

"That girl," he said. "You see her?—against the wall there. I cannot talk with her in this crowd, and I must talk to her at once. Where is there some quiet place?"

"Eh?" The little babbling official had a moment of doubt. But he reflected that one is not a great artist without being eccentric; and his amiable brow cleared.

"She is certainly a type," he said, peering on tiptoe. "Wonderful! You cast your eye upon all this crowd and at once, in a single glance, you pluck forth the type—wonderful! As to a place, that is easy. My office is at your service."

The girl raised hunted and miserable eyes to the tall, grave man who looked down upon her and raised his hat.

"I have something to say to you," he said. "Come with me."

A momentary frantic hope flamed in her thin countenance. It sank, and she hesitated. Girls of her world are practised in discounting such requests. But

Rufin's courteous and fastidious face was above suspicion; without a word she followed him.

The office to which he led her was an arid, neat room, an economical legal factory for making mole-hills into mountains. A desk and certain chairs stood like chill islands about its floor; it had the forlorn atmosphere of a waiting-room. The little official whose workshop it was held open the door for them, followed them in, and closed it again. "Do not be alarmed, my child," he said to the tragic girl. "This gentleman is a great artist. You will be honored in serving him."

Rufin stilled him with an upraised hand and fetched a chair for the girl. She rested an arm on the back of it, but did not sit down. She did not understand why she had been brought to this room, and stared with hard, preoccupied eyes at the tall man with the mild, still face.

"I recognized you by a picture I saw some months ago in a room in Montmartre," said Rufin. "It was a great picture, the work of a great man."

"Ah!" The girl let her breath go in a long sigh. "Monsieur knows him, then? And knows that he *is* a great man? For he *is*—he *is* a great man!"

She spoke with passion, with a living fervor of conviction, but her eyes still appealed.

"You and I both know it quite certainly, mademoiselle," replied Rufin. "Everybody will know it very soon. It is a truth that cannot be hidden. But where is the picture?"

"I have it," she answered.

"Take care of it, then," said Rufin. "You have a great trust. And the painter—have you got him, too?"

She stared at him, bewildered. "The painter? The painter of the picture?"

"Of course," said Rufin. "Who else?"

"But—" she looked from him to the benign official, who had the air of presiding at a ceremony. "Then you don't know? You haven't heard?"

Comprehension lit in her face; she uttered a wretched little laugh.

"*Ah, v'là de la comédie!*" she cried. "No, I haven't got him. They have taken him from me. They have taken him, and in there"—her forefinger shot out and pointed to the wall and beyond it—"in there, in a room full of people who stare and listen, they are making him into a murderer."

"Then—*parbleu!*" The little official was seized by comprehension as by a fit. "Then there is an artist—the artist of whom you talk—who is one of the *apaches!* It is unbelievable!"

At the word *apaches* the girl turned on him with teeth bared as though in a snarl. But at the sound of Rufin's voice she subsided.

"What is his name—quickly?" he demanded.

"Giaconi," she answered.

Rufin looked his question at the little official, who turned to the girl.

"Peter the Lucky?" he queried.

She nodded, dejectedly.

The little official made a grimace. "It was he," he said, "who did the throat-cutting. *Tiens!* this begins to be a drama."

The girl, with drooping head, made a faint moan of protest and misery. Rufin signed the little man to be silent. The truth, if he had but given it entertainment, had offered itself to him from the first. All he had heard of the man, Papa Musard's slanderous-sounding complaints of him, the fat concierge reports of his violence, had gathered toward this culmination. He had insisted upon thinking of him as a full-blooded man of genius, riotously making little of conventions, a creature abounding in life, tinctured a little, perhaps, with the madness that may spice the mind of a visionary and enrage his appetites. It was a figure he had created to satisfy himself.

"It was false art," he reflected. "That is me—false art!"

Still, whatever he had seen wrongly, there was still the picture. *Apache,* murderer, and all the rest—the fellow had painted the picture. No one verdict can account for both art and morals, and there was reason to fear, it seemed, that the law which executed a murderer would murder a painter at the same time—and such a painter!

"No," said Rufin, unconsciously speaking aloud—"no; they must not kill him."

"Ah, m'sieur!" It was a cry from the girl, whose composure had broken utterly at his words. "You are also an artist—you know!"

In a hysteria of supplication she flung herself forward and was on her knees at his feet. She lifted clasped hands and blinded eyes; she was like a child saying its prayers but for the writhen torture of her face, where wild hopes and lunatic terrors played alternately.

"M'sieur, you can save him! You have the grand air, m'sieur; there is God in your face; you make men hear you! For mercy — for blessed charity — ah, m'sieur, m'sieur, I will carry your sins for you; I will go to hell in your place! You are great—one sees it; and *he* is great, too! M'sieur, I am your chattel, your beast—only save him, save him!"

It tore the barren atmosphere of the office to rags; it made the place august and awful. Rufin bent to her and took her clasped hands in one of his to raise her.

"I will do all that I can," he said, earnestly. "All! I dare not do less, my child."

She gulped and shivered; she had poured her soul and her force forth, and she was weak and empty. She strained to find further expression, but could not. Rufin supported her to the chair.

"We must see what is happening in this trial," he said to the little official. "We have lost time as it is."

"I will guide you," replied the other, happily. "It is a situation, is it not? Ah, the crevasses, the abysses of life! Come, my friend."

From the Salle des Pas Perdus a murmur reached them. They entered it to find the crowd sundered, leaving empty a broad alley.

"*Qu'est ce qu'y a?*" The little official was jumping on tiptoe to see over the heads in front of him. "Is it possible that the case is finished?"

A *sergent de ville* came at his gesture and found means to get them through to the front of the crowd, which waited with a hungry expectation.

"The case is certainly finished," murmured the little man.

A double door opened at the head of the alley of people, and half a dozen men in uniform came out quickly. Others followed, and they came down toward the entrance. In the midst of them, their shabby civilian clothes contrasting abruptly with the uniforms of their guards, slouched four men, handcuffed and bareheaded.

"It is they," whispered the official to Rufin, and half turned his head to ask a question of the *sergent* behind them.

Three of them were lean young men, with hardy, debased, animal countenances. They were referable at a glance to the dregs of civilization. They had the stooped shoulders, the dragging gait, the half-servile, half-threatening expression that hall-marks the *apache*. It was to the fourth that Rufin turned with an overdue thrill of excitement. A young man—not more than twenty-five—built like a bull for force and wrath. His was that colossal physique that develops in the South; his shoulders were mighty under his mean coat, and his chained wrists were square and knotty. He held his head up with a sort of truculence in its poise; it was the head, massive, sensuous-lipped, slow-eyed, of a whimsical Nero. It was weariness, perhaps, that gave him his look of satiety, of appetites full fed and dormant, of lusts grossly slaked. A murmur ran through the hall as he passed; it was as though the wretched men and women who knew him uttered an involuntary applause.

"There is Peter," said some one near Rufin. "Lucky Peter! *Quel homme!*"

The *sergent* was memorizing for the little official the closing scene of the trial. Rufin heard words here and there in his narrative. "Called the judges a set of old . . . Laughed aloud when they asked him if . . . Yes, roared with laughter—roared!" And then for a final phrase: "*Condamnés à la mort!*"

"You hear?" inquired the little official, nudging him. "It is too late. They are condemned to death, all of them. They have their affair!"

Rufin shrugged and led the way back to the office. But it was empty; the girl had gone.

"*Tiens,*" said the official. "No doubt she heard of the sentence and knew that there was no more to be done."

"Or else," said Rufin, thoughtfully, frowning at the floor—"or else she reposes her trust in me."

"Ah, doubtless," agreed the little man. "But say, then! It has been an experience, *hein?* Piquant; picturesque; mov-

ing, too. For I am not like you; I do not see these dramas every day."

"And you fancy I do?" cried Rufin. "Man, I am terrified to find what goes on in the world. And I thought I knew life!" With a gesture of hopelessness and impotence he turned on his heel and went forth.

The business preserved its character of a series of accidents to the end; accidents are the forced effects of truth. Rufin, having organized supports of a kind not to be ignored in a republican state, even by blind Justice herself, threw his case at the wise gray head of the Minister of Justice—a wily politician who knew the uses of advertisement. The *apaches* are distinctively a Parisian product, and if only Paris could be won over, intrigued by the romance and strangeness of the genius that had flowered in the gutter and given to the world a star of art, all would be arranged and the guillotine would have but three necks to subdue. France at large would only shrug, for France is the husband of Paris and permits her her caprices. It rested with Paris, then.

But, as though they insisted upon a martyr, the *apaches* themselves intervened with a brisk series of murders and outrages, the last of which they effected on the very fringe of the show-Paris. It was not a *sergent de ville* this time, but a shopkeeper, and the city frothed at the mouth and shrieked for revenge.

"After that," said the minister, "there is nothing to do. See for yourself—here are the papers! We shall be fortunate if four executions suffice."

Rufin was seated facing him across a great desk littered with documents.

"Why not try if three will serve?" he suggested.

The minister smiled and shook his head. He looked at Rufin half humorously.

"These Parisians," he said, "have the guillotine habit. If they take to crying for more, what old man can be sure of dying in his bed? My grandfather was an old man, and his head fell in the Revolution."

"But this," said Rufin, rustling the newspapers before him—"this is clamor. It is panic. It is not serious."

"That is why I am afraid of it," replied the minister. "I am always afraid of a frightened Frenchman. But, *sans blague,* my friend, I cannot do what you wish."

Rufin put the piled newspapers from him and leaned forward to plead.

It was useless. The old man opposite him had a manner as deft and unassuming as his own; it masked a cynical inflexibility of purpose proof against any appeal.

"I cannot do it," was his single answer.

Rufin sighed. "Then it remains to see the President," he suggested.

"There is that," smiled the minister. "See him by all means. If you are interested in gardening, you will find him charming. Otherwise, perhaps — but an honest man, I assure you."

"At least," said Rufin, "if everything fails, if the great painter is to be sacrificed to the newspapers and your epigrams—at least you will allow me to visit him before—before the—"

"But certainly!" the minister bowed. "I am eager to serve you, Monsieur Rufin. When the date is fixed I will write you a permission. You three shall have an interview; it should be a memorable one."

"We three?" Rufin waited for an explanation.

"Exactly. You two great artists, Monsieur Rufin and Monsieur Giaconi, and also the murderer, Peter the Lucky."

The old man smiled charmingly; he had brought the negotiations to a point with a *mot.*

"*Adieu, cher maître,*" he said, rising to shake his visitor's hand across the wide desk.

Rufin seemed to have trodden into a groove of unsuccess. All his efforts were futile; he saw himself wasting time and energy while fate wasted none. The picture came to hang in his studio till the Luxembourg should demand it; daily its tragic wisdom and tenacious femininity goaded him to new endeavors, and daily he knew that he spent himself in vain.

He did not even realize how much of himself he had expended till that raw morning before the dawn when he drove across Paris in a damp and mournful cab, with the silent girl at his side, to a little square like a well shut in by high houses whose every window was lighted. There was already a crowd waiting

massed under the care of mounted soldiers, and the cab slowed to a walk to pass through them. From the window at his side he saw, with unconscious appreciation, the picture it made, an arrangement of somber masses with yellow windows shining, and in the middle the gaunt uprights, the severe simplicity of the guillotine.

Faces looked in at him, strange and sudden, lit abruptly by the carriage-lamps. Somebody—doubtless a student—peered and recognized him. "Good morning, *maître*," he said, and was gone. *Maître*—master! Men did him honor in so naming him, gave him rank, deferred to him. But he acknowledged life for his master, himself for its pupil and servant.

The girl had not spoken since they started; she remained sitting still in her place when the cab halted at a door, and it needed his hand on her arm to rouse her to dismount. She followed him obediently between more men in uniform and they found themselves in a corridor, where an officer, obviously waiting there for the purpose, greeted Rufin with marked deference.

"There is no need," he said, as Rufin groped in his pockets for the permit with which he had been provided. "I have been warned to expect Monsiur Rufin and the lady, and I congratulate myself on the honor of receiving them."

"He knows we are coming?" asked Rufin.

"Yes, he knows," replied the other. "At this moment his toilet is being made." He sank his voice so that the mute, abstracted girl should not overhear. "The hair above the neck, you know—they always shave that off. It might be better that mademoiselle should not see."

"Possibly," agreed Rufin, looking absently at his comely, insignificant face, which the lamps illuminated mercilessly.

The girl stood with her hands loosely joined before her and her thin face vacant, staring, as though in a mood of deep thought, along the bare passage. Suddenly she addressed the officer.

"How long shall I be with him," she inquired, in tones of an almost arrogant composure, "before they cut his head off?"

The words, in their matter-of-fact directness, no less than the tone, seemed to startle the officer.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he protested, as though at an indelicacy or an accusation.

"How long?" repeated the girl.

"Kindly tell mademoiselle what she wishes to know," directed Rufin.

The officer hesitated. "It does not rest with me," he said, uncomfortably. "You see, there is a regular course in these matters, a routine. I hope mademoiselle will have not less than ten minutes."

The girl looked at Rufin and made a face. It was as though she had been overcharged in a shop; she invited him, it seemed, to take note of a trivial imposture. Her manner and gesture had the repressed power of under-expression. He nodded to her in entire comprehension.

"But," began the officer, excitedly, "how can I—"

Rufin turned on him gravely, a somber, august figure of reproof.

"Sir," he said, "you are in the presence of a tragedy. I beg you to be silent."

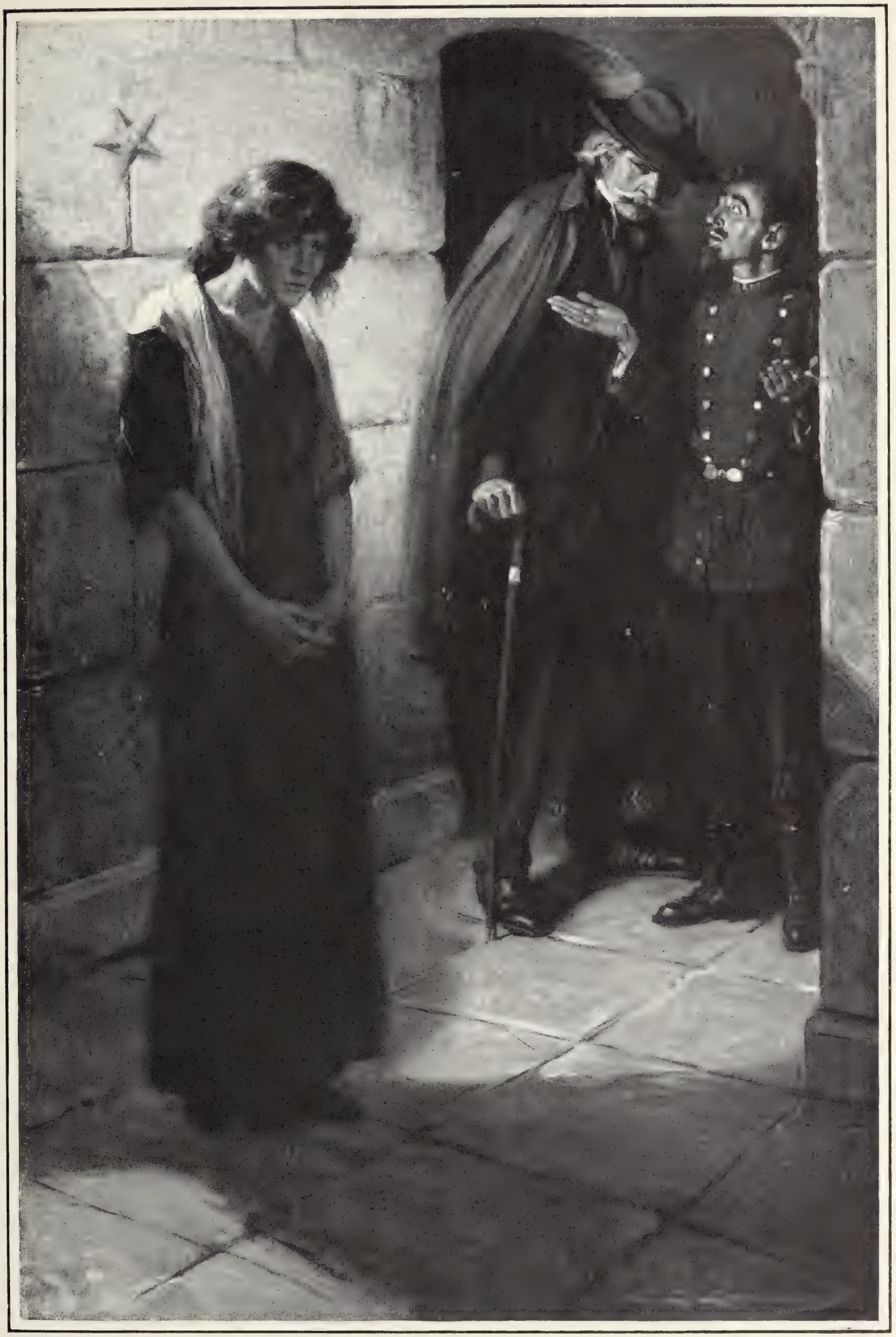
The officer made a hopeless gesture; the shadow of it fled grotesquely up the walls.

A few moments later the summons came that took them along the passage to an open door, giving on to a room brilliant with lights and containing a number of people. At the farther end of it a table against the wall had been converted into a sort of altar, with wan candles alight upon it, and there was a robed priest among the uniformed men. Those by the door parted to make way for them. Rufin saw them salute him and removed his hat.

Somebody was speaking. "Regret we cannot leave you alone, but—"

"It does not matter," said Rufin.

The room was raw and aching with light; the big electrics were pitiless. In the middle of it a man sat on a chair and raised expectant eyes at his arrival. It was Giaconi, the painter, the murderer. There was some disorder of his dress which Rufin noted automatically, but it was not for some minutes that he perceived its cause—the collar of his coat had been shorn away. The man sat under all those fascinated eyes impatiently; his tired and whimsical face was tense and



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"IT MIGHT BE BETTER THAT MADEMOISELLE SHOULD NOT SEE"

drawn; he was plainly putting a strong constraint upon himself. The great shoulders, the huge arms, all the compressed strength of the body, made the effect of some strong animal fettered and compelled to tameness.

"Rufin?" he said, hesitatingly.

The painter nodded. "Yes, it is Rufin."

The girl glided past him toward the seated man. "And I, Pietro," she said.

He made a gesture with his hand as though to move her aside, for she stood between him and Rufin.

"Ah," she cried, "do you not need me at all—even now?"

"Oh, what is it?" said the condemned man, with a quick irritation. "Is this a time? There is not a moment to spare. I must speak to Rufin—I must. Yes, kneel down; that's right!"

She had sunk at his knee and laid her brown head upon it. As though to acknowledge the caress of a dog, he let one hand fall on her bowed shoulders. His eyes traveled across her to Rufin.

"They told me you would come. Say—is it because of my picture?"

"Yes," said Rufin. "I have done all that I could to save you because of that. But—"

"I know," said the other. "They have told me. You like it, then—my poor 'Monna Lisa of Montmartre'?"

Rufin stepped closer. It was not easy to utter all he desired to say under the eyes of those uniformed men, with the sad, attentive priest in the background.

"Monsieur," he said, "your picture is in my studio. Nothing shall ever hang in its place, for nothing will be worthy."

The seated man heard him hungrily. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten where he was and what was to happen to him ere he drew many more breaths.

"I knew," he said, "I knew. I can paint. So can you, monsieur—sometimes. We two—we know!"

He frowned heavily as realization returned to him. "And now I never shall," he said. "I never shall! Ah, it is horrible! A man is two people, and both die like a single soul. You know, for you are an artist."

"I—I have done my best," said Rufin, despairingly. "If I could go instead and leave you to paint—oh, believe me, I would go now gladly, proudly, for I should have given the world pictures, great pictures."

A spasm of emotion filled his eyes with tears, and some one touched his arm and drew him aside. He strove with himself fiercely and looked up again to see that three men had entered the room and were going toward the prisoner. The priest had come forward and was raising the kneeling girl.

"A moment," cried the prisoner, as the three laid hands upon him. "Just a moment." They took no notice. "Monsieur Rufin," he cried, "it is my hand I offer you—only that."

Somebody near Rufin spoke a brief order and the three were still. He saw Giaconi's intent face across their shoulders, his open hand reaching forward between them. He clasped it silently.

The priest had set the girl on her knees before the improvised altar and stood beside her in silence. The three, with no word spoken, proceeded with their business. With deft speed they lashed their man's hands behind his back, forcing them back with rough skill. The chief of them motioned his subordinates to take him by the elbows and signed to the priest with his hand. The priest came forward, holding the crucifix, and took his place close to the prisoner. For a final touch of the grotesque the executioner produced and put on a tall silk hat.

"March!" he said, and they took the condemned man toward the door. He twisted his head round for a last glance at what it held.

"Good-by, little one!" he cried, loudly. The kneeling girl only moaned.

"Good-by, M'sieur Rufin."

Rufin stepped forward and bowed mechanically.

"Adieu, maître," he answered.

He saw that the condemned man's eyes lightened, a flush rose in his face; he smiled as if in triumph. Then they passed out, and Rufin, after standing for a moment in uncertainty, crossed the room and kneeled beside the girl, with his hands pressed to his ears.

Neighbors of the Winter Night

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A BELATED snow had fallen, the glass went down ten degrees, and sleigh-bells again jingled. It was the last Parthian shot of the retreating winter. Three days before, I had been working in the garden, spading out my cold-frames, while the song-sparrows and robins were heralding the spring. This unexpected return of winter drove the poor sparrows in close for refuge. Two of them have found shelter in the wood-shed. Going out on the porch the morning after the storm, I saw innumerable bird tracks in the sifted snow-powder on the floor—hop, hop, hop, everywhere. A pound of suet had been completely devoured in twenty-four hours. I went down in the garden to look for the rabbit which has visited there all winter. He had been across the snow for his breakfast before I was up, jumping steadily and straight for the lettuce-bed, his small fore-feet coming down first, and his long hind-feet swinging on either side and coming down a couple of inches ahead. The frost caught a good deal of young late lettuce in the fall, and the snow has kept it in cold storage for him. He doesn't live in our garden, though, but merely feeds there. He lives two lots away, in a pile of straw round a rambler rose-bush. Our dogs often try to catch him, but he is too clever. The other day, before this spring snowfall, I was in the garden with the dogs. We saw nothing. Hickey, however, picked up a scent, and began following it over the brown soil. Suddenly, under the terrier's nose, the dead, brown lump of a cauliflower plant came to life and began to jump. The dogs were after it, in full cry. Br'er Rabbit doubled and gained a few steps, but the dogs closed on him. Again he doubled, and this time made for a sheet of ice in the shadow behind the house. The instant his feet struck this ice he doubled again. The dogs slid ten feet, helplessly. This gave him the time he needed. He disappeared under the fence, like a vanishing ball of white worsted, and left the dogs baying their rage.

Our house is on the main street of a populous village in the Berkshires, yet this rabbit has left his tracks in the snow this winter clear out to the front sidewalk. He is a wild rabbit, too, not an escaped pet. After the snow came in the autumn, in addition to his track and, of course, the innumerable tracks of squirrels under the evergreens, and of snowbirds around the crumb-tray at the back door, I used to find record in the morning of unexpected night visitors. A skunk tracked several times up from the swamp behind to the garbage-pail. Some years ago a wealthy resident of our hills stocked his game preserve with English pheasants, which have now spread over the county. The pheasant is a walker. You cannot mistake his tracks, for he puts one foot neatly down directly in front of the other, making a clean impression, as if he had picked it up again very carefully. One morning I found close to the house the end of a pheasant's trail. Something had evidently scared him, and he had risen from the ground, brushing the snow on both sides with the first flap of his wings. Curious to see how far he had walked, I put on my pedometer and followed that trail. It led me through my little swamp, up the hill through a neighbor's yard, across the road, through a spruce hedge, across the great lawn of a big summer estate, into the woods behind. I put on my snow-shoes in the woods and kept on. The trail finally ceased in a brush-heap, where the snow was tracked all about, and in one place scratched through to the brown leaves. That pheasant had walked exactly one mile and a quarter—a long walk for a bird! And in all that distance there was no sign that he had stopped to scratch for food. It was as if he had set out deliberately to walk to my house. I could not flatter myself that such was the case; doubtless some sense of his had told him it was useless to



A BELATED SNOW HAD FALLEN

scratch, or perhaps he had fled from the bushes through which he had walked. But his trail was without a break.

My collie tracks like a fox, making, that is, but two marks instead of four. But of course his stride is longer, and his feet are much larger, with a deeper impress, for he weighs three times as much as a fox. There was no mistaking, then, one morning after a fresh, light snowfall, the trail of a fox across the garden. We have no chickens, and I was surprised that he had crossed our lot, till I followed the trail. He had come up on the ice of the sluggish, sunken brook behind, thus being concealed by the high banks, had turned out in my back yard, and followed the shelter of the fence up to the garden, crossed that, gone through the fence on the other side, and drawn near a chicken-coop. But something had then frightened him—the bark of a dog perhaps—for his tracks suddenly swerved, turned from a lope to a gallop, and he streaked for the sunken brook again. Once there, he had settled down to his old pace and gone on his way.

On this same brook I have occasionally found the track of a mink, coming up, no doubt, from the more secluded river to reach the chicken-and-duck farm near the source. The mink, when he is taking it easy, and the snow is deep and soft, makes paw tracks on either side of a line drawn by his tail. He is a crafty animal, and we have but one boy in town who can trap him. My wife, not usually bloodthirsty, looked sadly at those tracks in our back yard. "To think of mink going right past our house," she sighed, "and my old furs so shabby!" Woman's tenderness curiously breaks down at certain points.

We have had weasels in the yard, too, though I have never seen one there. The weasel is a land mink, or, rather, the mink is a water weasel. A song of my boyhood used to affirm that "Pop goes the weasel." From his tracks it is certain that he goes hop. He never seems to walk, like his brother the mink, who has his leisure moments, but always to leap, landing with feet bunched, and rising almost from two tracks, side by side, almost an inch apart, instead of the usual four of a squirrel. The tracks in my yard showed that the weasel was clearing a little over a foot at a bound. He came up to investigate a pile of dead apple-tree trimmings, and jumped all around the pile. Then, evidently finding nothing he wanted, he made off again. But when a weasel is badly frightened he has the leaping ability of a flea, and will clear sometimes as much as ten feet.

Let us follow the weasel out of the yard into the wilder country-side. He likes to live in pine stumps or by old stone walls, and he is an eager, savage little hunter. Sometimes you may find



We come to an old neglected Orchard

in the snow his leaping trail closing in with that of a cottontail, and then the marks of blood. Sometimes, perhaps, you may be rewarded by a sight of the weasel himself, his beady, slightly bulging black eyes looking intently straight ahead over the black tip of his nose. His back is brownish, and his tail-tip is black, but the rest of him is so white that he seems two black eyes set in white, as preternaturally alert as his body—a wild and beautiful little animal on the snow.

It is a clear, crisp morning when you set out. There was a snowfall the day before yesterday—not yesterday, because animals usually remain in their holes several hours after a storm. The countryside is spangled white. The rusty tamaracks in the swamps, the tawny roadside willows, the delicate lilac of the bare blackberry vines, give a note of subdued but rich color to the landscape. From the village behind, wood smoke rises in the still air. Ahead you see the slender second-growth trees up the mountains like a delicate cross-hatching made with gray crayon on a white ground. The world is lovely, but not wild. Winter is in her best mood. Not a mile from home you enter the still woods, where there is no sign of life save for an occasional squirrel or chickadee, but where, through a break in the trees, or over the wall where the weasel lives, you can still see the village spire. What wild things passed through here last night? None,



There is still a Light in the Farmer's Window

surely, for the high-school sleigh-ride party went shouting by on the road. But let us look at the telltale snow and see.

Here is a little clearing, a small meadow or forest lawn, no doubt. The snow by the border is all crossed and recrossed with a delicate, lacy design, made by tiny feet. See, between the prints often trails a line. This little four-footed creature had a tail. But why do the tracks here cover the snow like lacework? There was a moon last night. That was why the high school went on a sleigh-ride, and why the deer-mice danced! Had you been hidden at the edge of this bit of moon-blanched open, you might have seen them, like tiny sprites, or like dead, curled-up russet-brown oak leaves wind-blown over the snow, with their tails for stems. Follow one of the tracks back from the open. It leads to a rotten old stump. Inside, somewhere, the mouse is sleeping.

We have passed Mr. Weasel's wall, and the spot where the deer-mice danced. Keeping our eyes to the ground, we see innumerable squirrel tracks, groups of four prints, sometimes three feet apart when the squirrel took a long bound, and every now and again they disappear into a round hole in the snow. Usually there is a second hole a few feet farther on. The squirrel came up again probably with a cone. Follow his track, and it will lead to the base of a tree or an old stump, and there you will find fresh bits of the cone—crumbs from his table. You will find tracks of partridges, too, and places where they have scratched the snow on a southern bank till the fresh green of the partridge-berry vines gleams through, and perhaps a red berry or two, overlooked by the bird. Squirrels and partridges, to be sure, are day neighbors rather than night, but you may be certain they were up earlier than we were.

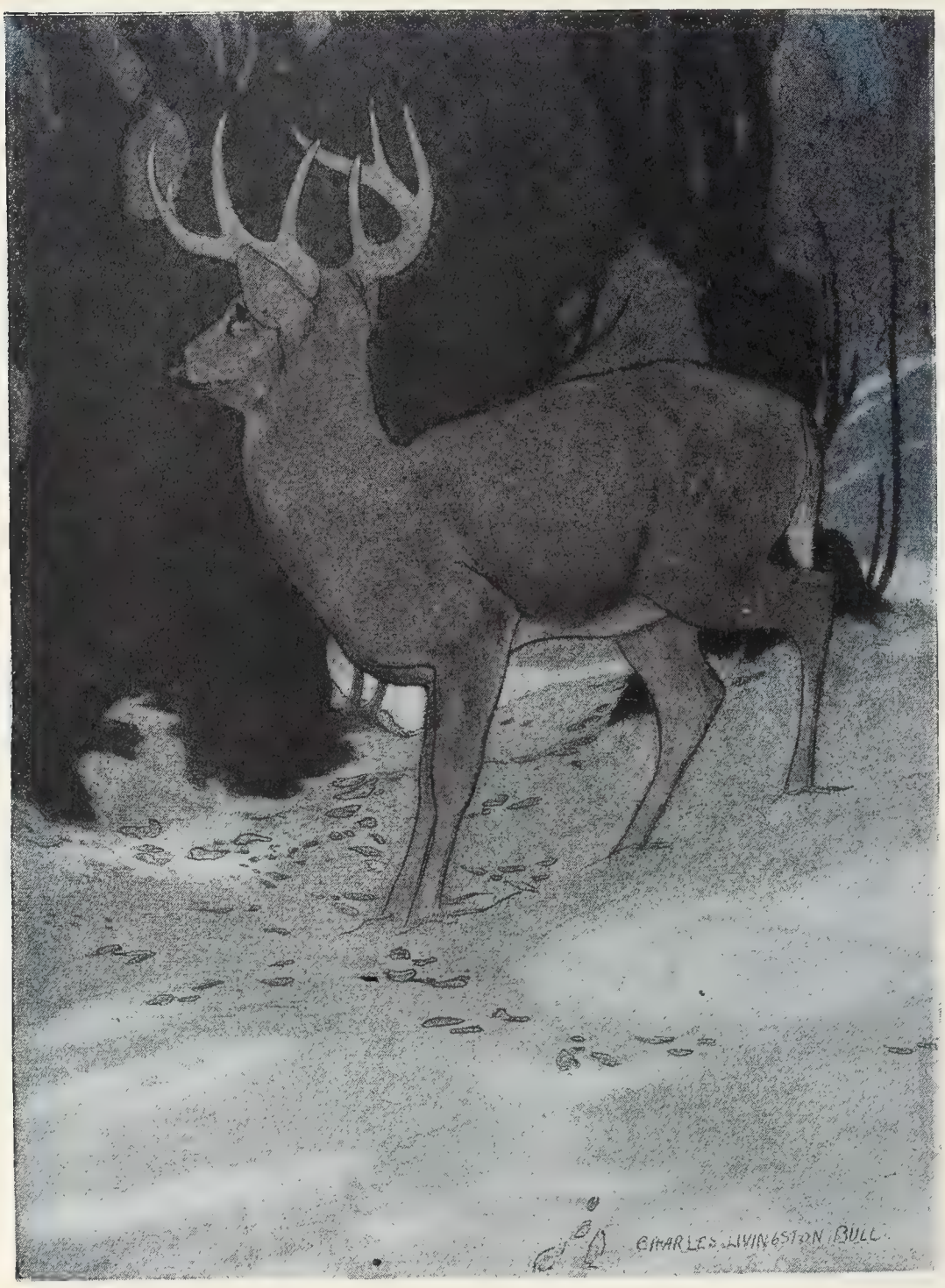
The woods are getting a little wilder now. We come upon an open place where the snow is trodden down by large animals. In the center are the remnants of a ground-hemlock (or "snake-bush," as we call it in Massachusetts)—the *Taxus Canadensis*. It is eaten down to the last leaf, as close to the snow as if a scythe had been swept over it. The snow is covered with the unmistakable hoof-prints of deer. These tracks are fresh. The deer were here last night, two of them at least, for two tracks lead off to the west, the larger one trailing the hind-feet a trifle, in snow more than six inches



PAWING UP THE SNOW UNDER THE GNARLED TREES

deep, showing it to be made by a buck. The doe picks her feet up cleaner. She is the high-stepper of the family. She also toes straight ahead, while the buck toes out a trifle, a reversal of the typical human couple.

Now there is a break in the woods, for we are in populous New England. We come into cleared land, into a farm. An old orchard, much neglected, runs along behind a stone wall close to the road. As we come down through this orchard we again find deer tracks, quantities of them. There is every indication that the deer were here last night, pawing up the snow under the gnarled old trees for the frozen windfalls on the ground below. Bits of frozen rotten apples are left here and there to tell the tale. Last night, while the farmer was sleeping, or even, perhaps, while there was still a light in his window, the deer came into his orchard to feed, and one of them, when a horse stamped in the stable, raised his head and stood, a shadowy, beautiful statue of eternal vigilance.



A SHADOWY STATUE OF ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Crossing the road and the pasture, we shall find yet more deer tracks by the sumac bushes before we enter the woods again. Ground-hemlock, old apples, and sumac berries seem to be the favorite winter food of the New England deer. They are also fond of lettuce in season—a farmer in Connecticut told me last summer they came into his kitchen-garden, not fifty feet from the house, and ate up a whole row of lettuce one night, without touching anything else, or even trampling anything down. Once more in the woods, the ground grows broken, rising toward the rocks at the base of the mountain. Here we begin to look for the tracks of the fox. But first we come upon cottontail tracks, centering, in our Northern woods, around white-oak shoots, which are often nibbled down to the snow. Farther south the rabbit eats dogwood shoots. A friend of mine once watched a rabbit feeding close to a young hedge. A red Irish terrier came by, within a few feet. The rabbit, which had just bitten off a shoot six inches long, stopped eating, the shoot still in his mouth, and shrank into an excellent imitation of a lump of earth. The dog passed by within eight feet without seeing him, came back again on the scent, sniffed around, and finally disappeared. Meanwhile the rabbit never moved a muscle. When the dog had finally gone, the rabbit went on absorbing the shoot, end foremost, as calmly as if his life had never been in



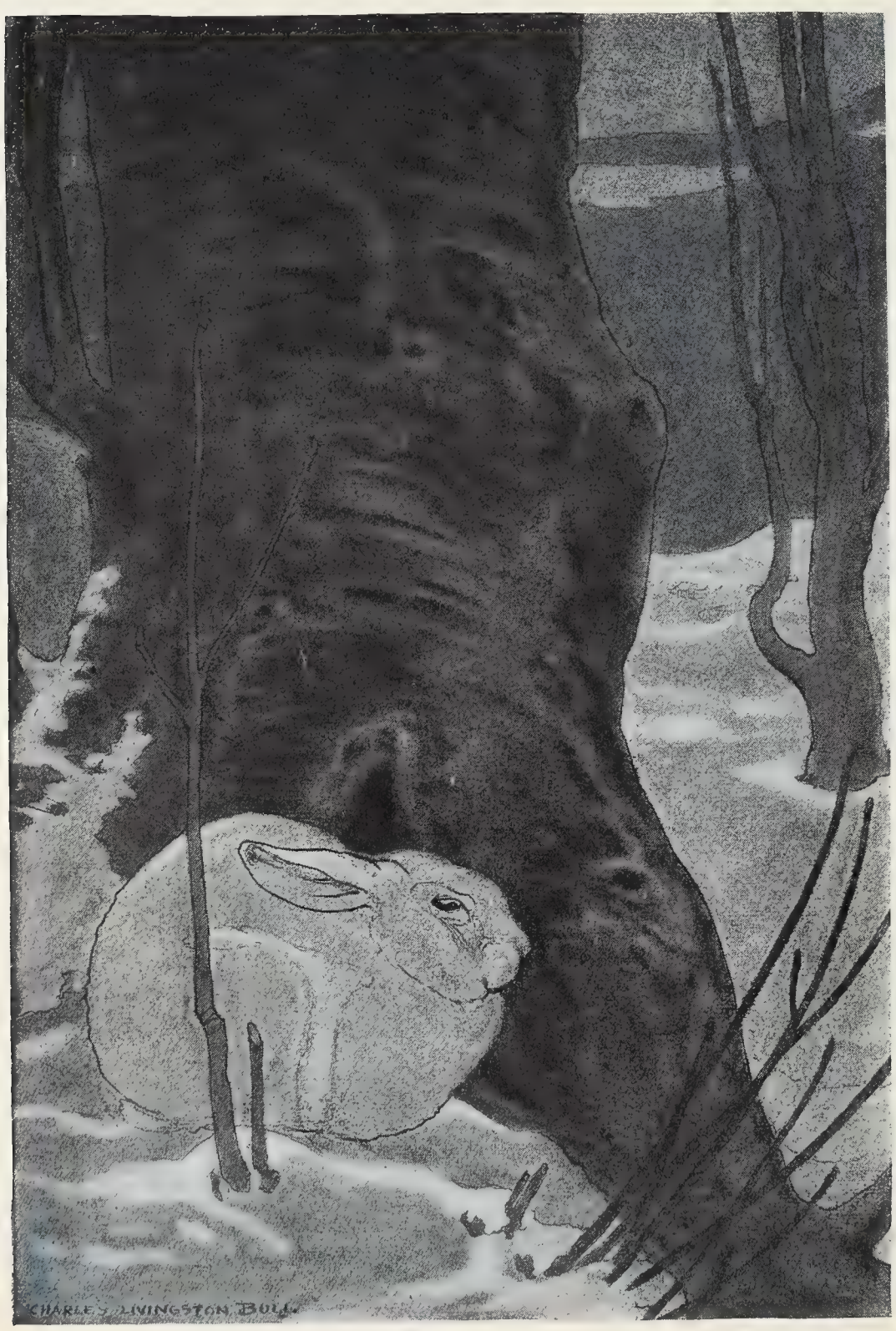
Drawn by Walter King Stone

ONCE MORE IN THE WOODS, WE COME UPON COTTON-TAIL TRACKS

peril. So our rabbit here, by the white-oak twig in the woods, might have done had a fox come by.

But here is a track like the rabbit's, only larger, with the hind-feet leaving four distinct toe-marks, and nearly four and one-half inches long. It is the track of a varying hare, or snow-shoe rabbit, a breed once common in New England, but now growing more and more rare. He changes to white in winter, unlike the cottontail. I once saw one cross a field in a mild December, the most conspicuous thing in the landscape. Poor fellow, he was protectively colored for snow, and the weather man had disappointed him. He is so rare in our country now that to find his track in the woods or swamps is something of an adventure, almost like finding (as we did last winter, only a mile from home) the paw marks of a wildcat. Now at last we pick up the track of a fox.

It was one January morning, in the foxes' mating season, that the following drama was disclosed to us in the snow. The stage was set with snow and rocks and young second-growth timber, not three hundred yards back from a farm-house and a country road, but close to the mountain. We came first on the tracks of the heroine, which were unmistakable. She was walking, making apparently but two paw-marks in a line. Suddenly she began to gallop. After a few rods another galloping track joined with hers and paralleled it. We followed this second track back a way. The hero had been bounding, too, but only for a short distance. Beyond that he had been walking. Slinking through the night, he had heard the call of the mating season, and had suddenly rushed to meet his fate. We went back to the spot where the two converging tracks met, and followed them. They ran parallel for a time, and then there were signs in the snow that the heroine had grown less coy, had paused, and permitted the approach of her mate. From this point the dual tracks radiated in several directions, showing less signs of haste, came back again, and finally made off, zigzagging through the timber, toward a ledge of rocks no doubt suggested by one or the other as a home possibility. The rocks gained, the tracks led straight to a freshly dug hole under a crack in the ledge. There was even fresh earth pawed up on the snow. No tracks led away. It was the night before that the drama had been enacted, and in their newly built



UNLIKE THE COTTONTAIL, HE CHANGES TO WHITE IN WINTER



SLINKING THROUGH THE NIGHT, HE HAD HEARD THE CALL

home the couple were already established. We left them in peace, with the delicacy due to honeymooners.

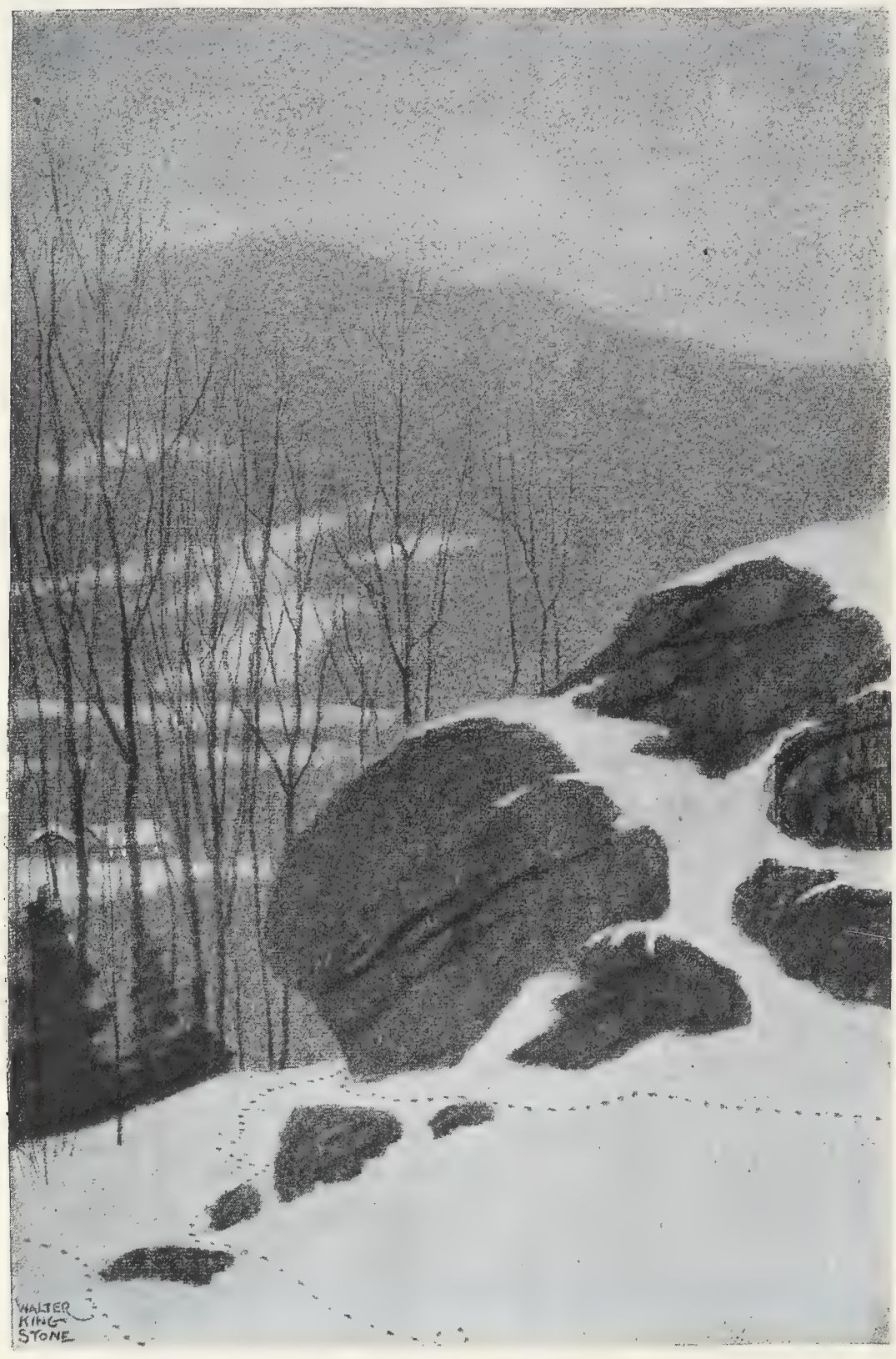
It is seldom, to be sure, that you will find so perfect a snow record as that of the actions of your night neighbors in the woods, yet a little watchfulness on the winter walk will disclose much about those wild folk that will give a basis for reconstructing their habits, till your imagination can people the still, snowy places, from the mountain-top even to your front door, with mysterious inhabitants of the dark. The pleasure of picking up a trail behind the house and running it back into the woods for two or three miles is not lightly to be dismissed. Sometimes my visitors from town look with a supercilious tolerance upon this sport. They even suggest that it very closely resembles the sport of dogs, who tear madly through the woods on a scent, or the hare-and-hound chases of boys, who track one another through the snow. Of course they are right. It does closely resemble the sport of dog and boy. That is one of its charms.

But it has another charm they do not realize until they, too, have indulged in it, properly clad and properly led. It brings us, as no mere aimless walking can, nor any hunting expedition with rifle or shotgun, into intimate touch with the life of Nature, and gives a new interest, an almost human neighborly note, to the woods and fields which border our dwellings.

My wife and I went for a tramp a day or two after the belated snow-storm I spoke of. The world was still white, but spring was curiously in the air again, and behind the hemlock hedge of a deserted formal garden on a summer estate two song-sparrows were singing a duet. We walked up the hill behind a neighboring farm, and came upon the track of a woodchuck. Spring had tempted him out of his winter-quarters (he came out, of course, on Candlemas Day, but ducked back again this year), and he had crossed the pasture rather aimlessly, evidently wondering whether this snow meant that he should go back to sleep or not. He toed in more than most of his kind—a comical trail. At the next fence was the track of a fox. It kept within three feet of the fence all the way down to the inclosed winter cow-pasture behind the barns, and was there lost in the trample of cattle-prints. But back toward the wooded hill it was distinct enough. We followed it. After the shy manner of his

kind, the fox had kept close to what cover a rail fence provided, all the way across the pasture. Once or twice he had stopped to listen, planting an extra paw mark.

When we entered the woods we found that the trail came down from the summit of a steep, rocky hill, which is part of a town park, but preserved in its native wildness. The side of this hill is thickly sprinkled with laurel bushes. Slipping and falling in the deep, soft snow, we scrambled up the rocky slope on the trail. The fox had not abandoned his cunning even in the deep woods. He had so zigzagged down the hill that he had been almost constantly protected by laurel bushes. There was a young moon last night, and we could imagine him slinking down under the projecting waxy leaves toward that delectable duck-yard on the distant farm. At the top of the hill we hoped to find his nest among the piles of broken boulders, but when we reached the summit a great wind-blown ledge had melted bare. Across this he had evidently walked, but we could find no sign of the trail on the other side. The sun had probably melted it out. We had to abandon the chase.



DUAL TRACKS ZIGZAGGING TOWARD A LEDGE OF ROCKS

Instead, still panting with the slippery climb, we looked off over the dazzling snowy world, over our beautiful valley, with its red and white houses, its steeples and winding river, to the bounding ring of amethyst hills. Last night that same scene had slept under the moon, and out on its ledge had come the little red form of a fox and sniffed the wind, and then, slipping like a shadow into the cover of the laurels, had sneaked down the slope. No one saw him. No one ever sees him, though this rock is in a town park. Yet he lives here. He is our neighbor in the night, and takes possession of his own while we slumber. There was the proof of it on the snow at our feet.

In Massachusetts there is a week in November when it is permissible to shoot deer. As rifles are not allowed, however, our brave hunters go out with shotguns loaded with buckshot, and later attract the admiring attention of the village by driving through with a poor deer's head lolling over the tailboard—perhaps. That open week in November probably explained our lame buck. When we first

saw his tracks he was trailing his right hind-leg badly; he was stopping frequently to lie down, every hundred feet at first, and where he rested there would be traces of blood. He was in a small herd. Week after week we came across records of this herd — ground-hemlock eaten down to the snow, trampled sumac bushes, old orchards pawed up, and hoof-prints tracking through the deep snow of the woods. And always the right hind-leg of the buck was dragged. Once a farmer up the road saw him limping at early morning through a pasture. But the blood stains disappeared after a short time, and gradually the leg trailed less. He was evidently getting well.

We soon came to take a personal interest in the fortunes of that buck. Every few days we would go where we thought the herd might have fed and look for his trail. Fortunately the snow stayed on the ground without melting, and with several new falls, for over two months, and the herd, too, remained in the neighborhood. We were able to convince ourselves that the old buck was finally almost as good as new, though he still trailed that right hoof a trifle more than the left, and did not tread up so close to the foreleg as the other. About the first of March a party of trampers startled the herd in the woods. The deer, six of them, in full view, made a break for a swamp, and from that day we saw no more fresh deer tracks. It is curious how close they had come to our houses, even feeding by night in our very orchards, and yet how easily they were frightened away. I never got a glimpse at them myself, though I saw their tracks almost daily. Yet by this sport of tracking alone I was able to follow them through the woods, and to live a little their wild life. The record of their night prowlings gave a new charm and wildness to our fields and forests.

There is one more track I shall look for in the timber on Rattlesnake Hill before the snow is quite gone. It is the most curious and interesting track of all, exactly like the print of a tiny baby's shriveled foot. Mr. Coon hibernates, of course, but spring is in the air long before the last snow melts in the mountain woods, and he often comes forth in time to leave his quaint footprints on the remnants of a drift. Coon-hunts at night, with dogs, lanterns, and guns, are sometimes exciting and always exhausting, but they never yield me quite the satisfaction of finding that little snow-print record not two miles from my home, of searching in muddy spots near by for further tracks, of living in fancy the scene of the night before—the still, dark woods, just budding with spring, the sleepy boom of the hours from the distant steeple in the village, the sharp-nosed little face emerging from a rotten tree trunk, then the scramble down, with the soft thud, perhaps, of a piece of dislodged bark, and the midnight hunting.

Even our tamest woods and fields, even our own suburban back yards, shelter their wild life. We have neighbors in the night, though we know it not. They leave their records behind them in the snow for seeing eyes, and to read those records aright is to read a little deeper into the book of Nature. The man who goes to walk with his nose to the snow is sometimes thought a crank, sometimes a bore. Perhaps he is both. But you can never make him believe it; or, we might better say, you cannot make him care if he is! It is not you but his wild neighbors he is thinking of.

The Philosopher and the Blue Balloon

BY VALE DOWNIE

IT is the nature of toy balloons to burst. This, being true of toy balloons in general, is more especially true of blue toy balloons in particular. It is generally admitted that the blue ones are more beautiful than the red, green, or yellow ones; just as girls with blue eyes are more beautiful than girls with gray, brown, or hazel eyes; and this, no doubt, accounts for the frailty of blue balloons.

Such, at least, were the reflections passing through the mind of the tired young gentleman on the wayside bench, the province of philosophy being to fortify the soul against disaster. He was astonishingly young and surprisingly well dressed for so finished a logician, since wisdom rarely consorts with youth or good tailors; but there was no doubting that he was at least up on the subject of balloons.

Upon the opposite side of the boulevard were other benches, on one of which sat a large lady of somber mien and a boy with a blue toy balloon. Behind these benches were trees, green lawn, a stone parapet, and Lake Michigan, sparkling in the afternoon sunshine.

The large lady seemed to be morosely interested in the motor-cars and motor-carriages that passed in a swift, continuous stream. Until the arrival of the boy and his companion, the philosopher had been watching the changing colors of the lake as the sun sank lower; but now his attention was riveted upon the balloon.

As for the boy—he was about seven or eight years old, and of rather delicate appearance—his rapt gaze never for an instant wandered from the shimmering rotundity that tugged gently upon the silken tether in his hand. At times he smiled, or laughed so softly that nobody heard him.

The philosopher changed his position on the bench. It was too beautiful, that balloon!—too bright and shining, too glossy, too blue!

It was a very small "pop" that signalized the dissolution of Icarus; but it had all the effect upon Mr. Tyndale—the philosopher—of a cannon cracker set off beneath his seat.

"Damn!" said he, and dropped his newspaper, also knocking down the walking-stick that leaned against the bench at his side.

The large lady started slightly, laughed heavily, and without further comment returned to her inspection of the passing automobiles.

The boy looked up questioningly at his companion, and then blinked at the spot where his balloon had floated. His wide eyes searched the heavens above and the earth beneath for a long moment, then filled with shining tears.

"This," said the philosopher, "is truly awful."

Presently he beckoned to the boy. The permission of the large lady being first obtained, the little fellow slid down from the bench and scuttled across the boulevard. He crawled up beside Mr. Tyndale, but spoke no word.

"Did you ever see a dog with eyes as big as dinner-plates?" inquired the philosopher. A man of his professions to erudition might certainly have been expected to ask a more sensible question. The boy made no response.

Tyndale made a fresh cast.

"No doubt you are familiar with the marvelous tale of the Lambton worm, which was of such tremendous proportions that the people of Lambton mistook it, one foggy morning, for a range of hills encircling the town."

The boy glanced up solemnly, but made no reply.

Mr. Tyndale knitted his brows for a moment in thought.

"It would be very singular," he went on presently, with new determination, "if you had never heard the strange story of the whale that came to Chicago. No? Why, then, that is too bad, and I will

try to tell you something about it. The matter is one of intense interest to every boy; and since I happen to have been there and saw the whole thing myself, nobody could be better fitted to gratify your natural curiosity."

A non-committal snuffle arose from the region of Mr. Tyndale's elbow.

"This curious fish," went on the philosopher, "was born, or hatched, or whatever it is that happens to give whales a start in life, away out in the Atlantic Ocean. He was always rather sickly and small for his age, and the family doctor, who figured that it might be due to drinking too much salt water, prescribed a change of air. So young Mr. Whale packed his telescope-valise one day and set off up the St. Lawrence River. He got through Lake Ontario and climbed up over Niagara Falls, hand over hand—he was so light and wasted he could easily do it—traveled quickly through Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and finally got into Lake Michigan. I call it rather a creditable performance for a young whale, and an invalid at that.

"Well, the effect of the fresh water was really remarkable. He began to grow; and he grew and grew and grew until he was soon bigger than any whale that ever was. You can imagine what happened then—the water in the lake began to rise and rise and rise. It flowed over all the banks and the stone parapet, and all the people in Lincoln Park had to climb up on trees. Down around the Loop everybody hustled up into the high buildings, and standing-room on some of the sky-scrapers sold at a premium, let me tell you. My, but they were scared! And still the water kept on rising, inch by inch, as that young whale kept growing; and I don't know what would have become of us all if it hadn't been for a boy by the name of—by the way, what is *your* name?"

The boy considered. Apparently he had no valid objection to answering, for he finally said:

"Tumps."

"M-m! Well, it's not the same. It wasn't Thomas; I'm certain of that. I rather think it was Harold; but no matter. If it hadn't been for Harold and that bright idea of his I don't know where we'd all have been now—probably drowned." The philosopher paused.

Stony and incurious silence on the part of Tumps.

It was the gentle but profound sigh of experience that escaped from Mr. Tyndale; the sigh of one who has long ago weighed life's joys against its despair.

For a long time he considered the dancing waters of the lake in moody silence. Then he spoke gently:

"Do you know what I believe, Tumps?"

The boy turned slowly.

"I believe you're still thinking about that miserable balloon. Aren't you?"

A belated sob shook Tumps's small body.

"Ah, philosophy, my boy, philosophy is our only recourse. Fairy stories, after all, are not of much value in the presence of genuine tribulation; but it is the province of philosophy not only to fortify the soul against disaster, but likewise to sandbag remorse. Now, going back to Zeno of Citium—but we don't need to go back to him; look, for example, at me. I once had a blue balloon myself—"

Tumps glanced up quickly, wiping his tear-stained knuckles on his coat.

"Did it bust?"

"Of course it did. They all do. There never was a blue balloon yet that didn't bust."

"When?"

"When? Well, just fourteen days ago, lacking some five or six hours, to be explicit. But the point I want you to get hold of, Tumps, is that, being a philosopher, I don't mind it at all. Why, I spend most of my time nowadays *not* minding it. Every day for two weeks I have almost forgotten her — it — altogether. This afternoon especially I have had a feeling that I was about to become totally indifferent to blue balloons. Now, of course, since you have brought up the subject, I can't help thinking that—It was very heedless of you, Tumps, I must say, to bring up the subject."

Mr. Tyndale had begun airily enough; but he wound up rather ruefully.

"And did it bust all to nothin'—just like mine?"

"Practically. It made a sound that you could hear a mile away. At least I could. Nobody else seemed to pay any attention."

Tumps laid a grimy paw on Tyndale's knee.

"I'm sorry it busted," he sighed.

At a distant park entrance a splotch of gaudy color beneath the trees proclaimed the vender of toy balloons. Toward this minister of enchantment Tyndale and Tumps presently took their way.

"What is the price of a blue balloon?" inquired the philosopher.

"Twenty-five-a-cent," said the vender. "But no gotta da blue. Twenty-five-a-cent for nice-a green, yellow, red, all color; but no gotta da blue."

"What did I tell you?" said Tyndale to his companion. "He's no gotta da blue. This world is full of disappointment, isn't it, Tumps?"

"Ain't he got just one blue one?" gasped Tumps.

"There was only one," sighed Tyndale, "and it, alas! is no more."

"You lika da yellow just as well, yes, maybe?" suggested the Italian, grinning from ear-ring to ear-ring. He detached a cord from the bunch in his hand and proffered it to Tumps.

"Certainly *not*," replied Tyndale, sternly. "Confound your Latin impertinence! Nothing but a blue balloon for us. Come on, Tumps; we'll go and get some ice-cream cones."

The philosopher turned away, followed by the boy. He had gone perhaps a dozen paces when he felt a light tug at his sleeve.

Tumps looked up with pleading eyes, then looked down. His fingers twisted themselves into his pants pockets. He said something so softly that Tyndale heard him not.

"How's that?"

"Please, I guess I'd like to have a yeller one," whispered the boy, shamefacedly.

"Why, Tumps! You don't — don't mean that!"

The lad nodded his head.

"Ah, very well," sighed Tyndale.

They turned back to the park entrance, and Tumps was provided with a yellow balloon, whereby his sorrow seemed utterly forgot.

But the philosopher fell into a wretched humor. He said he detested yellow balloons, and he admitted candidly that he was greatly disappointed in Tumps.

They returned by devious ways to the large lady, who had arisen from her bench and was coming to search for them. She said that it was time to go home and get supper for the old man. She thanked Tyndale awkwardly, took the boy by an unwilling hand, and turned to go; but Tumps managed to disengage himself momentarily and ran back.

"Wha—what did the people do to make the water go down?"

"What water? Oh, in the lake. Why, you see, this bright boy—he was about your size, too—suggested getting barrels and barrels of salt and putting it into the water. Of course that made the whale get sickly again, and he began to lose weight. Soon he wasn't any bigger than before he left the Atlantic Ocean, and then they went out and scooped him up in a landing-net."

"Well, then, why is the water—"

But at this moment Tumps was recaptured by the large lady and dragged away.

"He'd have had me there," mused the philosopher. "After all, the water *is* fresh."

He watched the pair thoughtfully until they disappeared among the trees.

The afternoon sun sank low and the trees flung cool shadows far across the reeking asphalt of the driveway. Mr. Tyndale still sat and drew much material for his philosophic contemplation from a consideration of the far, blue horizon. The lake had never been so deeply blue nor the sky so fair. And yet, for all that, and the comforts of stoicism to boot notwithstanding, Tyndale seemed unhappy; just quietly, resignedly, wistfully miserable.

Balloons, no doubt. It was a subject that would not out of his mind.

A big, swiftly moving, and sumptuously silent machine stopped in front of Tyndale's bench—this at the hour of dusk.

The sole occupant of the tonneau was a girl. If Tyndale had been minded to glance up, he could have told, so near was the car, that her eyes were blue and full of dreams. Her voice, as she spoke to the chauffeur, was so pleasing, her face so fresh, and her smile so sweet that most young men would have given much to be that chauffeur and do her bidding daily.

The mechanic got out quickly and ran across the boulevard.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Tyndale," he broke

in. "Miss Helen says to remind you that you are a friend of hers, and if you will get into the car she'll take you down to your club."

The young disciple of Zeno considered this proposition, being careful the while not to allow his gaze to wander past the mechanic.

"Please thank Miss Helen," he at length replied, "and tell her that I do not like yellow balloons."

The puzzled chauffeur hurried back to the car. As he delivered his message, the girl tossed her head and glanced angrily toward Tyndale, who was engaged in punching holes in the sod with his stick.

This petulance passed instantly from her face, and was succeeded by something between a pout and a prayer, and more dangerous than either. Mr. Tyndale probably knew that if he looked up and saw how her purely arched brows were raised, and her softly curved mouth tilted down at the corners, he was lost. So he continued to make a sieve out of the adjacent turf.

In a few moments the green-clad chauffeur was back.

"Beg pardon, sir, and Miss Helen says she's sorry to trouble you; but she doesn't understand that allusion to balloons."

"Surely it's clear enough," replied Tyndale, with a tinge of impatience. "She must know that they've got to be blue. You can comprehend that, can't you?"

"No, sir; but perhaps she can. I'll tell her, sir."

The chauffeur went back to the car and explained that, in the opinion of Mr. Tyndale, balloons ought to be blue.

"Nonsense!" observed Miss Helen, decisively. "Open the door, please."

The young lady stood up in her car. Tyndale, remarking this out of the corner of his eye, fidgeted nervously. She stepped daintily down upon the running-board and waited. Then she drew her dress about her and prepared to set a small, white-slippered foot upon the dirtiest piece of asphalt in Chicago.

Mr. Tyndale threw down his paper, picked up his cloth hat and stick, and hurried to the machine. He got into the tonneau of the car, sulkily silent, and pulled the gate shut after him.

His ill humor seemed immensely to gratify the girl, who laughed heartsomely and comported herself generally like a child with an unusually sweet stick of striped candy.

"One turn through the park and down Michigan Avenue," she directed. "You see I'm a man of my word, Mr. Tyndale. Really I think you might show a little more appreciation. Do you know I haven't seen you for two whole weeks? And now, when I do run across you by accident, you—you try to cut me, and then you refer to me, before my chauffeur, as a—a yellow balloon. I'm *not* a yellow balloon, am I?"

"The yellowest kind," muttered the ungracious stoic. Diogenes Laertius has recorded that many of the Citiæan persuasion were famed for a deplorable crustiness of manner.

The girl considered.

"I don't believe I like being it very well," she said.

"It's your own fault, you know. You didn't want to be a blue one."

She glanced quickly at Tyndale, whose gaze was fixed on something two miles ahead.

"Very well, then," she said, with pretty resignation. "If it's my own fault, I suppose I shouldn't complain; but it's very trying to be a yellow balloon that nobody wants."

"Oh, not nobody," conceded the philosopher. "There's Tumps, for instance."

"Who is Tumps?"

"A young friend of mine. He went home about an hour before you came along. Tumps had a blue balloon. It was entirely too pretty for this world, and it burst. We went to get another like it from the Italian at the park gate; of course, he hadn't any more blue ones; but Tumps finally contented himself with a yellow one, and was about as happy as he had been with the deceased. Tumps hasn't any pride."

"And you have too much; do you know that?"

"Good Lord! it looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Well, you have, you know. Now, instead of complaining and flying off in a huff and everything, you ought to be just as happy as can be with—with your yellow balloon, like Tumps, and—and—maybe, some day, it might—"

"Might what, Helen?"

But the lady appeared of a sudden disinclined to consider further the potentialities of yellow balloons. She chattered gaily about everything else in the world. She treated of parks and their denizens, passing quite naturally to tenements and slum-dwellers, for whose sad conditions she felt an angelic compassion that was totally lost upon her companion. The Lincoln monument furnished her with one topic, and the Chicago River, pending the reconjunctive swing of a drawbridge, with another. In the silence that followed they were admitted to the viaduct. Once over the river, Tyndale indicated a wholesale liquor establishment with his stick.

"The site of beautiful old Fort Dearborn," he said, bitterly. "You mustn't omit that."

The girl pouted, then laughed a good deal, and finally was silent. Driving so, they won at length to the nobler stretches along the lake front. A few minutes later the car pulled up to the curb.

"Your club, Harry," said the girl.

Tyndale got slowly to the sidewalk. The girl held out her hand, and the philosopher took it.

"You didn't quite finish," said he, soberly, "a remark that you began back in the park. *What* might the hypothetical yellow balloon do some day—burst, as the blue one did?"

"No—it could never do that."

"Float away?"

"Of course not! Guess!—and goodby." The car moved slowly off; but the girl leaned over the side and smiled radiantly, like the fairy princess she was.

"Silly! It might turn blue."

The Enchanted Ball

*BY ARVIA MACKAYE**

AURORA'S golden ball is falling in the west,
And all the little wondering birds they sing their very best:—

"Aurora, O Aurora, you have dropped your ball—
Your darling toy of netted light! Why *did* you let it fall?

"Aurora, Aurora, you tossed it from the east;
We saw you as the drowsy cock's echo had just ceased.

"Aurora, white Aurora, in your scarlet robe,
You tossed your glowing treasure up o'er the leafy globe.

"Aurora, Aurora, you watched it, while your hands
Were raised to catch it falling, but it fell across the lands.

"Aurora, dear Aurora, oh, when will it come back?
'Twill roll around the world to you, and leave a shining track.

"Aurora, Aurora, softly from the deep,
'Twill rise and fall—a *silver* ball, when we are fast asleep.

"Aurora, then, Aurora, 'twill shine a silver toy
Until it touch your hand again, then turn a golden joy.

"Aurora, Aurora!—Silver joy and gold,
You toss your ball forever, and forever we behold."

. . . . . .

Aurora's ball has fallen—fallen in the west,
And all the little wondering birds have sung their very best.

* The ten-year-old daughter of the poet Percy MacKaye.



Painting by Marion Powers

JOHN RIDD'S FIRST MEETING WITH LORNA DOONE

"Don't cry, I will give you all my fish,
Lorna, only don't be angry with me"

Children in Fiction

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

As there are some painters who are especially "good" at painting sheep, so there are some writers who "do" children with that peculiar touch of truth and charm which only comes of one's being born to one's subject-matter —that particular subject-matter, be it what it may, and no other. Such writers seem to lose their skill when they attempt to apply it to other matters, and it is no more desired of them that they should thus "put to test art alien to the artist" than it would have been desirable for Kate Greenaway to paint after the manner of Rossetti. Specialists of the nursery, the play-room, and the fireside, their business is with the drama of life in its bud and earliest blossom, and such may well be content with the rare laurel that belongs to the creators of *Alice in Wonderland, Tom Brown's School Days, Little Women,* and *Peter Pan.* But there are greater writers who, while taking the whole full-orbed world of humanity for their province, include among their various powers a genius for depicting childhood with the rest, and it has not seldom happened with such writers that, masterly as has been their handling of the grown-up drama of life, some of their child-figures remain among their most striking creations, and their pictures of childhood prove to be those which, on reflection, we find most permanent in our memories. Often, indeed, where they carry one of their characters on from innocent childhood to tragic maturity, we find ourselves regretting—as in our daily lives we so often regret of some particularly charming child—that it was ever necessary for them to grow up at all. We seem to lose them as they grow up and fade into the light of common day.

Such a case is that of *Richard Feverel.* As we look back on that brilliant and beautiful book, it is those morning hours of the story, where Richard and Lucy meet in the first wonder of their boy-and-girl love, that come to seem the only reality in their romance; and whenever at times we take up the book again it is to turn to that chapter where Lucy stands by Farmer Blaize's chair while Richard takes heroic gulps at his little cup of apology, "a pretty little girl with the roses of thirteen springs in her cheeks, and abundant beautiful bright tresses," loitering "shyly by the farmer's armchair to steal a look at the handsome newcomer," Richard all too occupied with his business of humiliation to pay much heed to the beauty which in that other rainbowed chapter of the weir and the dewberries is to be as the opening of the gates of heaven. After this, Adrian Harley may be as witty as he pleases and the story go on amusing and harrowing us by turns; but I think that nowadays we close the book on those first chapters. That early vision was too supernaturally fair. We want to keep it as it is. We would not stain it with the piteous rest.

So with *Lorna Doone.* I have not read the book for years, and it may be merely a defect of memory. Yet I confess that all that survives of it for me, but that with undying vividness, is the scene where little John Ridd, exploring in quest of loaches the precipitous stream that glides down the mysterious glen leading to the secret fastness of the Doones, falls fainting on the greensward at its top, to find himself in the presence of a queenly little girl, like a fairy in the solitude, who bathes his brow with her little handkerchief and brings him back to consciousness of a new and strangely wonderful world. An enchanted freshness breathes back to one from the mere memory of the scene, so magically pervaded with the spell of running waters in secret rocky places, to the awe of a boy's first revelation of the fay-like being that must be more than mere mortal girl. It is the eternal Daphnis and Chloe, unsophisticated by afterthought, unshadowed by experience.

Intolerably sentimental as St. Pierre's

romance may seem to-day, yet how deathlessly flower-like is his picture of the little Paul and Virginia in their East Indian paradise! "One day, as I was coming down that mountain, I saw Virginia at the end of the garden running towards the house with her petticoat thrown over her head, in order to screen herself from a shower of rain. At a distance, I thought she was alone; but as I hastened towards her, in order to help her on, I perceived she held Paul by the arm, almost entirely enveloped in the same canopy, and both were laughing heartily at their being sheltered together under an umbrella of their own invention, . . . two charming faces in the middle of a swelling petticoat." Innocent petticoat! And the picture of the two children wandering hand in hand through the tropic woods, drinking of the crystal spring and eating of the cresses of the stream, is still far from fading from the memory of man. Such pictures of dream-like, happy childhood are all too rare in fiction.

But others, and none more beautiful, are to be found in the early stories of Björnson, in *Synnöve Solbakken* and *Arne*. How delightful is that first glimpse of the little Synnöve in church, to which the unruly lad Thorbjörn had been brought by his father for the first time! "'If you look over there you will see Synnöve,' said the father, as he stooped down to Thorbjörn, took him on his knee, and pointed over to the pew opposite, on the woman's side. There was a little girl kneeling on the bench and looking over the railing. She was still fairer than the man—so fair that he had never seen her equal. She had a red streamer to her cap, light yellow hair beneath this, and now smiled at him, so that for a long time he could not see anything but her white teeth. She held a shining hymn-book in one hand and a folded orange-colored silk handkerchief in the other, and was now amusing herself by striking the handkerchief on the hymn-book. The more he stared the more she smiled; and now he chose also to kneel on the bench, just as she was doing. Then she nodded. He looked gravely at her a moment. Then he nodded. She smiled and nodded once more; he nodded again, and once more, and still once more. She smiled, but did not nod any more, for a little while, until he had quite forgotten it; then she nodded." These infantile overtures are quaintly continued when, church being out, the grown-ups loiter for the after-service gossip, and the youngsters, too, fall into groups.

"Synnöve drew lingeringly back. Thorbjörn then went nearer her, and looked at her, and she looked at him; and thus they stood for a long time, just looking at each other. Finally she said,

"'Fy!'

"'Why do you say fy?' asked he.

"'Fy!' said she, once more. 'Fy! For shame!' she added.

"'Why, what have I done?'

"'You have been fighting in church, and while the priest stood there saying mass. Fy!'

"'Yes, but that was a long time ago.'

"This made an impression on her, and she said, presently:

"'Are you the boy whose name is Thorbjörn Granliden?'

"'Yes; and is it you they call Synnöve Solbakken?'

"'Yes. I have always heard that you were such a good boy.'

"'No, *that* is not true; for I am the worst one of all of us at home,' said Thorbjörn.

"'Well, I have never heard—' said Synnöve, and clasped her small hands. 'Mother, mother, he says—'" And so the odd little flirtation goes on, like a child learning its letters.

Another pretty picture of childish love-making comes to mind from Pierre Loti's *The Story of a Child*, which, though ostensibly autobiographical, is probably no more or less so than that modern Ulysses' other romances. Veronica was a little fisher-maiden, as was appropriate, and the famous novelist a little gentleman on a visit with his parents to the seaside. The quotation is given from his sister's diary.

"Veronica would slip near Pierre, take possession of his hand, and keep it in hers. Thus they walked along contentedly, without saying a word. They stopped from time to time to kiss each other. 'I wish to kiss you,' Veronica would say, and as she did so she embraced him tenderly with her little arms. Then, after Pierre had allowed her the



Painting by Marion Powers

MANSFIELD PARK—FANNY PRICE'S ARRIVAL

"Afraid of everybody, ashamed of herself, and longing for the home she had left, she could scarcely speak without crying"

caress, he would, in his turn, kiss her vehemently on her pretty little plump cheeks. . . . Little Veronica used to run and seat herself upon our doorstep as soon as she was up; and there she remained, like a faithful, loyal spaniel. As soon as Pierre woke he thought of her being there, and he would immediately get out of bed, have himself quickly washed, and stand quietly to have his blond curls combed out, and then run to find his little friend. They embraced each other and prattled of the events of the day before. Sometimes Veronica, before coming to our house to wait for Pierre, made a trip to the sea-shore and gathered an apron full of the beautiful shells as a love-offering to her sweetheart."

Nor from these idyllic memories must be omitted the flower-like Sylvie of Gérard de Nerval, the pretty peasant-girl of Valois, queen of old pastoral dance and song, wistfully celebrated by Mr. Andrew Lang:

"Go forth and seek, by wood and hill,
Thine ancient love of dawn and dew;
There comes no voice from mere or rill,
Her dance is over, fallen still
The ballad burdens that she knew;
And thou must wait for her in vain,
Till tears bring back thy youth again."

As I have said, however, happy idyllic childhood has curiously little place in the greatest fiction. It is the tragic, unhappy child that again and again comes to mind as we recall the masterpieces: the orphan at the mercy of pitiless taskmasters, the little dependent, the drudge and butt of prosperous relatives, the helpless waif tossed to and fro on the winds of an inclement world. We think of Cosette and the ogreish Thenardiers, carrying with frozen hands the heavy pail from the well; of Jane Eyre in the Reed household, bullied and beaten by a brutal booby of a Master Reed; or Fanny Price in genteel dependence on the aristocratic Bertrams of Mansfield Park; of Little Nell lost in the London streets and inquiring the way home to her grandfather; of Little Nello lying dead by his faithful "Dog of Flanders"; of Waldo, in *The Story of an African Farm,* with his little invention crushed beneath the brutal heel of Bonaparte Blenkins at the foot of the kopje—"a toiling and toiling and an ending in nothing." "The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this," says Olive Schreiner: "its intense loneliness, its intense agony." Loneliness and terror, a fearful sense of moving about in worlds unrealized, the ever-present menace of hostile ruling powers, mysteriously punitive—this is the atmosphere in which the child of fiction must usually draw its breath. Happy indeed the child, however homely or misunderstood, who, like Maggie Tulliver, has a brother Tom at her side, or even a pet animal for companion and sympathizer.

As one reads the chronicles of childhood as set forth by the majority of romancers, one wonders how one's forefathers ever had the face to talk sententiously of "happy childhood." No such preposterous myth has even been conceived, and one can only bear to read some of those old stories at all by reminding oneself that the conditions of childhood have indeed been changed immeasurably for the better since the days when such stories were possible. Children of our more humane, not to say indulgent, day must regard the stern training of a David Copperfield or a Nicholas Nickleby as their elders look back upon the torture-chambers of a past world—hardly realizable even by the imagination of to-day—the Dark Ages of childhood. Looking recently at an old wood-cut of a school-room, with master and pupils assembled, I was struck by the fact that the most conspicuous object in the picture was an immense birch-rod, held aloft in the hands of the dominie; and I wondered, as I looked at it, whether an old-fashioned birch-rod of the pattern depicted could be found nowadays in any civilized country. Yet they were surely enough on sale thirty years ago in English stationers', and in toy-shops—of all places!

That childhood nowadays is really a happy state of being, not merely so in the hypocritical retrospect of sentimental seniors, is undoubtedly due in part to Charles Dickens, who, of course, of all writers, realized most poignantly the pathos and pity of the lot of children. He has often been reproached for his painful pictures of the deaths of children; but indeed, to my thinking, our

one consolation in reading of Paul Dombey, Little Nell, and Tiny Tim is that they do die. Their deaths are nothing like so painful as their lives, and with them we feel that it is sincerely a case of whom the gods love. At least, they are removed betimes from—

> "The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
> Here where men sit and hear each other groan."

"Shall we make a man of you?" asked the magnificent Dr. Blimber of little Paul Dombey, frail as a moonbeam.

"I would rather be a child," was the lad's reply.

Before Dickens, Charles Lamb was a writer to whom the sentiment of the lonely child made a strong appeal; and, like Dickens, he has a somewhat morbid fondness for associating childhood with the thought of death. One recalls that curiously fantastic story in "Mrs. Leicester's School" of the little girl who learned her letters on her mother's gravestone; her playground, as with Wordsworth's child in "We are Seven," being the village churchyard. Another whimsical conception, of a more cheerful nature, was his story of "The Little Mahometan," that of the little girl who, being left to browse at will in the solitude of an old library, becomes absorbed in a volume called *Mahometanism Explained.* "The book said that those who believed all the wonderful stories which were related of Mahomet were called Mahometans and True Believers. I concluded that I must be a Mahometan, for I believed every word I read." So deep grew the child's convictions that once, in the middle of the night, she roused her mother "and begged she would be so kind as to be a Mahometan."

De Quincey, whose passionate grief at the death of his sister made him exclaim, "Life is finished," when he was but a little boy six years old, has clothed the lonely sorrow of childhood in the solemn purple of his prose with an impressiveness and poignancy nowhere matched in English. "Deep," he says, "is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts and darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow." And again: "Many years are passed away since then, and perhaps you were a little, ignorant thing at that time, hardly above six years. But your heart was deeper than the Danube; and as was your love, so was your grief."

Among other pictures of lonely childhood must certainly be included Walter Pater's exquisite memories of *The Child in the House:* "So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly, things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the bird's-eye hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain; while time seemed to move even more slowly, to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood! How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls!" . . .

Perhaps the most living introspective child in fiction is Maggie Tulliver, carrying in her hand an old thumbed copy of *The Imitation of Christ;* but, with all her reverie, Maggie is so emotionally vital, and so well able to take care of herself and turn a humorous eye on her prosaic and grotesque relations, that she seems rather to belong to grown-up romance, even when a child. Two other delightful George Eliot children are Fred Vincy and Mary Garth in *Middlemarch,* who marry each other with a ring taken from an old umbrella stick; and among "dream children" must not be forgotten the child that Silas Marner found on his hearthstone one winter evening, whose shining curls he at first mistook for his stolen gold come back to him again; "but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls"



Painting by Marion Powers

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—TOM'S FIRST ROYAL DINNER

"When he had finished his dessert, he filled his pockets with nuts; but nobody appeared to be aware of it."

—the gold that was to soften, not harden, his heart.

Another solitary child that makes a space like elfin moonlight around her in the remembrance is Hawthorne's Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter.* His delineation of her is one of his many masterpieces of suggestive description. "Pearl's aspect," he says, "was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant baby, or the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion—a certain depth of hue which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes, she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself—it would have been no longer Pearl!"

Another American heroine of a more lovable and human type is Bret Harte's M'liss, who was probably the original of a long line of backwoods and mining-camp heroines striking the esteemed popular note of contrast between the refining delicacy of womanhood and the rough ways of brutal, primitive men. The girlhood of Mrs. Atherton's Patience Sparhawk is one of the fullest and most robust portrayals of another American child; and, to name a writer of a very different genius, Mr. Henry James, the Maisie of *What Maisie Knew* is still another unforgetable child; while Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy promises to be a permanent addition to nursery mythology.

Certain great writers, if they have not created for us any one outstanding figure of a child, have been happy in the portrayal of family groups of companionable children. The good vicar's family in *The Vicar of Wakefield* is one of the earliest and most genial examples, and there, too, we have one outstanding boy-creation in the simple Moses, with his immortal green spectacles. Another quite delightful family is that of the Yorkes in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley,* of whom their creator truly says: "Take Mr. Yorke's family in the aggregate, there is as much mental power in those six young heads, as much originality, as much activity and vigor of brain, as, divided amongst half a dozen commonplace broods, would give to each rather more than an average amount of sense and capacity." Dickens's Kenwigs, again, make a burlesque family group, the humor of which is as uproarious as ever. Russian novelists seem to be especially gifted in this direction, notably Tolstoi and Turgenieff. The family of the Countess Rostow in *War and Peace* is particularly memorable, and the manner in which Tolstoi differentiates the various children and unfolds their development through childhood and girlhood up to womanhood—notably in the case of the wayward Natasha—is one of the many marvels of his clairvoyant psychology. No other writer seems to be so absolutely on the inside of the mysterious processes of blossoming girlhood. Turgenieff, too, has some remarkably intimate studies of young family life, unforgetably in *On the Eve.* And while referring to Continental writers, one must pay one's tribute to the boy Paul, with all the family responsibilities on his young shoulders, in Sudermann's *Dame Care.* Among American writers, Mr. Howells has more than once displayed his delicate art in this special field, never more appealingly than in one of his comparatively recent books, *The Kentons.*

In these family groups it is noticeable that girls seem usually to predominate, probably because girls have a way of predominating in large families; but I hope that William Black has not gone so out of fashion that the delightful family of bad boys in *A Daughter of Heth* has fallen into oblivion—"the whaup" and his brothers. May I remind the reader of that Sunday afternoon in the Scotch manse when the minister, as he keeps his eye on his unruly offspring, with their young heads bunched together over an old folio Josephus, is at a loss to account for their unaccustomed absorption in the sacred historian until, leaving his desk to investigate, he finds that the young rascals had cut out the letterpress of the ponderous volume, leaving only the framework of the solid leather binding, which thus made an oblong box in which two white mice had been housed. Hence their remarkable interest in Josephus. And that other scene, in which the whaup had decided to give Wattie, the prig and sneak of the family, a lesson in

manliness, and for this purpose held him suspended by his heels over the ledge of a little river, threatening to douse his head in the stream unless he uttered a swear-word. Wattie stubbornly refuses for a time, then attempts a compromise with a word all too mild to satisfy his tormentors, and at last, as he feels the water playing with his forelock, lets out a reluctantly orotund "dom"—which is to serve his brothers, from then on, as a Damocles sword for immediate use should he ever show signs of sneaking again. Let him play the tell-tale, and their father should know that once he had said "dom."

One cannot help remarking how much better a time the boy in fiction has than the girl; but here, no doubt, it will be said that the reason is simple, and that fiction here is but once more faithful to life. There are, as we have seen, sad and lonely boys in fiction; but for the most part, from Tom Jones to Huckleberry Finn, the lot of the boy, particularly the bad boy, is perhaps of all human lots the most enviable. No created being has so much fun out of life, and carries things with so high a hand. With all his sad and haunted children, Dickens's pages are alive with the high spirits of impish boys. When Little Nell goes on one of her frightened errands to Mr. Quilp, that gentleman has occasion to administer some energetic thwackings to an unregenerate office-boy; but, alas for the reformative efficacy of corporal punishment! what do Little Nell's gentle eyes see, as Mr. Quilp and she push off in the wherry to cross the Thames, but that so recently chastised youngster doing a derisive *pas seul* on his head, on the edge of the wharf, for the benefit of his master. Such flibbertigibbets are as dear to Dickens's heart as they were to Shakespeare's and Scott's.

The boyhood of Thackeray's characters is always vivid with reality. *Vanity Fair* may fade and *Esmond* grow to seem rococo, but the youth of Pendennis will never lose its dash and savor. Similarly, Meredith's subtle psychology may well come to seem an ingenuity of weariness, but the boyhood of Richard and Ripton, of Beauchamp and Harry Richmond, will not soon lose its gusto; and how grateful one is, amid the endless labyrinth of *The Egoist,* for the boyish laughter of Crossjay. But, of course, the arch-creator of boys is that great humorist who recently took with him to the grave so much of the gaiety of nations, yet bountifully left so much of it behind, of which even the passage of Time, more perilous to humorists than death itself, can hardly rob us—that deep-hearted comedian who was so great an artist of laughter because of the tears and the poetry that were in him, compounded with all the drollery—that Mark Twain who could alike create for us a Tom Sawyer and a Huckleberry Finn, tell with all a poet's insight and pity the story of Joan of Arc, and weave a fantasy at once so dream-like and so human as *The Prince and the Pauper.* Only one other writer of our time has approached him in the understanding of that whimsical animal the boy, that many-sided genius who has told us the story of *The Drums of the Fore and Aft,* and set Kim astride of the old cannon in the market-place of Lahore.

The Animal-Shop

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

MR. TOM TWITTER slapped the door shut on a saucy gust of wind with the triumphant air of having excluded every variety of woe and aggravation with the flakes and wintry draught. It was a cold night; it blew high, with a dust of snow in the gale, and there was aggravation enough in the frosty darkness for Mr. Twitter's bones, and woe enough for his spirit in the sullen cross-currents of work-people going past in the bitter obscurity. But having closed the door with a swift and victorious bang, Mr. Twitter hopped around, cocked his head, and perked about his little shop, in glances of the sharpest, from the floor to the ceiling and all over the walls, with a shining smile of satisfaction. He twittered—that is to say, he chuckled—and he snatched off his cap, and stamped his feet, and rubbed his hands, and began to turn a jovial rosy color. He cried, blithely, "Hello there, all you little folks!" and, "Ah-ha, ye rascals!" and, "How-dy do!" Then he slipped off his great coat quick as a flash, and trimmed the lights, and dashed at the scowling stove and gave it a furious shaking; whereupon the little shop, which had been gloomy and silent in the absence of the singular proprietor, glowed with light and warmth and awoke to vociferous jubilation.

Mr. Twitter was a spare fellow, with a lean, shaven face, furnished with pleasantly snapping gray eyes, fun-loving lips much used to pursing, and a long, agreeably curved nose like a beak of engaging proportions. He was jaunty and rosy and nimble; and he sparkled with genial friendliness from his flashing bald pate to the polished tips of his toes. His eyes twinkled, his face shone, his rounded waistcoat expressed its satisfaction, his legs were of a humorous cut and habit.

Standing presently in the middle of the floor, his long legs spread wide, his hands deep down in his breeches pockets, his head cocked once more, his ears wide open, his eyes twinkling, his brows lifted so high in delighted expectation that each described a tall isosceles triangle, Mr. Twitter cried again: "Ah-ha, ye little scallawags! Glad t' see the old gentleman, eh? Everybody hungry?" And he went "Tweet, tweet!" with ingratiating sweetness, as if addressing a canary with fluency and the most intimate familiarity in its own language; and he whistled with furious authority, as if summoning a wilful old dog to his heels. And in spite of these loud and happy salutations, there was not a soul in the shop. Not a soul! But had such a shocking assertion confronted Mr. Twitter he would instantly have demolished it—with argument, with contempt, with ridicule; and all quite to his own satisfaction. "Not a soul in the shop? Preposterous!" Mr. Twitter might have snorted. "Not a soul? Ha! There are souls on the shelves, souls under the counters, souls in the shop windows, souls suspended from the ceiling. Not a soul? Bosh!" Mr. Twitter fancied he had kept that little shop long enough to know what he was talking about!

There he stood, at any rate, alone and expectant in the middle of the floor, exquisitely delighted, going "Tweet!" and "Tweet, tweet!" and thrilling and warbling away as if absorbed in amiable conversation.

"Tweet?" inquired Mr. Twitter, archly.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!" was the reply.

"Tweet, tweet!" Mr. Twitter expostulated.

Whatever this last communication amounted to—and there is, of course, no means of telling—it evoked a storm of twitters and chirps in remonstrance.

"Tweet!" Mr. Twitter was compelled to agree.

In short, Mr. Twitter was the keeper

of an animal-shop; and if he were not on conversational terms with every friendly bird and beast therein domiciled, he was either a rogue of vast pretensions or an old fellow devoted overmuch to tomfoolery in his idle moments.

Except for a slight list to starboard, and a rakish little tilt to the roof, and an air of defiant old-fashion, Mr. Twitter's establishment was outwardly correct in every particular. It was a little old building of white frame, two-storied, with something additional in the way of a high-angled garret. It had wide shop windows below, lifted somewhat above the pavement and flanking a broad, black door with a brass knocker and fluted white columns; and it had a row of green-shuttered windows above, coming close to the eaves and frankly thrown back, as if the apartment beyond had nothing in the wide world to conceal. Running the width of the shop, over the windows and doors, was the legend: Thomas Twitter. It indicated merely that one Thomas Twitter did business within. Something more was communicated by an obscure little sign over the door: Twitter Academy. But concerning the sort and worth of the learning imparted within no information was betrayed; the toothsome little mystery remained discreet and inviting: Twitter Academy—and not another word.

Tom Twitter's astonishing argument with the canaries, which he had now pertinaciously renewed, was interrupted by the shy arrival of a customer from the windy night. The door opened; a blast of snowy wind leaped in, but a soft closing of the door shut out the eager, frosty crowd of gusts behind. And there stood the Little Girl—a dear, dark little creature of an elderly gravity, with a shawl over her head and a lively bundle, snugly wrapped in a corner, held close and anxiously in her warm arms. She was not such a patron as Tom Twitter was used to receiving; there was no equipage outside—there was no maid, there was no footman. The Little Girl was lowly and alone. Tom Twitter turned, without for an instant remitting his contention with the birds; and having discovered the Little Girl's shy waiting, and having divined her errand, and having been saddened a little, perhaps, by her delicate loveliness dwelling in the inimical tenement world, he proceeded to deal with her precisely as if she had been of exalted station, practising his tricks all the more willingly, no doubt, because she was not. That is to say, he smiled, he performed a charming bow, he smiled once more, with his head on one side and his eyes twinkling, and he lifted a gravely warning finger to command discretion.

"Hush!" he whispered, darkly. "One moment, please!"

Thereupon Tom Twitter redoubled his assault upon the contumacious canaries in the little cages. He whistled in all sorts of ways; he pleaded, he argued, he scolded, he asserted, declared, replied, rejoined, and retorted; he warned and expostulated, all with many oratorical tricks of hands and countenance; and he concluded at last with a rapid peroration of trills and chirps by which any but the most obstinately opinionated canaries known to the ornithologists must surely have been convinced of their error. And by this time, as Tom Twitter had foreseen and intended, the Little Girl was so absorbed in the singular affair—so delighted with Tom Twitter's behavior, which was more like a story than anything she had hitherto encountered—and altogether so charmed with Tom Twitter's politeness—that her shyness had vanished and she seemed to have known Tom Twitter all the days of her life.

"Were you talking to them?" she demanded, her dark eyes wide with wonder.

"I sha'n't commit myself," said Tom Twitter, flatly.

"I almost believe—"

"Not a word!" cried Tom Twitter.

The Little Girl gravely regarded him. "I believe you were," she declared, making up her mind. "I really do." It was a delicious adventure.

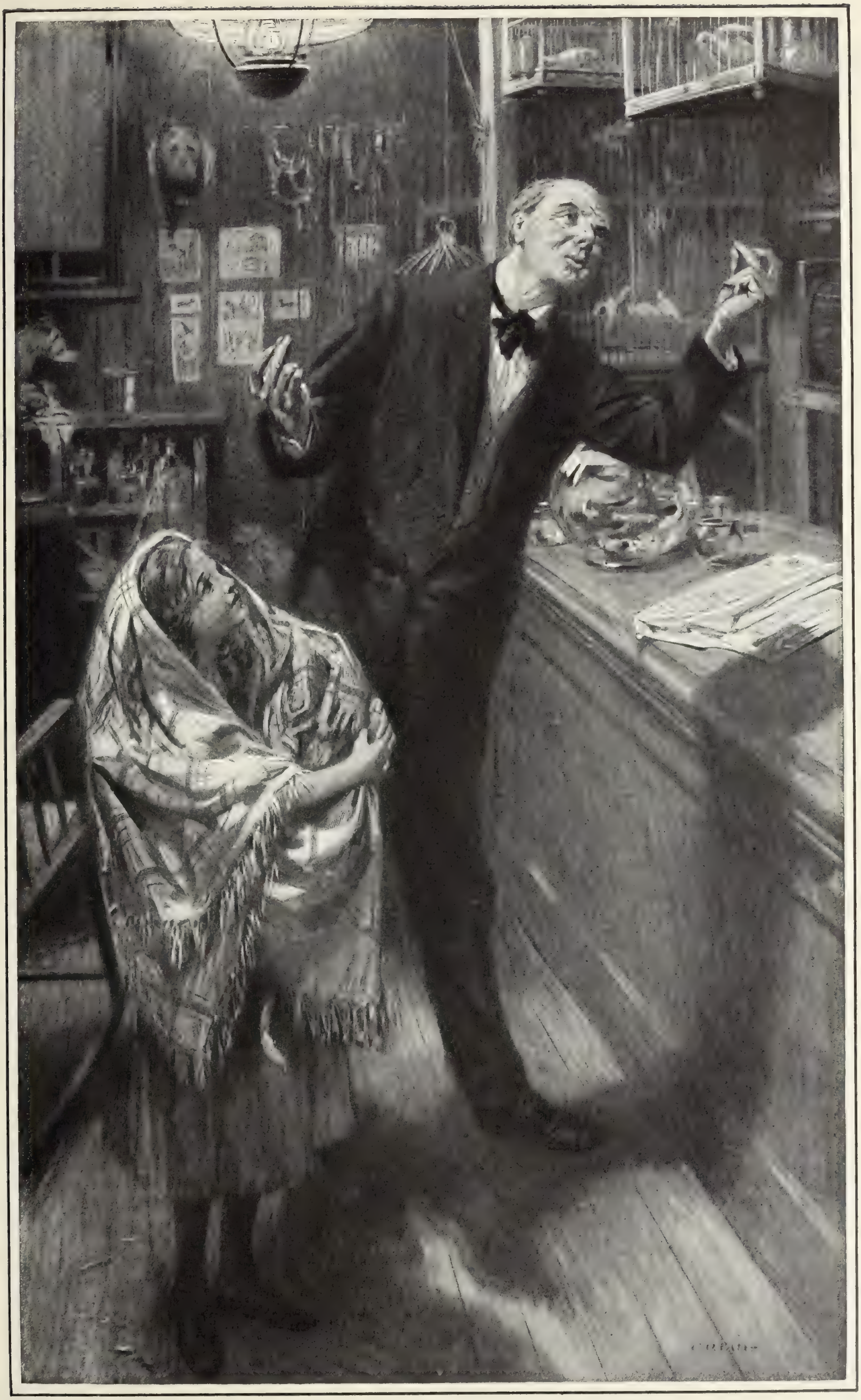
"Very well," said Tom Twitter; "you may think what you like. *I'm* not responsible."

"You were!" the Little Girl exulted.

"Don't expect *me* to deny it."

"Well!" the Little Girl gasped. "I never heard of such a thing. I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't caught you at it. I did catch you, didn't I?"

"Observe that I say nothing," Tom



Drawn by C. H. Taffs

"WERE YOU TALKING TO THEM?" SHE DEMANDED

Twitter protested, as if thoroughly warned that whatever he might say would be used against him. "Not a word, mind you! And now," he rattled on, in guilty haste to divert the Little Girl's attention, his eye sharply on the struggling bundle in her arms, his forefinger pointing, "how much d'ye want for that dog?"

The Little Girl jumped. She stared horrified at Tom Twitter; and she retreated a step, her dark eyes widening still, and she gripped the bundle with such tight affection that it emitted a small yelp of complaint. And had Tom Twitter not at that very instant luckily burst into a tintinnabulant peal of laughter she would have bolted and vanished for good and all.

"Not for sale, eh?" Tom Twitter roared. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Twitter was twinkling in such a reassuring and contagious fashion—and he looked so very much like a pert robin—and the whole affair was so obviously nothing but the most delectable tomfoolery—that the Little Girl could not help smiling as she shook her head.

"Why not?" Tom Twitter wanted to know.

"Why—why—" the Little Girl faltered, amused with Tom Twitter's stupidity, "why, *because,* of course!"

"No answer!" Tom Twitter complained.

"Because I love him!"

"I'll bet you wouldn't take twenty-five dollars for that dog," said Tom Twitter, with his head sagely on one side.

The Little Girl opened her eyes. "You wouldn't give me twenty-five dollars for him, would you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Not I!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure? Ha, ha! Well, rather!"

"I'm very glad," said the Little Girl, vastly relieved. "Because," she explained, "if you offered me twenty-five dollars for my dog I should simply *have* to sell him."

"Why?" Tom Twitter wanted to know again.

"Oh," the Little Girl sighed, "to tide things over."

"Exactly!" Tom Twitter gasped, blankly. "To tide things over, eh? Hum! I see! Just so!" Then he changed the subject, and donned another manner to suit. "What's the matter with that dog?" he demanded.

"Oh, he's sick."

"So?" said Tom Twitter, softly.

"Yes, indeed," the motherly little creature sighed; "he's—been ailing for quite a while."

"And you fancied," Tom Twitter demanded, "that the Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines was a hospital?"

"Isn't it?" the Little Girl plainted.

"It is!" Tom Twitter admitted at once. "At any rate," he qualified, with a pompous little lift of the chin, "in common with all other modernly equipped and conscientiously conducted establishments for the care and education of the young the Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines has a perfectly appointed infirmary in connection and a competent physician in constant attendance. Myself being," he added, in a very sweet way, "the competent physician." And he bowed most politely. "Do I do?"

The Little Girl shrewdly looked him over. "Yes," said she, positively.

"Name of the dog?" Tom Twitter inquired, delighted.

"Alexander."

"Age of the dog?"

"He's really quite a baby."

"How did you come by the dog?"

"I found him," the Little Girl replied. "That is," she corrected, being a precise little thing, "he found me. It's really the same thing, I suppose."

Tom Twitter delicately withdrew a corner of the shawl and discovered a plebeian and woebegone countenance. He said, "Hum!" in a non-committal way. Then he frowned and pursed his lips. This was ominous. "Do you love the dog?" he asked.

The Little Girl sighed.

"I perceive," said Tom Twitter, coldly, "that you do not."

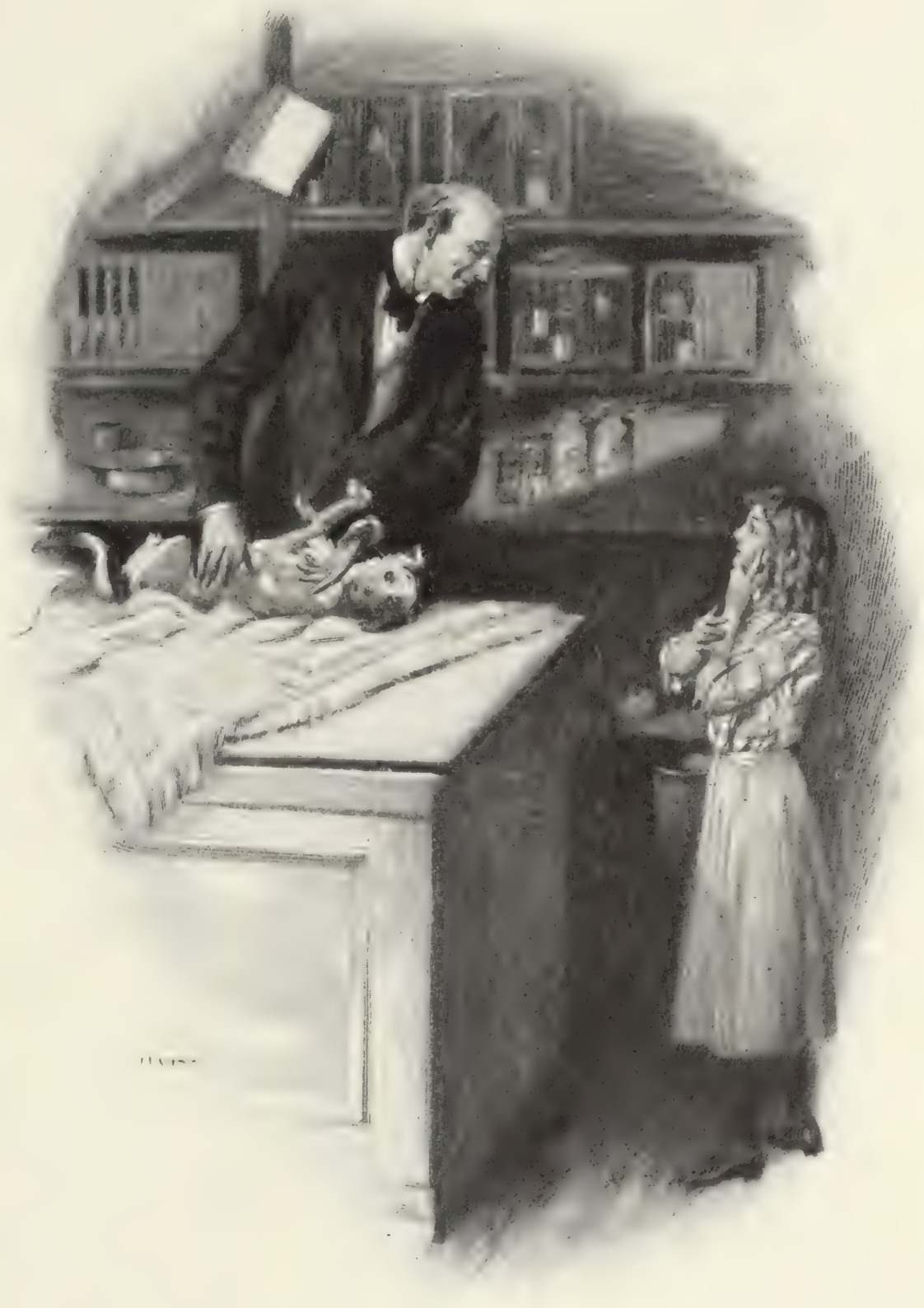
"I do!" declared the indignant Little Girl.

"That being so," said Tom Twitter, sagely, "we shall have to look very carefully into this. This way with the patient, if you please."

It was blowing high: a bitter wintry darkness without; and Tom Twitter's lit-

tle old establishment for the education of canines, which seemed to have survived a hundred years of degenerating acquaintance with the weather, shivered in the wind and voiced a thousand melancholy forebodings as it never had before. All the little folk of the cages and hutches having now fallen quiet, the usually joyous establishment was uneasy and distraught when the physical examination of Alexander was undertaken. The Little Girl was downcast, so was Tom Twitter, and so—to a pitiful degree—was the wretched Alexander. Alexander was a sick dog; the sight of him—and his courageous effort to preserve a decent appearance of jollity — fairly anguished the beholder.

Stretched out on the counter, flat on his back, with his limp little legs in the air and his weary head lolling —stripped bare, as it were, for a rigorous investigation of his trouble—Alexander disclosed, aside from well-defined symptoms of invalidism, nothing whatsoever to invite the affections. He was a long, gawky little youngster, white of color, but with a surprising suggestion of black spots mysteriously distributed over his lank person, as though the color, honestly enough come by, no doubt, had declined to emerge beyond the skin in betrayal of Alexander's mixed ancestry; and he had a long, crooked tail, with a broken tip which flapped helplessly about in rather drear response to the excitement of its major portion; and one ear was as alertly cocked and as inquiring and as defiant as a bull-terrier's, and the other was as loose and as obsequious as a hound's; and there was a perfectly round, very pronounced, very, very black fox-terrier-like spot encircling one rheumy eye, as if asserting Alexander's pretensions to legitimate descent. The Little Girl explained, in affectionate apology, that although Alexander, generally speaking, was a fox-terrier, he had been accused of being "part coach." And with this Tom Twitter could very well agree. In view of the obvious facts, he conceived the accusation innocuous.



TOM TWITTER PROMISED THAT ALEXANDER WOULD PULL THROUGH

In the portentous way of a family physician of the old school, which Tom

Twitter had cultivated with shrewd and jovial assiduity for employment in the delight of his patrons, Tom Twitter now regarded the naked Alexander, beginning the difficult business of diagnosis. He put on his spectacles, he sighed, he pursed his lips, he frowned mightily, he ejaculated "Hum!" in a fashion at once hopeful and discouraging, but altogether significant of abounding wisdom. And then, great gold watch in hand, his face all screwed with profundity, he deliberately counted Alexander's pulse; whereupon he said "Hum!" again, with a little lift of triumph, as if he were already on the track of the trouble. Next he sounded Alexander's lungs, tap-tap-tapping all over the astounded little patient's chest in the most scientific way; whereupon he said "Hum!" once more, this time with a smack of satisfaction, as if nothing in the world could elude his professional acumen when his interest was really awakened. Finally he listened to Alexander's heart-beat, and lifted Alexander's eyelids, and poked about Alexander's shrinking abdomen, and took a perfunctory look at Alexander's tongue; whereupon he snorted "Hum!" for the last time, his face all wreathed in smiles, his eyes gleaming, his brows victoriously lifted, as if he had not only run the trouble to earth, but had discovered himself the master of it.

"Well?" the Little Girl grimly demanded, prepared for the worst.

Tom Twitter deliberated for a moment, his face fallen profound; and then all at once he looked at the Little Girl over his spectacles.

"Is it serious?" asked the Little Girl.

"Hush!" Tom Twitter whispered, with a jerk toward the limp Alexander. "Not so loud. You might alarm him."

"But is it serious?"

"A hospital case, I fear."

The Little Girl caught her breath in alarm. "Oh!" she breathed. "Will he—"

"Tut, tut!" Tom Twitter interrupted, hurriedly. "Don't speak the word. Bosh! Serious? Yes, of course! My dear, everything is serious. A little neglect may make a mortal wound of a pinprick. There's nothing more alarming in the world than a symptom. But"—he pursed his lips and impressively paused—"fortunately you have taken Alexander's trouble in time; and fortunately, too, if I may be permitted to say so—though I have no wish to be guilty of professional discourtesy—fortunately, too, I may add, you have brought Alexander to the right shop. Alexander shall have every care and attention. My skill, such as it is, is completely at his service. Alexander is young; he seems to have inherited a robust constitution, and so far as appears—my examination was not, however, as exhaustive as it might have been—so far as appears, I say, he has not dissipated his natural endowment of good health. And that's the thing that counts."

All this was bewildering to the Little Girl; but Tom Twitter's pomposity was so convincing that she nodded her head as if she understood every word.

"In short," Tom Twitter heartily promised, "Alexander will pull through. Come, now!" he demanded, "have you the courage to leave him with me?"

"If it doesn't cost too—"

"Cost!" cried Tom Twitter. "My dear child, you shame the profession! Never—never again so long as you live—speak of the fee to a physician in the early stages of his professional activity. Come, now, will you part with Alexander?"

"Oh yes," replied the Little Girl. "Thank you."

"Very well," said Tom Twitter. "That's settled. Alexander shall have a compartment in the Junior Dormitory for the night. This way, if you please. The sooner he's stowed away the better." And with that, having taken Alexander in his arms, and put a collar and chain in his own pocket, Tom Twitter led the way to a little back stair.

Following close and timidly on the nimble heels of Tom Twitter, the Little Girl presently found herself in a dim apartment overlooking the street. A point of gas-light, nothing more—except a radiance of wintry moonlight falling at intervals through the windows. There was a little stirring in the shadows as Tom Twitter tiptoed within—heavy breathing, a whimper, a mournful bark. The Little Girl started. Tom Twitter whispered, "Hush!" They waited for quiet, the Little Girl meanwhile staring about. And here, indeed, was a singular place! A

wide deal bench, divided into a row of commodious compartments, precisely as in a dog show, ran the length of two sides of the room; and in almost every compartment—and there must surely have been a round dozen of them—one of Tom Twitter's resident pupils was sound asleep, comfortably curled up on a bed of clean straw, with a bowl of water beside him for the dread emergency of wakefulness. It was an airy chamber, agreeably full of frost, with the windows dropped a little at the top, as in all well-regulated dormitories. And the floor was of polished hard wood, a wide, clear, inviting space, as clean-swept as the floor of a gymnasium, which it much resembled. And there was a high wainscoting of oak, with creamy walls above, upon which, executed in resplendent old-English characters, a number of old-fashioned maxims grimly did their duty by a new and doubtless heedless generation.

"There Is No Royal Road To Learning," they declared, in tones as robust as of old. "Proficiency Is the Reward of Industry."

Well, here obviously was Tom Twitter's dormitory: the rows of sleeping residents made that plain enough; and here, too—as there could be no misunderstanding the significance of the maxims—was the school-room of the Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines. But the Little Girl could make neither head nor tail of the curious paraphernalia of instruction. There was a round globe, for example, gaudily painted in segments of red, white, and blue; and there was a long, cylindrical affair of basket-work open at both ends; and there were hoops, both great and small, one of which, it was plain, had once been stretched with white paper, like the head of a drum, but was now shattered, as if one of Tom Twitter's pupils had impishly jumped straight through it; and there were little wooden chairs, and a little wooden cannon, and a charming see-saw, all painted white and adorned with gilt trimmings; and there was a whole series of velvet-covered pedestals, and various articles of wearing apparel (including a very small top-hat), and a miniature bicycle, and a number of gymnastic appliances for which the Little Girl could discover no reasonable utility whatsoever. And so the Little Girl was mightily mystified; but had she been acquainted with the useful occupations to which highly educated canines may aspire she would at a glance have solved every difficulty which the paraphernalia presented to the understanding.

When Tom Twitter had installed Alexander and patted and smoothed him into contentment with his surprising situation, and when he had whispered to the Little Girl that Alexander's next neighbor was a wealthy little Blue Ribbon Pomeranian, of fashionable lineage, to be sure, but to be commended neither for cleverness nor industry, for the sad young rascal was not yet advanced beyond the Kindergarten Department, though he had been resident quite long enough to have been graduated with modest accomplishments—he led the way back to the shop and there confronted the Little Girl with a proud and sparkling countenance.

"Now," said he, "how about Alexander's education?"

The Little Girl smiled. "I hadn't thought of sending him to school," she chuckled.

"High time to think of it!" Tom Twitter declared, accusingly.

"I really don't know."

"I strongly advise it," urged Tom Twitter; "he's a capable youngster."

"He's not very clever."

"Sharp as a needle!"

"And he's not very well bred."

"As for breeding," said Tom Twitter, loftily, "I may confidentially inform you, my dear, that I find the aristocracy astonishingly dull."

The Little Girl deliberated. "Perhaps," she began, "if the expense—"

"Not a cent of expense!" cried Tom Twitter. "Alexander shall have a scholarship. The Twitter Academy," he ran on, with his chin up, "is amply able to provide free board and tuition for impecunious and deserving dogs—and, indeed, makes a happy practice of doing so." And he bowed. "I'm quite sure," he added, "that Alexander would not only distinguish himself, but honor the institution. The academy would be proud to accept him on any terms."

"We-ell—" the Little Girl yielded.

"Good!" cried Tom Twitter. "I'll make a man of him. Why, my dear," he declared, enthusiastically, "when I get

through with that youngster's education he'll be *worth* twenty-five dollars!"

The Little Girl started. "I think I'll not have him educated," said she.

"But, my dear—"

"No," the Little Girl protested, obstinately. "I don't *want* him to be worth twenty-five dollars. I might have to sell him, you see, to—to—to tide us over."

"Oh, come, now," Tom Twitter begged. "You're not going to be selfish enough to deny Alexander—"

"Oh, my, no!"

"Well, then?"

"We-ell—" the Little Girl yielded for the second time.

"Good!" cried Tom Twitter again. "And now," said he, coming straight to the point, "do you intend Alexander for a professional career?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Vaudeville or circus?"

"Oh, my, no!"

"Exactly!" Tom Twitter agreed. "I understand. What you desire for Alexander is a cultural course designed to advance him in the social graces. Nothing profound—nothing perilous. An excellent idea, my dear! The very thing! Splendid! A little learning of that sort, discreetly employed in after life, will surely further Alexander's fortunes and may fortuitously be the means of introducing him to the fashionable world. —Very well, then," Tom Twitter continued, tapping his forehead and beginning to pace the floor in a determined endeavor to arrange a suitable course of instruction for Alexander according to these specifications. "Let me see. Hum! Precisely!"—and he seemed now to have decided the matter to the satisfaction of his professional wisdom. "I shall recommend, in the circumstances, if you will permit me, a course in Polite Deportment and Parlor Tricks. What d'ye say t' that? Mm-m?"

"It sounds very nice," the Little Girl agreed.

"Permit me to elaborate," said Tom Twitter. And on he rattled, reciting glibly from the published curriculum of the Academy, which he had off by heart, and which anybody might have had to read for the asking, for there was a sheaf of those diverting pamphlets on the counter: "Course in Polite Deportment and Parlor Tricks. Elementary. (*a*) To speak when spoken to; (*b*) to shake the hand when proffered; (*c*) to leap through the arms at the word of command, said arms being held in the form of a hoop with the hands locked; (*d*) to fetch objects of any variety when thrown by the master (or mistress) and remaining in plain view; and (*e*) to counterfeit the appearance of death and to assume the posture of prayer. Same Course, Advanced. (*a*) To sit up on the haunches; (*b*) to perambulate on the posterior extremities; (*c*) to wear a top-hat, by means of an elastic band, when either sitting up on the haunches or perambulating on the posterior extremities; (*d*) to seize between the teeth and there retain a pipe when wearing a top-hat, by means of an elastic band, and sitting up on the haunches or perambulating on the posterior extremities; and (*e*) to simulate the movements of the waltz when in a perpendicular position on the posterior extremities. There!" Tom Twitter concluded, beaming. "How's that?"

"It seems to be very difficult," was the best the Little Girl could manage.

"Difficult? Bosh!" cried Tom Twitter. "You just leave it to Bob Scotch and me. And that reminds me, my dear"—with an accomplished bow; "you really must oblige me by meeting my First Assistant."

"I should like to," said the Little Girl, politely.

"A charming fellow!" Tom Twitter promised.

With a flourish so gallant, indeed, that it exhibited the very essence of the virtue of the Academy's course in Polite Deportment, Tom Twitter bowed and smiled, and raised his eyebrows in a most polite interrogation, and said, "One moment, if you please," and skipped back to the stair. And he whistled "Whee, whee, whee, whee!" as if confidently expecting a response. But there was no response. Not a whisper. Not a stir. The little shop, above and below, was quiet except for a sleepy twittering and the noises of the rampant gale. Tom Twitter was shocked; and he started, and he lifted his eyebrows still higher, and he flushed, and he scowled, and his countenance twisted with indignation, and he whistled "Whee, whee, whee, whee!" once more,



IT WAS STAGE-FRIGHT—NEITHER MORE NOR LESS

this time rapidly, with an outraged assertion of authority. And still there was no response, not a sound of it. And Tom Twitter, quite purple with anger, gasped and snorted, and stamped his foot, and clapped his hands, and whistled once more, as if for the very last time, the hour of grace being past, "Whee—whee—whee—whee!" with such threatening significance that the very dead must have responded to the command.

"There!" Tom Twitter gloated. "That 'll fetch the villain!"

Tom Twitter harkened; the Little Girl harkened. It was a moment most tense and important. And there was a slow stirring above. It was followed—much to the relief of Tom Twitter—by a lazy shuffle which Tom Twitter seemed to understand. And then footsteps sounded from the stair: a thump, a delayed thump-thump, another shuffle, a scratching, a silence, a second scratching, and a slow, heavy thump-thump-thump. Somebody was evidently descending. But who? The Little Girl was distracted. And then a thump from the stair and a thump-thump; and then a pause—and then a long, hopeless, squeaking, lazy yawn. There was no question about the yawn; it was a genuine, grateful yawn, so frank in expression, indeed, that it might have been performed in solitude, and doubtless was executed in the blissful illusion of solitude. And presently the First Assistant, much bored by the necessity, poked his head into the shop, as if wondering what in the world was the matter, and there stood, tired and smiling and fatuous, a golden-brown Collie dog, shaggy, sharp-pointed of nose, exquisitely fashioned, with a white collar apparently just returned from the laundry, and the daintiest of white-tipped feet—immensely bored and desirous of sleep, but still indulgently tolerant of the whimsicalities of Tom Twitter.

"Wake up, Bob Scotch!" cried Tom Twitter. "For shame!"

Bob Scotch wagged his tail.

"My dear," said Tom Twitter to the Little Girl, in the bland manner of one introducing a celebrity, "I present Bob Scotch."

It was a proceeding so formal that the Little Girl barely saved her dignity; she

was on the very point of dropping a courtesy, but she managed to restrain the impulse and merely bowed instead.

"Bob Scotch, you rascal!" cried Tom Twitter. "Come here, sir!"

Bob Scotch shuffled across the floor.

"Sit up, sir," said Tom Twitter, "and shake hands with the Little Lady!"

Bob Scotch sat up and with impeccable politeness offered his paw.

"Isn't he *cute!*" cried the Little Girl.

"Hush!" Tom Twitter whispered. "No flattery, if you please. The old scoundrel thinks quite enough of himself as it is."

Presently after that Tom Twitter said good night to the Little Girl and turned to his evening paper.

Just as it happens in stories, all too frequently, so, too, upon occasion, it happens in real life, as in the case of the Little Girl and her grandfather, that Persons of Refinement come to Poverty. Let Death lay hands upon father and mother—let Evil Fortune step in to finish the miserable business—and the surviving members of the family may be transported in a flash, as upon an evil magic carpet, from a Condition of Affluence to the Impecunious Circumstances of a Tenement Room. During the month following Alexander's reception into the infirmary of the Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines, in the course of which the Little Girl came often to discover the youngster's welfare and progress, Tom Twitter learned, putting this and that together from a stream of ingenuous chatter, that the Little Girl lived alone with her grandfather in that mean neighborhood. Tom Twitter learned, moreover, that the Little Girl's grandfather, a Veteran of the Civil War, not having been disabled by those gallant services, had with much spirit refused a pension. Tom Twitter learned that the Little Girl's grandfather, though a Veteran, had lost his job through no fault of his own, but that, with conspicuous courage and hope, he was looking for another, meanwhile accomplishing what he could, in small ways, to "tide things over." But Tom Twitter did not learn—for he knew it already—that persons of refinement are particular. And knowing this, Tom Twitter, an obliging old fellow, from the first evening of the Little Girl's return to inquire for Alexander until the very day when that jovial canine should be graduated from the institution, puzzled his wits to devise a plan of his own for "tiding over" the Little Girl's establishment, but without the least success whatsoever.

Visiting-day came along, to be sure—that visiting-day which should witness the restored Alexander's public performance and graduation from the Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines. And the morning of the day passed, and noon came, and two o'clock of the afternoon, and half after three; and at four o'clock to the minute the Little Girl, her woes all forgotten, arrived in a state of delicious trepidation at Tom Twitter's door. It was a clear day, blue and nippy and sunshiny; and there was a row of equipages drawn up at the curb, with coachmen and footmen and chauffeurs stamping about and swinging their arms and growling and gossiping. And within there was a vast excitement: old Tom Twitter in his glory, looking more like a robin than ever, in a tight cutaway coat with stiff tails, and tight breeches, and a very high collar, and a very bright cravat, and with a charming and indefatigable smile, and with a voice all chirps and twitters; and there was a round dozen of joyous little boys and girls, little fashionables, every one of them, with maids attached to some, and governesses to others, and a jovial tutor to one spectacled little rascal, and all laughing and chattering in free delight. And the schoolroom was in festal array — bunting and flowers; and there were comfortable audience chairs at one end, and a semicircle of velvet-covered pedestals at the other, upon which, groomed for the occasion, sat Tom Twitter's pupils, wagging and panting and grinning and squirming in the most excited fashion.

There, too, to be sure, in abounding good humor and good health, occupying a higher pedestal in the middle of the semicircle, as if a seat of honor, sat Alexander. And midway of the exercises, in a speech of the neatest description, Tom Twitter, having first referred in complimentary terms to a young pupil of exemplary ambition and studious habits, called upon Alexander to illustrate, by

means of a short performance, the truth of the excellent maxim that "Proficiency Is the Reward of Industry." It is true that in response to this invitation Alexander descended from the pedestal; it is true that he advanced to the middle of the floor; it is true that he squatted there, one ear up and one ear down, as if perfectly willing to begin and perfectly capable of indefinitely continuing; but it must most unhappily be related that when Tom Twitter bade him execute the elementary exercise of sitting up, Alexander did nothing of the sort. It was stage-fright—neither more nor less. Alexander shivered and grinned and hung his head and nervously lifted one little paw after the other and looked about in pitiful and abject embarrassment. And Tom Twitter was embarrassed, too, and the Little Girl was so chagrined that she flushed like a peony in bloom; and Bob Scotch—old Bob Scotch who had devoted a vast amount of labor to illustrating for Alexander's benefit every single command that Tom Twitter voiced in the weary process of tuition—poor old Bob Scotch was disgusted.

It was Bob Scotch, however, who saved the situation; for Bob Scotch, having slyly retired apart, but not beyond Alexander's cognizance, promptly and conspicuously sat up when Tom Twitter next commanded that evolution. And Alexander, his wits restored by this clandestine hint, immediately sat up as if of his own notion; and after that he had no difficulty whatsoever in covering himself with glory, for he not only assumed the posture of prayer, perambulated on the posterior extremities, and fulfilled every other requirement of the course in Polite Deportment and Parlor Tricks, but with surprising ease and elegance performed a feat or two from the course in Advanced Acrobatics; which is to say that he stood on his head, rolled the globe about, leaped through the paper-covered hoop, turned a somersault in mid-air, and walked about on his forelegs as if he had been born to that fashion of perambulation. It was a glorious triumph; and when it was all over—and when Tom Twitter had snapped his fingers to signify the conclusion—and in the midst of the cheers and hand-clapping—the accomplished Alexander bolted for the Little Girl and sprang right into her arms. And for a moment the Little Girl heard nothing of the applause, saw nothing of the smiling faces roundabout, her heart was thumping so hard with delight and her eyes were so blinded with grateful tears.

"And now, young gentlemen," cried Tom Twitter, turning to the frisking semicircle of pupils, "the college yell!"



"HE WANTS TO BUY MY DOG!" SHE WAILED

The college yell was uproariously accomplished — a splendid, stirring confusion of howls, yelps, and growls! Never before, indeed, since those savage times in which the college yell originated, had a yell of such triumphant, defiant, altogether blood-curdling quality been uttered as the college yell—or yelp (as you will) —of the Tom Twitter Academy for the Higher Education of Canines upon that happy occasion. And upon the last fearsome growl of it there followed the bustle and chatter of congratulatory leave-taking; and in the midst of this polite behavior—while Tom Twitter and old Bob Scotch displayed the exquisite quality of their deportment at the school-room door —the Little Girl was all at once confronted by the master of the Blue Ribbon Pomeranian, which had conspicuously failed of even the most elementary success in the preliminary exercises. Master Eton Collar, his sturdy person polished from his toes to his cowlick, stood now genially scowling—a feat which the young gentleman actually accomplished — with his hands in his pockets, his fat legs spread, his black eyes sparkling in covetous regard of the talented Alexander.



"'ANG THE TERMS! DAWG'S ENGAGED, I TELL YOU!"

"Give you five dollars for your dog," said he.

The Little Girl regarded Master Eton Collar with as near an approach to scorn as her tender little heart would allow. "Thank you," said she, frigidly. "He isn't for sale."

"Give you six."

"No, thank you."

"Seven."

"But he isn't for sale."

"Give you ten."

"Stop!" cried the Little Girl. "You—you—*mustn't!*"

"Fifteen."

"Oh, please stop!" the little girl cried again, her eyes flooding with tears. "If you — if you — don't stop instantly—I'll—I'll *have* to sell him!"

"Give you twenty," said Eton Collar, promptly.

"Oh, I can't!" the Little Girl moaned, knowing well enough that she must. Yes, she must! T-t-t-twenty d-d-dollars? Indeed, she must! And she kissed Alexander in frantic alarm and grief. "Oh, please go home!" she begged of the little boy. "Oh, please go 'way!" Tom Twitter then approaching, having shaken the hand of the last little patron, she appealed wildly to him. "He wants to buy my dog!" she wailed. "He—he—he has a dog of his own—and now he wants—he w-w-wants mine! He has everything—they all have everything — and they w-w-want m-m-more! Oh, I don't want him to have my dog! Oh—oh—I w-w-want to k-k-keep my own dog!" And then she began hopelessly to sob, choking out, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" the while in the most heartrending way.

"Twenty-five," said Eton Collar, unperturbed.

"Don't you take it!" cried the frenzied Tom Twitter.

"Twenty-five," Eton Collar repeated.

"No!" shouted Tom Twitter.

The Little Girl took heart from Tom Twitter's significant vehemence. "I won't!" she screamed in a fury.

Eton Collar laughed. "I want that pup all right," said the sophisticated young jackanapes to Tom Twitter, "but I'll be darned if I'll be stung for him!"

When Master Eton Collar was gone his way in the tonneau of his motor-car—and when the curb was deserted of coachmen and footmen and sulky chauffeurs and of equipages of every description—and when Tom Twitter's little shop had gratefully lapsed from its feverish attack of fashion to a normal condition of gentle twitters and chirps—and when Tom Twitter had soothed the Little Girl's sobs and had promised to ease her conscience in respect to the continued possession of Alexander — a most extraordinary coincidence occurred. As in stories, so, too, in real life, as in the case of the Little Girl and Alexander, coincidence frequently plays a beneficent part. Paul Pilligrumble popped in; which is to say that Colonel Paul Pilligrumble of Paul Pilligrumble's Performing Poodles providentially peregrinated within on two violently agitated posterior extremities. And this self-same Paul Pilligrumble—a stout, rubicund individual, with a luxuriant, inky mustache curling thrice at the ends in a very fierce fashion, his whole person inevitably suggesting the romantic corollary of a gold-braided red coat, a pair of glistening Wellington boots, and a cracking whip—this self-same Paul Pilligrumble was in possession of a preposterously pertinent proposition.

"Twitter," he gasped, in instant haste and need, not even waiting to catch his breath, "'ave you got a clever dawg 'ere I can 'ave for a week or two?"

"A poodle?"

"Don't care a 'ang w'at 'e is. My clown's ill. I want a dawg—any kind of a dawg—that can do a comedy turn."

"Pilligrumble," said Tom Twitter, beaming, "this is positively providential! I have the cleverest youngster—"

"Dawg's engaged."

"But—"

"Dawg's engaged!"

"I say, Pilligrumble, the terms—"

"'Ang the terms! Dawg's engaged, I tell you!"

Tom Twitter turned to the Little Girl. "My dear," said he, diffidently, "it is a remunerative opportunity. And Alexander is quite equal to it. Would you mind very much—would you—would you really mind very much—if Alexander should accept a temporary engagement on the vaudeville stage?"

"I think it would be a perfectly lovely experience for him," replied the Little Girl, positively.

Later, when the Little Girl, having left a warm little kiss on old Tom Twitter's boyish cheek in sentient proof of thanks and everlasting friendship, and with such dear trustfulness that Tom Twitter's eyes twinkled more with established love than anything else—when the Little Girl, I say, was gone happily home with the first week's instalment of Alexander's wages in her pocket, and was gone home, too, with the comfortable assurance in her grateful little heart that the talented and best-beloved Alexander would keep the pot a-boiling until the Veteran fell into other employment (which, indeed, the precocious Alexander managed to do); and when the lamps were trimmed in the shop, and the wind was about its melancholy business in the night, and the stove had been furiously shaken into a proper understanding of its duty; and when old Tom Twitter had read every word of his paper, greatly to his dissatisfaction with the political condition of both state and nation, not to mention his disgust with a corrupt municipal administration; and when he had stood for a moment in the middle of the floor, his eyes flashing with jovial friendliness, his legs spread wide, his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, he went "Tweet, tweet!" with ingratiating sweetness, and at once the familiar place, which was already glowing with light and warmth, awoke to vociferous reply.

There was a great storm of twitters and chirps in emphatic approval.

"Tweet!" Mr. Twitter delightedly agreed.

And I think so, too!

Spring Plowing, a Canadian Pastoral, by Horatio Walker

FEW among our foremost artists have fluctuated so little in aim and manner of expression as Horatio Walker. While his characteristics are French, they differ from those set up as French standards. His pictures show no gaiety nor any consciousness of Paris, but they carry a sense of life, a healthy relation to nature, and a clearness of meaning. For years he has portrayed with tremendous seriousness the humble scenes of farm life—men plowing, sheep-shearing, wood-cutting—and his pictures have a gravity almost to the extent of being religious, because of his devotion to nature. If he received any impetus from Millet, he has digested whatever he may have taken from that painter of the soil. Besides, something in the air of this Western continent has infused more hopefulness into his rural scenes, and his pictures have the power of lifting the mind out of its daily course, sounding the mystery with which reality is surrounded. There is no suggestion of artifice in them. His peasants are part of the life he portrays, and while his scenes are rural, they are never savage. In peaceful fields men work at sunrise or sunset under skies filled with mysterious light. He never gives us agitated action nor arbitrary arrangements of figures, but merely every-day farm life in its varying seasons, marked by dignity and a quiet mood of contemplation, and by kindliness of feeling toward his peasants and their charges. Everything seems silent and in reverie. Men and animals move quietly, and landscapes melt away in vague mists. He feels the mood and catches the transient beauty of the hour, the accidental glory of the day. This note of transitoriness is sounded through all his work. Back of the commonplace scenes remains the message of aspiration, struggle, defeat—all the various emotions that underlie the round of daily duties, through which the artist quickens our ideals. What he paints is only a vehicle to express himself. Nature's reality is a means, not an end.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



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SPRING PLOWING, A CANADIAN PASTORAL, BY HORATIO WALKER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Owned by Alexander C. Humphreys, LL.D.

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XVIII

LANDRASSY'S LAST STROKE

MIDNIGHT—one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. Big Ben boomed the hours, and from St. James' Palace came the stroke of the quarters, lighter, quicker, almost pensive in tone. From St. James' Street below came no sounds at last. The clatter of the hoofs of hansom horses had ceased, the rumble of drays carrying their night freights, the shouts of the newsboys making sensation out of rumors made in a newspaper office, had died away. Peace came, and a silver moon gave forth a soft light which embalmed the old thoroughfare, and added a tenderness to its workaday dignity. In only one window was there a light at three o'clock. It was the window of Ian Stafford's sitting-room.

He had not left the Foreign Office till nearly ten o'clock, then had had a light supper at his club, and had written letters there, and after a long walk up and down the Mall had, with reluctant feet, gone to his chambers.

The work which for years he had striven to do for England had been accomplished. The Great Understanding was complete. In the words of the secretary of the American Embassy, "Mennaval had delivered the goods," and an arrangement had been arrived at, completed this very night, which would leave England free to face her coming trial in South Africa without fear of trouble on her flank or in the rear.

The key was turned in the lock, and that lock had been the original device and design of Ian Stafford. He had done a great work for civilization and humanity; he had made improbable, if not impossible, a European war. The Kaiser knew it, Franz Joseph knew it, Nicholas knew it, the White House knew it, and its master nodded with satisfaction, for John Bull was "waking up"—getting a move on. America might have her own family quarrel with John Bull, but when it was John Bull *versus* the world, not even James G. Blaine would have been prepared to see the old lion too deeply wounded. Even Landrassy, ambassador of Slavonia, had smiled grimly when he met Ian Stafford on the steps of the Moravian Embassy. He was artist enough to appreciate a well-played game, and, in any case, he had had done all that mortal man could in the way of intrigue and tact and device. He had worked the international press as well as it had ever been worked; he had distilled poison here and rose-water there; he had again and again baffled the English Foreign Office, again and again cut the ground from under Ian Stafford's feet; and if he could have staved off the pact, the secret international pact, by one more day, he would have gained the victory for himself, for his country, for the alliance behind him.

One day, but one day, and the world would never have heard of Ian Stafford! England would then have approached her conflict with the cup of trembling at her lips, and there would be a new disposition of power in Europe, a new dominating force in the diplomacy and the relations of the peoples of the world. It was Landrassy's own last battlefield of wit and scheming, of intellect and ambition. If he failed in this, his sun would set soon. He was too old to carry on much longer. He could not afford to wait. He was at the end of his career, and he had meant this victory to be the crown of his long services to Slavonia and the world.

But to him was opposed a man who was at the beginning of his career, who needed this victory to give him such a start as few men get in that field of retarded rewards, Diplomacy. It had been a man at the end of the journey, and a man at the beginning, measuring skill, playing as desperate a game as was ever played. If Landrassy won—Europe a red battlefield, England at bay; if Ian Stafford won—Europe at peace, England secure. Ambi-

tion and patriotism intermingled, and only He who made human nature knew how much was pure patriotism and how much pure ambition. It was a great stake. On this day of days to Stafford destiny hung trembling, each hour that passed was throbbing with unparalleled anxiety, each minute of it was to be the drum-beat of a funeral march or the note of a *Te Deum*.

Not more uncertain was the roulette-wheel spinning in De Lancy Scovel's house than the wheel of diplomacy which Ian Stafford had set spinning. *Rouge ou noir* —it was no more, no less. But Ian had won; England had won—black had been beaten.

Landrassy bowed suavely to Ian as they met outside Mennaval's door in the early evening of this day, when the business was accomplished, the former coming out, the latter going in.

"Well, Stafford," Landrassy said in smooth tones and with a jerk of the head backward, "the tables are deserted, the croupier is going home. But perhaps you have not come to play?"

Ian smiled lightly. "I've come to get my winnings—as you say," he retorted.

Landrassy seemed to meditate pensively. "Ah yes, ah yes, but I'm not sure that Mennaval hasn't bolted with the bank and your winnings, too!"

His meaning was clear—and hateful. Before Ian had a chance to reply, Landrassy added in a low, confidential voice, saturated with sardonic suggestion, "To tell you the truth," he said, "I had ceased to reckon with women in diplomacy. I thought it was dropped with the Second Empire; but you have started a new dispensation—*évidemment, évidemment*. . . . Still Mennaval goes home with your winnings. *Eh, bien,* we have to pay for our game! *Allons gai!*"

Before Ian could reply—and what was there to reply to insult couched in highly diplomatic language?—Landrassy had stepped sedately away, swinging his gold-headed cane and humming to himself.

"Dueling had its merits," Ian said to himself, as soon as he had recovered from the first effect of the soft, savage insolence. "There is no way to deal with our Landrassys except that, except to beat them, as I have done, in the business of life."

He tossed his head with a little pardonable pride, as it were, to soothe his heart, and then went in to Mennaval. There, in the arrangements to be made with Moravia he forgot the galling incident; and for hours afterward it was set aside. When, however, he left his club after supper, and after scribbling letters which he put in his pocket absent-mindedly, and having completed his work at the Foreign Office, it came back to his mind with sudden and scorching force.

Landrassy's insult to Jasmine rankled as nothing had ever rankled in his mind before, not even that letter which she had written him so long ago announcing her intended marriage to Byng. He was fresh from the first triumph of his life: he ought to be singing with joy, shouting to the four corners of the universe his pride, walking on air, finding the world a good, kind place made especially for him—his oyster to open, his nut which he had cracked; yet here he was fresh from the applause of his chief, with a strange heaviness at his heart, a gloom upon his mind out of all keeping with the Splendid Fact.

Victory in his great fight—and love; he had them both; and so he said to himself as he opened the door of his rooms and entered upon their comfort and quiet. He had love, and he had success; and the one had helped to give him the other, helped in a way which was wonderful, and so brilliantly skilful and delicate! As he poured out a glass of water, however, the thought stung him that the nature of the success and its value depended on the nature of the love and its value. As the love was, so was the success, no higher, no different, since the one, in some deep way, begot the other. Yes, it was certain that the thing could not have been done at this time without Jasmine, and if not at this time, then the chances were a thousand to one that it never could be done at any time; for England's enemies would be on her back while she would have to fight in South Africa. The result of that would mean a shattered, humiliated land, with a people in pawn to the will of a rising power across the northern sea. That it had been prevented just in the nick of time was due to Jasmine, his fate, the power that must beat in his veins till the end of all things.

Yet what was the end to be? To-day he had buried his face in that wonderful cloud of hair and had kissed her; and with it, almost on the instant, had come the end of his great struggle for England and himself; and for that he

was willing to pay any price that time and Nemesis might demand—any price save one.

As he thought of that one price his lips tightened, his brow clouded, his eyes half closed with shame.

Rudyard Byng was his friend, whose bread he had eaten, whom he had known since they were boys at school. He remembered acutely Rudyard's words to him that fateful night when he had dined with Jasmine alone—"You will have much to talk about, to say to each other, such old friends as you are." He recalled how Rudyard had left them, trusting them, happy in the thought that Jasmine would have a pleasant evening with the old friend who had first introduced him to her, and that the old friend would enjoy his eager hospitality. Rudyard had blown his friend's trumpet wherever men would listen to him; had proclaimed Stafford as the coming man; and this was what he had done to Rudyard!

This was what he had done; but what did he propose to do? What of the future? To go on in secret, in miserable intrigue, degrading to mind and body, twisting the nature, making demands upon life out of all those usual ways in which walk love and companionship—paths that lead through gardens of poppies, maybe, but finding gray wilderness at the end? Never, "Alone and absolute and free"; never the right to take the loved one by the hand before all the world and say: "We two are one, and the reckoning of the world must be made with both." Never to have the right to stand together in pride before the wide-eyed many and say: "See what you choose to see, say what you choose to say, do what you choose to do—we do not care." The open sharing of worldly success; the inner joys which the world may not see —these things could not be for Jasmine and for him.

Yet he loved her. Every fibre in his being thrilled to the thought of her. But as his passion beat like wild music in his veins, a blindness suddenly stole into his sight, and in deep agitation he got up, opened the window, and looked out into the night. For long he stood gazing into the quiet street, and watched a daughter of the night, with dilatory steps and neglected mien, go up towards the more frequented quarter of Piccadilly. Life was grim in so much of it, futile in more, feeble at the best, foolish in the light of a single generation or a single century or a thousand years! It was only reasonable in the vast proportions of eternity. It had only little sips of happiness to give, not long draughts of joy. Who drank deep, long draughts? Who of all the men and women he had ever known? Who had had the primrose path without the rain of fire, the cinders beneath the feet, the gins and the nets spread for them?

Yet might it not be that here and there people were permanently happy? And had things been different, might not he and Jasmine have been of the radiant few? He desired her above all things; he was willing to sacrifice all—all for her, if need be; and yet there was that which he could not, would not face. All or nothing—all or nothing! If he must drink of the cup of sorrow and passion mixed, then it would be from the full cup.

With a stifled exclamation he sat down and began to write. Again and again he stopped to think, his face lined and worn and old; then he wrote on and on. Ambition, hope, youth, the Foreign Office, the chancelleries of Europe, the perils of impending war, were all forgotten, or sunk into the dusky streams of subconsciousness. One thought dominated him. He was playing the game that has baffled all men, the game of eluding destiny; and, like all men, he must break his heart in the playing.

"Jasmine," he wrote, "this letter, this first real letter of love which I have ever written you, will tell you how great that love is. It will tell you, too, what it means to me, and what I see before us. To-day I surrendered to you all of me that would be worth your while keeping, if it was so that you might take and keep it. When I kissed you, I set the seal upon my eternal offering to you. You have given me success. It is for that I thank you with all my soul, but it is not for that I love you. Love flows from other fountains than gratitude. It rises from the well which has its springs at the beginning of the world, where those beings lived who loved before there were any gods at all, or any faiths, or any truths save the truth of being.

"But it is because what I feel belongs to something in me deeper than I have ever known that, since we parted a few hours ago, I see all in a new light. You have brought to me what perhaps could only have come as it did—through fire and cloud and storm. I did not will it so, indeed, I did not wish it so, as you know; but it came in spite of all. And

I shall speak to you of it as to my own soul. I want no illusions, no self-deception, no pretense to be added to my debt to you. With wide-open eyes I want to look at it. I know, how well I know, that this love of mine for you is my fate, the first and the last passion of my soul! And to have known it with all its misery,—for misery there must be; misery, Jasmine, there is—to have known it, to have felt it, the great overwhelming thing, goes far to compensate for all the loss it so terribly exposes. It has brought me, too, my life's ambition. With the full revelation of all that I feel for you came that which gives me place in the world, confers on me the right to open doors which otherwise were closed to me. You have done this for me; but what have I done for you! . . . One thing is forced upon me, which I must do now while I have the sight to see and the mind to understand.

"I cannot go on with things as they are. I cannot face Rudyard, and give myself to hourly deception. I think that yesterday, a month ago, I could have done so, but not now. I cannot walk the path which will be paved with revolting things—revolting to us both. My love for you, damnable as it would seem in the world's eyes, prevents it. It is not small enough to be sustained or made secure in its fulfilment by the devices of intrigue. And I know that if it is so with me, it must be a thousand times so with you. Your beauty would fade and pass under the stress and meanness of it; your heart would reproach me even when you smiled; you would learn to hate me even when you were resting upon my hungry heart. You would learn to loathe the day when you said, Let me help you. Yet, Jasmine, I know that you are mine; that you were mine long ago, even when you did not know, and were captured by opportunity to do what, with me, you felt you could not do. You were captured by it; but it has not proved what it promised. You have not made the best of the power into which you came, and you could not do so, because the spring from which all the enriching waters of married life flow was dry. Poor Jasmine! poor illusion of a wild young heart which reached out for the golden city of the mirage!

"But now! . . . Two ways spread out, and only two, and one of these two I must take—for your sake. There is the third way, but I will not take it—for your sake and for my own. I will not walk in it ever. Already my feet are burned by the fiery path, already I am choked by the smoke and the ashes. No. I cannot atone for what has been, but I can try and gather up the chances that are left.

"You must come with me away—away, to start life afresh, somewhere, somehow; or I must go alone on some enterprise from which I shall not return. You cannot bear what is, but, together, having braved the world, we could look into each other's eyes without shrinking, knowing that we had been at least true to each other, true at the last to the thing that binds us, taking what Fate gave without repining, because we had faced all that the world can do against us. It would mean that I should leave diplomacy forever, give up all that so far has possessed me in the business of life; but I should not lament. I have done the one big thing I wanted to do, I have cut a swath in the field. I have made some principalities and powers reckon with me. It may be I have done all I was meant to do in doing that—it may be. In any case, the thing I did would stand as an accomplished work, it would represent one definite and original thing; one piece of work in design all my own, in accomplishment as much yours as mine. . . . To go then—together—with only the one big violence to the conventions of the world, and take the law into our own hands? Rudyard, who understands life's violence, would understand that; what he could never understand would be perpetual artifice, unseemly secretiveness. He himself would have been a great filibuster in the olden days; he would have carried off the wives and daughters of the chiefs and kings he conquered; but he would never have stolen into the secret garden at night and filched with the hand of the sneak-thief—never.

"To go with me—away, and start afresh. There will be always work to do, always humanity that suffers to be helped. We should help because we would have suffered, we should try to set right the one great mistake you made in not coming to me fulfilling the old promise long ago. To set that error right, even though it be by wronging Rudyard by one great stroke; that is better than hourly wronging him now with no surcease of that wrong. No, no, this cannot go on! You could not have it so. I seem to feel that you are writing to me now, telling me to begone forever, saying that you had given me gifts—success and love; and now to go and leave you in peace.

"Peace, Jasmine, it is that we cry for, pray for, adjure the heavens for in the end. And all this vast passionate love of mine is the strife of the soul for peace, for fruition.

"That peace we may have in another way: That I should go forever, now, before the terrible bond of habit has done its work, and bound us in chains that never fall, that even remain when love is dead and gone, binding the cold *cadre* to the living pain. To go now, with something accomplished, and turn my back forever on the world, with one last effort to do the impossible thing for some great cause, and fail and be lost forever—*do you not understand?* Face it, Jasmine, and try and

see it in its true light. . . . I have a friend, John Caxton—you know him. He is going to the Antarctic to find the futile thing, but the necessary thing so far as the knowledge of the world is concerned. With him, then, that long quiet, and in the far white spaces to find Peace—forever!

"You? . . . Ah, Jasmine, habit, the habit of enduring me, is not fixed, and in my exit there would be the agony of the moment, and then the comforting knowledge that I had done my best to set things right. Perhaps it *is* the one way to set things right; the fairest to you, the kindest, and that which has in it most love. The knowledge of a great love ended—yours and mine—would help you to give what you can give with fuller soul. And, maybe, to be happy with Rudyard at the last! Maybe, to be happy with him, without this wonderful throbbing pulse of being, but with quiet, and to get a measure of what is due to you in the scheme of things. Destiny gives us in life so much and no more: To some a great deal in a little time, to others a little over a great deal of time, but never the full cup and the shining sky over long years. One's share—small it must be, but one's share! And it may be, in what has come to-day, in the hour of my triumph, in the business of life, in the one hour of revealing love, it may be I have had my share. . . . And if that is so, then Peace should be my goal, and Peace I can have yonder in the snows. No one would guess that it was not accident, and I should feel sure that I had stopped in time to save you from the worst. But it must be the one or the other.

"The third way I cannot, will not, take; nor would you take it willingly. It would sear your heart and spirit, it would spoil all that makes you what you are. Jasmine, once for all I am your lover and your friend. I give you love and I give you friendship — whatever comes; always that, always friendship. *Tempus fugit sed amicitia est.*

"In my veins is a river of fire, and my heart is wrenched with pain; but in my soul is that which binds me to you, together or apart, in life, in death. . . . Good night. . . . Good morrow.

"Your Man,

"IAN.

"P.S.—I will come for your reply at eleven to-morrow.

"IAN."

He folded the letter slowly and placed it in an envelope which was lying loose on the desk with the letters he had written at the Trafalgar Club, and had forgotten to post. When he had put the letter inside the envelope and stamped it, he saw that the envelope was one carrying the mark of the Club. By accident he had brought it with the letters written there. He hesitated a moment, then refrained from opening the letter again, and presently went out into the night and posted all his letters.

CHAPTER XIX

"TO-MORROW . . . PREPARE!"

KROOL did not sleep. What he read in a letter he had found in a hallway, what he knew of those dark events in South Africa, now to culminate in a bitter war, and what, with the mysterious psychic instinct of race, he divined darkly and powerfully, all kept his eyes unsleeping and his mind disordered. More than any one, he knew of the inner story of the Baas's *vrauw* during the past weeks and years; also he had knowledge of what was soon to empty out upon the groaning earth the entrails of South Africa, but how he knew was not to be discovered. Even Rudyard, who thought he read him like a book, only lived on the outer boundaries of his character. Their alliance was only the durable alliance of those who have seen Death at their door, and together have driven him back.

Barry Whalen had regarded Krool as a spy; all Britishers who came and went in the path to Rudyard's door had their doubts or their dislike of him; and to every servant of the household he was a dark and isolated figure. He never interfered with the acts of his fellow-servants, except in so far as those acts affected his master's comfort; and he paid no attention to their words except where they affected himself.

"When you think it's a ghost, it's only Krool wanderin' w'ere he ain't got no business," was the angry remark of the upper housemaid, whom his sudden appearance had startled in a dim passage one day.

"Lor! what a turn you give me, Mr. Krool, spookin' about where there's no call for you to be," she had said to him, and below stairs she had enlarged upon his enormities greatly.

"And Mrs. Byng, she not like him better as we do," was the comment of Marie, the lady's maid. "A snake in the grass—that is what Madame think, *bien sur*."

Slowly the night passed for Krool. His disturbed brain was like some dark wood through which flew songless birds with

wings of night; through which sped the furtive dwellers of the grass and the earth-covert. The real and the imaginative crowded the dark purlieus. He was the victim of his blood, his beginnings off there beyond the Limpopo, where the veldt was swept by the lightning and the storm, the home of wild dreams, and of a loneliness terrible and strange, to which the man who once had tasted its awful pleasures returned and returned again, until he was, at the last, part of its loneliness, its woeful agitations and its uncanny reposeless quiet.

It was not possible for him to think or be like pure white people, to do as they did.. He was a child of the kopje, the spruit, and the wild veldt, where men dwelt with weird beings which were not men—presences that whispered, telling them of things to come, blowing the warnings of Destiny across the waste, over thousands and thousands of miles. Such as he always became apart and lonely because of this companionship of silence and the unseen. More and more they withdrew themselves, unwittingly and painfully, from the understanding and companionship of the usual matter-of-fact, commonplace, sensible people—the settler, the emigrant, and the British man. Sinister they became, but with the helplessness of those in whom the under-spirit of life has been working, estranging them, even against their will, from the rest of the world.

So Krool, estranged, lonely, even in the heart of friendly, pushing, jostling London, still was haunted by presences which whispered to him, not with the old clearness of bygone days, but with confused utterances and clouded meaning; and yet sufficient in dark suggestion for him to know that ill happenings were at hand, and that he would be in the midst of them, an instrument of Fate. All night strange shapes trooped past his clouded eyes, and more than once, in a half-dream, he called out to his master to help him as he helped him long ago when that master rescued him from death.

Long before the rest of the house was stirring, Krool wandered hither and thither through the luxurious rooms, vainly endeavoring to occupy himself with his master's clothes, boots, and belongings. At last he stole into Byng's room and, stooping, laid something on the floor; then reclaiming the two cables which Rudyard had read, crumpled up, and thrown away, he crept stealthily from the room. His face had a sombre and forbidding pleasure as he read by the early morning light the discarded messages with their thunderous warnings, "*To-morrow . . . Prepare!*"

He knew their meaning well enough. "*To-morrow*" was here, and it would bring the challenge from Oom Paul to try the might of England against the iron courage of those to whom the Virkleur was the symbol of sovereignty from sea to sea and the ruin of the Rooinek.

"*Prepare!*" He knew vastly more than those responsible men in position or in high office, who should know a thousand times as much more. He knew so much that was useful—to Oom Paul; but what he knew he did not himself convey, though it reached those who welcomed it eagerly and grimly. All that he knew, another also near to the Baas also knew, and knew it before Krool; and reaped the reward of knowing.

Krool did not himself need to betray the Baas direct; and, with the reasoning of the Kaffir in him, he found it possible to let another be the means and the messenger of betrayal. So he soothed his conscience.

A little time before they had all gone to Glencader, however, he had discovered something concerning this agent of Paul Kruger in the heart of the Outlander camp, whom he employed, which had roused in him the worst passions of an outcast mind. Since then there had been no trafficking with the traitor—the double traitor, whom he was now plotting to destroy, not because he was a traitor to his country, but because he was a traitor to the Baas. In his evil way, he loved his master as a Caliban might love an Apollo. That his devotion took forms abnormal and savage in their nature was due to his origin and his blood. That he plotted to secure the betrayal of the Baas's country and the Outlander interest, while he would have given his life for the Baas, was but the twisted sense of a perverted soul.

He had one obsession now—to destroy Adrian Fellowes, his agent for Paul Kruger in the secret places of British policy and in its house of the Partners, as it were. But how should it be done? What would be the means? On the very day in which Oom Paul would send his ultimatum, the means came to his hand.

"*Prepare!*" the cable to the Baas had read. The Baas would be prepared for the thunderbolt to be hurled from Pretoria; but he would have no preparation for the

thunderbolt which would fall at his feet this day in this house, where white roses welcomed the visitor at the doorway and the beauty of Titians and Botticellis and Goyos greeted him in the luxuriant chambers. "*Prepare!*" . . . There would be no preparation for that war which rages most violently at a fireside and in the human heart.

CHAPTER XX

THE FURNACE DOOR

IT was past nine o'clock when Rudyard wakened. It was nearly ten before he turned to leave his room for breakfast. As he did so he stooped and picked up an open letter lying on the floor near the door.

His brain was dazed and still surging with the terrible thoughts which had agonized him the night before. He was as in a dream, and was only vaguely conscious of the fugitive letter. He was wondering whether he would go at once to Jasmine or wait until he had finished breakfast. Opening the door of his room, he saw the maid entering to Jasmine with a gown over her arm.

No, he would not go to her till she was alone, till she was dressed and alone. Then he would tell her all—and take her in his arms, and talk with her, talk as he had never talked before. Slowly, heavily, he went to his study, where his breakfast was always eaten. As he sat down he opened, with uninterested inquiry, the letter he had picked up inside the door of his room. As he did so he vaguely wondered why Krool had overlooked it as he passed in and out. Perhaps Krool had dropped it. . . . His eyes fell on the opening words. . . ! His face turned ashen white. A harsh cry came from him.

At eleven o'clock to the minute Ian Stafford entered Byng's mansion and was being taken to Jasmine's sitting-room, when Rudyard appeared on the staircase, and with a peremptory gesture waved the servant away. Ian was suddenly conscious of a terrible change in Rudyard's appearance. His face was haggard and his warm color had given place to a strange blackish tinge which seemed to underlie the pallor—that deathly look to be found in the faces of those stricken with a mortal disease. All strength and power seemed to have gone from the face, leaving it tragic with uncontrolled suffering. Panic emotion was uppermost. Though his look was savage, it was staring, too—the violence of a powerful but undisciplined nature loosened from its moorings. Desperate and reckless purpose was in his eyes, but the balance was gone from the general character and his natural force was like some great gun loose from its fastenings on the deck of a sea-stricken ship. He was no longer the stalwart Outlander who had done such great work in South Africa and had such power in political London and in international finance. The demoralization which had stealthily gone on for a number of years was suddenly become a *débâcle* of will and body. Of the superb physical coolness and intrepid mind with which he had sprung upon the stage of Covent Garden to rescue Al'mah nothing seemed left; or, if it did remain, it was shocked out of its bearings. His eyes were almost glassy as he looked at Ian Stafford, and animal-like hatred was the dominatimg note of his face and bearing.

"Come with me, Stafford; I want to speak to you," he said, hoarsely. "You've arrived when I wanted you—at the exact time."

"Yes, I said I would come at eleven," responded Stafford, mechanically. "Jasmine expects me at eleven."

"In here," Byng said, pointing to a little morning-room.

As Stafford entered, he saw Krool's face, malign and sombre, show in a doorway of the hall. Was he mistaken in thinking that Krool flashed a look of secret triumph and yet of obscure warning. Warning? There was trouble, strange and dreadful trouble, here; and the wrenching thought had swept into his brain, like some noisome breath, that he was the cause of it all, that he was to be the spring and centre of dreadful happenings.

He was conscious of something else purely objective as he entered the room—of music, the music of a gay light opera being played in the adjoining room, from which this little morning-room was separated only by Indian bead curtains. He saw idle sunlight play upon these beads, as he sat down at the table to which Rudyard motioned him. He was also subconsciously aware who it was that played the piano beyond there with such pleasant skill. Many a time thereafter, in the days to come, he would be awakened in the night by the sound of that music, a love-song from the light opera "The Lady of Lon-

don," which had just caught the ears of the people in the street.

Of one thing he was sure: the end of things had come—the end of all things that life meant to him had come. *Rudyard knew.* Rudyard, sitting there at the other side of the table and leaning toward him with a face where, in control of all else, were hate and panic emotion—*he knew!*

The music in the next room was soft, persistent, and searching. As Ian waited for Rudyard to speak he was conscious that even the words of the silly, futile love-song were running through his mind:

"Not like the roses shall our love be, dear;
Never shall its lovely petals fade;
Singing, it will flourish till the world's last year,
Happy as the song-birds in the glade."

Through it all now came Rudyard's voice.

"I have a letter here," the voice said, and he saw Rudyard slowly take it from his pocket. "I want you to read it, and when you have read it I want you to tell me what you think of the man who wrote it."

He threw a letter down on the table—a square white envelope with the crest of the Trafalgar Club upon it. It lay face downward, waiting for his hand.

So it had come. His letter to Jasmine which told all, Rudyard had read it! And here was the end of everything—the roses faded before they had bloomed an hour. It was not for them to flourish "till the world's last year."

His hand reached out for the letter. With eyes almost blind he raised it, and slowly and mechanically took the document of tragedy from the envelope. Why should Rudyard insist on his reading it? It was a devilish revenge, which he could not resent. But time—he must have time; therefore he would do Rudyard's bidding, and read this thing that he had written, look at it with eyes in which Penalty and Nemesis were gathering their clouds and mists.

So this was the end of it all—friendship gone with the man before him; shame come to the woman he loved; misery to every one; a home-life shattered; and from the souls of three people peace banished for evermore.

He opened out the pages with a slowness that seemed almost apathy, while the man opposite clenched his hands on the table spasmodically. Still the music from the other room with cheap, flippant sensuousness stole through the burdened air:

"Singing, it will flourish till the world's last year—"

He looked at the writing vaguely, blindly. Why should this be exacted of him, this futile penalty? Then all at once his sight cleared; for this handwriting was not his; this letter was not his; these wild, passionate phrases, this terrible suggestiveness of meaning, these references to the past, this appeal for further hours of love together, this tender, this abjectly tender, appeal to Jasmine that she would wear one of his white roses when he saw her the next day—would she not see him between eleven and twelve o'clock?—all these words were not his.

They were written by the man who was playing the piano in the next room, by the man who had come and gone in this house like one who had the right to do so; who had, as it were, fed from Rudyard Byng's hand; who lived on what Byng paid him; who had been trusted with the innermost life of the household and the life and the business of the master of it.

The letter was signed, *Adrian.*

His own face blanched like the face of the man before him. He had braced himself to face the consequences of his own letter to the woman he loved, and he was face to face with the consequences of another man's letter to the same woman, to the woman who—*who had two lovers.* He was face to face with Rudyard's tragedy, and with his own. . . . She, Jasmine, to whom he had given all, for whom he had been ready to give up all—career, fame, existence—was true to none, unfaithful to all, caring for none, but pretending to care for all three—and for how many others? He choked back a cry.

"Well—well?" came the husband's voice across the table. "There's one thing to do, and I mean to do it." He waved a hand towards the music-room. "He's in the next room there. I mean to kill him—to kill him—now. I wanted you to know why, to know all, you, Stafford, my old friend and hers. And I'm going to do it now. Listen to him—curse his soul!"

His words came brokenly and scarce above a whisper, but they were ghastly in their determination, in their loathing, their blind fury. He was gone mad, all the

animal in him alive, the brain tossed and uncontrolled in the fumes of hate.

"Now!" he said, suddenly, and, rising, he pushed back his chair. "Give that to me."

He reached out his hand for the letter, but his confused senses were suddenly arrested by the look in Ian Stafford's face, a look so strange, so poignant, so insistent, that he paused. Words could not have checked his blind haste like that look. In the pause which followed, the music from the other room struck upon the ears of both, with exasperating insistence:

"Not like the roses shall our love be, dear—"

Stafford made no motion to return the letter. He caught and held Rudyard's eyes.

"You ask me to tell you what I think of the man who wrote this letter," he said, thickly and slowly, for he was like one paralyzed, regaining his speech with blanching effort. "Byng, I think what you think, all you think; but I would not do what you want to do."

As he had read the letter the whole horror of the situation had burst upon him. Jasmine had deceived her husband when she turned to himself, and that was to be understood—to be understood, if not to be pardoned. A woman might marry, thinking she cared, and all too soon, sometimes before the second day has dawned, learn that shrinking and repugnance which not even habit can modify or obscure. A girl might be mistaken, with her heart and nature undeveloped, and with that closer intimate life with another of another sex still untried. With the transition from maidenhood to wifehood, fateful beyond all transitions, unmade, they might be mistaken once; as so many have been in the revelations of first intimacy; but not twice, not the second time. It was not possible to be mistaken in so vital a thing twice. This was merely a wilful, mad, miserable degeneracy. Rudyard had been wronged—terribly wronged—by himself, by Jasmine; but he had loved Jasmine since she was a child, before Rudyard came—in truth, he all but possessed her when Rudyard came; and there was some explanation, if no excuse, for that betrayal; but this other, it was incredible, it was monstrous. It was incredible, but yet it was true. Thoughts that overturned all his past, that made a *mêlée* of his life, rushed and whirled through his mind as he read the letter with assumed deliberation when he saw what it was. He read slowly that he might make up his mind how to act, what to say and do in this crisis. To do—what? Jasmine had betrayed him long ago when she had thrown him over for Rudyard, and now she had betrayed him again after she had married Rudyard, and betrayed Rudyard, too; and for whom, this second betrayal? His heart seemed to shrink to nothingness. This business dated far beyond yesterday. The letter furnished that sure evidence.

What to do? Like lightning his mind was made up. What to do? Ah, but one thing to do—only one thing to do—save her at any cost, somehow save her! Whatever she was, whatever she had done, however she had spoiled his life and destroyed forever his faith, yet he too had betrayed this broken man before him, with the look in his eyes of an animal at bay, ready to do the last savage thing. Even as her shameless treatment of himself smote him; lowered him to that dust which is ground from the heels of merciless humanity—even as it sickened his soul beyond recovery in this world, up from the lowest depths of his being there came the indestructible thing. It was the thing that never dies, the love that defies injury, shame, crime, deceit, loneliness, and desertion, and lives pityingly on, knowing all, enduring all, loving yet leaving, desiring no touch, no communion, yet living on, the indestructible thing.

He knew now in a flash what he had to do. He must save her somehow. He saw that Rudyard was armed, and that the end might come at any moment. There was madness in the wronged husband's eyes, the wild, reckless, unseeing thing which disregards consequences, which would rush blindly on the throne of God itself to snatch its vengeance. He spoke, and just in time:

" . . . I think what you think of him, Byng, but I would not do what you want to do. I would do something else."

His voice was strangely quiet, and it had a sharp insistence which caused Rudyard to turn mechanically back to the seat he had just left. Stafford saw the instant's advantage which, if he did not take, all would be lost. With a great effort he simulated great anger and indignation.

"Sit down, Byng," he said, with a gesture of authority. He leaned over the table,

holding the other's eyes, the letter in one clenched hand. "Kill him—," he said, and pointed to the other room, from which came the damnable iteration of the song—

"Singing, it will flourish till the world's last year—"

"you would kill him for his damned insolence, for this infamous attempt to lead your wife astray, but what good will it do to kill him?"

"Not him alone, but her too!" came the savage, uncontrolled voice from the uncontrolled savagery of the soul.

Suddenly a great fear shot up in Stafford's heart. His breath came in sharp, breaking gasps. Had he—had he killed Jasmine?

"You have not—*not her?*"

"No—not yet." The lips of the avenger suddenly ceased twitching, and they shut with ominous certainty.

An iron look came into Stafford's face. He had his chance now. One word, one defense only! It would do all, or all would be lost, sunk in the sea of tragedy. Diplomacy had taught him the gift of control of face and gesture, of meaning in tone and word. He made an effort greater than he had ever put forward in life. He affected an enormous and scornful surprise.

"You think—you dare to think that she —that Jasmine—"

"*Think*, you say! The letter—that letter—!"

"This letter—this letter, Byng—are you a fool? This letter, this mad insolent thing from the universal philanderer, the effeminate erotic! It is what it is, and it is no more than that. Jasmine—you know her. Indiscreet—yes! Always indiscreet in her way, in her own way, and always daring. A coquette always. She has coquetted all her life; she cannot help it. She doesn't even know it. She led him on from sheer wilfulness. What did it matter to her that he was of no account! She led him on, to be at her feet like the rest, like bigger and better men—like us all. Was there ever a time when she did not want to master us? She has coquetted since—ah, you do not know as I do, her old friend! She has coquetted since she was a little child. Coquetted and no more. We have all been her slaves—oh, long before you came—all of us! Look at Mennaval! She—"

With a distracted gesture Byng interrupted. "The world believes the worst. Last night, by accident, I heard at De Lancy Scovel's house that she and Mennaval—and now this—!"

But into the anger, the madness, the desperation in the wild eyes, was now creeping an eager look—not of hope, but such a look as might be in eyes that were striving to see through darkness, looking for a glimmer of day in the black hush of morning before the dawn. It was pitiful to see the strong man tossing on the sea of disordered understanding, a willing castaway, yet stretching out a hand to be saved.

"Oh, last night, Mennaval, you say, and to-day—this!" Stafford held up the letter. "This—why, this means nothing against her, except indiscretion, and indiscretion which would have been nothing if the man had not been what he is. He is of the slime. He does not matter, except that he has dared—!"

"He *has* dared, by God—!"

All Byng's rage came back, the lacerated pride, the offended manhood, the self-esteem which had been spattered by the mud of slander, by the cynical defense, or the pitying solicitude of his friends—of DeLancy Scovel, Barry Whalen, Zobieski the Polish Jew, Fleming, Wolff, and the rest! The pity of these for him—for Rudyard Byng, because the flower in his garden, his Jasmine flower, was swept by the blast of calumny! He sprang from his chair with an ugly oath.

But Stafford stepped in front of him. "Sit down, Byng, or damn yourself forever. If she is innocent—and she is—do you think she would ever live with you again, after you had dragged her name into the dust of the criminal courts and through the reek of the ha'penny press? Do you think Jasmine would ever forgive you for suspecting her? If you want to drive her from you forever, then kill him, and go and tell her that you suspect her. I know her—I have known her all her life, long before you came. I care what becomes of her. She has many who care what becomes of her—her father, her brother, many men, and many women who have seen her grow up without a mother. They understand her, they believe in her, because they have known her over all the years. They know her better than you. Maybe they care for her—maybe any one of them cares for her far more than you do."

Now there came a new look into the big, staring eyes. Byng was as one fascinated; light was breaking in on his rage, his besmirched pride, his vengeance; hope was stealing tremblingly into his face.

"She was more to me than all the world —than twenty worlds. She—"

He hesitated, then his voice broke and his body suddenly shook violently, as tears rose in the far, deep wells of feeling and tried to reach the fevered eyes. He leaned his head in his big, awkward hands.

Stafford saw his advantage and went on quickly. "You have neglected her"—Rudyard's head came up in angry protest —"not wilfully, but you have neglected her. You have been too easy. You should lead, not follow, where a woman is concerned. All women are indiscreet, all are in a little dishonorable on opportunity; but not in the big way, only in the small, contemptible way, according to our code. We men are dishonorable in the big way where they are concerned. You have neglected her, Byng, because you have not said, 'This way, Jasmine. Come with me. I want you; and you must come, and come now.' She wanted your society, wanted you all the time, but while you did not have her on the leash she went playing—playing. That is it, and that is all. And now, if you want to keep her, if you want her to live on with you, I warn you not to tell her that you know of the insult this letter contains, never say a word which would make her think you suspected *her*. If you do, you will say good-bye to her forever. She has bold blood in her veins, rash blood. Her grandfather—"

"I know—I know." The tone was credulous, understanding now. Hope stole into the distorted face.

"She would madly resent your suspicion. She, then, would do the mad thing, not you. She would be as frenzied as you were a moment ago. And she would not listen to reason. She is a woman, and she is Jasmine, with all that her grandfather was in her. If you dared to say outside in the world, if you dared to hint, that you believed her guilty, there are some of her old friends who would feel like doing to you what you want to do to that libertine in there, Al'mah's lover—"

"Good God! Stafford—wait!"

"Oh, I don't mean Barry Whalen, Fleming, De Lancy Scovel, and the rest. They are not her old friends, and they weren't yours once—that breed; but the others who are the best, of whom you come, down there in Herefordshire, in Dorset, and Devon, where your and her people lived, and mine. You have been too long among the Outlanders, Byng. Come back, and bring Jasmine with you. And as for this letter—"

Byng reached out his hand for it.

"No, it contains an insult to your wife. If you get it into your hands, you will read it again, and then you will do some foolish thing, for you have lost grip of yourself. Here is the only place for such stuff —an outburst of sensuality!"

He threw the letter suddenly into the fire. Rudyard sprang to his feet as though to reclaim it, but stood still, bewildered, as he saw Stafford push it farther into the coals.

Silent, they watched it shrivel, such evidence as brings ruin upon men and women in courts of law.

"Leave the whole business—leave Fellowes to me," Stafford said, after a slight pause. "I will deal with him. He shall leave the country to-night. I will see to that. He shall go for three years at least. Do not see him. You will not contain yourself, and for your own chance of happiness with the woman you love, you must do nothing, nothing at all now."

"He has keys, papers—"

"I will see to that; I will see to everything. Now, go, at once. There is enough for you to do. The war, Oom Paul's war, will be on us to-day. Do you hear, Byng —to-day! And you have work to do for this your native country and for South Africa, your adopted country. England and the Transvaal will be at each other's throat before night. You have work to do. Do it. You are needed. Go, and leave this wretched business to me. I will deal with Fellowes—adequately."

The rage had faded from Byng's fevered eyes, and now there was a moisture in them, a look of incalculable relief. To believe in Jasmine, that was everything to him. He had not seen her yet, not since he left the white rose on her pillow last night —Adrian Fellowes' tribute; and after he had read the letter, he had had no wish to see her till he had had his will and done away with Fellowes forever. Then he would see her—for the last time. *And she should die, too,—with himself.* That had been his purpose. Now all was changed.

He would not see her now, not till Fellowes was gone forever. Then he would come again, and say no word which would let her think he knew what Fellowes had written. Yes, Stafford was right. She must not know, and they must start again, begin life again together, a new understanding in his heart, new purposes in their existence. In these few minutes Stafford had taught him much, had showed him where he had been wrong, had revealed to him Jasmine's nature as he never really understood it.

At the door, as Stafford helped him on with a light overcoat, he took a revolver from his pocket.

"That's the proof of what I meant to do," he said. "And this is proof of what I mean to do," he added, as he handed over the revolver, and Stafford's fingers grasped it with a nervous force which Rudyard misinterpreted.

"Ah yes!" he exclaimed, sadly, "you don't quite trust me yet—not quite, Stafford; and I don't wonder; but it's all right. . . . You've been a good, good friend to us both," he added. "I wish Jasmine might know how good a friend you've been. But never mind. We'll pay the debt sometime, somehow, she and I. When shall I see you again?"

At that moment a clear voice rang cheerily in the distance. "Rudyard—where are you, Ruddy?" it called.

A light broke over Byng's haggard face. "Not yet?" he asked Stafford.

"No, not yet," was the reply, and Byng was pushed through the open door into the street.

"Ruddy—where are you, Ruddy?" sang the voice like a morning song.

Then there was silence, save for the music in the room beyond the little room where the two men had sat a few moments ago.

The music was still poured forth, but the tune was changed. Now it was a passage from "Pagliacci," that wonderful passage where the injured husband pours out his soul in agony.

Stafford closed the doors of the little room where he and Byng had sat, and stood an instant listening to the music. He shuddered as the passionate notes swept over his senses. In this music was the note of the character of the man who played—sensuous emotion, sensual delight. There are men who by nature are as the daughters of the night, primary prostitutes, with no minds, no moral sense; only a sensuous organization which has a gift of shallow beauty, while the life is never deep enough for tears nor high enough for real joy.

In Stafford's pocket was the revolver which Byng had given him. He took it out, and as he did so, a flush swept over his face, and every nerve of his body tingled with heat before he became cold as ice.

"That way out!" he thought. "How easy! And how selfish! . . . If one's life only concerned oneself. . . . But it's only partly one's own from first to last." . . . Then his thoughts turned again to the man who was playing "Pagliacci." "I have a greater right to do it than Byng, and I'd have a greater joy in doing it. But whatever he is, it is not all his fault." Again he shuddered. "No man makes love to a woman unless she lets him, . . . until she lets him." . . . Then he looked at the fire where the cruel testimony had shriveled into smoke. "If it had been read to a jury . . . Ah, my God! How many he must have written her like that . . . How often . . . !"

With an effort he pulled himself together. "What does it matter now. All things have come to an end for me. There is only one way. My letter to her showed it. But this must be settled first. Then to see her for the last time, to make her understand. . . . "

He went to the beaded curtain, raised it, and stepped into the flood of warm sunlight. The rich, voluptuous, agonizing music came in a wave over him. Tragedy, poignant misery, rang through every note, swelled in a stream which drowned the senses. This man-devil could play, Stafford remarked, cynically, to himself.

"A moment—Fellowes," he said, sharply.

The music frayed into a discord and stopped.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE

THERE was that in Stafford's tone which made Fellowes turn with a start. It was to this room that Fellowes had begged Jasmine to come this morning, in the letter which Krool had so carefully placed for his master to find, after having read it himself with minute scrutiny. It was in this room they had met so often in those days when Rudyard was in South Africa, and where music had been the medium of an intimacy which had nothing



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"DON'T SQUIRM SO, FELLOWES. I'M NOT GOING TO USE IT."

for its warrant save eternal vanity and curiosity, the evil genius of the race of women. Here it was that Krool's antipathy to Jasmine and fierce hatred of Fellowes had been nurtured. Krool had haunted the room, desiring the end of it all, but he had been disarmed by a smiling kindness on Jasmine's part, which shook his purpose again and again.

It had all been a problem which Krool's sombre mind failed to master. If he went to the Baas with his suspicions, the chance was that he would be flayed with a sjambok and turned into the streets; if he warned Jasmine, the same thing might happen, or worse. But fate had at last played into his hands, on the very day that Oom Paul had challenged destiny, when all things were ready for the ruin of the hated English.

Fate had sent him through the hallway between Jasmine's and Rudyard's rooms in the moment when Jasmine had dropped Fellowes' letter; and he had seen it fall. He knew not what it was, but it might be of importance, for he had seen Fellowes' handwriting on an envelope among those waiting for Jasmine's return home. In a far dark corner he had waited till he saw Marie enter her mistress' room hurriedly, without observing the letter. Then he caught it up and stole away to the library, where he read it with malevolent eyes.

He had left this fateful letter where Rudyard would see it when he rose in the morning. All had worked out as he had planned, and now, with his ear against the door which led from the music-room, he strained to hear what passed between Stafford and Fellowes.

"Well, what is it?" asked Fellowes, with an attempt to be casual, though there was that in Stafford's face which gave him anxiety, he knew not why. He had expected Jasmine, and, instead, here was Stafford, who had been so much with her of late; who, with Mennaval, had occupied so much of her time that she had scarcely spoken to him, and when she did so it was with an air of detachment that excluded him from intimate consideration.

His face wore a mechanical smile, as his pale blue eyes met the dark intensity of Stafford's. But slowly the peach-bloom of his cheeks faded and his long, tapering fingers played nervously with the leather trimming of the piano-stool.

"Anything I can do for you, Stafford?" he added, with attempted nonchalance.

"There is nothing you can do for me," was the meaning reply, "but there is something you can do advantageously for yourself, if you will think it worth while; and I fancy you will."

"Most of us are ready to do ourselves good turns. What am I to do?"

"You will do what you will not want to do, and yet you will do yourself a good turn in doing it."

"Is that the way you talk in diplomatic circles—cryptic, they call it, don't they?"

Stafford's chin hardened, and a look of hate and disdain crossed over his face.

"It is more cryptic, I confess, than the letter which will cause you to do yourself a good turn."

Now Fellowes' face turned white. "What letter?" he asked, in a sharp voice.

"The letter you wrote Mrs. Byng from the Trafalgar Club yesterday."

Fellowes made a feint, an attempt at bravado. "What business is it of yours, anyhow? What rights have you got in Mrs. Byng's letters?"

"Only what I get from a higher authority."

"Oh, are you in sweet spiritual partnership with the Trinity?"

"The higher authority I mean is Mr. Byng. . . . Let us have no words, you fool."

Fellowes made an ineffective attempt at self-possession.

"What the devil . . . why should I listen to you?" There was a peevish stubbornness in the tone.

"Why should you listen to me? Well, because I have saved your life. That should be sufficient reason for you to listen."

"Damnation!—speak out, if you've got anything to say! I don't see what you mean, and you are damned officious. Yes, that's it—damned officious." The peevishness was becoming insolent recklessness.

Slowly Stafford drew from his pocket the revolver Rudyard had given him. As Fellowes caught sight of the glittering steel he fell back against the piano-stool, making a clatter, his face livid.

Stafford's lips curled with contempt. "Don't squirm so, Fellowes. I'm not going to use it. But Mr. Byng had it, and he was going to use it. He was on his way to do it when I appeared. I stopped him . . . I will tell you how. I endeavored to make him believe that *she* was absolutely

innocent, that you had only been an insufferably insolent, presumptuous, and lecherous cad—which is true. I said that, though you deserved shooting, it would only bring scandal to Rudyard Byng's honorable wife, who had been insulted by the lover of Al'mah and the would-be betrayer of an honest girl—of Jigger's sister. . . . Oh, you may well start, you swine! I know of what stuff you are, how you had the soul and body of one of the most credulous and wonderful women in the world in your hands, and you went scavengering. From Al'mah to the flower-girl! . . . I think I should like to kill you myself for what you tried to do to Jigger's sister, and if it wasn't *here*"—he handled the little steel weapon with an eager fondness—"I think I'd do it. You are a pest."

Cowed, shivering, abject, Fellowes nervously fell back. His body crashed upon the keys of the piano. producing a hideous discord. Startled, he sprang aside and with trembling hands made gestures of appeal.

"Don't, don't! Can't you see I'm willing! What is it you want me to do? I'll do it. Put it away. . . . Oh, my God!—my God!" His bloodless lips were drawn over his teeth in a grimace of terror.

With a sneer of contempt Stafford put the weapon back into his pocket again. "Pull yourself together," he said. "Your life is safe for the moment; but I can say no more than that. After I had proved the lady's innocence—you understand, *after I had proved the lady's innocence to him*—"

"Yes, I understand," came the hoarse reply.

"After that, I said I would deal with you, that he could not be trusted to do so. I said that you would leave England within twenty-four hours, and that you would not return within three years. That was my pledge. You are prepared to do it?"

"To leave England! It is impossible—"

"Perhaps to leave it permanently, and not by the English Channel, either, might be worse," was the cold, savage reply. "Mr. Byng made his terms."

Fellowes shivered. "What am I to do out of England? But, yes, I'll go, I'll go," he added, as he saw the look in Stafford's face and thought of the revolver so near to Stafford's hand.

"Yes, of course you will go," was the stern retort. "You will go, just as I say."

"What shall I do abroad?" wailed the weak voice.

"What you have always done here, I suppose—live on others," was the crushing reply. "The *venue* will be changed, but you won't change, not you. If I were you, I'd try and not meet Jigger before you go. He doesn't know quite what it is, but he knows enough to make him reckless."

Fellowes moved towards the door in a stumbling kind of way. "I have some things up-stairs," he said.

"They will be sent after you to your chambers. Give me the keys to the desk in the secretary's room."

"I'll go myself, and—"

"You will leave this house at once, and everything will be sent after you, everything. Have no fear. I will send them myself, and your letters and private papers will not be read. . . . You feel you can rely on me for that—eh?"

"Yes . . . I'll go now . . . abroad . . . where?"

"Where you please outside the United Kingdom."

Fellowes passed heavily out through the other room, where his letter had been read by Stafford, where his fate had been decided. He put on his light overcoat nervously and went to the outer door.

Stafford came up to him again. "You understand; there must be no attempt to communicate here. . . . You will observe this?"

Fellowes nodded. "Yes, I will. . . . Good night," he added, absently.

"Good day," answered Stafford, mechanically.

The outer door shut, and Stafford turned again to the little room where so much had happened which must change so many lives, bring so many tears, divert so many streams of life.

How still the house seemed now! It had lost all its charm and homelikeness. He felt stifled. Yet there was the warm sun streaming through the doorway of the music-room, making the beaded curtains shine like gold.

As he stood in the doorway of the little morning-room, looking in with bitter reflection and dreading beyond words what now must come—his meeting with Jasmine, the story he must tell her, and the exposure of a truth so naked that his nature revolted from it, he heard a footstep behind him. It was Krool.

Stafford looked at the saturnine face and wondered how much he knew; but there was no glimmer of revelation in Krool's impassive look. The eyes were always painful in their deep animal-like glow, and they seemed more than usually intense this morning; that was all.

"Will you present my compliments to Mrs. Byng, and say—"

Krool, with a gesture, stopped him.

"Mrs. Byng is come now," he said, making a gesture toward the staircase. Then he stole away toward the servants' quarters of the house. His work had been well done, of its kind, and he could now await consequences.

Stafford turned to the staircase and saw —in blue, in the old sentimental blue— Jasmine slowly descending, a strange look of apprehension in her face.

Immediately after calling out for Rudyard a little while before, she had discovered the loss of Adrian Fellowes' letter. Before this she had read and re-read Ian's letter, that document of pain and purpose, of tragical, inglorious, fatal purpose. She was suddenly conscious of an air of impending catastrophe about her now. Or was it that the catastrophe had come? She had not asked for Adrian Fellowes' letter, for if any servant had found it, and had not returned it, it was useless asking; and if Rudyard had found it—if Rudyard had found it—!

Where was Rudyard? Why had he not come to her? Why had he not eaten the breakfast which still lay untouched on the table of his study? Where was Rudyard?

Ian's eyes looked straight into hers as she came down the staircase, and there was that in them which paralyzed her. But she made an effort to ignore the apprehension which filled her soul.

"Good morning! Am I so very late?" she said, gaily, to him, though there was a hollow note in her voice.

"You are just in time," he answered in an even tone which told nothing.

"Dear me! What a gloomy face! What has happened? What is it? There seems to be a Cassandra atmosphere about the place—and so early in the day, too!"

"It is full noon—and past," he said, with acute meaning, as her daintily shod feet met the floor of the hallway and glided towards him. How often he had admired that pretty flitting of her feet.

As he looked at her he was conscious, with a new force, of the wonder of that hair on a little head as queenly as ever was given to the modern world. And her face, albeit pale, and with a strange tremulousness in it now, was like that of some fairy dame painted by Bouchet. All last night's agony was gone from the rare blue eyes, whose lashes drooped so ravishingly betimes, though that droop was not there as she looked at Ian now.

She beat a foot nervously on the floor. "Oh, what is it—why this Euripidean air in my simple home? There's something wrong, I see. What is it? . . . Come, what is it, Ian?"

Hesitatingly she laid a hand upon his arm, but there was no loving-kindness in his look. The arms which yesterday—only yesterday—had clasped her passionately and hungrily to his breast now hung inert at his side. His eyes were strange and hard.

"Will you come in here?" he said, in an arid voice, and held wide the door of the room where he and Rudyard had settled the first chapter of the future and closed the book of the past.

She entered with hesitating step. Then he shut the door with an accentuated softness, and came to the table where he had sat with Rudyard. Mechanically she took the seat which Rudyard had occupied, and looked at him across the table with a dread conviction stealing over her face, robbing it of every vestige of its heavenly color, giving her eyes a staring and solicitous look.

"Well, what is it? Can't you speak and have it over!" she said, with desperate impatience.

"Fellowes' letter to you — Rudyard found it," he said, abruptly.

She fell back as though she had been struck, then recovered herself. "*You* read it?" she gasped.

"Rudyard made me read it. I came in when he was just about to kill Fellowes."

She gave a short, sharp cry, which with a spasm of determination her fingers stopped.

"Kill him—why?" she asked in a weak voice, looking down at her trembling hands as they lay clasped on the table before her.

"The letter — Fellowes' letter to you."

"I dropped it last night," she said, in a voice grown strangely impersonal and colorless. "I dropped it in Rudyard's room, I suppose."

She seemed not now to have any idea

of excluding the terrible facts, but to be speaking as it were to herself and of something not vital, though her whole person was transformed into an agony that congealed the life-blood.

Her voice sounded tuneless and ragged. "He read it—Rudyard read a letter which was not addressed to him! He read a letter addressed to me—he read my letter. . . . It gave me no chance."

"No chance—?"

A bitter indignation was added to the cheerless discord of her tones. "Yes, I had a chance, a last chance — if he had not read the letter. But now, there is no chance. . . . You read it, too. You read the letter which was addressed to me. . . . No matter what it was—my letter, you read it!"

"Rudyard said to me in his terrible agitation, 'Read that letter, and then tell me what you think of the man who wrote it.' . . . I thought it was the letter I wrote to you, the letter I posted to you last night. I thought it was my letter to you."

Her eyes had a sudden absent look. It was as though she were speaking in a trance. "I answered that letter — your letter. I answered it this morning. Here is the answer . . . here." She laid a letter on the table before him, then drew it back again into her lap. "Now it does not matter. . . . But it gives me no chance. . . . "

There was a world of despair and remorse in her voice. Her face was wan and strained. "No chance, no chance," she whispered.

"Rudyard did not kill him?" she said, slowly and cheerlessly, after a moment, as though repeating a lesson. "Why?"

"I stopped him. I prevented him."

"*You* prevented him—why?" Her eyes had a look of unutterable confusion and trouble. "Why did you prevent it—you?"

"That would have hurt you—the scandal, the grimy press, the world!"

Her voice was tuneless, and yet it had a strange, piteous poignancy. "It would have hurt me — yes. Why did you not want to hurt me?"

He did not answer. His hands had gone into his pockets, as though to steady their wild nervousness, and one had grasped the little weapon of steel which Rudyard had given him. It produced some strange, malignant effect on his mind. Everything seemed to stop in him, and he was suddenly possessed by a spirit which carried him into that same region where Rudyard had been. It was the region of the abnormal, where one moves in a dream, majestically unresponsive to all outward things, numb, unconcerned, disregarding all except one's own agony, which seems to neutralize the universe and reduce all life's problems to one formula of solution.

"What did you say to him that stopped him?" she asked in a whisper of awed and dreadful interest, as, after an earthquake, a survivor would speak in the stillness of dead and unburied millions.

"I said the one thing to say," he answered after a moment, involuntarily laying the pistol on the table before him—doing it, as it were, without conscious knowledge.

It fascinated Jasmine, the ugly, deadly little vehicle of oblivion. Her eyes fastened on it, and for an instant stared at it transfixed; then she recovered herself and spoke again.

"What was the one thing to say?" she whispered.

"That you were innocent—absolutely, that—"

Suddenly she burst into wild laughter—shrill, acrid, cheerless, hysterical, her face turned upward, her hands clasped under her chin, her body shaking with what was not laughter, but the terrifying agitation of a broken organism.

He waited till she had recovered somewhat, and then he repeated his words.

"I said that you were innocent absolutely; that Fellowes' letter was the insolence and madness of a voluptuary, that you had only been wilful and indiscreet, and that—"

In a low, mechanical tone from which was absent any agitation, he told her all he had said to Rudyard, and what Rudyard had said to him. Every word had been burned into his brain, and nearly every word was now repeated, while she sat silent, looking at her hands clasped on the table before her. When he came to the point where Rudyard left the house, leaving Stafford to deal with Fellowes, she burst again into laughter, mocking, wilful, painful.

"*You* were left to set things right, to be the Lord High Executioner—you, Ian!"

How strange his name sounded on her lips now—foreign, distant, revealing the nature of the situation more vividly than all the words which had been said, than all that had been done.

"Rudyard did not think of killing you, I suppose," she went on, presently, with a bitter motion of the lips, and a sardonic note creeping into her voice.

"No, *I* thought of that," he answered, quietly, "as you know." His eyes sought the weapon on the table involuntarily. "That would have been easy enough," he added. "I should not have protested. I was not thinking of myself, or of Fellowes, but only of you—and Rudyard."

"Only of me—and Rudyard!" she repeated with drooping eyes, that suddenly became alive again with feeling and passion and wildness. "Wasn't it rather late for that?"

The words stung him beyond endurance. He rose and leaned across the table towards her.

"At least I recognized what I had done, what you had done, and I tried to face it. I did not disguise it. My letter to you proves that. But nevertheless I was true to you. I did not deceive you—ever. I loved you—ah, I loved you as few women have been loved! . . . But you, you might have made a mistake where Rudyard was concerned, made the mistake once, but if you wronged him, you wronged me infinitely more. I was ready to give up all, throw all else, all my life, my career, to the winds, and prove myself loyal to that which was more than all. Or I was willing to eliminate myself from the scene forever. I was willing to pay the price—any price—just to stand by what was the biggest thing in my life. . . . But you were true to nothing—nothing—to nobody."

"If one is untrue—*once*—to anybody, why be true at all ever?" she said with an aching laugh, through which tears ran, though none dropped from her eyes. "If one is untrue to one, why not to—to a thousand?"

Again a mocking laugh burst from her. "Don't you see? One kiss, a wrong? Why not, then, a thousand kisses! The wrong came in the moment that the one kiss was given. It is the one that kills, not the thousand after."

There came to her mind again—and now with what sardonic force! — Rudyard's words that day before they went to Glencader: "*If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers.*"

"And so it is all understood between you and Rudyard," she added, mechanically. "That is what you have arranged for me—that I go on living as before with Rudyard, while I am not to know from him anything has happened; but to accept what has been arranged for me, and to be repentant and good and live in sackcloth. It has been arranged, has it, that Rudyard is to believe in me?"

"That has not been arranged."

"It has been arranged that I am to live with him as before, and that he is to pretend to love me as before, and—"

"He does love you as before. He has never changed. He believed in you, was so pitifully eager to believe in you even when the letter—"

"Where is the letter?"

He pointed to the fire.

"Who put it in the fire?" she asked. "You?"

He inclined his head.

"Ah yes, always so clever! A burst of indignation at his daring to suspect me even for an instant, and with a flourish into the fire, the evidence. Here is yours, your letter. Would you like to put it into the fire also?" she asked, and drew his letter from the folds of her dress.

"But, no, no, no—!" She suddenly sprang to her feet, and her eyes had a look of agonized agitation. "When I have learned every word by heart, I will burn it myself—for your sake." Her voice grew softer, something less discordant came into it. "You will never understand. You could never understand me, or that letter of Adrian Fellowes to me, and that he could dare to write me such a letter. You could never understand it. But I understand you. I understand your letter. It came while I was—while I was broken. It healed me, Ian. Last night I wanted to kill myself. Never mind why! You would not understand. You are too good to understand. All night I was in torture, and then this letter of yours—it was a revelation. I did not think that a man lived like you, so true, so kind, so mad. And so I wrote you a letter, ah, a letter from my soul! and then came down—to this—the end of all. The end of everything—forever."

"No, the beginning if you will have it so. . . . Rudyard loves you. . . ."

She gave a cry of agony. "For God's sake—oh, for God's sake, hush! . . . You think that *now* I could . . ."

"Begin again with a new purpose."

"Purpose! Oh, you fool! You fool!

You fool! You who are so wise sometimes! You want me to begin again with Rudyard. And you do not want me to begin again—*with you!*"

He was silent, and he looked her in the eyes steadily.

"You do not want me to begin again with you, because you believe me—because you believed the worst from that letter, from Adrian Fellowes' letter. . . . You believed, yet you hypnotized Rudyard into not believing. . . . But did you, after all? Was it not that he loves me, and that he wanted to be deceived, wanted to be forced to do what he has done? I know him better than you. . . . But you are right—he would have spoken to me about it if you had not warned him."

"Then begin again—"

"You do not want me any more." The voice had an anguish like the cry of the tragic music in "Electra." "You do not want what you wanted yesterday—for us together to face it all, Ian, you do not want it? You hate me!"

His face was disturbed with emotion, and he did not speak for a moment.

In that moment she became transformed. With a sudden tragic motion she caught the pistol from the table and raised it, but he wrenched it from her hand.

"Do you think that would mend anything?" he asked, with a new pity in his heart for her. "That would only hurt those who have been hurt enough already. Be a little magnanimous. Do not be selfish. Give others a chance."

"You were going to do it as an act of unselfishness," she moaned. "You were going to die in order to mend it all. Did you think of me in that? Did you think I would or could consent to that? You believed in me, of course, when you wrote it. But did you think that was magnanimous—when you had got a woman's love, then to kill yourself in order to cure her! O God, how little you know! . . . But you do not want me now. You do not believe in me now. You abhor me. Yet if that letter had not fallen into Rudyard's hands we might perhaps have now been on our way to begin life again together! Does that look as though there was some one else that mattered—*that mattered?*"

He held himself together with all his power and will. "There is one way, and only one way," he said, firmly. "Rudyard loves you. Begin again with him." His voice became lower. "You know the emptiness of your home. There is a way to make some recompense to him. You can pay your debt. Give him what he wants so much. It would be a link. It would bind you. A child . . . "

"Oh, my God, how you loathe me!" she said, shudderingly. "Yesterday—and now! . . . No, no, no," she added, "I will not, cannot live with Rudyard now. I cannot wrench myself from one world into another like that. I will not live with him any more. . . . There, listen!"

Outside the newsboys were calling:

"*Extra speshul! Extra speshul! All about the war! War declared! War declared! Extra speshul!*"

"War! That will separate many," she added. "It will separate Rudyard and me. . . . No, no, there will be no more scandal. . . . But it is the way of escape—the war!"

"The way of escape for us all, perhaps," he answered, with a light of determination in his eyes. "Good-bye!" he added, after a slight pause. "There is nothing more to say."

He turned to go, but he did not hold out his hand, nor even look at her.

"Tell me," she said, in a strange, cold tone, "tell me, did Adrian Fellowes—did he protect me? Did he stand up for me? Did he defend me?"

"He was concerned only for himself," Ian answered, hesitatingly.

Her face hardened. Pitiful, haggard lines had come into it in the last half-hour, and they deepened still more.

"He did not say one word to put me right?"

Ian shook his head in negation. "What did you expect?" he said.

She sank into a chair, and a strange cruelty came into her eyes, something so hard that it looked grotesque in the beautiful setting of her pain-worn, exquisite face.

So utter was her dejection that he came back from the door and bent over her.

"Jasmine," he said, gently, "we have to start again, you and I—in different paths. They will never meet. But at the end of the road—peace. Peace the best thing of all. Let us try and find it, Jasmine."

"He did not try to protect me. He did not defend me," she kept saying to herself, and was only half conscious of what Ian said to her.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WITH A MOAN SHE SANK IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR

He touched her shoulder. "Nothing can set things right between you and me, Jasmine," he added, unsteadily, "but there's Rudyard — you must help him through. He heard scandal about Mennaval last night at De Lancy Scovel's. He didn't believe it. It rests with you to give it all the lie. . . . Good-bye."

In a moment he was gone. As the door closed she sprang to her feet. "Ian—Ian —come back!" she cried. "Ian, one word! One word!"

But the door did not open again. For a moment she stood like one transfixed, staring at the place whence he had vanished, then, with a moan, she sank in a heap on the floor, and rocked to and fro like one demented.

Once the door opened quietly, and Krool's face showed, sinister and furtive, but she did not see it, and the door closed again softly.

At last the paroxysms passed, and a haggard face looked out into the world of life and being with eyes which were drowned in misery.

"He did not defend me—the coward!" she murmured; then she rose with a sudden effort, swayed, steadied herself, and arranged her hair in the mirror over the mantelpiece. "The low coward!" she said again. "But before he leaves . . . before he leaves England . . . "

As she turned to go from the room, Rudyard's portrait on the wall met her eyes. "I can't go on, Ruddy," she said to it. "I know that now."

Out in the streets, which Ian Stafford traversed with hasty steps, the newsboys were calling:

"War declared! All about the war!"

"That is the way out for me," Stafford said, aloud, as he hastened on. "That opens the way. . . . I'm still an artillery officer."

He directed his swift steps toward Pall Mall and the War Office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beyond

BY PAULINE BROOKS QUINTON

OUR eyes have wings on which our spirits fly
To farthest edge of some far-reaching plain,
Or to the hills upon whose summits reign
The gods,—eternal sentinels 'twixt earth and sky.
But out beyond the range of mortal sight,
Far out beyond the desert's curving rim,
High up above the mountain's outlines dim
Lies all the soul would compass in its flight.
The flowering beauty of the summer day,
The pungent sweetness which a vagrant breeze
Wafts to the senses, do but stir and tease
The fancy, in its restive course, to stray.

Dear heart, the rose of our to-day but yields
A perfumed promise of Elysian fields
Where love and laughter dwell, and sorrow dies:
There I shall read Life's meaning in your eyes.

Cordova and the Way There

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I SHOULD be sorry if I could believe that Cordova experienced the disappointment in us which I must own we felt in her; but our disappointment was unquestionable, and I will at once offer it to the reader as an inducement for him to go to Cordova with less lively expectations than ours. I would by no means have him stay away; after all, there is only one Cordova in this world which the capital of the Califate of the West once filled with her renown; and if the great mosque of Abderrahman is not so beautiful as one has been made to fancy it, still it is wonderful, and could not be missed without loss.

Better, I should say, take the *rapido,* which leaves Madrid three times a week at 9.30 in the morning, than the night express which leaves as often at the same hour in the evening. Since there are now such good day-trains on the chief Spanish lines, it is flying in the face of Providence not to go by them; they might be suddenly taken off; besides, they have excellent restaurant-cars, and there is, moreover, always the fascinating and often the memorable landscape which they pass through. By no fault of ours that I can remember, our train was rather crowded; that is, four or five out of the eight places in our corridor compartment were taken, and we were afraid at every stop that more people would get in; though I do not know that it was our anxieties kept them out.

At Aranjuez the wheat-lands, which began to widen about us as soon as we got beyond the suburbs of Madrid, gave way to the groves and gardens of that really charming pleasance, charming quite from the station, with grounds penetrated by placid waters overhung by the English elms which the Castilians are so happy in having naturalized in their treeless waste. Multitudes of nightingales are said to sing among them, but it was not the season for hearing them from the train; and we made what shift we could with the strawberries and asparagus-beds which we could see plainly, and the peach-trees and cherry-trees. One of these had committed the solecism of blossoming in October instead of April or May, when the nobility came to their villas.

We had often said during our stay in Madrid that we should certainly come for a day at Aranjuez; and here we were, passing it with a five-minutes' stop. We were leaving a railway station, but presently it was as if we had set sail on a gray sea, with a long ground-swell such as we remembered from Old Castile. These innumerable pastures and wheat-fields were in New Castile, and before long more distinctively they were in La Mancha, the country dear to fame as the home of Don Quixote. I must own at once it does not look it, or at least look like the country I had read out of his history in my boyhood. For the matter of that, no country ever looks like the country one reads out of a book, however really it may be that country. The trouble probably is that one carries out of one's reading an image which one has carried into it. When I read *Don Quixote,* and read and read it again, I put La Mancha first into the map of southern Ohio, and then into that, after an interval of seven or eight years, of northern Ohio; and the scenes I arranged for his adventures were landscapes composed from those about me in my earlier and later boyhood. There was then always something soft and mild in the Don Quixote country, with a blue river and gentle uplands, and woods where one could rest in the shade, and hide oneself if one wished, after easily rescuing the oppressed. Now, instead, a treeless plain unrolled itself from sky to sky, naked, dull, empty; and if some azure tops dimmed the clear line of the western horizon, how could I have got them into my early picture when I had never yet seen a mountain in my life?

I could not put the knight and his squire on those naked levels where they would not have got a mile from home without discovery and arrest. I tried to think of them jogging along in talk of the adventures which the knight hoped for; but I could not make it work. I could have done better before we got so far from Aranjuez; there were gardens and orchards and a very suitable river there, and those elm-trees overhanging it; but the prospect in La Mancha had only here and there a white-walled white farm-house to vary its lonely simplicity, its dreary fertility; and I could do nothing with the strips and patches of vineyard. It was all strangely African, strangely Mexican, not at all American, not Ohio-an enough to be anything like the real La Mancha of my invention. To be sure, the doors and windows of the nearer houses were visibly netted against mosquitoes, and that was something; but even that did not begin to be noticeable till we were drawing near the Sierra Morena. Then, so long before we reached the mighty chain of mountains which nature has stretched between the gravity of New Castile and the gaiety of Andalusia, as if they could not bear immediate contact, I experienced a moment of perfect reconciliation to the landscape as really wearing the face of that La Mancha familiar to my boyish vision. Late in the forenoon, but early enough to save the face of La Mancha, there appeared certain unquestionable shapes in the nearer and farther distance which I joyously knew for those windmills which Don Quixote had known for giants and spurred at, lance in rest. They were waving their vans in what he had found insolent defiance, but which seemed to us glad welcome, as of windmills waiting, that long time, for a reader of Cervantes who could enter into their feelings and into the friendly companionship they were offering.

Our train did not pass very near, but the distance was not bad for them; it kept them sixty or sixty-five years back in the past where they belonged, and in its dimness I could the more distinctly see Don Quixote careering against them, and Sancho Panza vainly warning, vainly imploring him, and then in his rage and despair "giving himself to the devil," as he had so often to do in that master's service. I do not know now that I would have been nearer them if I could. Sometimes in the desolate plains where the windmills stood so well aloof, men were lazily, or at least leisurely, plowing with their prehistoric crooked sticks. Here and there the bare levels were broken by shallow pools of water; and we were at first much tormented by expanses, almost as great as these pools, of a certain purple flower, which no curiosity of ours could prevail with to yield up the secret of its name or nature. It was one of the anomalies of this desert country that it was apparently prosperous, if one might guess from the comfortable-looking farmsteads scattered over it, inclosing houses and stables in the courtyard framed by their white walls. The houses stood at no great distances from one another, but were nowhere grouped in villages. There were commonly no towns near the stations, which were not always uncheerful; sometimes there were flower-beds, unless my memory deceives me. Perhaps there would be a passenger or two, and certainly a loafer or two, and always of the sex which in town life does the loafing; in the background or through the windows the other sex could be seen in its domestic activities. Only once did we see three girls of such as stay for the coming and going of trains the world over; they waited arm in arm, and we were obliged to own they were plain, poor things.

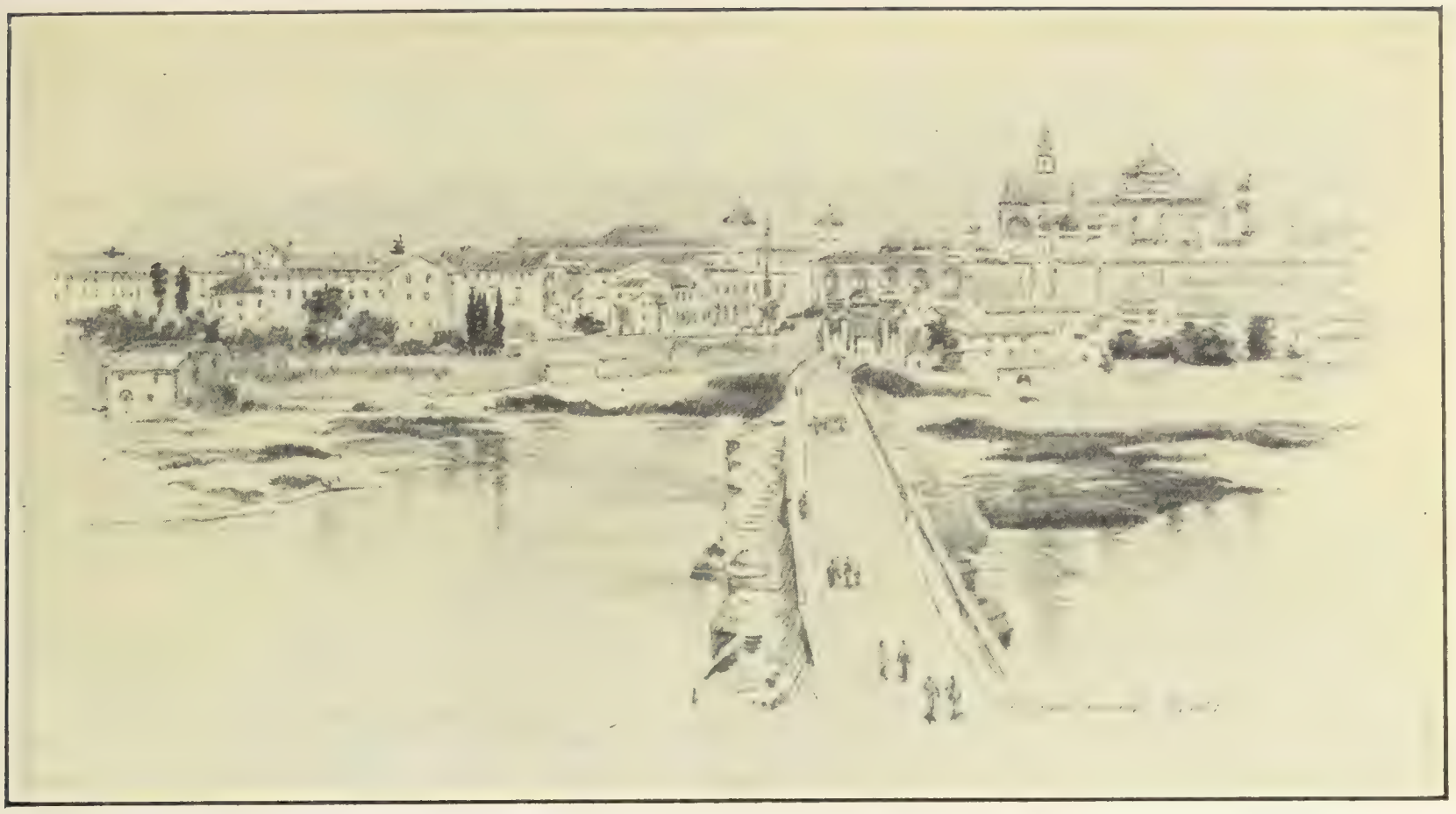
The whole region begins to reek of Cervantean memories. Ten miles from the station of Argamasilla is the village where he imagined, and the inhabitants believe, Don Quixote to have been born. Somewhere among these little towns Cervantes himself was thrown into prison for presuming to attempt collecting their rents when the people did not want to pay them. This is what I seem to remember having read, but Heaven knows where or if. What is certain is that almost before I was aware we were leaving the neighborhood of Valdepeñas, where we saw men with donkeys gathering grapes and letting the donkeys browse on the vine-leaves. Then we were mounting among the foot-hills of the Sierra Morena, not without much besetting trouble of mind because of those

certain circles and squares of stone on the nearer and farther slopes which we have since somehow determined were sheepfolds. They abounded almost to the very scene of those capers which Don Quixote cut on the mountain-side to testify his love for Dulcinea del Toboso, to the great scandal of Sancho Panza riding away to give his letter to the lady, but unable to bear the sight of the knight skipping on the rocks in a single garment.

In the forests about befell all those adventures with the mad Cardenio and the wronged Dorothea, both self-banished to the wilderness through the perfidy of the same false friend and faithless lover. The episodes which end so well, and which form, I think, the heart of the wonderful romance, have, from the car-windows, the fittest possible setting; but suddenly the scene changes, and you are among aspects of nature as savagely wild as any in that new Western land where the countrymen of Cervantes found a New Spain, just as the countrymen of Shakespeare found a New England. Suddenly, or, if not suddenly, then startlingly, we were in a pass of the Sierra called (for some reason which I will leave picturesquely unexplained) the Precipice of Dogs, where bare, sharp peaks and spears of rock started into the air, and the faces of the cliffs glared down upon us like the faces of Indian warriors painted yellow and orange and crimson and every other warlike color. With my poor scruples of moderation I cannot give a just notion of these wild aspects; I must leave it to the reader, with the assurance that he cannot exaggerate it, while I employ myself in noting that already on this awful summit we began to feel ourselves in the South, in Andalusia. Along the mountain stream that slipped silverly away in the valley below there were oleanders in bloom, such as we had left in Bermuda the April before. Already, north of the Sierra, the country had been gentling. The upturned soil had warmed from gray to red; elsewhere the fields were green with sprouting wheat; and there were wide spaces of these purple flowers, like crocuses, which women were gathering in large baskets. Probably they were not crocuses; but there could be no doubt of the vineyards increasing in their acreage; and the farm-houses, which had been without windows in their outer walls, now sometimes opened as many as two to the passing train. Flocks of black sheep and goats, through the optical illusion frequent in the Spanish air, looked large as cattle in the offing. Only in one place had we seen the tumbled boulders of Old Castile, and there had been really no greater objection to La Mancha than that it was flat, stale, and unprofitable, and wholly unimaginable as the scene of even Don Quixote's first adventures.

But now that we had mounted to the station among the summits of the Sierra Morena, my fancy began to feel at home, and rested in a scene which did all the work for it. There was soon ample time for it to rest in that more than cooperative landscape. Just beyond the first station the engine of a freight-train had opportunely left the track in front of us, and we waited there four hours till it could be got back. It would be inhuman to make the reader suffer with us through this delay after it ceased to be pleasure and began to be pain. Of course, everybody of foreign extraction got out of the train, and many even went forward to look at the engine and see what they could do about it; others went partly forward and asked the bolder spirits on their way back what was the matter. Now and then our locomotive whistled as if to scare the wandering engine back to the rails. At moments the station-master gloomily returned to the station from somewhere and diligently despaired in front of it. Then we backed as if to let our locomotive run up the siding and try to butt the freight-train off the track to keep its engine company.

About this time the restaurant-car bethought itself of some sort of late-afternoon repast, and we went into it and ate with an interest which we prolonged as much as possible. We returned to our car, which was now pervaded by an extremely bad smell. The smell drove us out, and we watched a public-spirited peasant beating the acorns from a live-oak near the station with a long pole. He brought a great many down, and first filled his sash-pocket with them; then he distributed them among the chil-



THE ANCIENT CITY OF CORDOVA

dren of the third-class passengers who left the train and flocked about him. But nobody seemed to do anything with the acorns, though they were more than an inch long, narrow, and very sharp-pointed. As soon as he had discharged his self-assumed duty the peasant lay down on the sloping bank under the tree, and with his face in the grass went to sleep for all our stay, and, for what I knew, the whole night after.

The day waned more and more; the sun began to sink, and then it sank with that sudden drop which the sun has at last. The sky flushed crimson, turned mauve, turned gray, and the twilight thickened over the summits billowing softly westward. There had been a great deal of joking, both Spanish and English, among the passengers; I had found particularly cheering the richness of a certain machinist's trousers of bright golden corduroy; but as the shades of night began to embrown the scene our spirits fell; and at the cry of a lonesome bird, far off where the sunset had been, they followed the sun in its sudden drop. Against the horizon a peasant boy leaned on his staff and darkled against the darkening sky.

Nothing lacked now but the opportune recollection that this was the region where the natives had been so wicked in times past that an ingenious statesman, such as has seldom been wanting in Spain, imagined bringing in a colony of German peasants to mix with them and reform them. But mixing the colonists and the natives worked the wrong way; the natives were not reformed, while the colonists were depraved and stood in with the local brigands, ultimately, if not immediately. It was sufficiently uncomfortable to have some vague association with the failure of that excellent statesman's plan, blending creepily with the feeling of desolation from the gathering dark, and I now recall the distinct relief given by the unexpected appearance of two such Guardias Civiles as travel with every Spanish train, and who now became visible in the space before our lonely station.

These admirable friends were part of the system which has made travel as safe throughout Spain as it is in Connecticut, where indeed I sometimes wonder that road-agents do not stop my Boston express in the waste expanse of those certain sand-barrens just beyond New Haven. The last time I came through that waste I could not help thinking how nice it would be to have two Guardias Civiles in our Pullman car; but of course at the summit of the Sierra Morena, where our *rapido* was stalled in the deepening twilight, it was still nicer to see that soldier-pair, pacing up and

down, trim, straight, very gentle and polite-looking, but firm, with their rifles lying on their shoulders, which they kept accurately together. It is part of the system that they may use their rifles upon any evil-doer whom they discover in a deed of violence, acting at once as police, court of law, and executioners, and satisfying public curiosity by pinning to the offender's coat their official certificate that he was shot by such and such a Civil Guard for such and such a reason, and then notifying the nearest authorities. It is perhaps too positive, too peremptory, too precise; and the responsibility could not be intrusted to men who had not satisfied the government of their fitness by two years' service in the army without arrest for any offense, or even any question of misbehavior. But these conditions once satisfied, and their temperament and character approved, they are intrusted with what seem plenary powers till they retire for old age; then their sons may serve after them as Civil Guards with the same prospect of pensions in the end.

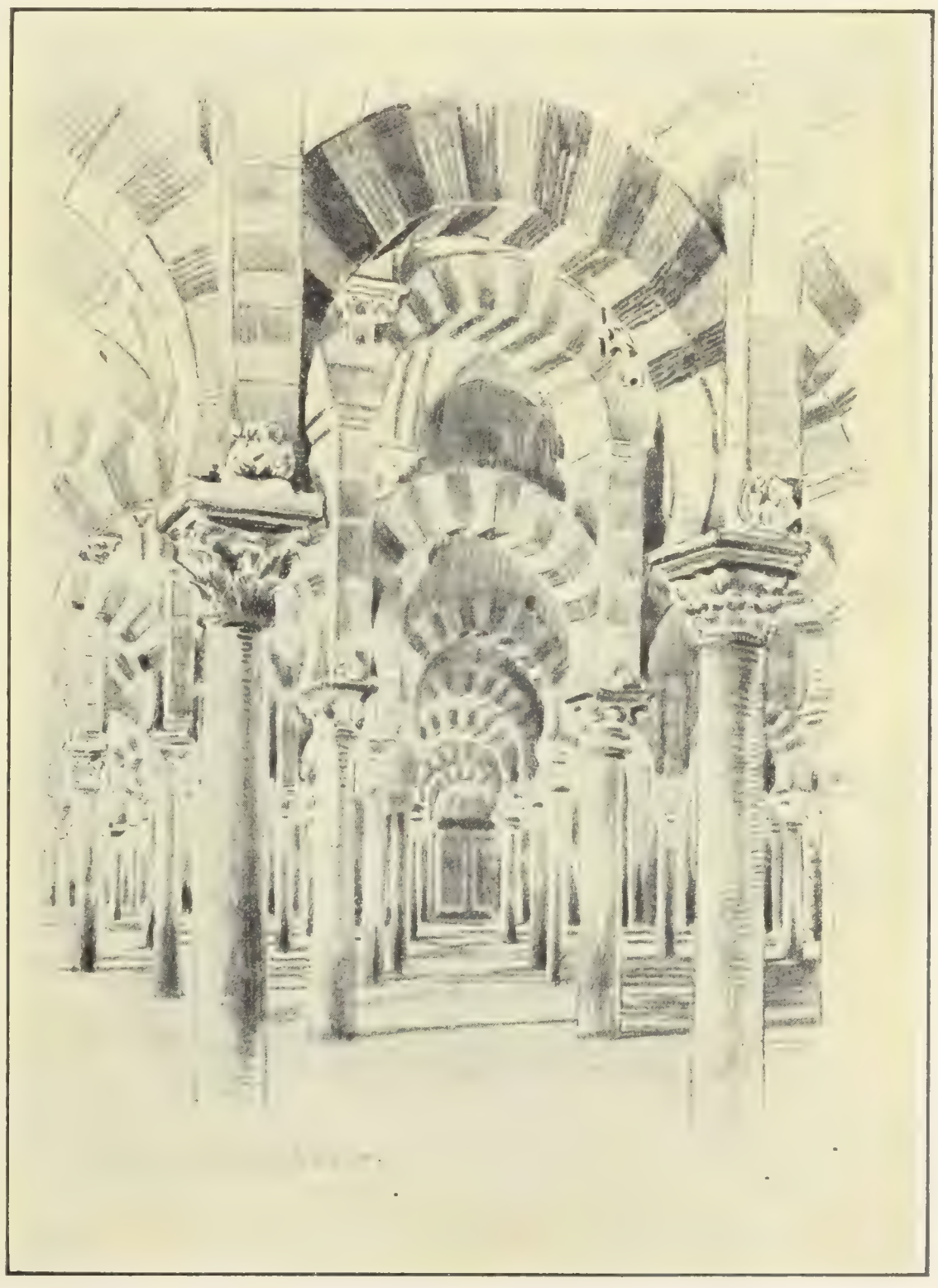


THE BELL-TOWER OF THE GREAT MOSQUE

It was not very long after the guards appeared so reassuringly before the station, when a series of warning bells and whistles sounded, and our locomotive with an impatient scream began to tug at our train. We were really off, starting from Santa Elena at the very time when we ought to have been stopping at Cordova, with a good stretch of four hours still before us. As our fellow-travelers quitted us at one station and another we were finally left alone with the kindly-looking old man who had seemed interested in us from the first, and who now made some advances in broken English. Presently he told us in Spanish, to account for the English accent on which we complimented him, that he had two sons studying some manufacturing business in Manchester, where he had visited them, and acquired so much of our tongue as we had heard. He was very proud and glad to speak of his sons, and he valued us for our English and the strangeness which commends people to one another in travel. When he got out at a station obscured past identification by its flaring lamps, he would not suffer me to help him with his hand-baggage; while he deplored my

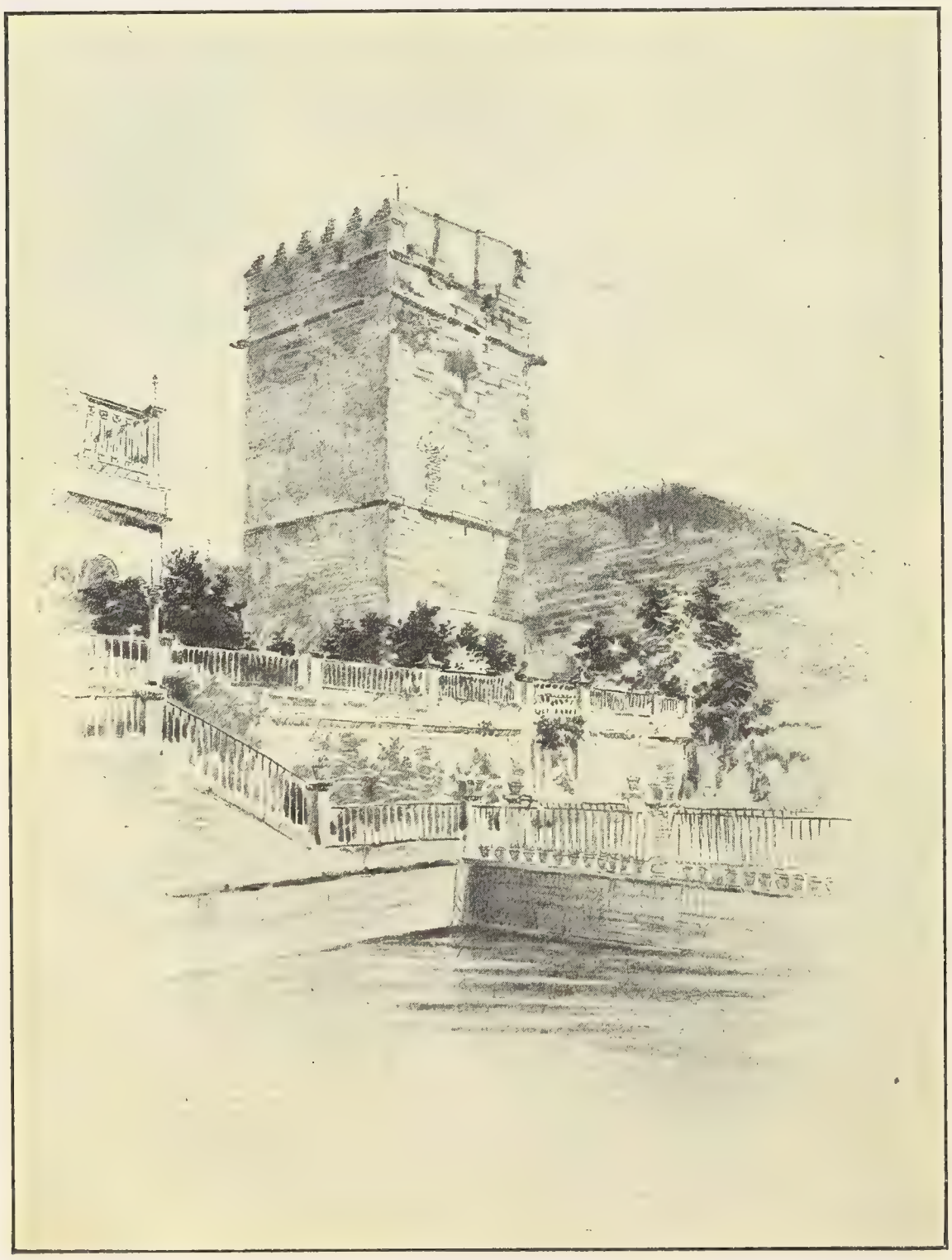
offered civility, he reassured me by patting my back at parting. Yet I myself had to endure the kindness which he would not when we arrived at Cordova, where two young fellows, who had got in at a suburban station, helped me with our bags and bundles quite as if they had been two young Americans.

Somewhere at a junction our train had been divided, and our car, left the last of what remained, had bumped and threatened to beat itself to pieces during its remaining run of fifteen miles. This, with our long retard at Santa Elena, and our opportune defense from the depraved descendants of the reforming German colonists by the Guardias Civiles, had given us a day of so much excitement that we were anxious to have it end tranquilly at midnight in the hotel which we had chosen from our Baedeker. A conventionally napkined waiter welcomed us from the stony street, and sent us up to our rooms with the young interpreter who met us at the station, but who was obscure as to their location. When we refused them because they were over that loud-echoing alley, the interpreter made himself still more our friend, and called mandatorially down the speaking-tube that we wished *interiores* and would take nothing else, though he must have known that no such rooms were to be had. He even abetted us in visiting the rooms on the patio and satisfying ourselves that they were all dismantled; when the waiter brought up the hot soup, which was the only hot thing in the house besides our tempers, he joined with that poor fellow in reconciling us to the inevitable. They declared that the people whom we heard uninterruptedly clattering and chattering by in the street below, and the occasional tempest of wheels and bells and hoofs that clashed up to us, would be the very last to pass through there that night, and they gave such good and sufficient reasons for their opinion that we yielded, as we needs must. Of course they were wrong; and perhaps they even knew that they were wrong; but I think we were the only people in that neighborhood who got any sleep that night or the next. We slept the sleep of exhaustion, but I believe those Cordovese preferred waking outdoors to trying to sleep within. It was apparently their custom to walk and talk the night away in the streets, not our street alone, but all the other streets of Cordova; the laughing which I heard may have ex-



VAULTED ARCHES SUPPORTED BY INNUMERABLE MARBLE COLUMNS

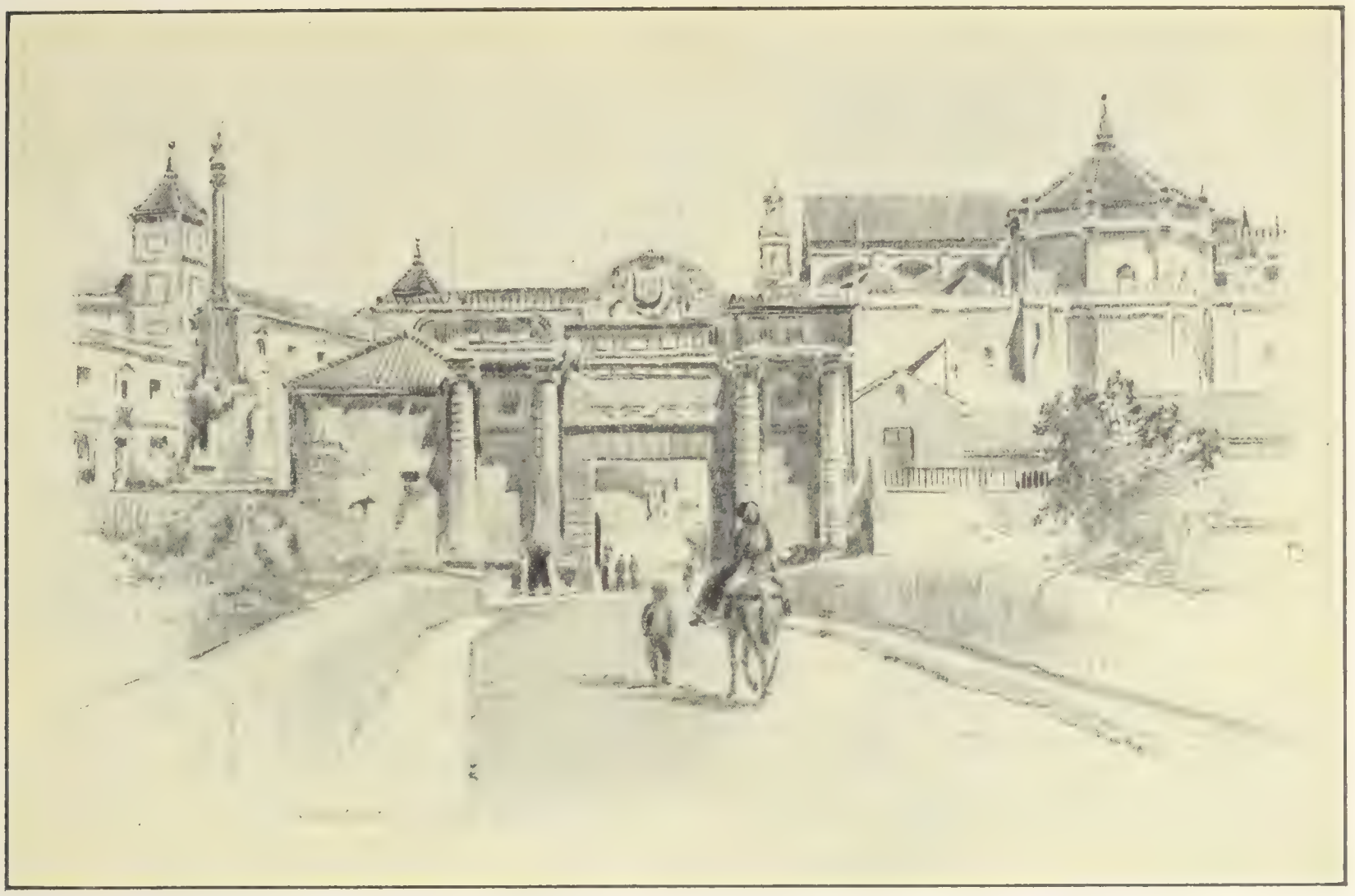
pressed the popular despair of getting any sleep. The next day we experimented in listening from rooms offered us over another street, and then we remained measurably contented to bear the ills we had. This was after an exhaustive search for a better hotel had partly appeased us; but there remained in the Paseo del Gran Capitan one house unvisited which has ever since grown upon my belief that it embraced every comfort and advantage lacking to our hotel. I suppose I am the stronger in this belief because when we came to it we had been so disappointed with the others that we had not the courage to go inside. Smell for smell, the interior of that hotel may have harbored a worse one than the odor of hen-house which pervaded ours, I hope from the materials for calcimining the rooms on the patio.



JARDIN DEL ALCAZAR—THE TOWER

By the time we returned we found a guide waiting for us, and we agreed with him for a day's service. He did not differ with other authorities as to the claims of Cordova on the tourist's interest. From being the most brilliant capital of the Western world in the time of the califs, it is now owned by all the guides and guide-books and most of the travelers to be one of the dullest of provincial towns. It is no longer the center of learning; and though it cannot help doing a large business in olives, with the orchards covering all the hills around it, the business does not seem to be a very active one. "The city once the abode of the flower of Andalusian nobility," says the intelligent O'Shea in his *Guide to Spain,* "is inhabited chiefly by administradores of the absentee señorio; their 'solares' are desert and wretched, the streets ill-paved though clean, and the whitewashed houses unimportant, low, and denuded of all art and meaning, either past or present."

Vacant, narrow streets where the grass does not grow, and there is only an endless going and coming of aimless feet; a market without buyers or sellers to speak of, and a tangle of squat, white houses, abounding in lovely patios, sweet and bright with flowers and fountains: this seems to be Cordova in the consensus of the manuals, but with me in the retrospect a sort of puzzle is the ultimate suggestion of the dead capital of the Western califs. Gautier thinks, or seventy-two years ago he thought (and there has not been much change since), that "Cordova has a more African look than any other city of Anda-

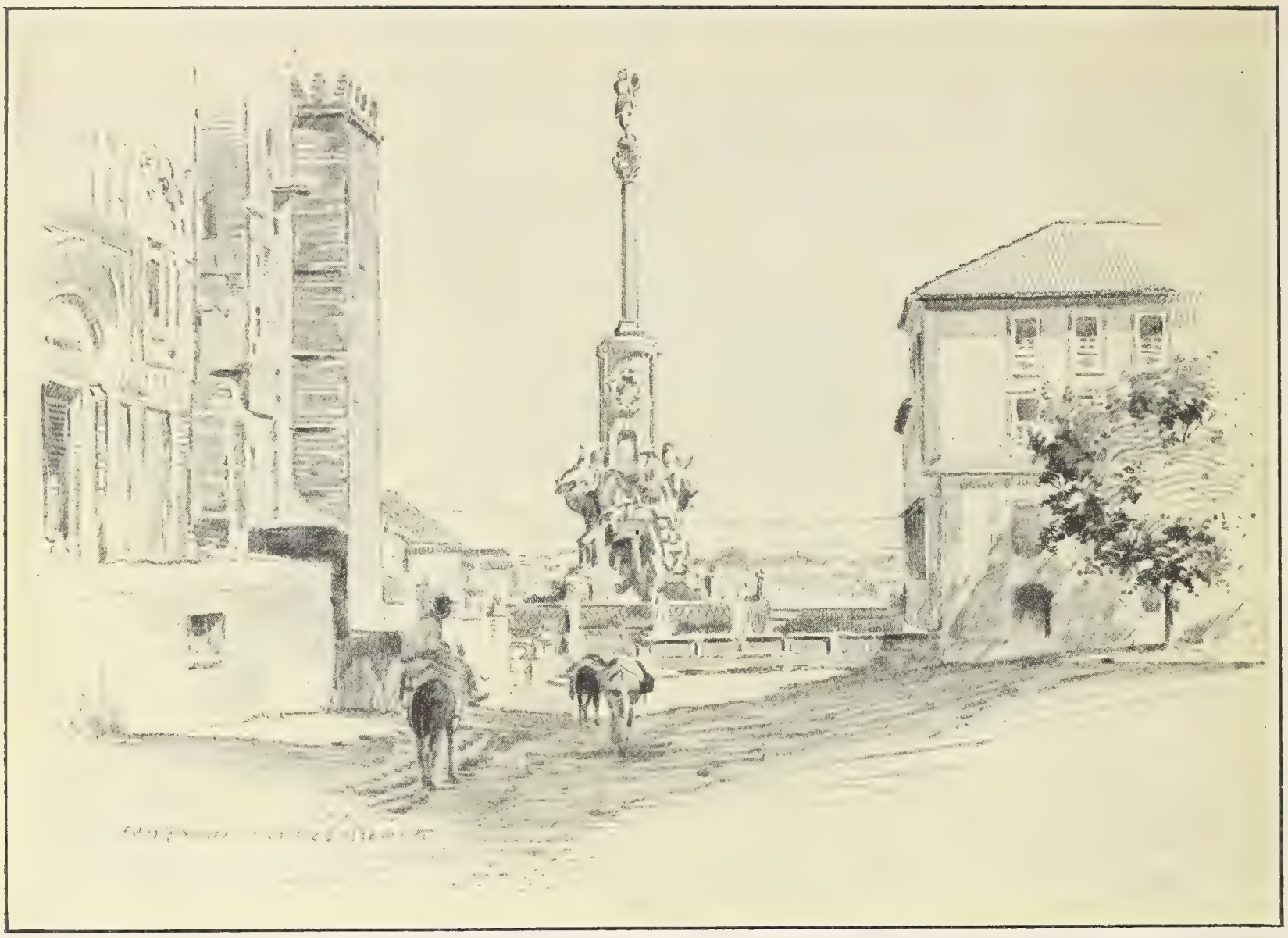


GATEWAY OF THE BRIDGE

lusia; its streets, or rather its lanes, whose tumultuous pavement resembles the bed of dry torrents, all littered with straw from the loads of passing donkeys, have nothing that recalls the manners and customs of Europe. . . . The universal use of lime-wash gives a uniform tint to the monuments, blunts the lines of the architecture, effaces the ornamentation, and forbids you to read their age. . . . You cannot know the wall of a century ago from the wall of yesterday. Cordova, once the center of Arab civilization, is now a huddle of little white houses with corridors between them, where two mules could hardly pass abreast. Life seems to have ebbed from the vast body, once animated by the active circulation of Moorish blood; nothing is left now but the blanched and calcined skeleton. . . . In spite of its Moslem air, Cordova is very Christian, and rests under the special protection of the Archangel Raphael." It is all rather contradictory; but Gautier owns that the great mosque is a "monument unique in the world, and novel even for travelers who have had the fortune to admire the wonders of Moorish architecture at Granada or Seville."

The moment we started for the famous mosque it began to rain, and it rained throughout the forenoon, while we weltered from wonder to wonder in the town. We were indeed weltering in a closed carriage, which found its way not so badly through the alleys where two mules could not pass abreast. The lime-wash of the walls did not emit the white heat in which the other tourists have basked or baked; the houses looked wet and chill, and if they had those flowered and fountained patios which I like to talk of, they had taken them in out of the rain.

At the mosque the patio was not taken in only because it was so large, but I find by our records that it was much molested by a beggar who followed us when we dismounted at the gate of the Court of Oranges, and all but took our minds off the famous Moorish fountain in the midst. It was not a fountain of the plashing or gushing sort, but a noble great pool in a marble basin. The women who clustered about it were not laughing and chattering, or singing, or even dancing, in the right Andalusian fashion; but stood silent in statuesque poses, from which they seemed in no haste to stir for filling their water-jars and jugs. The Moorish tradition of irrigation confronting one in all the travels



LIFE SEEMS TO HAVE EBBED FROM THE ANCIENT MOORISH CAPITAL

and histories as a supreme agricultural advantage which the Arabs took back to Africa with them, leaving Spain to thirst and fry, lingers here in the circles sunk round the orange-trees and fed by little channels. The trees grew about as the fancy took them, and did not mind the incongruous palms towering as irregularly above them. While we wandered toward the mosque a woman robed in white cotton, with a lavender scarf crossing her breast, came in as irrelevantly as the orange-trees and stood as stately as the palms; in her night-black hair she alone in Cordova redeemed the pledge of beauty made for Andalusian women by the reckless poets and romancers, whether in ballads or books of travel.

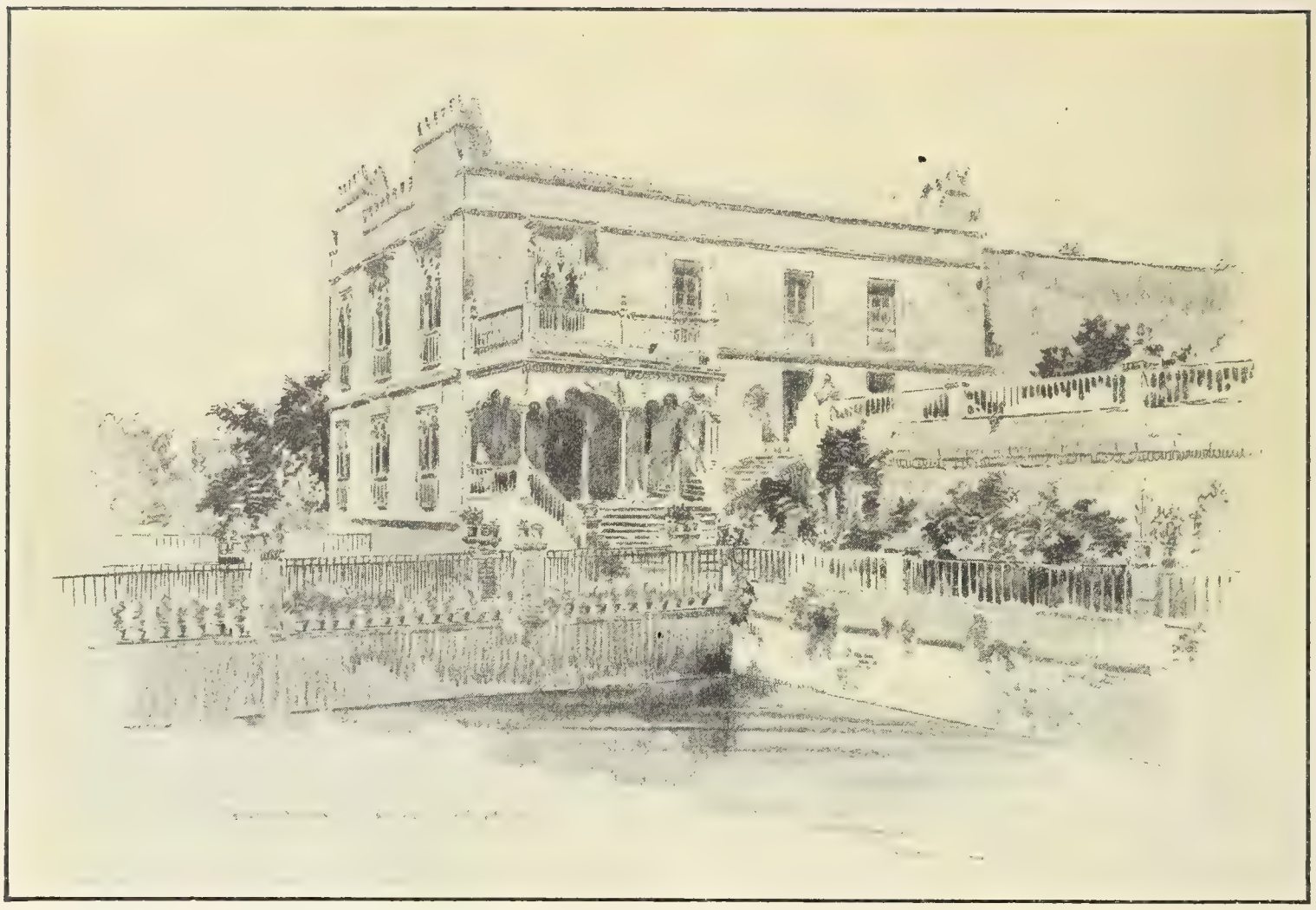
One enters the court by a gate in a richly yellow tower, with a shrine to St. Michael over the door, and still higher, at the lodging of the keeper, a bed of bright flowers. Then, however, one is confronted with the first great disappointment in the mosque. Shall it be whispered in awe-stricken undertone that the impression of a bull-ring is what lingers in the memory of the honest sight-seer from his first glance at the edifice? The effect is heightened by the filling of the arcades which encircle it, and which now confront the eye with a rounded wall where the Saracenic horseshoe remains distinct, but the space of yellow masonry below seems to forbid the outsider stealing knowledge of the spectacle inside. The spectacle is, of course, no feast of bulls (as the Spanish euphemism has it), but the first amphitheatrical impression is not wholly dispersed by the sight of the interior. In order that the reader at his distance may figure this, he must imagine an indefinite cavernous expanse, with a low roof supported in vaulted arches by some thousand marble pillars, each with a different capital. There used to be perhaps half a thousand pillars more, and Charles V. made the Cordovese his reproaches for destroying the wonder of them when they planted their proud cathedral in the heart of the mosque. He held it a sort of sacrilege, but I think the honest traveler will say that there are left still enough of those rather stumpy white marble columns, and enough of those arches, striped in red and white

with their undeniable suggestion of calico awnings. It is like a grotto gaudily but dingily decorated, or a vast circus-tent curtained off in hangings of those colors.

If people would be as sincere as other people would like them to be, I think no one would profess regret for the Arab civilization in the presence of its monuments. Those Moors were of a religion which revolts the finer instincts and lifts the soul with no generous hopes; and the records of it have no appeal save to the love of mere beautiful decoration. Even here it mostly fails, to my thinking, and I say that for my part I found nothing so grand in the great mosque of Cordova as the cathedral which rises in the heart of it. If Abd-er-Rahman boasted that he would rear a shrine to the joy of earthly life and the hope of an earthly heaven, in the place of the Christian temple which he would throw down, I should like to overhear what his disembodied spirit would have to say to the saint whose shrine he demolished. I think the saint would have the better of him in any contention for their respective faiths, and could easily convince the impartial witness that his religion, then abiding in medieval gloom, was of promise for the future which Islam can never be. Yet it cannot be denied that when Abd-er-Rahman built his mosque the Arabs of Cordova were a finer and wiser people than the Christians who dwelt in intellectual darkness among them, with an ideal of gloom and self-denial and a zeal for aimless martyrdom which must have been very hard for a gentleman and scholar to bear. Gentlemen and scholars were what the Arabs of the Western califate seem to have become, with a primacy in medicine and mathematics beyond the learning of all other Europe in their day. They were tolerant skeptics in matters of religion; polite agnostics, who disliked extremely the passion of some Christians among them for getting themselves put to death, as they did, for insulting the popularly accepted Mohammedan creed. Probably people of culture in Cordova were quite of Abd-er-Rahman's mind in wishing to substitute the temple of a cheerfuller ideal for the shrine of the medieval Christianity which he destroyed; though they might have had their reserves as to the taste in which his mosque was completed. If they recognized it as a concession to the general preference, they could do so without the discomfort which they must have suf-



A View of Cordova from the Bridge



WHITE HOUSES BRIGHT WITH FLOWERS AND FOUNTAINS

fered when some new horde of Berbers, full of faith and fight, came over from Africa to push back the encroaching Spanish frontier, and give the local Christians as much martyrdom as they wanted.

It is all a conjecture based upon material witness no more substantial than that which the Latin domination left long centuries before the Arabs came to possess the land. The mosque from which you drive through the rain to the river is neither newer nor older looking than the beautiful Saracenic bridge over the Guadalquivir, which the Arabs themselves say was first built by the Romans in the time of Augustus; the Moorish mill by the thither shore might have ground the first wheat grown in Europe. It is intensely, immemorially African, flat-roofed, white-walled; the mules waiting outside in the wet might have been drooping there ever since the going down of the Flood, from which the river could have got its muddy yellow.

If the reader will be advised by me he will not go to the Archæological Museum, unless he wishes particularly to contribute to the support of the custodian; the collection will not repay him even for the time in which a whole day of Cordova will seem so superabundant. Any little street will be worthier his study, with its type of passing girls in white and black mantillas, and its shallow shops of all sorts, their fronts thrown open, and their interiors flung, as it were, on the sidewalk. It is said that the streets were the first to be paved in Europe, and they have apparently not been repaved since 850. This indeed will not hold quite true of that thoroughfare, twenty feet wide at least, which led from our hotel to the Paseo del Gran Capitan. In this were divers shops of the genteeler sort, and some large cafés, standing full of men of leisure, who crowded to their doors and windows, with their hats on and their hands in their pockets, as at a club, and let no fact of the passing world escape their hungry eyes. Their behavior expressed a famine of incident in Cordova which was pathetic.

The people did not look very healthy as to build or color, and there was a sound of coughing everywhere. To be sure, it was now the season of the first colds, which would no doubt wear off with the coming of next spring; and there was at any rate not nearly so much begging as at Toledo, because there could not be, anywhere. I am sorry I can contribute no statistics as to the moral or intel-

lectual condition of Cordova; perhaps they will not be expected or desired of me; I can only say that the general intelligence is such that no one will own he does not know anything you ask him, even when he does not; but this is a national rather than a local trait, which causes the stranger to go in many wrong directions all over the peninsula.

Rubber tires I did not expect in Cordova, and certainly did not get in a city where a single course over the pavements of 850 would have worn them to tatters; but there seems a good deal of public spirit, if one may judge from the fact that it is the municipality which keeps Abd-er-Rahman's mosque in repair. There are public gardens, far pleasanter than those of Valladolid, which we visited in an interval of the afternoon, and there is a very personable bull-ring, to which we drove in the vain hope of seeing the people come out in a typical multitude. But there had been no feast of bulls; and we had to make what we could out of the walking and driving in the Paseo del Gran Capitan toward evening. In its long, discouraging course there were some good houses, but not many, and the promenaders of any social quality were almost as few. Some ladies in private carriages were driving out, and a great many more in public ones, as well dressed as the others, but with no pretense of state in the horses or drivers. No ladies were walking in the Paseo, except one pretty mother, with her nice-looking children about her, who totaled the sum of her class; but men of every class rather swarmed. High or low, they all wore the kind of hat which abounds everywhere in Andalusia, and is called a Cordovese: flat, stiff, squat in crown and wide in brim, and of every shade of gray, brown, and black. The women of the people all wore flowers in their hair—a dahlia or a marigold—whether their hair was black or gray.

I ought to have had my associations with the Great Captain Gonsalvo in the promenade which the city has named after him, but I am not sure that I had, though his life was one of the Spanish books which I won my way through in the middle years of my pathless teens. But how was I to imagine, in the Connecticut Western Reserve, the scene of Gonsalvo's victories in Calabria, which even Loath Ferdinand the Catholic said brought greater glory to his crown than his own conquest of Grenada? My present knowledge of this fact, and of his helping put down the Moorish insurrection in 1500, as well as his exploits as commander of a Spanish armada against the Turks, is a recent debt I owe to the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* and not to my boyish researches. Of like actuality is my debt to Mr. Calvert's *Southern Spain,* where he quotes the accounting which the Great Captain gave on the greedy king's demand for a statement of his expenses in the Sicilies:

"200,736 ducats and 9 reals paid to the clergy and the poor who prayed for the victory of the army of Spain.

"100 millions in pikes, bullets, and intrenching tools; 10,000 ducats in scented gloves, to preserve the troops from the odor of the enemies' dead left on the battle-field; 100,000 ducats spent in the repair of the bells completely worn out by every day announcing fresh victories gained over our enemies; 50,000 ducats in 'aguardiente' for the troops on the eve of battle. A million and a half for the safeguarding prisoners and wounded.

"One million for masses of thanksgiving; 700,494 ducats for secret service, etc.

"And one hundred millions for the patience with which I have listened to the king, who demands an account from the man who has presented him with a kingdom."

It seems that Gonsalvo was one of the greatest humorists as well as captains of his age, and the king may very well have liked his fun no better than his fame. Now that he has been dead nearly four hundred years, Ferdinand would, if he were living, no doubt join Cordova in honoring Gonzalo Hernandez de Aguila y de Cordova. After all, he was not born in Cordova (as I had supposed till an hour ago), but in the little city of Montilla, five stations away on the railroad to the Malaga, and now more noted for its surpassing sherry than for the greatest soldier of his time. To have given its name to Amontillado is glory enough for Montilla, and it must be owned that Gonzalo Hernandez de Aguila y de Montilla would not sound so

well as the title we know the hero by, when we know him at all. There may be some who will say that Cordova merits remembrance less because of him than because of Columbus, who first came to the Catholic kings there to offer them not a mere kingdom, but a whole hemisphere. Cordova was then the Spanish headquarters for operations against Grenada, and one reads of the fact with a luminous sense which one cannot have till one has seen Cordova.

After our visits to the mosque and the bridge and the museum there remained nothing of our forenoon, and we gave the whole of the earlier afternoon to an excursion which strangers are expected to make into the first climb of hills to the eastward of the city. The road which reaches the Huerta de los Arcos is rather smoother for driving than the streets of Cordova, but the rain had made it heavy, and we were glad of our good horses and their owner's mercy to them. He stopped so often to breathe them when the ascent began that we had abundant time to note the features of the wayside; the many villas, piously named for saints, set on the incline, and orcharded about with orange-trees, in the beginning of that measureless forest of olives which has no limit but the horizon.

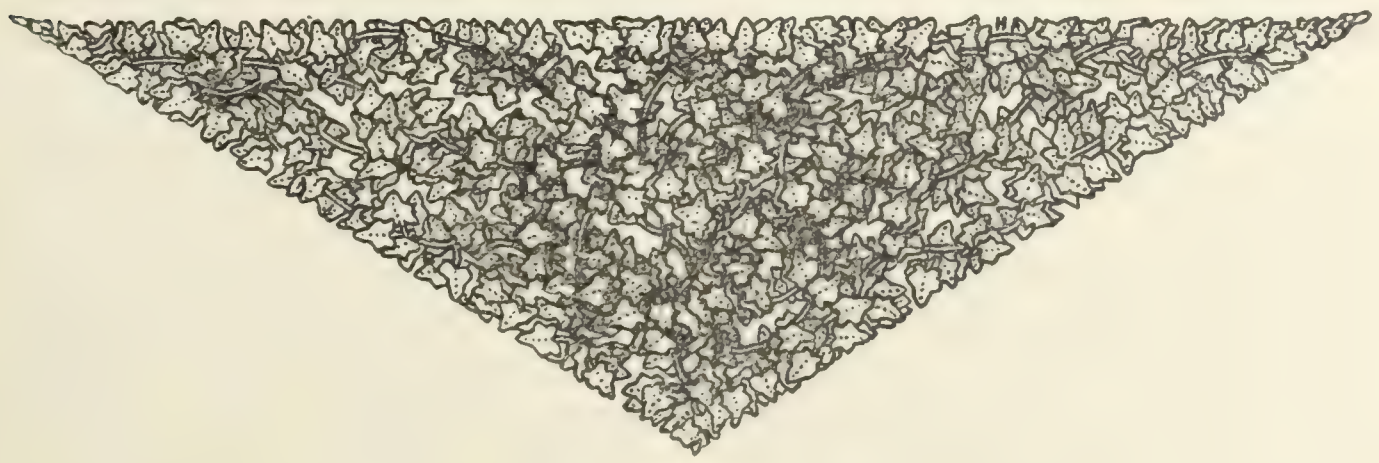
From the gate to the villa which we had come to see, it was a stiff ascent by terraced beds of roses, zinnias, and purple salvia, beside walls heavy with jasmine and trumpet-creepers in full bloom, and orange-trees, fruiting and flowering in their desultory way. The garden was, in fact, very pretty, though whether it was worth fifteen pesetas and three hours coming to see the reader must decide for himself when he does it. I myself think it was, and I would like to be there now, sitting in a shell-covered cement chair at the villa steps, and letting the landscape unroll itself wonderfully before me. We were on a shore of that ocean of olives which in southern Spain washes far up the mountain walls of the blue and bluer distances, and which we were to skirt more and more in bay and inlet and widening and narrowing expanses throughout Andalusia. Before we left it we wearied utterly of it, and, in fact, the olive of Spain is not the sympathetic olive of Italy, though I should think it a much more practical and profitable tree. It is not planted so much at haphazard as the Italian olive seems to be; its mass looks less like an old apple-orchard than the Italian; its regular succession is a march of trim files as far as the horizon or the hillsides, which they often climbed to the top. We were in the season of the olive harvest, and throughout the month of October its nearer lines showed the sturdy trees weighted down by the dense fruit, sometimes very small, sometimes as large as pigeon eggs. There were vineyards and wheat-fields in that vast prospect, and certainly there were towns and villages; but what remains with me is the sense of olives and ever more olives, though this may be the cumulative effect of other such prospects, as vast and as monotonous.

While we looked away and away, the gardener and a half-grown boy were about their labors that Sunday afternoon as if it were a week-day, though for that reason perhaps they were not working very hard. They seemed mostly to be sweeping up the fallen leaves from the paths, and where the leaves had not fallen from the horse-chestnuts the boy was assisting nature by climbing the trees and plucking them. We tried to find out why he was doing this, but to this day I do not know why he was doing it, and I must be content to contribute the bare fact to the science of arboriculture. Possibly it was in the interest of neatness, and was a precaution against letting the leaves drop and litter the grass. There was apparently a passion for neatness throughout, which in the villa itself amounted to ecstasy. It was in a state to be come-and-lived in at any moment, though I believe it was occupied only in the late spring and the early autumn; in winter the noble family went to Madrid, and in summer to some Northern watering-place. It was rather small, and expressed a life of the minor hospitalities when the family was in residence. It was no place for house-parties, and scarcely for week-end visits, or even for neighborhood dinners. Perhaps on that terrace there was afternoon ice-cream or chocolate for friends who rode or drove over or out; it seemed so possible that we had to check in ourselves the cozy

impulse to pull up our shell-covered cement chairs to some central table of like composition.

Within, the villa was of a spick-and-spanness which I feel that I have not adequately suggested; and I may say that the spray of a garden-hose seemed all that would be needed to put the place in readiness for occupation. Not that even this was needed for that interior of tile and marble, so absolutely apt for the climate and the use the place would be put to. In vain we conjectured, and I hope not impertinently, the characters and tastes of the absentees; the sole clue that offered itself was a bookshelf of some Spanish versions from authors scientific and metaphysical to the verge of agnosticism. I would not swear to Huxley and Herbert Spencer among the English writers, but they were such as these, not in their entire bulk, but in extracts and special essays. I recall the slightly tilted row of the neat paper copies; and I wish I knew who it was liked to read them. The Spanish have a fondness for such dangerous ground; from some of their novels it appears they feel it rather *chic* to venture on it.

We came away from Cordova with a pretty good conscience as to its sights. Upon the whole we were glad they were so few, when once we had made up our minds about the mosque. But now I have found too late that we ought to have visited the general market in the old square where the tournaments used to take place; we ought to have seen also the Chapel of the Hospital del Cardinal, because it was part of the mosque of Al-Mansour; we ought to have verified the remains of two baths out of the nine hundred once existing in the Calle del Baño Alta; and we ought finally to have visited the remnant of a Moorish house in the Plazuela de San Nicolas, with its gallery of jasper columns, now unhappily whitewashed. The Campo Santo has an unsatisfied claim upon my interest because it was the place where the perfervid Christian zealots used to find the martyrdom they sought at the hands of the unwilling Arabs; and where, far earlier, Julius Cæsar planted a plane-tree after his victory over the forces of Pompey at Munda. The tree no longer exists, but neither does Cæsar, nor the thirty thousand enemies whom he slew there, nor the sons of Pompey who commanded them. These were so near beating Cæsar at first that he ran among his soldiers "asking them whether they were not ashamed to deliver him into the hands of boys." One of the boys escaped, but two days after the fight the head of the elder was brought to Cæsar, who was not liked for the triumph he made himself after the event in Rome, where it was thought out of taste to rejoice over the calamity of his fellow-cavalrymen as if they had been foreign foes; the Romans do not seem to have minded his putting twenty-eight thousand Cordovese to death for their Pompeian politics. If I had remembered all this from my Plutarch, I should certainly have gone to see the place where Cæsar planted that plane-tree. Perhaps some kind soul will go to see it for me. I myself do not expect to return to Cordova.



Father

BY ALICE BROWN

SANDY BAR, the green amphitheater backed by hills where the Esoterics held their summer conference, was marked on the east by a line of shingly beach, and here the younger Esoterics paced and murmured after the evening talk. There was from time to time an alien visitor, often a reporter humorous enough to wonder what the sea thought of such palaverings at its threshold: how old Triton, come up to "blow his wreathed horn," took these mysteries of the East revamped for the apprehension of the West, and what the mermaids, in gregarious midnight hair-combings, tittered to one another about this cultured interchange of earth men and maids. People without even a slant toward mysticism liked to come here for "the course," because the spot itself was so idyllic, and the practical side of high thinking so admirably arranged. The food was exquisite and reasonable. "Of course it's all in the air," solid matrons would own, after confessing they had stayed at Sandy Bar every minute they could filch from a holiday due somewhere else, "but it's really very amusing. Excellent table. Same cook, you know, three of them, brothers. They come every summer. It's quite remarkable what they do with cream and nuts." Everybody went away soothed and always fatter; content, too, in a holy way, because they had been fingering strange religions, and had not got burned, but only pleasantly warmed to a sense of their own broad-mindedness.

Mrs. Evelyn Dart arrived with Evie, her nineteen-year-old daughter, at five o'clock in the afternoon of a calm July day. Mrs. Dart had not come to eat or to pique her religious emotions. She was a speaker in the course, a woman who was said to make an audience "sit up" nearly as soon as she opened her mouth. Her face was compounded of oddments of hints and expressions. It bore marks of the mystic: the high forehead, the wistful, pale gaze of the creature who has looked on the outside of life and found nothing to satisfy, the delicate mouth ready to quiver as to a challenge, and through the very tissue of expression an urge of fiery energy. She wore trailing robes of a subdued violet, and falls of lace over her slender hands. Evie, the daughter, was more definite. Offspring of her mother's youth, she seemed to bear no relation to any mood of her maturity, the blossom of a bygone year, and of no continuing spiritual state of being. Her clothes were not snatched out of old portraits or filched from presses of Queen Elizabeth. They were the tailored uniform of the time, put on with an extreme care. She "knew her way about." She also convoyed her mother in accurate comfort over the miles of railway which Mrs. Dart regarded vaguely as shining tracks from speech to speech. Mrs. Dart found the practical conditions of life tolerable, though fluctuating. She was always being passed about, chiefly from one motor to another, and in this multiplicity of friendly cars—such was the continuity of service—she might have fancied she owned one of a protean form. And if, as seemed unlikely, even hostesses were to fail, Evie was always there to study time-tables and check luggage and find a quiet room with the right exposure.

Evie had just now consigned their luggage to a truck, and since they were not yet expected, decreed that she and mother should walk along a bosky way direct to the amphitheater and its cottages. Even in its approaches Sandy Bar waved a poetic welcome. You had no sooner left the train than you found its spell at work upon you; as if Eastern sages and doctored religions were not enough, here were rustling leaves and a floral roadside carpeting. The way was empty now, because this was lecture-hour; and Evie walked swingingly, in a wholesome response to the familiar greenness and the

delightful air. She was feeling to the full the bright joy of contrast; they had left a heated city for this world of leaves and, in the minds at least of her mother and the Esoterics, the persuasiveness of philosophy and its implication of everlasting calm. She knew the place well, and tolerantly welcomed it. She had plumbed Sandy Bar of old, and it had no disappointments for her: only the same tepid story of good people seeking to be more holy than the world allows and lamentably backing off from cruder challenges. Her mother, though light of foot, and with every reason for sharing this exhilaration, walked draggingly. Evie, suddenly aware of it, threw her the questioning glance of experience in cases of physical overthrow.

"What's the matter, mummy?" she inquired.

As if the question had been her cue for giving out altogether, Mrs. Dart glanced around vaguely for some support, and sank on an empty bench by the way.

"Sit down, Evie," she said. "I suppose we'd better have it out here."

Evie continued looking at her, in grave expectation but not alarmed: only as one ready to face an emergency at its inception and "down" it without delay. She caught the newspaper from her mother's grasp and began to fan her with it; but Mrs. Dart, lifting an impatient hand, swept it aside.

"No," said she, "I'm not faint nor tired. I'm distracted."

"What about?" asked Evie. "What's happened?"

Mrs. Dart now laid a hand upon the paper and drew it toward her impressively, as if it made her witness.

"Something in this paper," she said. "I saw it coming down. I didn't tell you then. I thought I could do it better when we were in our own rooms. But we didn't take a carriage—we're walking—we might meet anybody."

Evie was extremely puzzled.

"But you could have taken a carriage," she said, brusquely, yet kindly, too. "Did you want to? Why didn't you say so?"

Mrs. Dart grew more and more confused.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't think how it would be. But when I realized we might meet him, and you unprepared—Evie, your father's here."

The girl stood perfectly silent; only her face turned crimson and the feruled end of her umbrella ran noiselessly into the earth. Her mother glanced up at her, timidly even, as if she expected to be reproached, and it was true that when Evie did speak the words had a ring of bitterness.

"You needn't have considered me. You forget I've never seen him."

"Oh, don't say that," Mrs. Dart besought her, as if the accuracy of testimony were the end in view. "You were two and a half."

"When you were divorced?" prompted Evie, with a ruthless clarity. "Well, I don't remember back of two and a half. I can't recall him."

Mrs. Dart, nervously in haste, sought over the newspaper. The paragraph was easily found; she had read no more since it struck her brain.

"Here it is: 'John Symonds Dart has been engaged for three lectures on "Recent Explorations in Egypt and their Relation to the Past," in place of Professor Crandall, put down for "The Spirit of the East."'"

"I shouldn't think they'd want a man like—father," said Evie. She spoke the word with difficulty. "He doesn't belong in a show like this. He's just a plain, common professor at Yale. Oh yes, he is. I know all about him. I've read a lot. The fellows like him. His classes are full. But he's no more like these Johnnies here—"

"Don't!" said Mrs. Dart. She disliked the mention of Johnnies, and had not, even after hearing prolific use of it, succeeded in defining the word with any degree of clarity. Everything, it seemed, in the vocabulary of Evie which was not obvious was a Johnnie. "He wouldn't have come, I suppose," she continued, "if I had been advertised to speak. But there's the coincidence of it: I am supposed to be in Europe. I return unexpectedly. Somebody drops out of the Conference, and I am asked to take her place. Just as your father is, don't you see? So here we are together."

"Well," said Evie, shortly, "we can't turn tail and run."

"No," said Mrs. Dart. She held her fine head slightly higher. "We must behave with dignity. It is easy—comparatively easy. Your father is a considerate person, very. But I am only afraid, Evie, of the effect on you."

"Why?" said Evie. "I haven't been divorced."

It was cruel, and it gave pain, and it was never meant to. Yet Mrs. Dart couldn't blame her. She didn't even wince: for out of these years of Evie's growing up she had learned a great deal. One item, on which she dwelt with a mild amazement, was that though Evie had often the manner of a bluff boy, she never wilfully hurt. The manner itself was the armor of a curious age where young women seemed to have no proper sentiment, or hid inevitable romance under a crusted gaiety. But the slight outer hardness of the time had its value. It induced a lightness of demeanor in face of some of the bigger complications that was quite admirable. Evie had behaved with a perfect restraint over the question of her mother's divorce. But here, in this green walk to the amphitheater, she was breaking her code. She asked a question shocking in its crudity.

"What's the matter with father? Was he bad?"

Mrs. Dart turned distended eyes upon her.

"Your father?" she gasped. "Bad? What can you mean by that?"

"Was father a bad man?" repeated Evie, clearly. "No, I don't mean that exactly. I mean, what kind of bad was he? What made you divorce him?"

"Your father," said Mrs. Dart, with dignity, as if to pledge her word that the sanctity of the hearthstone had not been involved, "was one of the best men that ever lived."

"He threw up his job, anyway. He deserted you, didn't he?" Evie pursued, inexorably. "I don't call that honorable in a married man."

"It was part of his chivalry," Mrs. Dart declared, still in her manner of hot defense. "He knew I wanted freedom, and he gave it to me. I had enough to live on. So he simply withdrew. He went abroad. That gave me my divorce."

Evie was looking at her now in pure amazement.

"Do you mean to say," she inquired, "that you allowed a man like father, a public man, a man with a profession, to do a thing like that?—desert his wife, desert—why, me!—he deserted me, too—and stand up against it and live it down and go on teaching when he found a chance? And get a professorship? Why, father's magnificent. Father's a brick. Why didn't you tell me that before?"

Mrs. Dart answered from her eminence of perfect certainty founded upon conversance with comparative religion on a substructure of nice womanly feeling.

"You hadn't asked me. You were very little at the time."

"But," said Evie, now the defenses were all down and her pent-up curiosity could flood the plain of their habitual intercourse, "if father was such a brick as to let you do a thing like that, I don't see why you wanted a divorce at all."

It was easier to say the word with every repetition. It was not easier for Mrs. Dart to hear it. But she answered with a dignity that was almost pride in the phrases she had long ago adopted in formulating to herself the expansion her daughter could tuck so neatly into one word.

"I needed entire spiritual freedom. I wanted a fuller life."

"Well, whatever you mean by that, he'd have given it to you," Evie was insisting, in an almost humorous horror over the airiness of the web that had held them. "If he did an absurd thing like that, went off and risked his credit and gave up his home—think of it!—he'd have let you go batting round as you've always done and never said a word."

Mrs. Dart had now a little scarlet spot high on each cheek.

"It would not," said she, "have been fair to him. I wished to leave him the same spiritual freedom I was claiming for myself."

"Oh!" groaned Evie.

It was a sound that said you couldn't get anywhere when the ineffable sat in judgment on the obvious. This feeling of blank discouragement was the unconscious silent response she was always offering to her mother's natural trend. She was often proud of her mother, proud when the spark came into Mrs. Dart's

eyes and the gift of tongues descended upon her. She wondered how mother, who never knew anything about trains and was willing to wear clothes of a generation past, could possibly rush over all created life in a chariot of fiery possession. This acceptance of mother as she was had done a good deal to enlarge Evie's tolerance. It was not that she had any sympathy for the endless discussion of an ideal way of life. The life seemed to her merely erratic. She frankly hated it. Still, it had to be accepted, like volcanoes, that are not such kindly breasts of earth as the green New England hills, but are in the landscape somewhere. She knew there must really be some eccentric chart to explain her mother's piercing aspiration and unsatisfied desire. That must be the Ideal, Evie thought. She had heard it often enough to hate it, and she patiently respected it. But now her mind clung to the issue of the moment.

"Well," said she, "I shall speak to father."

"I hope," said Mrs. Dart, with that moving sweetness of tone a moral challenge always won from her—"I hope there is no question of speaking or not speaking among mortal creatures cognizant of immortality."

She rose, buoyed by a phrase, and walked lightly along, and Evie followed. Evie was ever tender of mother's formulas. She knew how they sustained her, and she welcomed this slight hint of an abstraction as an end toward getting to the cottage where they were to lodge. It was like taking a prescription to a chemist and coming away heartened by the proof that remedies exist and you have one in a bottle. And of late, too, she had been especially tender of all mother's queernesses, that must be normal somewhere, for she found mother too often tired, and concluded, in her practical way of looking on at life and doctoring it up, that mother wasn't so young as she had been. Evie never read Emerson when she could help it, though she had done an oft-repeated task of looking up quotations, but she, like him, knew there was a time to "take in sail." She thought of it often, indeed, because she had seen aged platform ladies convoyed to posts of honor and called on for a "few words" where they had once been urged to extended speech and given a place on programmes. She wondered how mother would bear it when her time came to find a newer age superseding her.

All that day they lived in a vague, unspoken excitement, which cooled at night when it was announced that Professor Dart had not come, and was not at once expected. Then immediately Evie dismissed him from her conscious mind, because another great meeting befell her. She heard young Richard Haynes speak on the *Zeitgeist,* and came out of the little theater, a sound as of the sea in her ears and the voice of many waters in her soul.

Haynes was so beautiful a person that it hardly made any difference what he said, or whether he was the profound scholar the Esoterics took him for or a clever artificer in borrowed goods. He had the gift of words and a fine Greek nose. Convincingness lay in his stature and persuasion in his lovely voice. Evie, seeing him, understood a great many things. The green amphitheater, instead of being an oasis where wandering Arabs of the mind met to chatter in their various jargons, became a holy place. She understood now the intention, at least, of all the languages. She thought humbly of her mother who had taken the daring step of allying herself to this territory of the other world sprung up so vividly, like a bright garden, in the midst of this. The boys she had played tennis with at fortunate moments when her wanderings had let her exchange signals with her kind were far away, withdrawn into as crude a past as her own childhood and its childish things. Richard Haynes alone remained, standing there in his beauty on the platform that seemed an eminence for overlooking the world, weighing its past and prophesying futures.

So great was the immediate change in her that her mother marveled. The boyish bluffness had gone. Evie appealed, almost, in every word she spoke, yet not consciously. Her real self at last dwelt too far from common intercourse. Her eyes almost humid in their liquid beauty, her movements soft and still, she went about humming little snatches of song and answering absently.

The change in her was moving to her mother, almost terrifying. She had never known such an Evie.

It was only a day that the change had lasted, and in the afternoon of it they met Richard Haynes in a shaded walk, and were formally named to him by one of Mrs. Dart's disciples. Evie was a marvel of stillness, but he read her at once. Whether she had for him the significance he had for her, or whether he liked the homage of a radiant girl, he detached her from the group, and they walked away together at a sufficient nearness to her mother to satisfy nice custom. That night, after a lecture, when Mrs. Dart was again surrounded by her devotees, he made his way straight to Evie and asked her to go down to the beach. She turned instantly. Mrs. Dart thought she heard her say, "Coming, mother?" but it was with no evident expectation of being taken up; and that moment, incredibly, though they seemed to move with no haste, the two were gone. That Mrs. Dart could not plausibly follow them was, she knew, the fault of her own disciples, crowding about her with glib banalities. And outside the theater, the heavenly night itself dispersing them with its calls to the enchantment of moonlight on the sea, she came face to face with him who had been her husband, a little grayer, sadder about the eyes, significances she would mark by day, but still incredibly familiar, and so, at this moment of need, still hers. In the manner of the idle mind running over its own chances, she had often pictured what she should do if this meeting happened to her. It would be, she had always known, full of dignity and a faint sadness like elusive fragrances. Their spirits would hail, remembering the fleeting nature of a past communion, and go on, each cognizant that there had been nothing eternal in the bond. But what she did was to stop before him and ask, in the tone of the mother whose boy has "gone in swimming" in a bottomless hole:

"Oh, have you seen Evie?"

What John Symonds Dart thought, exactly what hail his spirit had been prepared to make, not even he knew accurately. He was a man of few words and no recognized psychical complexities. After an appreciable pause while the disciples surged past them, and Mrs. Dart waited in a suspense that predicted Evie as anywhere, he said, in a perfectly commonplace tone:

"No, I haven't seen her." He might have added that this was the Evie he had never seen at all, but the moment didn't seem to call for it. "Where do you think she is?"

"On the beach with Richard Haynes," said Mrs. Dart, in the same choked voice, one she knew no more than he did. There had been no obstacles in her road with Evie as a daughter frankly well-behaved. "I'm afraid so."

"Well," said Dart, "let's walk down there and find her."

Others, walking to find moon and sea in conjunction, went more slowly, and Dart and Evelyn were presently in the bayberry-fringed path to the long beach. It was wide enough to walk abreast, and Mrs. Dart needed no help. Nor did he offer any, save once when her trailing dress caught a "follower." This he disengaged, a rose spray, with some pains to his hands, and then he did say, practically:

"You'd better take that up."

She did, in a kind of humble obedience, he seemed so bound to release her from her fears and Evie from the wizard's spell.

"You see," she said, "I shouldn't feel so worried, but it's this night. It's enchantment. Look at the moon. Hear the sea. And June, too! It couldn't be worse."

Dart stepped a little faster.

"You're afraid they'll go out?" he said. "It's a calm sea. The fellow can't row? Is that it?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Dart. "It isn't the water. I'm afraid he'll propose to her and she'll accept him."

"Don't you want her to accept him?" he asked, practically. "What's the matter with him?"

The question beat upon her like an echo, and in clutching for an answer she remembered it was the very one Evie had put to her about her own husband and Evie's father. But she couldn't stop to fit coincidences. The argument of the instant had to be framed.

"He's not—" she said, and hesitated.



Drawn by Denman Fink Half tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

IT WAS EVIE WHO SUGGESTED THAT THEY SHOULD TURN ABOUT

Then she ended in the only terms that came to her: "Richard Haynes isn't the kind of man to marry. He's not practical."

"All the better to live with," said Dart. "That is, if he's got something to live *on*. And if he hasn't, I could turn in something to start 'em." There was nothing unexpected in the sound of this to either of them. It seemed a most logical thing that they should be walking there in the moonlight, thinking how to start Evie. "How long has she known him?" Dart inquired.

"Since yesterday."

"The devil! What do they mean by going off and engaging themselves when they've only known each other since yesterday?"

"Oh, I don't know that they have engaged themselves," said Mrs. Dart, in the very tone of the wife denied a perfect marital comprehension. "It's only what I told you—the moonlight—and the sea—and the way he looked at her. And he's exactly the kind of man to do it in a rush. There's somebody in a light cloak. Could that be Evie?"

Dart, not as an efflorescence of tact, but because he was trying too hard to grasp the bearings of the case, did not see his chance of reminding her that if he met Evie by bright daylight he should not know her.

"You can't prevent their getting engaged by coming on them now and whipping her off home," he said. "It 'll only antagonize 'em. Don't you know it will?"

"I want time," said Mrs. Dart, passionately. "I don't intend to have her run her neck into a noose and not know it till too late."

"Oh!" said Dart, rather stiffly. "You don't want her to marry at all. You call it a noose, do you?"

"I do want her to marry," said Mrs. Dart. "Of course I do. It's normal and it's right. But it's got to be a different kind of man from that."

"What kind?" asked Dart, curiously.

They were standing still now on a little scrubby ridge watching the couples pacing on the sand below. The moon had laid her lessening track to the farthest verge, and the sea was murmuring.

"Why," said Mrs. Dart, "a real man, one that can give her a home, and not go round talking about other worlds. 'Homes of the spirit,' that's what he talks about. He did last night, the first time she saw him."

Evelyn heard herself as if it were a stranger in revolt. She didn't know these whirling words and the thoughts that bred them. It seemed to her, as it had many a time within the last year, as if she were in the grip of a power bigger than herself. The power might even be the universe. It had got into the habit of saying lately: "You're only an atom, and you're a tired one. In the bottom of your heart you wish there were safe places to creep into, where nobody is entertaining you, and nobody talks except about homely things. You're bored with hospitality, and you envy the women with stationary thresholds and own folks." Now, from this germ of discontent within her she found herself amplifying picturesquely; but that, she knew, was her habit. Give her a theme and she could always improvise.

"I know him. I know precisely his kind. Why, I don't care if she marries an expressman—or a plumber—but I want her to have a house to live in, and a husband to come home nights and talk about the baby's throat and the color to paint the floor."

She had an amazed man beside her. In all his few years with her, Dart had never heard her express a longing for crude verities. Nor did Mrs. Dart really know she had it in her, scarcely that she had opened the secret chamber of her heart and let out some of the tired longings that lay there like dust unstirred. She was alive with mother love and apprehension, tingling all over her like the pricking of an acute nervousness. Besides normal mother consciousness, part jealousy and part wild fostering, she felt fear. Her darling, inside the stockade of maidenly indifference, had up to now been safe. But the look in Evie's eyes had told a story. Her defenses were down, and Richard Haynes, unhindered, could walk in.

"There's nothing the matter with him," she reiterated, as if in justice to him. "But Evie couldn't stand him. She's fascinated now. You know how it is with a girl. And I know Evie. She's

got to marry a man—the kind of man that does things and won't make any fuss about it. He needn't talk. That wouldn't cut any ice with Evie after the fascination's gone."

If Mrs. Dart, the lecturer, had been told that she would apply to Evie's own vocabulary for a reference to ice-cutting, she would have smiled patiently and returned to her study of the Hindu sages. But now, so single was her mood, that she was quite innocent of having made a foray outside her own preserves.

"There!" she said. "There they are, by that snag."

She started on the instant and plunged down the ridges, her skirt, again released in her excitement, trailing after and making her to Dart, who followed, abnormally tall.

"But, Evelyn," he said, and this was the first time he had used her name for years without the pang of loss, "what are you going to do?"

"Anything," she threw back at him, in a desperate whisper. "You get acquainted with him. Size him up. Don't leave them. Don't leave me." In the next instant she was inquiring, in the smooth tone of woman's guile, "Are you warm enough, Evie?"

"Perfectly," said Evie. Her voice in itself was exciting to her mother, who had known it in its old brusque tones. It throbbed like an instrument ready tuned and now touched suddenly.

"Mr. Haynes?" Dart was inquiring. "How do you do, sir?" He had an old-fashioned way of saying "sir," and Evie liked the sound of it. "Better have something on your head, Evie," he recommended. Then she knew who he was. "Here's my handkerchief."

He shook out its folds, doubled it crosswise, and, with a slow care, put it on her head and tied it under her chin. Evie hated things on her head, but she accepted this humbly. She couldn't thank him easily, for she felt her lips trembling. Her chin trembled, too. She was warm with sensitive feeling. His slow, awkward care, the grave concern in his voice, were pain to her. "Father!" she wanted to say, and say it over and over, just the one word. "You dear old father! Father!"

"There," said Dart, "I guess you're fixed now. Mr. Haynes, I wasn't down in time to hear you. They tell me the ladies call you the new apostle."

Haynes laughed consciously, and, new though her enchantment was, Evie winced. "Father" had spoken bluffly, and Haynes responded like a girl. It was embarrassment, she knew, perhaps distaste of the flavor added by "the ladies," but she wished a man of his shoulders had found another way of hiding it.

Dart hadn't waited for his answer.

"Let's take a boat," he said, "and row out there a piece."

He might have meant the sparkling track laid by the moon. Evie was drawn by the moon way with an ecstasy of longing, and her mother trembled before some power that was luring them all. What she knew, she who had spent her life in digging meanings out of facts, was that the night was lovely and full of pain. Evie laughed out suddenly. She was thinking she loved everything about this father who tied up daughters' heads in handkerchiefs. He had the tone of homely things.

Haynes took his place to row, and did it with a considered ease that let them float, the ripple lap, lap against their keel. He was heading for the moon, and Evie said, dreamily, yet as if ashamed of the unaccustomed vagueness of her thought:

"I never can get used to rowing in the track of light, and yet not having it light under the boat. It seems as if we ought to see we're in the moon path."

Mrs. Dart's mind was used, through native bent and also long accustomedness, to seizing the aphorism that dwells within the fact. Wearily she realized what, at another moment, she might have said; but though her tired mind mechanically responded with the aphorism, she couldn't accept it from any pretense even of using it. Once she would have handed back some neat phrase to the effect that light lies always in the path before us, not in the field of momentary action or repose. But at this moment of bald anxiety it didn't pertain. She was on pins with impatience, wondering why Dart didn't talk, talk to Haynes, challenge him to response, and pluck out the heart of his unsuitability. Presently, as if seeing

nobody else meant to do it, Dart did begin, but inadequately, Evelyn thought, about athletics and their permanent value. She wanted to hear Haynes falling into traps and yielding intimate avowals. The young man ought to be made to declare himself on big points, recite his moral and esthetic creed, lay himself bare to anxious parenthood. But it was Evie who answered. She wanted to know all about the collegiate life her father presided over, always as it touched the side of sports, and her responses were couched in what her mother winced at as technical jargon, but that Dart understood as belonging to the custom of the topic and answered quietly. He was conservative about sports, Evie told him, though in other words, and he owned it.

"I do want the boys developed," he said, "up to the top notch. But I can't help thinking, when I see them putting all they've got into a game that's being betted on and yelled at—well, I know what it's doing to their young hearts. I know they'll need 'em later."

Yet, strangely, he did not seem to Evie any sort of mollycoddle. She couldn't agree with him, but she accepted him tenderly as one whose age had made him set undue value on conserving. Mrs. Dart, again mechanically responsive to the stimulus for poetic illustration, murmured something about Phidippides, and was instantly angry with herself for having done it, knowing Haynes was the only one likely to follow her. But Dart was not so far behind.

"Who was that?" he asked, unashamed. "The Greek runner? Yes, but you see we can do that now by wireless." He turned to Haynes. "What do you think? Which side are you on, training or overtraining?"

Haynes answered in a crisp tone Evie had not heard from him.

"I've been there. I went over to Cambridge with the crew, and I've run in two Marathons. I don't suppose it hurt me. I didn't care then whether it did or not."

Then why, Evie's mind prompted, if you've lived such things as boat-races and Marathons, have I been tugging after you on this trail of platitude? Why not have come into my open field and played my games with me? Mrs. Dart lashed her own flagging energies and began upon the Greeks, but really flitting along the path where Browning's chariot-wheels had rolled and celebrating the wonder of running to announce a victory. Here, to her surprise, Dart, who in their old days had always lingered in a background of acquiescence, took her up and set her down again. He knew, it came out, something more about the Greeks than she did, though it only appeared by implication. He was dwelling on their reverence for proportion and the mean, the "nothing too much." It was one thing, he said, to run over hill and dale, "like a stubble the fire burned through," to carry the news of victory, and even drop in the market-place. It was another thing to pander to the lust for a game among a people who had lost sight of the nothing too much—indeed, had never seen it at all, and didn't suspect it of existing. They wanted everything too much—money, "go," the rattle of the wheels of power.

It was Evie who suggested that they should turn about. Mother, she said, was going to speak to-morrow. She'd be tired. Dart looked at his watch and begged Evelyn's pardon, in a tone of honest concern. He'd "no idea it was so late."

The next day it seemed to come about naturally for them to fall into an ease of intimate relation. The three speakers appeared at one another's lectures, and Evie went to all. As to the weather, it was a season of miraculous calm, and every night they rowed on the gentlest of seas. The Esoterics looked on, and, by virtue of their training, smiled in a recognition that the Darts had vaulted to a ground enviably high. The outer circle frankly wondered what was going to happen. For Evelyn there were a good many surprises, chiefly concerned with Dart. Once she had analyzed, defined, and bounded him with what seemed to her a perfect adequacy. Now, from no resistance of his own, but chiefly out of his reaction on her, he seemed to defy such processes. He was a personage, and he loomed rather large. He had outlines, resistances, and their firmness made her feel her own processes somewhat vague. She had always floated

on the surface of things, and it had seemed charming to float. But now suddenly, in a queer way, she felt slatternly, as if she were wandering about the house of life, not ordering it. It was Dart who made the pivot of their group. She saw him sometimes in a morning when she was dictating to Evie, or trying a sequence of thought on her, walking with Haynes in free but, as she knew from snatches she caught, perfectly commonplace talk. Evie followed her father about in a silent, frank devotion Mrs. Dart dared not question lest she evoke some comment she might find it hard to bear. Now that Evie had set foot inside her mother's groundwork of motive, Mrs. Dart feared her to an extent that almost made her seem to herself to be skulking. She could not bear to know how she looked to Evie in this light of appreciation thrown about "father"—who was no less father for being called by no definite name. At a somewhat earlier date in life, Mrs. Dart would have analyzed this state of things to exhaustion. Now she felt herself too tired. The gusto of analysis had gone. One thing she did feel: that Dart, however solid a corner-stone he had become in their present edifice, was not rescuing Evie, at least in any obvious fashion. Evie herself was less alone with Haynes because she inclined to be with father; but about any inclination she might have felt, she kept a perfect silence. She seemed to be growing, in some hidden, normal way. like a plant increasing in beauty's leafage by night and astonishing the beholder who finds it in the morning. If she was feeling emotion, she didn't show it. She simply lived a light-footed, gay-voiced life, and slept and ate her fill. Was it because Evie was in love? Evelyn tried to remember how it had been when she was in love with Dart; but the year was hazy. It seemed to have been an unrest, never, to her mind, even promising peace, but rather a future of transcending emotion, always to be and never there.

Dart finished his lectures and still he stayed. Mrs. Dart, in a grave approval, thought he had developed sufficiently to appreciate the place.

It was at last the night before Richard's going, and that could not be deferred, because he had lectures at a nummer school. Mrs. Dart, a little excited, rather tired now that the battle had been so far fought out, and he had not yet proposed to Evie, felt a drop in temperature. Things seemed no longer tragic or romantic; they looked commonplace and also pleasant, as if she and Dart together had succeeded in protecting their daughter from a peril, and now the peril was past.

"He's going in the morning," she said to Dart, as he appeared at the cottage where she had been lodged. "Why," she said then, "you're tired!"

"No," said Dart, while his voice denied it, "I guess not."

He mounted the veranda steps, and she left her chair and took another, to give him the bigger one. His whole face showed a droop of flaccid muscles and his eyes looked the pathos of lonely middle age. Evelyn, whether from the loosed tension of the moment or some pleasure she had in seeing him, broke out, jubilantly:

"Perhaps he didn't want her, after all!"

"Oh yes, he did," said Dart, smoking quietly. "He said so."

"He said so? He told you about it? He asked you for Evie?" Her voice rose in an incredulous crescendo.

"Practically. Said he wanted to marry her."

"Really? So that was your chance, wasn't it?" Evelyn almost stroked him now, in her exultancy. "How did you put it? What did you say?"

Dart seemed to be absorbed in making a smoke wreath, but he gave it up and threw his cigar into a patch of jewelweed.

"Why," said he, "I don't exactly know. I asked him what his prospects were. That was what it amounted to."

This didn't seem at all like the high challenges Evelyn had seen an opening for.

"His prospects are good enough," she said, "if you mean money. He simply rakes it in. He can get an engagement as easy as turn his hand over, and they pay him astounding rates."

"Well," said Dart, "he doesn't care for the business. He'd like to leave it. If he could get Evie, he would."



Drawn by Denman Fink

SHE SEEMED TO BE GROWING IN SOME HIDDEN NORMAL WAY

"Leave it?" she echoed. "Get Evie? What would he support her on?"

"He'd like to be an actor."

She felt a quick distaste.

"If that's not like him—just my idea of him! He's simply been in the lecture field for money, and this is where it's led him. More money, more applause. He's the image of a matinée idol. That's what would suit him, too."

"Oh, he's always wanted to be an actor," said Dart, still with the air of needing no haste to prove his points. "But he didn't make good. Thought he would have, finally, but his father got into a financial scrape, and he began this to help him out. Quick returns. Now his father's on his feet, and Haynes wants to go back to the stage."

"Well, that settles it," she breathed. "Hasn't she had an escape!"

"Evie? Why, I don't know. He's a good fellow. It's all a question of whether Evie's fond of him."

Mrs. Dart suddenly wished she could tell him all she knew about the life of wandering.

"I should think," said she, "you would be the last man in the world to let a child"—she was about to say, "of yours," but the words failed her—"to let a girl like Evie marry any man that hasn't a settled home."

"The point is," said Dart, as if he had thought a great deal about it and was now considering only the way to express his very clear conclusions—"the point is, to marry the person you've made up your mind you want to marry."

Evelyn felt her face grow hot.

"Well," said she, "that's one way to come to grief. We can't let Evie come to grief. We don't want any marriage for her unless it's the perfect marriage."

"Oh, well," said Dart, quietly, with apparently no thought of her as a warm factor in these conclusions, and so with no fear of hurting her, "there isn't any perfect marriage, so to speak."

Evelyn's heart gave a little jump, with the result of something like a sob from her lips.

"What's that?" said Dart, starting and turning toward her. "Anything the matter?"

"No," said she. But she wanted to go back to the question of the perfect marriage. It had been one of her texts. She had believed in it, preached it: the fulfilled relation, the eternal mate. "What makes you say there are no perfect marriages?" she faltered.

"Oh, that was generally speaking," said Dart, cheerfully. "Of course there are happy marriages, happy as possible. You can't imagine them any better. But I mean, in matters of that kind, you've got to go it blind. In that sense, I suppose a person's your destiny and you call him so. Your fate. That's the word, isn't it?—your fate? You've got to plunge in and take your experience, unless you take illicit experiences, and that's outside the question. Don't like 'em. Don't like to talk about 'em."

"But," said Evelyn, groping after him and not in the least seeing whether the path led high or low or across the plain of man's peculiar reasoning, "wouldn't you guide any one's choice? The case of Evie now. Do you want Evie to plunge in and go it blind?"

"No, oh no," said Dart, "so far as essentials go. If a man's vicious—or lazy—or, oh, any dozen things. But Haynes is a good fellow. He hasn't a vice—except he doesn't smoke! And if he can support her, she's a right to try him."

"But you can't try," Evelyn began, and then stopped, her face hot in the dark. It occurred to her that she had tried and given the experiment up. "He's nomadic," she said, weakly. "He can't help wandering, and she's got to follow him or throw him over."

"Then," said Dart, quietly, as if he had thought these things out, "let her follow him if she cares about him enough; or if she doesn't, let her give him up."

"But that—" She wanted to tell him what she seemed to have discovered within a year: that it was so arid and unsatisfied a way.

"Nice to talk to you, Evelyn," said Dart, cosily. "I haven't talked to anybody about these things for years and years. You can't, you know. But how I feel about marriage is this. It isn't the most important thing in the world. The books make it so, but it isn't."

Her emotion seemed to mount to her head and start sounds to buzzing there. What she felt hurt her like an extreme mortification.

"What is?" she managed. "What is the most important thing?"

"Depends on the person. Sometimes it's one thing, sometimes another."

"But love!" she said, more boldly.

"Well, there are different kinds of love," said Dart. "There's a diffusive sort we call kindness. That's what we seem to come to in the end. But there are some other brands, mighty good ones, I tell you. I've set up a pretty good article for Evie, these weeks. I'm fond of Evie."

Evelyn seemed to herself to be the prey of all the depleting foes of life, the things that make a woman pallid and old and of no account. She was also suddenly angry. She put up her head a little.

"I'm glad you're fond of Evie," she said. "But I can't help wishing it made you a little more critical of wandering young men."

"I am critical," he protested. "Haynes isn't just the ticket, but he'll do. He'll do mighty well. Why, look here, Evelyn." He was growing more and more confidential, and, in spite of her soreness, it was a manner she liked. "You mustn't cry down anything that brings color into anybody's life. There's precious little chance for it after thirty, and by and by there isn't any at all unless you splash it on somehow yourself—and that's no good. But when you're as old as I am, you look back and you see what color there was, and it's dear to you—by George! it's dear."

"But what could there have been?" she was asking, passionately, out of her mortification. "Who gave it to you? I didn't. I was always—making a fuss."

She laughed a little there, piteously, hoping he could laugh with her and make her poor self a little less tawdry in her eyes.

But he didn't laugh. He turned toward her and answered, in a quick, grave tone:

"Why, yes, Evelyn, you gave me all the color I've ever had. Didn't you know that?"

She shook her head. She was crying, and she hoped he didn't know it. The time had been when every tear she shed she had wished to exhibit to him like a gem for which he'd got to pay.

"But I wasn't," she said, "I wasn't—satisfactory."

"Why, nobody's satisfactory," said Dart, gently, "when they're living together. Didn't you know that, either? But while they're living together the big thing goes on—life—that's the big thing, and they've had it together, and it's mighty well worth while."

She saw a good many things in one of the panoramic flashes that came to her quick mind: how a woman could live with a man and serve him and open gates to him all the time, even gates to the daily sunset or bread at breakfast. And so rhythmic would be the weaving of her homely tendernesses about him that he would be caught in the web of them, and they would make his chrysalis, perhaps, from which he came out winged. A good man like this—there seemed no limit to the content you might find with John Symonds Dart.

"You mustn't ever forget that, Evelyn," he was saying, gravely. "I never do. You see you meant a lot to me—and those things don't stop."

"I wish," she said, in an irrepressible longing for some sweet-smelling life that, it seemed to her now, her senses had been not too fine but too crude to catch—"I wish it hadn't stopped."

It was not the words. It was something in her voice, not the thrill that made the audiences "sit up," but the one note of naked need that never is mistaken. John Dart waited after it got hold of him and shook it off, as if it had been a spell, and gave himself time to decide what he wanted for her.

"You don't mean," he said, "you'd be willing to come back?"

Evelyn, on her part, did not balance either her desires or his deserts. She answered at once, in words that seemed to her inevitable:

"You wouldn't take me, would you?"

"Why," said he, "there hasn't been a minute since you and Evie went—"

He put his hand under her chin, turned her face toward him, and kissed her. It was the honest marital kiss she remembered, but it had a welcome flavor: perhaps of loyalties mysteriously alive. Evelyn, making her own response to it, thought his face was wet with tears that were not all hers.



Drawn by Denman Fink Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"HE'S GOT TO HAVE HIS CHANCE. WE'VE HAD OURS"

"Come," said he, "let's walk a little. I want to get my arm round my girl."

They walked up and down the veranda as youth was walking on the beach, and when they stopped by the rail to note the moon's punctual coming and Dart kissed her again, the general sense of romantic love, even in the marital kiss, waked Evelyn to the peril she had but laid aside.

"Oh," said she, "where's Evie?"

"Rowing," he told her, cheerfully. "Haynes asked me if they could go, and he could try his chances. I said he could."

"You've let them go—they're out there—in the moonlight!" she struggled confusedly out of her dream-like sense of her own timid incursion into the rights of moon ways and summer nights.

"He's got to have his chance," said Dart. His arm brought her a little nearer. "Evie's got to have hers. We've had ours."

Even then he wondered whether she would withstand him, but to his deep amazement she answered:

"Well! You know best."

"Oh, there they are," said he. A white gleam was in the pathway. "Want me to stop hugging you till Evie gets used to the notion? She may not fancy an elderly dad hanging round, trying to cut her out."

Evelyn withdrew from him a pace.

"It's Evie," she said, "but she's alone."

Evie came up the steps at a run.

"You here, folks?" she called. "That you?" She was before them almost with the words. "I want to tell you," she said, in the haste of pushing a difficult and considered speech—"I want to tell you quick."

"Yes, yes," said Evelyn, in misery, "we know, dear."

"No, you don't," said Evie; "you can't. I've been making up my mind for two weeks, but I didn't do it till to-night. Mother, it 'll be awful to leave you, but I've decided I've got to spend part of every year with father. Maybe you won't take me, father, but I guess you'll have to, for a while. I kind of need it."

Dart lifted both hands toward her and then dropped them. If there were some mysterious hurt to his wife in this, he wanted to wait till she'd taken the first step.

"What does he say about it?" Evelyn asked, jealously.

"Dick Haynes? I haven't asked him. I've refused him. You might as well know it, so we needn't talk about it ever any more."

Evelyn had one of her exuberant thankfulnesses.

"Oh, Evie, I was so afraid you'd like him. You didn't, did you?"

"Why, no," said Evie, in a species of reconsidering. "I didn't like him. Maybe I did at first, but not after I knew father. Father's great!"

Lines Inscribed on a Hospital Clock

BY E. S. MARTIN

SING, little hours, of Edith as you pass,
Who had too few of you, but those she had
Spent like a Queen of Time;
Sing of her as you chime!
How, as she spent you, generous and glad,
To help the suffering and cheer the sad.
Time turned his glass.

Desperado

BY HORACE FISH

AMONO GRANDE is a big baboon. Really, it means a great ape, or plain baboon; but to Tito, who had seen its likeness, engraven as eating large fruits in the Padre's natural-history lesson, it had always seemed *grandissimo*. Not that Tito would have cared to own a very large one. But ever since his eyes had first lingered on the marvelous picture, Tito had longed to possess one of reasonable size, or, at the very least, a very, very small one.

As Tito was only nine years old, he was the youngest (and the thirtieth) of Padre Pedro's adopted sons. They helped to make glad the Padre's heart, and in part to pay their way through a sunlit-vineyard life in sight of the blue shadows of the Pyrenees, by planting poppies in his "Fields of Industry" at the foot of Terassa's beautiful hill.

When the magician came to Terassa for the wine festival, Tito was deeply stirred by his canvas-covered cart as it dragged up the winding highway. All the thirty little boys had looked forward to the first wine festival at Terassa. The Padre said it would bring fame to the town, and they were to plant their finest red and yellow poppies in a pattern of Spanish flags around the dancing-green in the square. Foreigners would be coming—merchants from all countries to taste Terassa's wines. There would be a great sale of lace, and for seven days there would be no lessons at the Padre's house by the church above the chasm road, and no work in the poppy-fields. There would be dancing all day long; and on the first day of the festival each of the thirty boys would have a coin of silver for himself, to buy with what he chose.

Padre Pedro sat, according to his daily custom, on the step of Old Rosa's house across from the fields, chatting with her about the approaching festival.

"There are no Malaga grapes finer than Violeta's," he said. "Nor is there any wine in Ruby that can surpass yours."

"And no priest in Spain," said Rosa, "who supports thirty orphans, as you do."

"Tut!" said the Padre, reprovingly. "I do not like the term 'orphans.' Am I not their father? Have you yourself not mothered half of them for me? Besides, they are kept in part by the poppy money. From all that is saved we will buy a large greenhouse in the spring."

"And more orphans, probably," said Rosa.

"Why not?" asked Padre Pedro. "Do I not make good children of them?"

"You spoil them," said Old Rosa, brusquely. "Why does the child follow you?" She pointed a thin finger toward the road. Tito, watching the Padre like a baby dog, was standing there in the sun. "Are you a mother, that he cannot breathe the air a rod away? Did you suffer for his birth, that he should love you so?"

The Padre seemed scarce to hear her. He was looking thoughtfully at Tito. "He is too small to work," he said, gently. "I bade Toninio to be lenient with him. As to that, I have planned to give him to Maruja. She is worthy of him now. I am certain of it. And why not to-day as well as to-morrow? Maruja shall have her festival beforehand."

Old Rosa's face grew sterner than before.

"Tito," called the Padre, "run on to the market-place and wait for me there"; and the brown-eyed puppy went obediently away. Rosa laid hold on the Padre's arm, and her words came tremulous with heat.

"You give him to Maruja!" she cried. "Where is God's justice?—To *her!*"

"Where is *your* justice?" demanded the Padre. "Do you condemn an unfortunate? Shall I find you resentful of a fallen woman?" But he could not check her speech.



She stretched her Arms upon the Table and her thin Body shook

"You call her a 'fallen' woman. Did she not cast herself down? Did not God mock her sin with a child, and did He not take it away for punishment? And now you give to her again!"

"Tut!" cried the Padre. "Do you know that you are named Ugly Rosa behind your back? Presently I shall begin to understand why!"

"I am not ashamed of what I am called behind my back," said Rosa. "Coming from the lips of fools, it means I tell the truth."

Hastening from her wrath, the Padre started to plod up the hot road into Terassa. There were many offices before him on this last day before the festival, but his thoughts were sunk for the moment in past things. Tito had come to him—"left on his door-step," as Rosa had irritably said of all his thirty sons—at the end of a year which had recorded his two greatest sorrows. It was the year when Maruja went away under dubious circumstances. And it was the same year when Miguel, an early favorite of the Padre's, had killed a man—Terassa's only murder, in a country of hot blood.

Of Maruja's tragedy Terassa talked much but knew little, for Maruja had told nothing. She had been young, beautiful, and unmarried, and she had gone away. Old and beautiless after a few weeks, she had returned—a widow, having had no husband; childless, having had a child.

"Young and beautiful and unmarried," said the Padre to himself. "And afterward . . . Well, I will give her Tito."

As to Miguel, as much was known as need be. He had been strong, and very fine to look at. Toninio, then a boy of thirteen, with hair as gold as money and eyes as green as grass, had not promised more. Miguel was darker, but not dark. He was the color of an autumn leaf. And as gay and unstable, too—yet he would have made a splendid farmer, and, for some lucky girl, a good and lusty husband. But one of the devil's works had come that year to Terassa. The fonda had brought in a drink that pleased foreigners. It was stronger than mixed wines. Even to those who could drink Terassa's red and yellow one after the

other, and merely feel their blood wave like the flag of their country, it was like a match to paper. It ignited them. They flared up. It wiped from them the writing of long years. It turned them black. The Padre spoke against it, but without enough words, or else not soon enough. Miguel drank it one night at the fonda. The next night he played cards as well. His fellow spoke lightly of a woman. Miguel snapped his cards on the table from the thumb downward, but did not speak. The other took the woman's name again sneeringly, and after a pause tauntingly. Miguel struck him on the face with the flat of his hand, and then on the temple with his glass. The man fell noisily to the floor. When they lifted him up again, and found out what was the matter with him, Miguel had run away.

"And they say he is a bandit!" reflected the Padre, sorrowfully, as he plodded on. "Well, Maruja came back when we had thought her lost. Perhaps Miguel is still alive somewhere!"

He found Tito by the market, watching the magician's cart, which, partly uncovered, gave out a glimpse of gay colors and sealed boxes and noteworthy toys.

"To-morrow," said the Padre, "you shall have your silver coin, and buy what you will from the cart. Meantime I bring you to a dearer present." Having said this, he became silent, and was lost in rumination till they came finally, behind the hill and looking toward the mountain, to the last house beyond the town. It was Maruja's house.

"*Salud!*" said the Padre, coming up through her small garden. Tito, suddenly shy like a debated puppy about to be given a new master, clung to the black cord round his waist. "Daughter, shall we make lunch at your table?"

The sad woman, so much older than her years, and so thin, flushed with unwonted pleasure; and the Padre, holding Tito on one knee, and in one hand a spoon for their curds and bread, told her of his purpose.

"Maruja," he said, "you see in my lap the youngest of my sons. He needs more than the little boys in the daytime, and more than me at night. I believe you are a sanctified woman, and so I give him to you. Rear him up a good youth, who will grow to a good man."

Maruja was staring at him, wide-eyed. As she began to be credulous, she stretched her arms upon the table, and sank her head upon her arms, and her thin body shook all over.

"Bring him for instruction at the right hours," the Padre continued; "and though he must play more than work, see that he learns such duties as are no larger than himself. Preferably, about the garden. Be a true mother to him. And if a good man asks to marry you, tell him nothing of yourself, but bid him come to me."

He set Tito down upon the floor and patted his cheek. "This is to be your mother, *nene mio.* Be an affectionate son to her"; and leaving them, Padre Pedro went about other tasks.

Tito tried to love Maruja because the Padre had bade him to, but his thoughts would not go that way all in a moment. He had seen her innumerable times, going about the village, but she was not as pretty as Toninio's wife, and people did not talk to her much or give her presents. She set up a bed for him, and gave him many things to eat, and was very kind all day, but he was afraid of her caresses. They were extravagant. They were not like the Padre's.

As the sun climbed up from behind the mountains on the festival morning, piercing the chasm before Maruja's house with big gold arrows through the mist, Tito woke. He was the first among all the thirty little boys who waited for their silver coins through the early hours in the square.

The Padre was long in coming, and when he came it was to face a busy day while Terassa and her strangers danced and idled. In the fishmonger's he admired the silver scales of the great carps fetched alive in salt water from Barcelona; but sniffing suddenly, and searching about the shop, he found three stale fishes, and, stamping his foot, hurled them into the street, whence their owner must cleanse them up at his own labor. In two shops of the lace-makers he bestowed praise alone; but going on to the third he found ancient Inés, who had once been the widow of a gentleman, making

a design of the devil, which she thought she could sell to an American at the festival. Having paid her for the cost of her thread, he rent it apart before her frightened nose, and to her pious husband, who had set out his pins in a likeness of St. Peter, he spoke words of warning. When at last he had turned to the little boys in the square, they had fallen upon him bodily, able to forbear no longer, and swept him tumultuously to the magician's booth.

Here Tito gasped with a surprise that made him giddy. He had watched the booth for hours, yet he had not known that it had *marionetti.* They were hanging there, three of them. One was a French Pierrot, pink and white, like sticks of candy, and with a black mask across his little face. One was a Pierrette, in white with blue rosettes, *and the third was a mono grande!*

The mono grande had, like the others, a little black mask. He dangled on his string between them, with his arms and legs stuck forward stiffly; but as Tito gazed at him, the magician started his *marionetti,* and the mono grande began to move up and down and to dance from side to side. He took off his mask, and put it on again. He kissed Pierrette, and struck Pierrot, and spoke to them, in a high, whining voice like the magician's.

When the show was over, Tito did not know what to buy. He wanted to ask the price of the mono grande; but he knew that it would cost a great deal too much. Besides, something told him not to betray his desire.

So Tito did not ask, for already a purpose was forming dimly in his mind. With his silver coin he bought a yard of ribbon for Toninio's wife, and when he had given it to her on the dancing-green, he sat down behind the musicians and watched the magician's booth all day.

Maruja put him to bed early, but when she had gone out to the festival he dressed again, lacing the back of his smock with great difficulty, and crept back to the square and into the little alley by the side of the shop. Several times he peeked round the corner and caught glimpses of the *marionetti* performing in the booth, more wonderful than ever with their shadows thrown by the torch-light.

Late at night the Padre passed him and entered the shop, and to his astonishment Tito saw him come out again with the magician at his heels and go before the old man to the dancing-green. Then he heard the Padre's voice addressing the townspeople and condemning the old man as a seller of black magic, so that he was disgraced before all the citizens and must leave Terassa. As the Padre's tones grew stronger and his words more harsh, Tito told himself: "If he is a bad man, he does not deserve to have the mono grande." He knew that such an argument was wrong, but he said it to himself over and over. Trembling from head to foot, he suddenly slipped into the deserted shop and stole the mono grande.

Tito shut his eyes as tightly as on the night before, but sleep did not come to him. Hugging the precious object in his arms, he lay awake, considering many things he had refused to think about all day. He was terrified at what he had done. He could not give the mono grande back, for what might the magician not do? The Padre had said he was a bad man, and he might kill him. Besides, he did not wish to give it back. Yet if he kept it he could not play with it much. He might hide it in the chasm and play with it there sometimes, but its fur would be spoiled if it had to live under a stone.

When Maruja came in and stood beside his bed he pretended to be asleep, hiding the mono grande deep under the bedclothes. She kissed his closed lids and his forehead, and went away to her own bed. When she was gone, sudden hot tears wet his face, and he felt sick with guilt. She would not love him if she knew. And the Padre might never kiss him again. He had forgiven José for breaking Violeta's plum-tree, but even that was not as wicked as breaking the rope that held the mono grande in its owner's shop. If he lived in some other town, where there was nobody he loved, he could earn his keep planting poppy-seeds, and play with it without, perhaps, feeling badly. It was unfortunate to have no money. He could never have bought such a toy, unless when he was a man he got rich—rich enough to pay the price, and a little over, perhaps,

for the sorrow he had caused the old man meanwhile.

For the third time that day Tito got out of bed and dressed. The hour of chill had come, and he wrapped the mono grande carefully in his night-dress. When he had laboriously laced his smock he tucked under it his package of poppy-seeds. Tiptoeing past Maruja, he took from the cupboard some pieces of cheese and bread. He felt as if he were stealing again, but she had bidden him eat all he wished without asking.

When the thick film of night-mist began to shift and rise in the chasm, Tito was plodding through it, chilled and shivering, far from Terassa, holding the mono grande tightly against his thumping heart.

People were very kind to the Padre and Maruja. He was calm; she was frantic. "We will find him," he kept saying, while the furrow in his brow grew deeper. Maruja, her cheeks white, and whiter around two red spots, ran everywhere, talking and talking.

And Old Rosa talked—mainly about gypsies and bandits. "He is stolen," said Rosa, "and a bad man will be made of him. Miguel ran away and became a bandit!"

She and Maruja consorted together like born sisters. The festival paused for a whole day while foreigners searched alike with Terassans through the valley. They ransacked the chasm. Word was sent to Ruby and to towns on the way.

Yet Rosa was not satisfied. "Why do you not hunt down the gypsies?" she demanded of the Padre, over and over. "They are as good as bandits!" And finally, with Maruja quivering on her one side, and the Padre white-faced on the other, she cried: "If you do not go, I will; better your round legs at fifty years than my blown-out pipes at seventy!"

At last the Padre and Toninio rode through the chasm into the mountains, leagues farther than the farthest searchers, to the gypsy camp, and returned disheartened but satisfied. The gypsies, bad as bandits though they might be, were innocent of Tito. "He is dead!" wailed Maruja, and the Padre could not comfort her, or himself, either.

Far up in the mountains, at the head of a yellow slope of hard stubble, there is a small house made of wood and stones. Its walls, once red with berry-juice, were washed pink with rain. Behind it, between lines of straggling corn, a stream ran tortuously downward, falling into the ravine with a monotonous racket. The sun, like a red ball on an invisible string, followed the waterfall into the ravine. The pink house turned to a square black shadow in the heavy night, with one yellow light marked out on it.

A man sat in the little house, alone with his dull thoughts. That night they were of the stunted corn. The sun had been hot, the rain now scarce and now in torrents, and frost had come in August. The thick silk on the dwarfed stalks was withered to a damp brown, like the three-days' beard on his face. The man had been young once, and the face handsome. Above the swarthy cheek-bones, under the heavy hair, the well-like eyes held the black look that isolation brings. On the floor of the one room lay a loose mat of brook-rushes. Over the low, rough bed was a jagged fragment of mirror, casting about the light of his tallow-dip.

There was a sound outside the house, and he sat listening. It came again distinctly, and he sprang to his feet and threw the door wide open. Something stumbled forward and lay across the sill.

Tito still hugged the mono grande in his arms. His clothes were torn, his feet were cut open by stones, his body was limp. The man held back his head and poured some red wine from his hand down the dry throat. Tito, opening his eyes, put a hand on the man's knee to steady himself, and they looked at each other. Tito was first to speak.

"Thank you very much," he said, politely.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the man, wonderingly.

"From Terassa."

"From Terassa? Alone?"

"Yes," answered Tito. The man stared at him doubtingly, but there was something in the great brown eyes that denied everything but the truth.

"How?"

"Partly walking and partly in a wagon."



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer Half tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"WE WILL FIND HIM," THE PADRE KEPT SAYING

"Whose wagon?"

"I do not know. There was a whole procession."

"H'm!" said the man. "Gypsies. Did you hide in the wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said Tito, beginning to be frightened by the searching questions.

"How far away are they?"

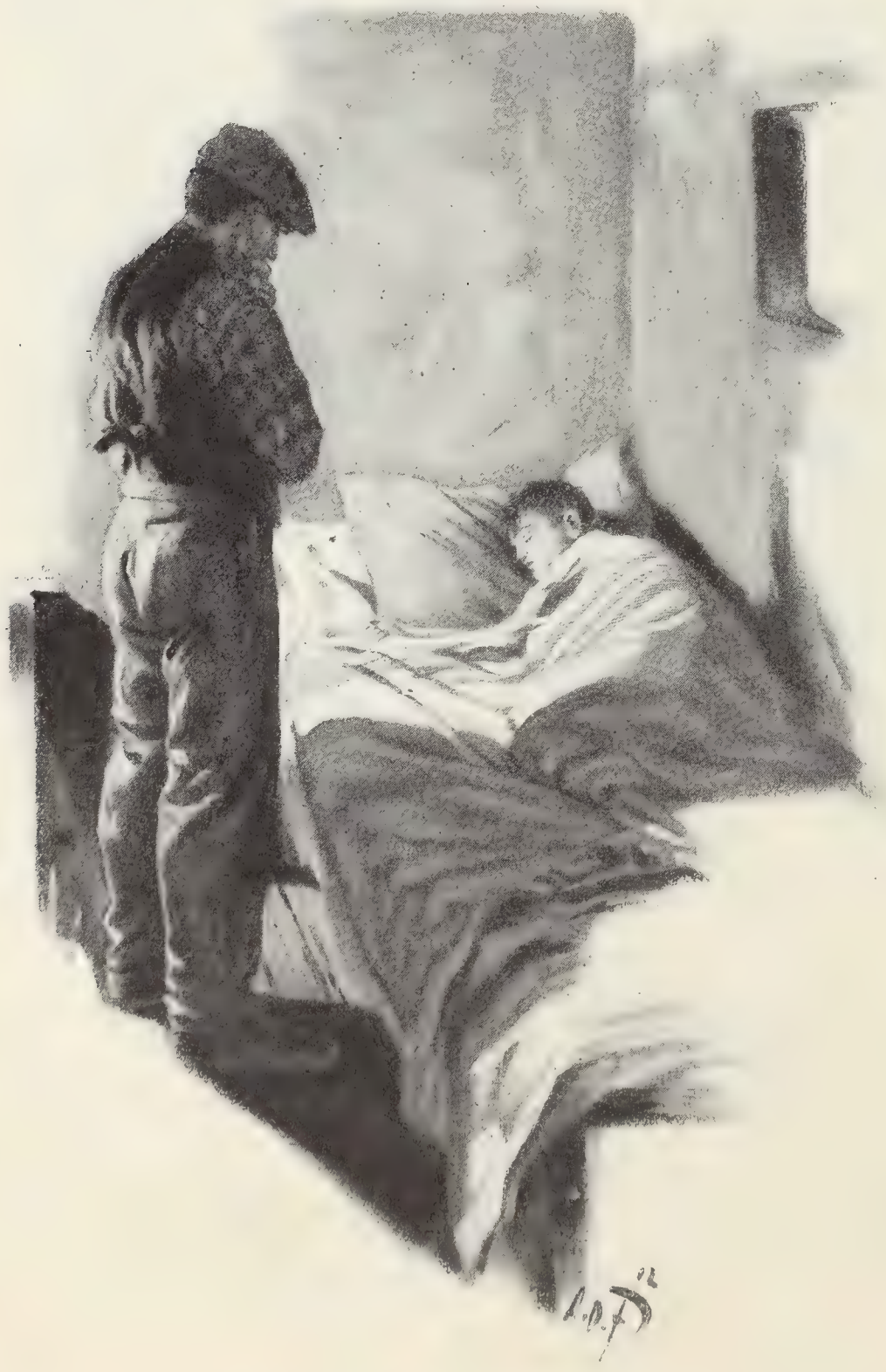
"I do not know. A long distance, I think. I climbed for several hours."

"What have you eaten?"

"Mulberries yesterday, and some meat to-night."

"Eat now," commanded the man; and forthwith set before him meat and corn and more wine.

When he had finished everything, Tito said, looking at him anxiously: "If you will let me stay here, I will work very hard."



TITO WAS LOST IN A DREAMLESS SLEEP

"We can talk of that later," said the man. "What is your name?"

"Tito. What is yours?"

"Miguel."

Tito looked at him wide-eyed from head to foot, as though this started some new train of thought; but he only said: "I think I will go to bed now. Will I sleep in that bed?"

"Yes — I suppose so," said Miguel, looking around the small house and scratching his head. "But if I roll on you in the night, wake me up, for I am heavy, and my sleep is heavy, too."

"Thank you very much," said Tito again, and he pulled off his jacket. Miguel still watched him wonderingly, but in silence. Presently Tito came over and, turning his back, stood before his chair. Miguel sat helplessly staring at the waiting back, doing nothing. What did the child stand there for? Tito glanced over his shoulder and saw the puzzled face.

"The strings, please," he said. Miguel, with fumbling, unaccustomed fingers, strove with their unlacing, and Tito, after prolonged effort, struggled from his smock. The small, velvet trousers followed it, neatly folded and their rents patted down.

"You'd better not take off anything more," suggested Miguel, hesitatingly. "You won't have anything to sleep in."

"Thank you very much," said Tito, "but I brought my night-dress," and unwound it from the mono grande.

This donned, he came and stood again before Miguel, but this time facing him. Miguel looked him

over carefully. There was nothing to untie, nothing to tie up. Suddenly from some deep and forgotten cell in his consciousness the strange thought somehow came to him that Tito expected to be kissed good night. He stood up hastily and walked away, picking up the mono grande to cover his flight, and setting it in a corner. Tito turned toward the bed, his lip trembling a little.

"Good night," he said.

Miguel started queerly at the long-forgotten words.

"Good night—good night," he said.

In another moment Tito was lost in a dreamless sleep. Miguel stood a long time watching him, dazed, before he followed.



"I SUPPOSE THAT WE OUGHT TO GO TO THE PADRE"

When Miguel woke, he was alone. The advent of Tito lingered vaguely in the back of his mind, as if he had dreamed. His house was as silent and empty as on any morning in nine years. But as he pulled on his clothes he saw the mono grande. It was sitting stiffly in the corner like a fragment of a dream, grotesque in the sunlight.

He stepped out of the house. Tito was kneeling by a freshly dug trench under the window, planting his poppy-seeds.

"What are you doing?" asked Miguel, in astonishment.

"Planting poppy - seeds," answered Tito, looking up at him.

"What for?"

"To pay my keep," said Tito.

"You can stay here without paying your keep," stammered Miguel.

"But that would not be fair," said Tito, and he pressed down a slippery gray seed with his thumbs.

"*How* would it pay your keep?" asked Miguel.

"You sell them to the flower-market in Barcelona."

"But I have not been to Barcelona in ten years," said Miguel.

Tito looked at him wonderingly.

"Come in and eat," said Miguel, shortly.

They had a breakfast of dry corn, boiled white and big like samp, with seven drops of red wine in the hot water. Tito ate heartily, but his eyes wandered forth and back, passing from Miguel's handsome brown face to the mono grande in the corner, and from the black little eyes of the monkey to the round brown ones of the man.

"Are you a bandit?" he asked.

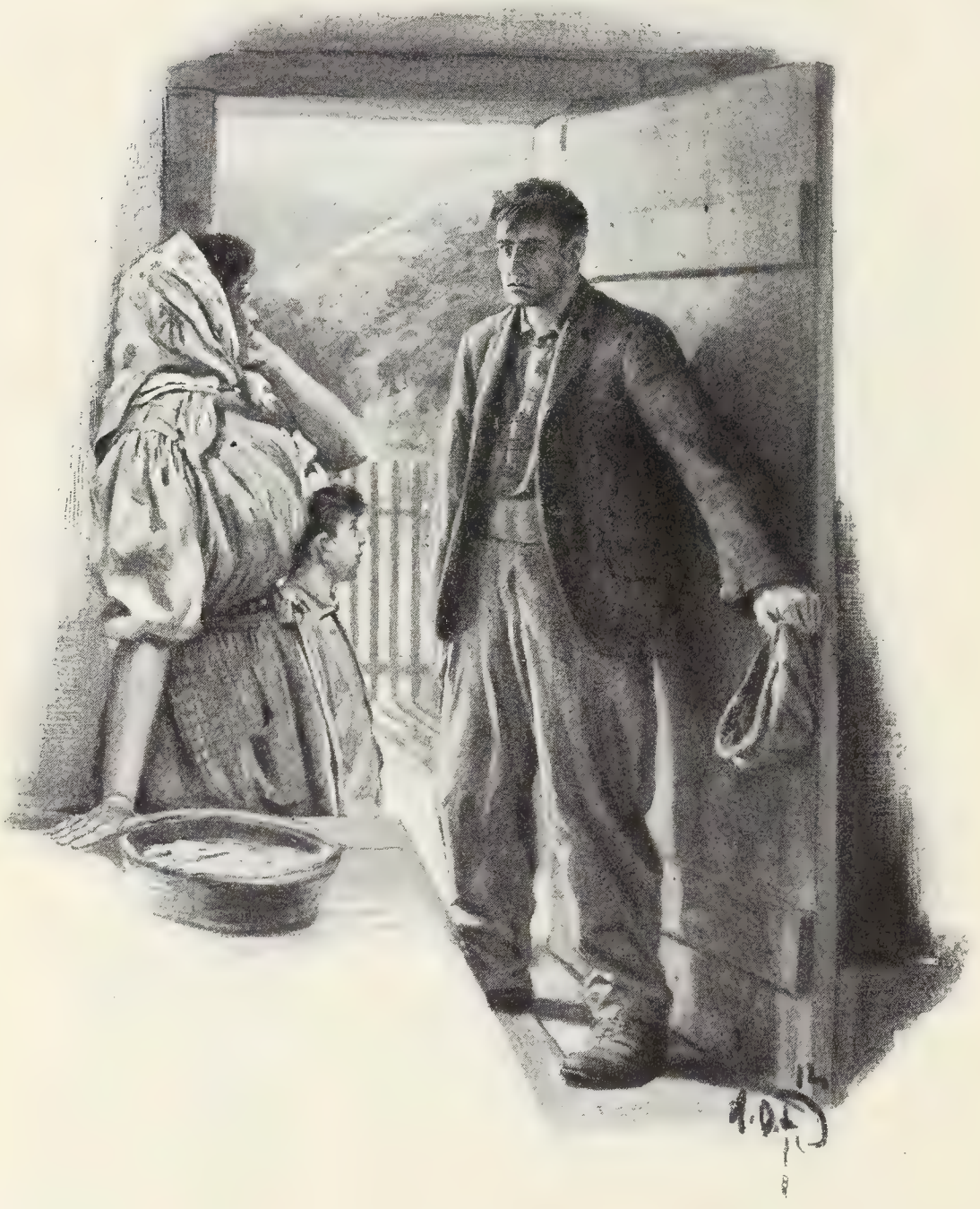
Miguel stared at him again. "Is that what they say of me at Terassa?"

Tito hesitated. "I do not know. There are two Miguels. One ran away and is a bandit. The other is Santo Miguel, who has a statue in the poppy-fields. You are not a saint, are you?"

"No," said Miguel. "I am a murderer."

Tito looked at Miguel with large eyes. "How sorry you must be!" he said. "I thought you were only a thief."

"I do not understand," said Miguel.



THEIR CHANGED FACES STARED THROUGH THE YEARS AT EACH OTHER OVER TITO'S HEAD

"The Padre named me for Titus, who died on one of the sides of Christ. I thought Miguel might be the name of the other thief."

"No," said Miguel, "I do not think I am a thief. I am only an outlaw." He clasped his hands together on his knees. "How did you learn to plant poppy-seeds?"

"From the Padre. We plant the seeds in his Fields of Industry, and sell the poppies in Barcelona. When we are older, we will be good farmers."

"I would have been a good farmer," said Miguel, "but I have not been in Terassa, either, for ten years."

"That was before I was born," said Tito.

"The Padre had no Fields of Industry then," said Miguel. "Who are your parents?"

"The Padre was. But now it is a woman, for he gave me away."

"Gave you away?"

"Yes, to a thin woman. She had no husband and no child; so she was unhappy."

They were silent again, and then Tito asked: "Are you the man that ran away?"

"Yes," said Miguel.

"So did I run away," said Tito.

"Why?" asked Miguel.

"Because I am an outlaw, too," said Tito. "I stole the mono grande."

"Well, you can stay here, anyway," said Miguel. "Go plant your seeds if you like."

Tito worked all day, urged on by the brisk mountain air, and through the long afternoon Miguel, sitting on the sill of the door, learned more of him and of his journey.

After supper, Tito asked: "It is ten years since you have been to Terassa?"

"Yes," said Miguel.

"You have lived in this house all alone?"

"Yes. Sometimes I have traded with the gypsies."

"Then what people have there been for you to love?"

"None," said Miguel.

"None *anywhere?*"

"No," said Miguel. "I hate the whole world."

"But that cannot be so," said Tito.

"Why not?" Miguel asked.

"Because the Padre says that not to love people is death. In ten years you would be dead."

"You may be right," Miguel said, after a time. "Nevertheless, I think that it is so."

Tito pondered again. "But it cannot be so, anyway, because you love me, do you not?"

Miguel gaped at him.

"Yes," he admitted, slowly. "I suppose I do."

"Then why did you say it?" asked Tito.

"Because I thought I was right," said Miguel.

"The Padre says you must think first before you do or say anything," said Tito.

"Does the Padre know everything in the world?" asked Miguel, crossly.

"Yes," said Tito.

"Well," demanded Miguel, "did you think before you stole the mono grande?"

Tito did not answer, and Miguel sat bending forward in gloomy thought. He was uneasy, vaguely exasperated at Tito's catechism. He was not accustomed to direct questions and frank comments. Tito's silence disturbed him even more. Glancing up, he saw that the small shoulders were drooped and quivering. Flushing, he went awkwardly over to him.

"What I meant," he said, hesitatingly, "was that I did not think before I killed the man."

Tito's quiet weeping changed to a quick sob. "Before I stole the mono grande, I thought for a long time!" he said.

While Miguel unlaced the puzzling smock that night he found himself wondering whether Tito would again expect to be kissed. But apparently Tito did not. When his night-dress was on he walked away toward the bed; but looking over his shoulder, he saw Miguel hesitating on the edge of his chair. He went back, and Miguel kissed him good night.

But Tito did not go to sleep. He lay awake beside Miguel, thinking of what he had done and looking at the mono grande. The silver-green moonlight coming through the window shone on its black-bead eyes, and it seemed to watch him for hours. The domino was crumpled and broken in its paw, as though it had taken it down to watch the better. At last the moonlight went away, but the furry limbs and little eyes stayed in the black house.

"What is the matter?" asked Miguel, turning over in the dark.

"I am afraid of the mono grande!" said Tito.

"I am afraid, too," whispered Miguel.

In the morning Tito started at his trench again. Though he had only a few seeds left, they lasted well, for the best poppies are planted far apart. But several times he went to the door of the house and peered in at the mono grande.

"Why do you do that?" Miguel asked each time.

Tito did not explain, but toward afternoon he grew quite idle, and sat staring across the trench through the doorway of the house.

"What is the matter?" asked Miguel.

"I—am afraid of the mono grande," said Tito, his eyes on the neglected trench.

After a silence Miguel said: "Why not throw it away?"

"I am afraid to throw it away. If I did, I—I could never give it back to him."

"Suppose," said Miguel, hesitatingly, "that you pay him for it instead."

"I have no money," said Tito.

"I have a little," said Miguel.

"Don't you need that to pay for what *you* did?"

Miguel smiled grimly. "No one can pay for a man's life with money."

"You might pay for the funeral," suggested Tito.

Miguel thought deeply for a moment. "Yes," he said, "I suppose the Padre must have paid for it."

"Besides," said Tito, "we have to confess."

"We did confess," returned Miguel. "You told me, and I told you."

Tito shook his head sadly. "But we are not the Padre," he said.

"Then," asked Miguel, helplessly, "what are we going to do?"

"I suppose," said Tito at last, "that we ought to go to the Padre."

Miguel was silent for a long while. He grew very white. Finally he said: "Yes, I suppose we ought to go."

When the little pink house was tightly closed and barred, and they started hand

in hand, Tito with the mono grande and Miguel with his money, to descend the yellow slope, Tito looked back over his shoulder at the lonely place, but Miguel did not dare look back. There was a strange, hard feeling in his throat.

When they came up out of the chasm back of Terassa, Tito saw the light of Maruja's house through the mist and ran toward it.

"We will go in here first," he said, unlatching the gate, "and to the Padre afterward."

"No! No! I am afraid of this house!" cried Miguel, trembling all over and leaning against the gate; but Tito had run through the garden to the door, and Miguel followed him.

Maruja was sitting with her head sunk upon the table when Tito threw open the door and stood before her. With a wild cry she swooped upon him and caught him to her, bending over him and crushing him to her breast in a frenzy of terrified wonder.

Then she saw Miguel. She shrank back against the table, letting Tito drop to the floor.

In a voice so low that it sounded through the little room like the rustling of leaves in a tree, Miguel breathed: "Is that your child?"

"It is our child."

Their thin, changed faces stared through the years at each other over Tito's head.

"I—I never knew," he faltered.

"No one knew. The Padre does not know."

Her tears came with the words, and she cried wildly: "Why did he run away?—Tito, Tito, why did you run away from me?"

Tito did not answer, but only clung to her skirt, and Miguel said: "He ran away as I did—because he had done wrong, and he was afraid."

"Afraid of what? Where did you find him? What made you come back?"

"Tito made me come back. We came to tell the Padre. Maruja"—his voice broke, and his words came haltingly—"there is something that *you* do not know. The man I—killed—spoke ill of you. He had—found us out. He mocked you, and taunted me with your name."

A burning light crept into Maruja's faded eyes.

"You killed him because he spoke ill of *me?*"

"I struck him for it. I did not mean to kill him. But I was a coward to run away. Maruja—if I am not—arrested—would you marry a man who had killed a man?"

She shrank farther back, trembling more than ever.

"You must ask the Padre," she said.

"We are going to him now, Tito and I," answered Miguel.

"I have come to you," said the Padre's voice, behind them. He was standing in the doorway, his face white and lined, but a great light of happiness in his eyes. They had started, all three, and, each with an own confession, gazed at him in both love and fear.

"Come to me here," he said, holding out two trembling hands. "My beloved sons—my oldest and my youngest!"

The mono grande lay forgotten on the floor.



Editor's Easy Chair

NOW that one of the several recent candidates for the Presidency has been chosen by an overwhelming plurality of the Electoral College and a sweeping majority of the popular vote, or that the election has gone to the House of Representatives, and by a tie there has been transferred to the Senate, with the effect of making the actual Vice-President our Chief Magistrate, it seems a fortunate moment to inquire into an interesting psychological phase of the contest so happily ended.

If there is one thing on which we practical Americans are more agreed than another, it is that we are severally and collectively governed by our convictions. We believe that we put our convictions far before our affections as rules of conduct, and further still before our emotions. Nothing, we believe, has any effect with us but reason, the severe logic of sound principles. It is our national habit to inquire into the history of the men seeking to serve or rule us—it seems much the same thing—and to accept or reject them as we find them to have been or not to have been invariably truthful, just, honest, humane, virtuous, and actuated or not in public life by the finest ideals of private life. This is what we believe, and yet the history of almost any political campaign, and especially the campaign which still shakes the Indian Summer air with its reverberations, scarcely seems to justify our belief.

We had reached this point in our cogitations when we suddenly felt the need of a disinterested spectator whose unprejudiced criticism we might invoke, and we fortunately thought of a certain Chinese philosopher who used to visit the civilized countries of the Old World in the eighteenth century, and offer his countrymen the fruits of his impartial observations in a series of letters home. No sooner had we thought of this savant than he appeared with a promptness that might have hushed us in a superstitious age, but which so exactly jumped with our occasion that we did not lose a moment in laying our misgiving, or call it quandary, before him. He seemed to have arrived in the office of the Easy Chair after a sojourn in our national midst so long as to have covered all the political events of the past six months, and he had not the least hesitation in confirming our latent doubts. He approached the matter in hand with a knowledge of our political history such as few who have lived it enjoy, and almost his first remark expressed his surprise that we should always devote so much of our time and strength to the investigation of the moral and personal history of the different men whom we proposed to vote for or against.

When we answered him that we made this sort of inquiry for the satisfaction which could come only from an instructed judgment of them, he said, with the polite perplexity which is so charming in Chinese philosophers, "But I cannot understand how, since this is so, you seem never to have acted from that judgment. It appears that almost from the beginning of your national history the characters of your popular favorites have been shown such as to shock great minorities of your people without affecting the opinion of the majorities. How is this, if you act from judgment based upon faith in the integrity and honor of the men chosen to office among you?"

In reply we felt obliged to begin by disabling the capacity of any foreigner, however amiable and enlightened, to understand a people so complex as ourselves and then we begged him to explain a little further. Naturally he complied with our request by further question. He asked whether we really thought that a single voter's mind had ever been changed by anything proven for or against any one of the admirable men chosen or rejected in the recent election.

We could only try to smile compas-

sionately in saying that the sort of inquiry made had been for the purpose of influencing the minds of voters who were not yet of fixed opinions. "What we call the floating vote," we said; and then he wished to know whether such a vote was large, and we explained that it was the unknown quantity in our problem, but probably it was not important. We thought ourselves very frank in this, and when the philosopher demanded what caused the great changes which had from time to time taken place in our political opinions, we answered that it was something which appealed to the conscience, as in the memorable revulsion, sixty years ago, from pro-slavery rule. Often, we owned, the motive was slighter, and there were cases in which many voters could give no better reason for transferring their allegiance than that they thought we needed a change. "Measures, not men," we quoted a faded formula.

"But I noticed," the philosopher returned, "or I thought I noticed, that in the recent canvass comparatively little was said about measures and a very great deal about men. The several candidates were accused of every inveracity, hypocrisy, imbecility, every species of incivism, of a willingness to ruin their country for the gratification of their selfish ambition."

"Certainly, there was something of that sort," we admitted, and then our overweening truthfulness obliged us to add, "There was everything of that sort. It was a canvass embittered in unparalleled measure by personal disappointments and resentments."

"But those accusations, so freely made, did they have any sensible effect on the result?" the philosopher pursued, and we were forced to own:

"No, we can't honestly say they had."

"But they were addressed to the reason, the conscience?"

"Yes, apparently they were."

"Apparently? I don't understand."

"You must realize that in this country every man has his reason and his conscience in his own keeping. Many things may be addressed to them, but it is quite for each voter to say whether his reason or his conscience shall be affected by those things."

"In the way of argument, yes. But if the things are in the way of fact?"

"Then," we explained, "each voter is competent to decide for himself that the alleged facts are lies."

The philosopher drew a long breath. "I see! Then it was all to no purpose?"

"We cannot say that, exactly. With the unimportant exception of the unknown quantity, the floating vote, every American citizen enters into such a contest with his mind made up through cold reason in a process something like this: 'I, A B, being of sound mind and perfect in wind and limb, have decided that C D is the fittest man to be President because I like him and trust him, and because, as I am neither fool nor knave, I could not like or trust a bad man, or any but the best man. I do not care what others may think or say of him; I believe in him, and I shall vote for him in spite of anything, even, that he thinks or says himself.'"

Our statement silenced the philosopher for the moment; he winked his Oriental eyes, at once almond and oblique, and then we saw him gathering head for another question, which came in the words, "But isn't this decision rather temperamental, the effect of sentiment, of emotion?"

"It might be," we said, "in a person who was sentimental or emotional, but we invite you to realize that the Americans are never so. Each of us, as has been exemplified, being neither fool nor knave, may safely trust the decision which he reaches intuitively as well as logically. The sum of such decisions gives the triumph of reason in our elections."

"Yes, that is so if the decisions in a certain case form a majority. But what of the minorities which, if united, would sometimes form a losing majority over the winning plurality?"

"That is a matter," we explained, "which may be safely left to take care of itself. The wisdom of our system is proved by the fact that it works. Everybody acquiesces in the result."

"Yes, yes!" the philosopher said, with perplexity. "But we are leaving the question which we began with. Why, if you all enter into a political canvass with your minds made up, whether logi-

cally or emotionally, do you spend so much time and money in the endeavor to change one another's minds?"

"It is impossible to answer that question, unless by the supposition that the discussion releases the electricity latent in the body politic and ultimately tends to establish the civic health. It may be said that, while our opinions are logical, our actions are mystical; all may understand the first, few (especially foreigners) the last. In monarchical countries no such release takes place; and such countries suffer indefinite discomfort and malaise, or else relieve themselves by violent explosions called revolutions. When they are also constitutional countries, some relief is afforded by the parliamentary elections, the parliamentary debates; but the process is seldom so drastic as that which you have witnessed in our recent Presidential canvass, and not so completely effective. The change of executive takes place through the succession of the hereditary heir to the throne; and though possibly the vast majority of his subjects know him to be dissolute, mendacious, feeble-minded, nobody dreams of urging the facts as reasons why he should not be king."

"I know all that," the philosopher submitted. "But, if you will excuse me, all that does not convince me you are right in your premise."

"What is our premise, pray?" we demanded, rather sardonically.

"That your citizens reason to their preferences in their choice of a candidate. If they reasoned to it they would be open to reasons against it, often in the form of undeniable facts, now absolutely wasted. It appears to me, if you will excuse my saying so, that your people are politically actuated in their preference by affection, by emotion; that they *feel* their way, and are therefore not to be moved from the end which is also the beginning."

"Prove it!" we cried.

"How does one prove such a thing? You admit that the fact has this appearance?"

"And if it has?"

"Well, then, I think your premise is wrong. You could only be right in it when there is some great moral, fundamental question before you, like the slavery question; otherwise you do not act politically from conviction; you act from fancy, from prejudice. What has become of the motives which actuated their followers in the support of Clay, of Blaine, of Bryan, to name only popular favorites who failed? Their followers loved these men; they could not tell why because they had not reasoned why; they might have reasoned why convincingly, but they did not reason at all. You are forgiving my frankness?"

"Oh, by all means. It is very interesting. But you don't call the initiative, the referendum, and the recall great moral, fundamental questions, then?"

"In answer I will ask whether you consider them of the proportion and the quality of the slavery question?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, I should say your people did not vote on them; they voted on the men who favored or opposed them; and in this they obeyed their affections, they acted from their emotions. The characters of the different candidates had nothing to do with their decision for or against them; it was their natures which attracted or repelled the voters' liking. They felt that they would be safe with this man or that because, irrespective of his actions, even of his expressions, they knew he was this or that kind of man; and they knew he was so because they felt it in their bones."

The philosopher smiled, not more, we fancied, from satisfaction in his argument than from pleasure in his apt use of the concluding phrase.

His amiability, if not his argument, was irresistible, and we admitted: "There may be something in what you say. But we are glad you have agreed with us that when there is a question of vital importance, like the slavery question, before our people, they act from their reason. By the way, how is it with you in China when it is not a question of foot-binding or cutting off queues, but only a choice between men, all equally patriotic?"

"Ah," the philosopher said, in the act of vanishing back into the eighteenth century, "we are only just commencing republic."

Editor's Study

E.H.

IT comports with the suggestions of the season that, nearly two thousand years after the birth of Christ, we should consider what His gospel has come to mean to Christendom. What has our faith to do with the humanism of this twentieth century?

Since the intuitions of reason reached in our contemplation of the physical universe give us but the flashes of a dry and empty light, enabling us at the best to divine the rhythmic harmony of an all-embracing creative life, but with no apprehension of the theme of that harmony, the soul, for fullness of its vision, turns from the barren, though lucent, fields of space, to find the divine reality in the humanly real.

To *find* it, we say. Faith is the creative activity of the soul, but the soul never said to itself that it created God; its sense of its creative activity was always that of finding—of finding in the sense of meeting, or being met, rather than as the result of effort or search.

Now, we need not enter upon the vast retrospect of human faith as ritual or as belief. It was always thought of as the Way—the way, that is, on which human souls found the divine, the divinity always humanly invested. To every creation of faith imagination gave a human embodiment. Philosophy might seek a First Cause, remote and immutable; faith looked for a divinity next to human experience, immediately in the way, a guide and comforter. The intimacy was not merely individual but, and in a special sense, social—the concern of the multitude. Thus faith was always the chief factor in humanism.

We are apt to think of humanism as only a lofty and select strain of humanity, confined in the regions of art and philosophy; really it is the main concern of the multitude, of Everyman. As a transcendental culture, belonging to thinkers and writers and artists, it has high values because and in so far as it is an expression of the creative activity of the soul, but in that confinement it is a solitary and therefore an only partially realized culture. It is not expressed in the terms of life—that is, of common experience.

The humanism which excludes the multitude is spoiled by its own conceit. There are very many things in which the multitude is not expert or wise; but when it was most ignorant and to the least degree participant in government and social specialization, it was creative. Language was not invented by leaders and by them imparted to the people—in its first meanings it was created by the multitude. Faith was and is and must ever be of the multitude. As the creation of the many, faith had a reality which was afterward diluted by intelligence. This creation was a finding of the divine; the sense of being met in as direct a contact as that of the mouth with food or as that almost tactile esthetic seizure which we call taste. We owe to men in the mass—that is, to Everyman—the fundamental substance of faith, the root of humanism. The sense of a need which is not to be met by any material thing, but which surely is met on the plane of the soul's desire and aspiration, is common to humanity; out of it has come the spiritual growth of mankind, and it has in all ages been the inspiration of Imagination and Reason—of all psychical activity. That native sensibility of the soul which implies divine fatherhood and human brotherhood—kinships that are grounded in eternity—is, because it is native, common to all souls.

In the actual development of humanity, as historically presented, we take note of eminences, and the vast multitude of human beings sinks into insignificance. We see the whole movement as a social development, but the society apparent to our view is limited to special classes, and the determina-

tion of its activities still further limited to distinguished individual leaders and their select following. The communal impulse is lost sight of in this social specialization before there can be such a thing as history; yet from that impulse all social institutions began.

It was in the molding of those institutions—so vital in their origin and so real in their first intent, as immediately growing out of the elements of a common human experience—that the stamp of masterly intelligence was imposed upon them; that same intelligence which fashioned utensils and machines and gave new and extra-natural dispositions and directions to physical forces, exploiting the material world and often, most unnaturally, humanity itself.

It is because man can detach himself from that kind of reality of which he has an immediate sense in his experience —in his perception, his esthetic sensibility, his elemental contacts, and his feeling of an invisible Presence outside of himself yet "nearer than hands or feet"—that he is, in an exceptional sense, spectator, artificer, and schemer, mathematician, logician, and metaphysician. The exercise of his faculty is indefinitely extended beyond the narrow limits of immediate experience, as far beyond these as the area of vision is extended beyond that of touch. Consciousness also is expanded through the multiplicity of contacts not immediate, such as are established by communication, especially through the secondary, or conceptual, meanings of words.

We have here in view only such human activities as are consciously planned, those in which man is the fashioner and adjuster, as distinguished from those in which he is a creator. In these outer courts of the temple of life, forever extending their borders, creative life projects a formal, mechanical, and artificial system, apparently contradicting itself. It is the field of man's freedom, of his mastery over matter, and of his material and mental progression, though the privilege accorded him seems to be the achievement of the unnatural and the unreal. Also it is permitted him to mar as well as to make, to degrade as well as to improve his condition. Excellence and depravity, merit and demerit, in all degrees of these according to formal standards—these are terms inapplicable to natural or creative procedure. Is not the fall of man inveterately associated with his discrimination between good and evil?

But it was for man to be "as the gods, knowing good and evil." For man has always attributed to Deity what was most distinctive to humanity. God was the all-beholding, the Spectator and Designer. It was a part of human conceit to imagine the gods jealous of man's inventions and aspirations. The burden of this conceit has always been man's assumption of his superiority to all other creatures by reason of his difference from them, and to the entire material universe because of his mental faculty and capacity.

In a system of activities dependent upon arbitrary choice and selection men compete with one another for material wealth and social position; advantage is cumulative, and with the advance of an artificial civilization class-specialization is developed, and on the part of a few a new sense of superiority flatters human vanity. The multitude is in contempt—the *profanum vulgus*.

Now it is just this multitude that the faith which has made Christendom has divinely cherished and humanly reinstated. This faith has built up a new communality, based upon the principle of sympathy — a principle which was concretely embodied in the despised Galilean, and was the burden of His message to men.

We may have the conviction that in the course of creative evolution this principle would have its triumphant manifestation in some new realization of humanity. But it must be in the course of creative evolution—that is, through creative activity distinctively psychical, rather than through the kind of intelligence developed by man in his artificial manipulation of material things with reference to utilities, in his conventional social adjustments for the establishment of formal justice, and in his sciences based on mathematical or logical formulations, wherein he imposes his notionally conceived diagrams upon all operations, natural, human, or divine.

It is as impossible as it would be undesirable to absolutely dissociate man the creator from man the artificer and logician. It is as a builder that he unforeseeably becomes an architect. Into his inventions an element often enters which is logically inexplicable. His outward refinements are liable to disclose an inward grace. Often his speculation unawares mirrors eternity. The long view, the spacious area of effort, the ever-widening expanse of consciousness, are hospitable overtures to genius. It is as if the creative soul attended all eager quests and aspirations of whatever sort, finding there its own opportunity. It is true that faith, philosophy, and art have been disguised or obscured by sophistications and illusions; but it is also true that every advance of material and intellectual progress has afforded new permissive conditions for the creative evolution of humanism. Open communication and the free play of individual and social activities not only leave less room for secretive greed, petty strifes, class-oppression, and other perversions of competitive selection, but afford fresh avenues for disinterested impulses and sympathies—for the culture of the heart.

This realization of a new humanity is through the sense of what is real in common human experience. It implies the purgation of civilization, not its destruction. It is not a return to nature or to an insulated primitive communalism, but to a life as real as that of nature or as that of unsophisticated humanity—to a spiritual life, having the quality of eternity. The meeting of the human and divine, in that the Logos, or the Reason that is immanent in all things, became flesh and dwelt among us—the life and the light of the soul—expresses, however we may interpret it, the divine reality in the humanly real, and through the infinite reinforcement of creative faith makes possible a humanism which is not a system but a living organism, in which we are members one of another. The utmost reach of human excellence or efficiency could never produce such an organism.

The gospel — the foundation of the faith of Christendom—as proclaimed by Christ and illustrated in His life as in His utterances, appealed first of all to the multitude, and was cherished in the hearts of the poor and lowly long before it became a power in the hands of the powerful. It was an unpremeditated counsel of perfection, never in all time to be transcended by the most luminous intuitions of reason, yet expressed in the terms of living experience, an immediate ministry to the common life of mankind. He who spoke, whether directly or in parables, was no teacher of moral lessons. He furnished no chart for the conduct of life; His word itself seemed spirit and life. He was no leader of the people, such as the restive or ambitious Hebrew politician expected the Messiah would be, a hero who should destroy the oppressors of His race; He never even prophesied such relief, but, on the contrary, proclaimed as blessed the meek, the peace-makers, and the persecuted. Yet the common people heard Him gladly, because His was a gospel of forgiveness, of mercy even if it were law-breaking, and of brotherly love. One might keep all the commandments, yet, for lack of love, be utterly empty. The kingdom of heaven was not a reward or an endowment—it was within, an experienced reality.

Here was the ultimate faith, forever appealing to common sense. It did not seem religious as men understood religion. It had neither ritual nor dogma, though these were abundantly supplied later. But, with or without these, the faith itself has survived in the hearts of men, renewing life at its fountain. It has been the leaven of civilization through nineteen centuries. To-day it is accepted as the hope of the world. Philosophy and art have withdrawn from their remote and unreal fabrications and embodiments to the direct regard and presentment of that living experience which is the fertile field of faith. Sympathy, not merely as a sentiment but as a principle of life, is bound to prevail, abolishing hatred and strife.

Selection—that is, creative selection—is also a principle of life; the harmony is not a uniformity, but consists of diverse strains. Heterogeneity is especially characteristic of creative activity. Eminence is for descent, and mastery is service. The reality is the harmony.

Editor's Drawer

The Cure That Failed

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

SITTING on the broad bench against the front wall of her house, Sarah Ann Mohr sighed heavily. The Millerstown *Star* lay unopened beside her, her eyes were dim, her round face was pale.

Presently, with another long sigh, Sarah Ann opened the paper. Usually she read with many exclamations, now an amazed "ei yi!" to herself, now a call to one of the Kuhns family who lived next door.

"A snake crawled out of the pulpit in the Zion Church, Susannah!" she would cry. "What do you think of that, say!"

Or,

"Can this be, Susannah? It says a preacher in Allentown ran off with the collection!"

On the inner pages were much more remarkable announcements. Here a German professor had succeeded in planting hair on bald heads by means of tiny gold wires; here a man attempted to commit suicide because he had grown so fat that his wife no longer loved him.

But vainly Sarah Ann tried to become interested. Even the account of the woman who put glass into her husband's pies brought from Sarah Ann only a slow shake of the head. Sarah Ann folded the paper and clasped her hands and closed her eyes. The thought of eating was not pleasant. For it was doubtful whether Sarah Ann would ever again in all her life have a full meal.

It was two weeks since the old doctor had been called in for the first time in twenty years. He had a short, sarcastic way of speaking. He looked down upon Sarah Ann as she lay on her bed.

"What did you eat, Sarah Ann?"

Sarah Ann answered with a weak "Not much."

"But *what?*" insisted the doctor.

"*Ach*, some corn and fried tomatoes and sliced peaches and some doughnuts and a little pie. I have often eaten that much already, doctor."

"But you never were as old as you are to-day. And you take no exercise, Sarah Ann."

Upon this first visit the doctor gave only medicine, upon the second he gave advice.

"You must eat only the simplest food, and little of that."



"YOU WILL BE WORSE BEFORE YOU ARE BETTER, THAT I CAN PROMISE YOU"

"But I don't eat much, not what *I* call much." Sarah Ann's appetite was returning. She thought of the ripening corn in her garden. "And the pies and cakes I make myself, and the things that you make yourself, they are always all right."

Even as she spoke, Sarah Ann made up her mind to disobey. When the doctor had gone, she crept down-stairs and cooked a little lunch for herself; she made herself coffee and fried a few corn fritters. In the afternoon the doctor came again to look down upon Sarah Ann as she lay in her bed.

"You will be worse before you are better, that I can promise you," said he. "And if you do such a dumb thing again, you may die."

Now life was sweet to Sarah Ann. But though she did not wish to die, neither did she wish to live in a state of constant starvation. When she was able to rise once more, the doctor limited her to soft-boiled eggs, soup, toast, and the like. Drearily she looked down upon her garden with its nodding tassels of corn, its scarlet tomatoes, its tall vines of lima beans, its heavily laden peach-tree. This year her cantaloup and egg-plant were unusually fine, and they would go to waste with the other fruits and vegetables.

Sarah Ann preferred to sit on her back porch, but now she could sit there no longer and be tortured. Each evening, hungry and discontented, she went to the front of the house. The doctor promised her that she would become accustomed to smaller rations. In the mean time she longed for a meal of fried chicken and cucumber salad and boiled corn and sliced tomatoes, a meal fit for a grown person.

Sitting on the bench, now thinking with closed eyes of her own misery, now gazing idly down the street, Sarah Ann saw presently a strange man approaching from the direction of the station. The sight of his tall, thin figure diverted her for a moment.

"Who is he, then?" she asked herself. "Where is he going? What is he doing in Millerstown?"

Her questions were promptly answered. The tall, thin man approached nearer and stopped before her.

"Is this Mrs. Mohr?" he inquired, politely.

"Yes," answered Sarah Ann.

The gentleman sat down beside her.

"My name is Simpson," he explained, as though he had heard Sarah Ann's mental questions. "I came to see if you could give me board. To-morrow evening I am going to deliver a lecture in your hall. After that I have nothing to do till next Monday. I should like to stay here till then."

Sarah Ann considered. She would recover all the faster if she had something to occupy her time. She could board the strange gentleman without any cost, and his money would help to pay the doctor's bill She and the strange gentleman came speedily to terms.

"Yes, well," said Sarah Ann. "I guess you dare stay."

The strange gentleman was sympathetic; it was not long before Sarah Ann told him of her illness, and her hunger, and her prospect of being hungry forever.

"He says I dare never eat, never," said Sarah Ann, mournfully. "And what is it to do but to eat? I used to couldn't leave a speck of dust lay, but now I can leave a little lay sometimes, and so I could have more time for cooking. I—"

The strange gentleman turned and gazed for a moment at Sarah Ann.

"Oh, sister!" cried he. "You are foolish indeed! Not eat! Why, eat everything you want to! You have within yourself the means for your own cure. Let no doctor persuade you that you can't eat."

Sarah Ann had always had great confidence in the doctor.

"He says I have a weak heart."

"Did weakness ever grow to strength from starvation?" demanded the stranger, triumphantly. "Food, plenty of good, nourishing food is what you need, sister. To-morrow"—the stranger turned more squarely toward Sarah Ann—"to-morrow in your town hall you will hear what you shall do. I have come to bring a message to Millerstown, a message which will banish sickness and pain from this ideal community, which will—"

"You mean that I will dare to eat anything I want to?" cried Sarah Ann, excitedly.

"I mean that."

"Corn?"

"Of course."

"And cantaloup? And tomatoes?"

"To be sure," said the stranger.

Sarah Ann could have wept. Instead, she rose solemnly and went to her garden and cut her best cantaloup for the stranger. She wished that he would tell her his message now, so that she could have a little lunch before she slept, but she supposed he would wish to keep his good news to tell all the village.

Early in the morning, Sarah Ann set about preparing the stranger's breakfast. She had fine ham; she fried a generous slice and half a dozen eggs and some potatoes to go with it. She remembered having heard that in some places people eat warm bread for breakfast, and she baked a batch of biscuit. But she still confined herself to her boiled eggs and toast, tantalizing as were the odors which rose from the various skillets and pans on her stove. The stranger praised her cooking until she blushed with pleasure.

When breakfast was over, Sarah Ann planned a dinner over which her guest went into ecstasies. At supper she fed him even more generously. He was pathetically thin; she determined that if good food and plenty of it could make him fat, he should have every chance.

Millerstown had not many diversions. Even to-day no moving-picture show has cheapened that blessed village, and at the time of Mr. Simpson's lecture on Electrotherapy Millerstown was glad to assemble for any sort of entertainment.

Sarah Ann sat on the front row in the crowded hall. Her good spirits had returned, the prospect of being fed once more had made her well. For breakfast and dinner and supper of the next day, Sarah Ann had planned three feasts which would make yesterday's meals seem like nursery diet.

The stranger opened with a magic-lantern entertainment. He exhibited a few pictures of Niagara Falls, then he recounted the mournful story of some one named Little Christie who got up in the middle of the night to play a barrel organ for an old Mr. Treffie. At this pathetic recital Sarah Ann's tears fell.

Then the stranger stepped briskly to the front of the stage. With oratorical eloquence he declared that the day of doctors was past, that doctors were old fogies. He said that a recent marvelous discovery was to make self-healing possible in nearly all diseases. There were in the body, the stranger explained, electric currents. He reminded each one present of how he or she had as a child lighted the gas with a spark from his finger generated by swift walking about a carpeted room—an illustration which was lost on Millerstown, since Millerstown had no gas-lights. He then mentioned the terrific power of the lightning, and Sarah Ann and the other ladies present looked at one another in some alarm as though they might momentarily flash like summer clouds.



AT THIS PATHETIC RECITAL SARAH ANN'S TEARS FELL

Having proved the power of the electric current and its existence in the human body, the stranger lay down upon the floor of the high platform and crossed his ankles. He then rubbed his hands rapidly together.

"The electric current is thus produced," he explained. "The crossing of the ankles prevents its escape from the body. When the hands are moved directly above the spot affected"—the stranger indicated an imaginary trouble which might have come from too free indulgence in corn and tomatoes and sliced peaches and doughnuts and pie—"when the hands are moved directly above the spot affected, the electric current, working powerfully upon that part, brings about an immediate cure.

"I have been eating three large meals a day," boasted the stranger, springing to his feet and bowing in the direction of the pleased and blushing Sarah Ann, "but I have no fears of indigestion."

Having finished, the lecturer took up the collection and the entertainment was over. Millerstown had been interested, but its citizens seldom suffered from illness of any sort and it did not feel drawn to contribute very generously. Only Sarah Ann put in as much as a quarter, and there were many more pennies than nickels.

Sarah Ann walked home as one in a dream. She believed the stranger—she had felt the electricity snap from her finger to the spigot in her kitchen in winter, and she had often been frightened by the summer storm. She walked rapidly, thinking of the cantaloup in her refrigerator. When Mr. Simpson arrived, they would feast together.

When she had almost reached her gate, the doctor called her from his porch. The doctor had not gone to the lecture.

"Better, Sarah Ann?" said he.

Kind-hearted Sarah Ann could not help a pang of sympathy for the old man whose business was to be taken from him.



AS ACCOMPANIMENTS SHE SERVED THE LIMA BEANS, THE TOMATOES, THE CORN

"I am well," she answered.

Then Sarah Ann's pity changed to mild exultation.

"Obey my directions," commanded the doctor in his unpleasantly dictatorial way. "You'll be laid out again if you don't."

Sarah Ann smiled.

"All right," she answered, complacently.

With the greatest impatience Sarah Ann awaited the return of Mr. Simpson. She cut the fine cantaloup at once and put the halves on two plates, and, with each, two pieces of black chocolate cake.

Mr. Simpson entered the gate with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. In the darkness Sarah Ann did not see that the expression of Mr. Simpson's countenance had changed. It may have been the ridiculously small collection which troubled him, or it may have been that he was subject to spells of melancholia. He did not seem to wish to talk; his hostess's questions about electrotherapy seemed to afflict him with great weariness, her starved condition to have become a matter of indifference.

"Do you use it every night?" asked Sarah Ann. She did not venture to try the name of this wonderful remedy.

Mr. Simpson yawned.

"I use it when I need it?"

"Say you were only *afraid* that everything was not right, would you use it then?" asked Sarah Ann.

The careless "I guess so" with which Mr. Simpson answered planted the first seed of doubt in Sarah Ann's mind. She began to tremble. Suppose all her hopes were vain!

With knit brows Sarah Ann went into her kitchen. There with great longing, but with greater fear, she put both pieces of cantaloup and all four pieces of chocolate cake on one plate and carried it out to Mr. Simpson, who ate it in grim and ungrateful silence and went up to his bed.

When he had gone Sarah Ann sat still on her porch. She could hear the old doctor laughing, and it reminded her of her sufferings; she could see Mr. Simpson's empty plate, and it reminded her of her miserable hunger.

"I could eat the crumbs," said she, wretchedly. "And to-morrow I am going to cook all these good things, and I am afraid to eat them."

Again Sarah Ann reflected. Mr. Simpson had been short; he would not answer her questions about the new cure. But (it was not until long after the old doctor had gone to bed and the street was quiet that Sarah Ann's mind worked to real purpose) it was possible still to test the cure.

For breakfast, Sarah Ann gave Mr. Simpson ham once more, since he seemed fond of it, and with it she offered him pie, cake, and doughnuts. At noon Sarah Ann gave him fried chicken, fried as only Sarah Ann in all the world could fry it. As accompaniments she served the lima beans, the tomatoes, the corn, at which she had been staring hungrily for days. For dessert Sarah Ann baked fresh peach pie. For supper Sarah Ann made chicken salad, and fried eggplant. and sliced cucumbers. For dessert Sarah Ann had ice-cream.

Of all these Mr. Simpson ate heartily and in rude silence; at them all Sarah Ann only gazed hungrily. She asked no more questions; she only looked at Mr. Simpson with curiosity.

"To-morrow," said Sarah Ann, with joy—"to-morrow I will eat."

It was eleven o'clock that night before Sarah Ann, moving slowly, was ready for her bed. Once, after Mr. Simpson had had his evening lunch of cantaloup and cake, and had gone up-stairs, Sarah Ann had opened her refrigerator door. But she closed it at once. An observer might have thought that Sarah Ann had a listening air. But all was quiet.

At twelve o'clock Sarah Ann sat up in her bed. She was conscious of having heard a sound, but she could not tell from where it came. She was about to lie down when she heard it again, a peremptory call in a man's voice. Were the Kuhnses in trouble? But Oliver Kuhns would not address her as Mrs. Mohr.

Drowsily at first, then vividly, Sarah Ann remembered Mr. Simpson. She went as rapidly as she could to her door and opened it.

Then Sarah Ann's heart stood still. Mr. Simpson was moaning.

"Ach, what ails you?" called Sarah Ann. "What is it? Where do you have it?"

"I am ill," groaned Mr. Simpson.

"From what?" asked Sarah Ann, stupidly.

"From your food!" shouted Mr. Simpson.

"From my food?" repeated Sarah Ann. Mr. Simpson spoke as though she had poisoned him. "I didn't give you nothing but a—little—a little pie and some ice-cream and some tomatoes and—" Then Sarah Ann was silent, remembering with terror that she had listened for sounds from Mr. Simpson's room. Sarah Ann began to cry and to call to Mr. Simpson.

"Why don't you cross your ankles?" she wailed. "*Ach*, why don't you rub your hands? Why—"

Sarah Ann was rudely interrupted. Mr. Simpson pounded upon the head-board to compel her to listen.

"Be still!" yelled he. "Stop your nonsense! And *fetch your doctor!*"

With faltering steps Sarah Ann crossed her room. She was too frightened to remember the great hopes which had vanished, or to realize that Mr. Simpson's voice was that of a very angry rather than a very sick man. Trembling, she lifted the window and called a wild "*Ach*, doctor, doctor, come once here quickly!" out into the quiet night.



Tracing Their Ancestry

Not That Bad

"I SAY," said a passenger on a trolley-car, "don't you ever go any faster than this?"

"If yer don't like it, yer can git off an' walk," snapped the conductor.

"Oh, my, no," said the passenger. "I'm not in such a hurry as that."

A Distinction

CORA was fond of all-inclusive prayers, and one night she offered the following discriminating petition:

"Lord, please bless mother and father and all of us, and give us everything good; and please bless our friends, and give them what is good for them!"

Guaranteed

A MAN who was greatly troubled with rheumatism bought some red flannel underwear recently, which was guaranteed in every respect, and a couple of weeks later returned to the store where he made his purchase.

"These flannels are not what you claimed them to be," he said to the clerk.

"What is the trouble with them?" asked the clerk, "have they faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" cried the purchaser, indignantly, "Why, when I came down to breakfast this morning with one of them on, my wife asked me:

"'What are you wearing the baby's pink coral necklace for?'"

An Imminent Disaster

AT Christmas-time I don't mind much
Unwelcome and misguided gifts;
Tokens designed the heart to touch
And books whose atmosphere uplifts;
But one dire fear hangs o'er my heart,
Nor will be quenched by mere avowals—
I dread those latest works of art,
Those hideous, ghastly cross-stitch towels!

Atrocities of bronze or brass
I've learned to take with smiling face;
For gold-bedaubed Bohemian glass
I gush my thanks with artless grace.
I'll even stand hand-painted plaques
Or gilded and beribboned trowels;
Or plaster casts or monk pipe-racks—
But *not* those fearful cross-stitch towels!

They have designs in reds and blues,
Of men bizarre and houses queer;
Strange landscapes of most vivid hues
And children that are "quaint" and "dear."
Oh, Fate, send any simple thing—
A box of sweets—a book of Howells'—
A decorated ball of string—
But save me from those cross-stitch towels!

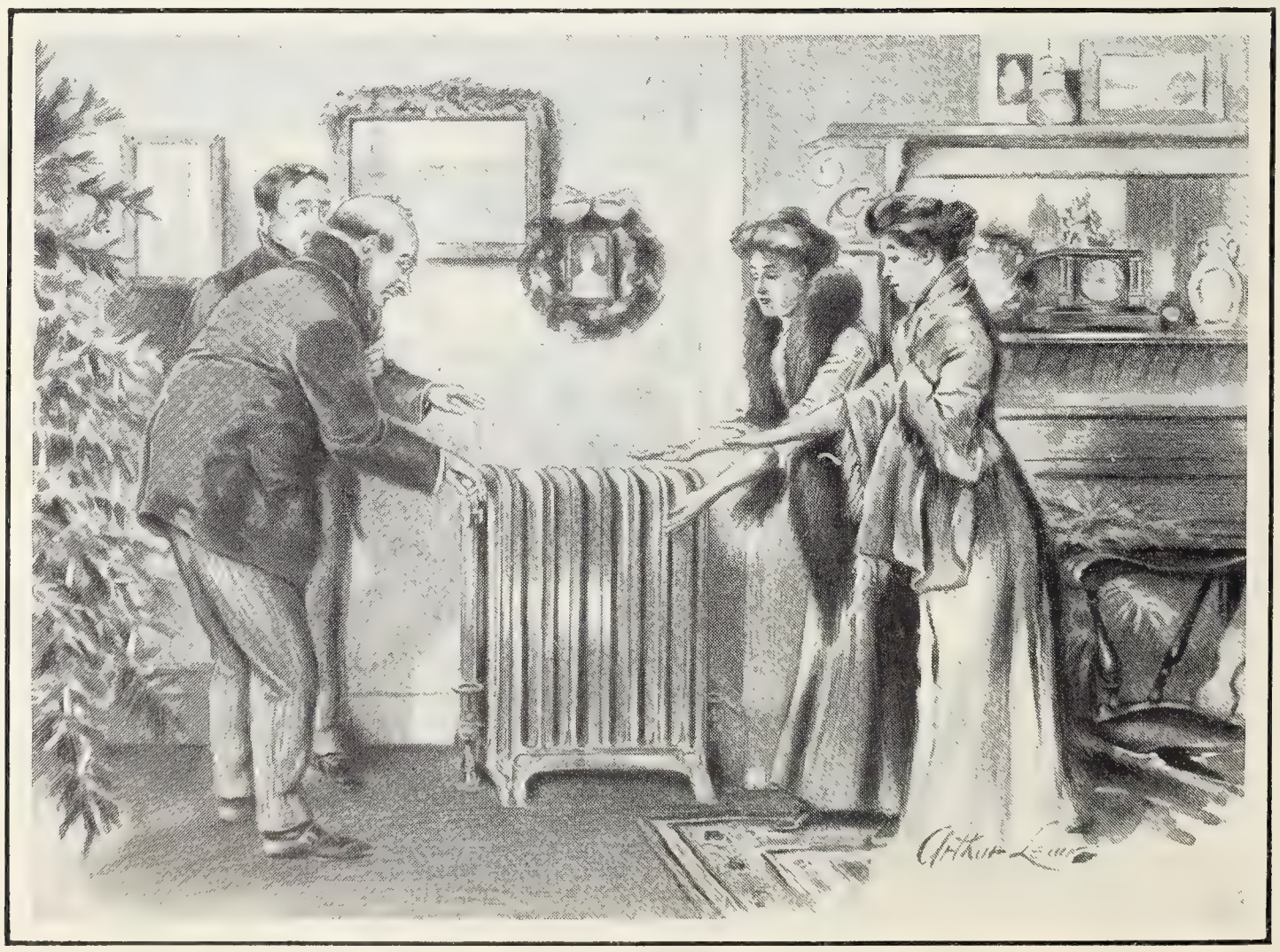
CAROLYN WELLS.

A Mistake

BOBBY was saying his prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

"I wasn't talking to you," replied Bobby, firmly.



Round the Yule Log



"There's George knocking on the window. I'll make believe I don't hear him."

A Safe and Sane Christmas

SCENT of balsam and fir and pine,
Holly ribbon and tissue papers;
Foolish trinkets of gay design,
Strings of tinsel and lighted tapers.
Glittering baubles and shining ropes
Hung all over the Christmas Tree;
Granted wishes and answered hopes—
This is Christmas as it should be!

Well-filled stockings all in a row,
Lots of uproarious, laughing children;
Railroad trains that will really go—
Drums and horns with a din bewilderin'!
Evergreen wreaths with a big red bow;
Voices rising in carol and glee,
And Mabel under the mistletoe—
This is Christmas as it should be!—C. W.



"Here's a nickel fer ye, kid. I kin sympathize wid ye. I was poor once meself."

Acrobatic

"FATHER!" cried little Harry, excitedly, "there's a large black bug on the ceiling."

Harry's father, who is a professor, was busy reading at the time, and he answered, without raising his eyes from his book:

"Step on it and leave me alone."

Days, Not Hours

A WEARY tramp appeared at the door of a very charitable woman's home and asked for something to eat. She eyed him with pity as she inquired:

"Isn't it awfully annoying to get your meals at such irregular hours?"

"The irregular hours ain't so bad, lady, as the irregular days," he replied, gazing past her into the savory kitchen.

Qualified

ELI was an unusually humble person. At all events, he made no attempts at matrimony until he was past thirty, and then he espoused a rather dull and uncomely spinster. A few days later an old acquaintance, meeting him, said, with rural directness, "Well, Eli, I hear you have a wife."

"Ye-es," drawled Eli, "a kind of a one."

Resigned

THE last day had come for Zeb Johnson, a negro criminal in Alabama.

He was awakened and asked what he would like for breakfast, and told he could have anything he liked.

"Den, boss, Ah reckon I'll take watermillon."

"Watermelons are not ripe yet."

"Nebber mind, boss," he answered, with a resigned expression, "Ah kin wait."

Accommodating

MR. LEVI is a kind-hearted, conscientious man, an example of what Maeterlinck calls "our anxious morality." But he is also German, and spends the pennies hard. He has a hired man who says, "Mr. Levi's queer: he wants me to work all the time he has me hired for." Mr. Levi also has a young horse that balks.

The other day the horse stopped in the midst of a furrow, with weeks of work ahead.

"If you would just let me take a whip to him once!" the hired man expostulated, exasperated and yet dominated by the other's point of view.

Mr. Levi looked around him uneasily; stood first on one foot, then on the other. "Ain't there nothin' else you could be doin'?" he asked, "till he gets ready to start?"



"Mother, the minister's passing his plate, and I haven't got a thing to put in it."



Painting by Anna Whelan Betts Illustration for "Old-fashioned Children"

THE DANCING CLASS

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A God in Israel

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

JAMES FALCONTENT, of Groot & McCarthy, was in the most singular fashion to be imagined struck with ominous amazement. And big James Falcontent had got well past the years of simplicity: he was not easily startled. The Fifth Avenue bus had stopped; Falcontent had glanced up from his musing —a purely commercial calculation, being nothing more romantic than some trick of the trade having to do with the sale of boots and shoes. But what Falcontent had then observed—he was gently yawning at the time—nevertheless astounded him beyond recent experience. Moreover, it led him eventually to far-away places and engrossed him in preposterous emotions. Here, indeed, was the first flutter of the wings of Fate. No; it was not a woman. A splendid, high-stepping, modish creature, of impeccable propriety, of gracious, aristocratic demeanor, might mildly have interested James Falcontent in passing. But since the last departure of Matilda—well, since the death of Falcontent's wife, Falcontent had persuaded himself that women were not at all pertinent to his life in the world. No; it was not a woman. Nothing of the sort! A church had dumfounded Falcontent.

Nobody was going in or out; the bronze doors were closed and doubtless locked fast against untimely intrusion.

"Shut down for the week, by George!" Falcontent commented, in astonishment.

It was a gigantic building occupying a great block of what Falcontent called in his business lingo high-class real estate. And it was truly a magnificent edifice. It occurred all at once to Falcontent that a plant of this spaciousness and exquisite exterior, running full time, as it were, only on Sundays, with occasional weekday operations, situated in a neighborhood in which real-estate values were of such an appalling character that few men could look upon them and live thereafter without horrified envy, must have an enormous patronage to support it. That is to say, a good many people of consequence must still be going to church. And it astonished Falcontent to the very deeps of his knowledge of the world to confront this visible evidence of what he had for a good many years conceived to have become an old-fashioned and generally abandoned habit of piety. Moreover, Falcontent could recall other churches. There were hundreds of them. There were thousands. Good Lord, there must be millions—the country over! And most of them, Falcontent was shocked to remember, were of an extravagant magnitude and elegance, each according to its community.

What the deuce did people still go to church for, anyhow? Nobody that Falcontent was intimate with ever went to church. But there must still be something in it!

Falcontent began to ponder this odd disclosure when the bus got under way. Thus: Well, anyhow, the young women, God bless 'em! went to church to display

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their dainty little attractions and to assert each her peculiar interpretation of the fashions of the day. Of course! That was plain enough. It always had been that way. It was tenderly feminine, too—a most engaging weakness of the sex. And the young men — amorous young sparks of the town—followed the young women. A very natural and proper thing! It always had been that way. And Falcontent had done it himself—long ago. The delectable business of mating, then, accounted for a good deal. But not for very much. Still, there were the aged. They went to church, of course, for the traditional consolations of religion. Falcontent wondered, flushed with melancholy, whether or not they got what they went for. Probably not. Falcontent did not know. He had heard rumors to the contrary; and these rumors now mightily incensed him. Hang it all, anyhow! There was nothing specific or downright any more. Doubtless the old-fashioned religion, such as Falcontent had known as a boy, was in these days altogether a thing of the past.

"The devil!" Falcontent thought, out of temper with the times; "they might at least have preserved that institution for a while—for one more generation—if for nothing more than mere sentiment's sake."

Deuce take it all!

"Of course the thing had to go to the scrap-heap; but still — for a few more years—"

Other folk went to church, as Falcontent very well knew: men of largest riches, for example, whose hobby was pious behavior in private life, and who voiced with amusing precision in the Sunday-schools the antique platitudes of piety. Falcontent grinned grimly when this crossed his mind with significance. Groot, of Groot & McCarthy, was a man cut from that cloth. But never mind Groot! The upkeep of these expensive establishments was not by any means to be accounted for by the piety of Falcontent's unctuous boss. What the deuce *did* keep the churches on their feet? Well, there was just one adequate answer: there must still be a vast body of—of—well, of consumers of religion, so to speak—of paying patrons of religious exercises—whom Falcontent had forgotten, and of whose needs and ancient practices he had continued in surprising ignorance. It was these substantial folk who kept the churches in what was obviously a thriving state of health. Churches in the city, churches in the towns—churches the whole country over! Steeples everywhere, by George! Good Lord, there must be a big bunch of people in the country—like that!

They were the real people, too. They were always the real people. No matter what sort of big industry their patronage kept on its feet—*they were the real people!* And every business man knew it.

"These people are not giving something for nothing," Falcontent reflected, somewhat disturbed by this novelty of truth. "They're getting *something* out of it."

That was a business proposition.

"I wonder," Falcontent puzzled, "what the deuce they *do* get out of it—in these days."

Falcontent was himself a robust fellow. He was highly efficient: he was a hustler—of the most up-to-date and scientifically efficient sort. And he conformed: he was sane according to every notion of the times. In shirts, shoes, hose, cravats, hair-cut, occupation, waist-line, language, habits, interests, antipathies, finger-nails, clean-shaven condition, oaths, charities—in everything a man might be disposed to call in question—Falcontent was of the day and proper beyond quibble. He gave no sign even of the subtle beginnings of peculiarity. He was precisely like everybody else in his world: it would have horrified him—grieved and shamed him—to discover any symptom of significant difference. In brief, Falcontent was in vigorous health. Not an alienist of virtuous reputation could have discovered in him the least divergence from the straight line of normality.

Nor could a surgeon with due regard for the ethics of his profession have found in Falcontent any honest occupation for his knife; nor could a devoted practitioner of internal medicine have supplied a need of Falcontent's hearty body.

Falcontent's soul? Falcontent had no soul. Or rather, to be precise, he had a soul, of course. Everybody has a soul. Nobody doubts that any more: it is not in good taste even to discuss the thing. But Falcontent was not abnormally conscious of having a soul. Nobody in Fal-

content's world acknowledged the possession of a soul. Falcontent's soul took care of itself: it did not trouble him. And had such a phantom of his childhood lingered to distress him—to cry out for the bread and water of attention,—Falcontent would with caution have concealed its aggravating habits from the normal fellows with whom he was accustomed to mingle upon terms of the most normally jovial good-fellowship. Falcontent—*with a troublesome soul?* You should have heard Falcontent laugh! A big, ruddy, big-hearted chap—that was James Falcontent: a clean, kindly, hopeful, energetic, merry fellow, given to no meanness, to no greed, to no unworthy pride, to no dishonor whatsoever.

Big James Falcontent surely stood in no peril of the machinations of mysticism.

But—

"I don't know," Falcontent brooded, as the bus sped on up Fifth Avenue, "but that little Jimmie had better start in going to Sunday-school."

All very well! But little Jimmie might contract a morbid piety. He might become—an angelic child! Oh, Lord! . . . Doubtless revival-meetings were still in the fashion. And some vivid gentleman with a bright brass cornet or a tinkling banjo might catch the poor little devil. . . . Well, how about it? That was all right, wasn't it? Jimmie had to rough it, hadn't he?—as his father had done. Jimmie was going to the public school; he was taking his chances there like a little man—and surviving, too. That kid sure had the stuff in him. . . . But if Jimmie should turn out a parson? . . . Falcontent gulped. Parsons, poets, and pianists: they were the same sort of thing in Falcontent's primitive category of the professions. . . . Well, anyhow, how about *that?* That was *Jimmie's* business, wasn't it? What right had Falcontent to butt in? If Jimmie really wanted to be a parson—or a poet—or even a pianist . . . No: Falcontent could not with any degree of pride listen to suave sermons from Jimmie. Nor could he endure to hear Jimmie read poetry of his own composition; nor could he with fond equanimity observe Jimmie's manipulation of the piano—no matter how astonishingly skilful.

Come to think of it, it was little Jimmie's future—and the good prospect of a business partnership with little Jimmie—that kept James Falcontent the decent, kindly, upright fellow that he was. And not an uncommon sort of thing, either! Falcontent looked forward. Hope was his; also faith.

"Anyhow," he determined, "little Jimmie has got to take his chance. I took mine."

Having so determined, Falcontent's muse merged into a grinning reminiscence of New England days — long-ago times of top-boots and mufflers and chapped hands and drowsy sermons. Had Falcontent's next neighbor on the right peered over his spectacles and all at once demanded, "What is the chief end of man?" Falcontent would promptly have replied, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever!" and would have chuckled the most hearty enjoyment of his own cleverness. And had the dainty old lady opposite inquired, "What is sanctification?" Falcontent would have been impelled to make an awkward attempt to answer the appalling old question — stumbling, of course, over the very words upon which he had always stubbed the toes of his memory. And had the prim and pretty young person to the left smilingly requested a complete statement of the Fifth Commandment, Falcontent would surely have gained her approval by reciting the Fifth Commandment with twinkling precision. Well, well, those days were long past! And since then Falcontent's attention had not been unduly aggravated in the direction of God. Falcontent had been busy making good. Queer, though, how the old doctrines would persist in a man's memory!

Falcontent had made good. He was city salesman for Groot & McCarthy—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—earning with conspicuous merit and spending with conspicuous generosity ten thousand a year.

"It's Sunday-school for little Jimmie!" he concluded, with a smile, as he jumped off the bus and stepped jauntily to the pavement. "*I* went."

Subsequently Falcontent's attention was frequently aggravated — and with persistent assiduity — in the direction of those religious mysteries whose very existence he had forgotten in the business

of getting on in the world. And Falcontent was delighted to discover that he could enlighten Jimmie—with the same enlightenment that he himself had long ago enjoyed. Almighty queer how those old doctrines just *would* continue in a man's memory! . . .

Some six months after his amazing experience on Fifth Avenue, Falcontent sat, a broken man, in the street arbor of an obscure French hotel in Cairo. He was alone: he was lonely. Jimmie was dead. Good God, how lonely it was without him —without the faith in his future! . . . And Cairo was an outlandish place. It was the real thing, too: here was no Coney Island plaster and paint. By George, how much like Coney Island the East was! But a man could not here catch the B. R. T. for New York and get there before bedtime. Falcontent was astonished and deeply disgruntled to find himself in a corner of the world so detestably foreign and far away and absurd. It was horribly outlandish. Everything was outlandish: the shuffle of the street, soft, suspicious; and the mutter of the street, not honest, hearty, but guttural, villainously low-pitched, incomprehensible; and the laughter of the street, gurgling with ridicule; and the veiled women in the carriages, and the painted, plumed women who drove with outriders, and the skirted natives, twirling flirtatious little canes or daintily fingering strings of glass beads, and the beggars, and the dark faces, the uniforms of the military, the incredible arrogance of the niggers, the ear-rings, camels, cocked red fezzes. . . . And the Continental women, going in and out—swishing, chattering, smeared little creatures! And the Continental men: hairy, smirking, gabbing, posturing, stage-clad caricatures—oh, ow! what waists! what mustaches! what hats! Surely one might fairly expect some comfort from the mere caravansary contact with Europeans! But—these! . . . It was hot weather, too. Whew! Falcontent was in a summer's-day sweat in the open —and here it was night and coming on late in November! . . . There were none of the shipmates of Falcontent's crossing about. They had begun to avoid Falcontent long before the landing at Alexandria; and Falcontent had taken care to avoid them since the landing. Glimpses of the familiar in the Cairo confusion only annoyed Falcontent the more by creating in his wretched spirit a mirage of that which was altogether familiar—Home. . . . And Falcontent determined that he must have another beastly brandy-and-soda. . . .

Big Jim Falcontent was a broken man. Dragged from a decent seclusion, stated in clear, straightaway, brief, bald terms, which anybody can understand, Falcontent's trouble was this: he was now fully aware that he had no God. And that was all that was normally the matter with Falcontent. Queer enough, perhaps, but true. No material happening of Falcontent's life could excuse or account for the ghastly collapse of his spirit. Falcontent was an infidel: Falcontent was an atheist. He had so declared himself. It was his best boast. Falcontent had said in his heart, "There is no God." But there are no longer any infidels: the infidels of other times now denounce the social system. Nobody denounces faith. A decent man, being extraordinarily troubled, says to himself: "Oh, well, that's all right! I don't know anything about it, anyhow. I'll just have to take my chances with the rest of the boys." The talkative Falcontent found himself without listeners: he was distasteful to his company. Bartenders would not humor his argument; baseball patrons fled his neighborhood—and his approach instantly dispersed every circle of his club-mates.

"What the devil's the matter with Falcontent?"

"Why can't the fellow keep it to himself?"

"Sorry? Why, sure! But in this little old world a man must help *himself*. It don't do Jim Falcontent any good to listen—"

"What the devil does he want to blatherskite his damned blasphemy around here for?"

Falcontent's business? Falcontent used to be "some" salesman: he was "some" salesman no longer. And everybody knew it. Groot knew it—and waited with pious patience for the imminent end. Galesworth knew it—remarked it with melancholy: though



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I AM DRAGOMAN—WITH MOS' ELEGANT REFERENCES"

Galesworth and his wife were waiting with what patience they could command for Falcontent's more remunerative job of selling Groot & McCarthy's shoes in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. And no wonder sales had fallen off! A buyer of shoes cannot with profitable precision look over a line of samples and at the same time indulge an argument rabidly directed against the existence of God. Nor will he attempt the perilous acrobatics involved. What has the existence of God to do with a line of shoes? Presently Falcontent himself came eye to eye with the catastrophe of his uselessness. "I'm just three months off from a Bowery lodging-house," he reflected, "and but a few weeks longer from the bread-line and the gutter. That's a devilish queer thing—to happen to me!" But he knew why: it was because he had with resentful conviction said in his own heart, "There is no God." And he would go on saying it—that selfsame thing, over and over again.

Being an honest fellow, Falcontent went straightway to Groot for a friendly discussion of a distressful situation.

"Mr. Groot," he began, "I guess I'm all in."

"I guess so," Groot admitted.

Falcontent started. "You think, then, that—"

"I said," Groot drawled, "that I thought so, too. Isn't that clear?"

Mr. Groot was the partner of privately pious inclinations in the shoe-manufacturing firm of Groot & McCarthy.

"If that's so," said Falcontent, "I guess I'm not much use to the firm any more."

"No," Groot agreed, "not much."

"I guess I'd better resign?"

"Huh!" Groot grunted.

"All right," sighed Falcontent, despairing. "It might as well take effect at once."

A dreary silence fell.

"Oh, I don't know," said Groot, looking up from the litter of his office-desk. "Maybe it isn't as bad as all that. Hadn't you better try a six-months' vacation with pay?"

Falcontent was listlessly grateful. "Thanks," said he. "You're kind. It wouldn't do me any good, though. I'm all in."

"Can't sell shoes any longer?"

"Devil a shoe! I can't do *anything*. I'm in wrong—everywhere."

Groot gave gloomy assent. "I guess that's just about right," said he.

"You see, Mr. Groot," Falcontent began to explain, a blithering loquacity obviously impending, "the trouble with me is—"

"Don't tell me!" Groot ejaculated, alarmed. "I know what's the trouble with you."

"But you *can't* know, Mr. Groot!" Falcontent's voice was rising in morbid agitation. "I haven't spoken with you—about this."

"No salesman of mine can run himself to hell in this town," Groot declared, thin-lipped, his gray eyes flashing resentfully, "without my knowing pretty much what's the matter with him."

Falcontent flushed. "Well?" he inquired.

"You run over to the Holy Land for a while," said Groot, smiling a little, rubbing his lean hands like a Sunday-school superintendent. "That 'll fix you up. It fixed me." He sighed; his eyes sparkled wistfully. "I wish I could go along with you," he added. "I'd—almighty like to."

Falcontent laughed softly. "Holy Land!" he scoffed.

"You want action, don't you?" Groot demanded, grimly. "Well, a little visit to the Holy Land will make you or break you. Now—you *go!*"

And here, at last, in an obscure French hotel in Cairo, was Falcontent, bound for the Holy Land, to be made or broken, at the expense of Groot & McCarthy. It was amusing; but Falcontent was not amused. It was not possible for Falcontent in the pass of spiritual exhaustion to which he had come to sustain even a flash of amusement. Falcontent was in a wretched condition; he was thin, weak, untidy, downcast. He was a little the worse of brandy-and-soda, too, of course—nothing to speak of; and he was so very much the worse of Life that his long, vacant face, his lusterless eyes, his listless attitude, all the evidences of spiritual fatigue, communicated melancholy even to those surroundings which had determined to be gay in spite of what-

ever might happen. Falcontent attracted glances — which were averted, repelled. But presently a spare, brown, alert little man—a muscular little fellow, washed by wind and sun, now clad in the fashion of a Continental dandy, with an inverted mustache, to which he was in the habit of giving a quick, defiant twist, at the same time indulging a swashbuckling scowl — sidled close to Falcontent, as though casually, and sat down beside him, again casually.

Presently the brown little man flashed a keen eye over Falcontent. He glanced off at once; but his clean, brown eyes presently returned, now smiling ingenuously, and he made bold to address the traveler.

"Good evenin', Mr. Falcontent," he ventured, politely.

"Who the devil are you?" Falcontent growled.

"Ver' proper in-qui-ry," the little man warmly agreed. His smile broadened trustfully. "I was born in Jerusalem. Mr. Amos Awad. It is I." The announcement was made with a flourish.

"Well, George," Falcontent drawled—the little man was dark of skin—"will you please tell me how you happened to know my name?"

"You wonder, eh?"

"A con game, George?"

"It is matter business: that is all."

"Business? What business? You don't mean to tell me that you've got an Oriental gold brick up in your room?"

"Gold brick!" the little man laughed. "Oh, dear me, no! Oh, my *dear* sir! Here—it is not America. I have the honor to explain," he continued, seriously. "Privilege granted? Ah! Jus' so! I am dragoman. I am jus' brought my party from Palestine. Ver' fine people. I am paid off an' mos' generously dismiss' with mos' elegant references. Egypt? It is not my ver' bes' tour. I am not ver' well acquaint' with Egyptian antiquities. But I am fully acquaint' with Holy Land an' all things pertainin' thereof. Holy Land! By Jove! What ver' good Holy Land dragoman am I! By any chance you go there, Mr. Falcontent? I hope so. I *do* hope so. I hope so in the ver' bottom of my heart. Ah!"

"Look here, George," Falcontent reproved, "you haven't told me yet how you knew my name."

"Pst!"—scornfully. "It is nothing. The hotel clerk"—contemptuously—"have his little commission for little favor like that."

"Oh, sure. I might have thought of that."

"Ver' simple thing."

"Why didn't you lie about it?"

Dignity galvanized the little man. "It do not compat' with my general behavior truth an' probity," he said, distinctly, "to tell the lie. . . . An' not one single thing is to be gain'—in the end."

"Oh!" Falcontent blankly ejaculated.

Falcontent's surprise was sufficiently apologetic. "You see the world, Mr. Falcontent?" the dragoman resumed, again mildly. "I do hope so. Oh, my dear sir! A tour 'round the world—includin' the Holy Land? No doubt?"

"Well," Falcontent admitted, "I'm resting."

"Ah! Jus' so! I understan'. Overwork—doubtless? A Wall Street panic? Hum! Doubtless so."

"No," Falcontent sighed; "nothing like that."

Wisdom and experience enlightened the little man. He precisely comprehended.

"Oh, my dear sir!" he exclaimed.

"My little boy died," said Falcontent. "It knocked me out. . . . Have a drink?"

The dragoman lifted a delicate, brown hand. "I am mere child in such matters, as it were," said he. He was much like a boy jocularly invited to partake in something preposterously beyond his years.

"You won't mind," Falcontent began, "if I—"

Again a lift of the brown hand and a polite little bow. "I shall have the ver' great honor," said the dragoman, renewing the politeness of the bow, "to observe consumption of brandy-an'-soda with keen sympathy an' relish."

Falcontent almost laughed. "Where did you learn your English, old man?" he asked, interested.

"In New York, sir."

"Oh, shucks!"

"An' the Moody Institute — for some small time."

"You didn't learn that kind of talk anywhere *near* New York!"

"Ah! I understan'. Oh, my, no!" the dragoman protested, quickly. "The

polish," he explained, "is acquire' by myself from readin' great works of literature an' mos' modern theology."

Falcontent warmed to the little man. Awad was in health: he had the color and sure power and the limpid peace of the open places. He was companionable—possibly in a mercenary way; but what matter? He would listen. In those days Falcontent found his most engaging form of entertainment in elucidating a seditious philosophy of the universe. And into the waiting ear of the dragoman he now poured the tale of little Jimmie's death. The boy was dead and buried; there had been typhoid fever—and a long fight, through which, it seemed, Falcontent had entreated the Almighty to spare the lad. But the lad was dead; as, according to the unrelenting mysteries, many another man's young son had died before him. Falcontent was alone; he was stricken—ruined. But the death of children? They vanish in multitudes and leave all places vacant and desolate. It is nothing out of the way. Falcontent's was a commonplace sorrow: the world renews the like of it every day. But the brown little man listened, with many a pitying "Tsc, tsc, tsc!" and many a muttered "How ver' sad!" to encourage a complete disclosure. He was alive to more than the tale: he was like a physician—alert, intent, analytical, discovering from Falcontent's mawkish and hardly coherent recital the deeper springs of Falcontent's pitiable state.

Falcontent was in rebellion. Ha! That was the trouble. But why rebel? A laughable thing—thus to rebel! A preposterous and hurtful perversity! Why not yield — presently? Why not say, "Thy will be done!"—and cultivate some form of faith? It seemed to the brown little dragoman to be a brave and sensible sort of behavior.

"Ver' sad!" he sighed, at the end.

"Sad?" Falcontent snarled.

"The Lord gives," the dragoman quoted, apparently with sincere conviction, "an' the Lord takes away."

Falcontent leaned forward in disreputable anger. "You mean to tell me," he flared, his voice risen, "that the Lord *took* him—deliberately? That the Lord put that poor little fellow through weeks of useless agony—and then killed him?"

"Hush!"

Falcontent would not be quieted. His eyes were flushed with rage; his nostrils flared; his teeth were bared. "You call that Design?" he cried. "Design—hell! That was *Chance*. There *is* no God!"

Ha! Was it so? Awad needed nothing more. It was an old problem. He gripped Falcontent's forearm to restrain him. "Sh-h!" he commanded. "It is too loud for be polite. You have shame yourself. An' me — your dragoman!" Falcontent's resentment failed. He had not the strength to sustain rage: he was able only to continue in sulky rebellion. He was listless now once more; he stared vacantly upon the scornful comment his outburst — though in English — had aroused. "Listen!" the dragoman went on, his voice low, his words clear-cut, his way authoritative. "You go the Holy Land by present intention. I know that much. It is for the cure. Some friend say, 'Go an' be heal'.' I understan'. Many peoples—many, oh, many, many peoples—come the Holy Land to be cure of sorrow. Ver' commonplace to happen. But mos' dangerous practice. I have see' cure; I have also see' ruin. Now I am deep student of ver' mos' new an' modern theology. Ver' good. I prescribe. Privilege granted? Listen! We go to Jerusalem. True; but by way of Mount Sinai. By way of Suez, the Monastery of St. Catherine, Akaba, El-Ma'an, Petra. I make no bones, sir. It is a long desert journey: ver' harsh journey—includin' dangers proceedin' from robbers' habitations. But mos' excellent health is thereby to be gain'. Ver' good. Quite satisfy'? I prepare, then, my outfit of men an' animals at once. . . . Mm-m?"

It was an appealing suggestion. Falcontent was moved to carry his sorrow to an exceeding desolation. And he was sensible, too, of the physical advantage. There was surely bodily cure—the cure of physical folly — to be found on the caravan route.

"That listens all right, George," said he. "But what do you get out of this?"

"Surely," the dragoman replied, with a shrug, "I have honor to arrange contract with reasonable profit devolving

upon me. . . . Expense, as it were, Mr. Falcontent—no object? Mm-m? Doubtless not?"

"Oh, anything reasonable, George," said Falcontent. "But I don't want to be stung."

"Ver' reasonable, Mr. Falcontent. No sting in contract of Mr. Amos Awad. I do so assure you upon honor."

Falcontent came to a quick decision. "All right, George," said he, with spirit. "I'll go. And we'll get to work and arrange the terms of that little contract right now."

Falcontent rode into Jerusalem near the close of day—the day before Christmas. Awad had proved a faithful, companionable fellow; he had been solicitous concerning Falcontent's first pains of travel—he had been grim, business-like, vastly determined in respect to the way and the hours of riding. There had been no discussion of Falcontent's perplexities. There had been entertainment: Awad had told many engaging stories to relieve the monotony of the sand—such Eastern tales as are told, in various forms, names varying, incidents differing somewhat from the Occidental traditions, but the moral unchanged, to while away time and weariness in all the deserts of the East. And Falcontent had indeed matched his sorrow against an exceeding desolation: a land, however, unable to wrench any complaint against Fate from its lean dwellers. Falcontent was himself now lean and brown with weeks of desert travel. His eyes were clean and quick and sure. It had been a short ride that day; he tingled with muscular exaltation. He was toned; it was a physically rehabilitated Falcontent. He was in appetite; he could sleep. . . . Sell shoes? Well, rather! By Jove—Falcontent would sure show old man Groot that he had "come back"! And he had not yet even seen the Holy Places! It would sure be a laugh on Groot!

Falcontent could laugh—now. But his mirth was hard, a mere reflex, without feeling. It was mirth without sure foundation. There was no spiritual health in it. At the first touch of adversity the laughter might turn to jeering cachinnation. Life was a grim experience: a man was born, lived, died. "To-morrow we die!" Falcontent stood no longer in confusion between Design and Chance. He had settled that question for good and all. And what a fool he had been to trouble about it at all! How shall a man surely know? Falcontent laughed to think of the hurtful folly of his brooding. . . . God? There was no God. There were many gods: gods of all peoples—a vast variety. There were many superstitions; there was much bowing down. . . . A flash of agitated uncertainty passed over Falcontent when he reflected that his was the only generation of all the generations of men (as he fancied) by whom the worship of God had been generally abandoned. . . . But why not? "The old order changeth." The times were new. . . . "God of our fathers!" How the old teachings persisted in a man's imagination! Falcontent could recall the psalm—and the nasal singing. It aggravated him to remember. He concerned his thoughts with the road. . . . It was crisp weather; it was much like a harvest evening—at home. Light lingered upon the city. It was a city lying soft and half revealed in a mist of twilight.

"Jerusalem!" Falcontent thought. "Well—I'm damned! Jim Falcontent, of Groot & McCarthy—in Jerusalem!"

Falcontent was subconsciously disappointed to find no glory of heavenly light upon the flat roofs, and no glow of peace and beneficence upon the countenances of the sinister-appearing inhabitants. He had, like a child—it was a legacy of childhood—looked for some continued manifestation of the story of the Divine residence.

"Nice town, Awad?" he inquired.

"Ver' modern city accordin' Eastern standards," the dragoman replied, with a flirt of his dainty mustache. "Ver' human peoples live here. Disappoint', eh?" he ran on. "Jus' so. Ver' much like all tourist' excep' ver' old people. You think to see pearly gates an' golden streets, eh? Ha, ha! Oh, dear me, no! Ver' human city of present day. Ver' up-to-date town. Always was, I take it. Possibly so in time of King Solomon. An' in days of King David—doubtless so? Why not? Mm-m?"

It occurred to Falcontent for the first

time with significant conviction that Jerusalem was a reality; that the city had been real from generation to generation—here situated—near by—and that the happenings recorded were realities like the events of profane history—of the American Revolution.

.But—

"Garden of Gethsemane still around here?" he yawned.

"Oh yes. Ver' close by the city. Carriage an' all fees suppli' by terms of my contract."

"Got a fence around it?" Falcontent joked.

"Oh yes."

"What!" Falcontent exclaimed.

"Not what you call precisely picket fence," the dragoman replied. "Much more substantial. A ver' solid wall."

"Sure they got the right spot fenced in?"

"My habit truth an' probity compel me say I personally ver' much doubt. Right place? What matter? Pst!"

What *did* it matter?

"Haven't moved the Mount of Olives, have they?"

"Oh, my *dear* sir!" Awad laughed. "Impossible job for to perform. An' Palestine antiquities, my dear sir, not for sale for decorate landscape of the American millionaire."

"Calvary?"

"Same ol' place, sir," the dragoman replied, gravely, "but naturally ver' much change'. Ver' well authenticate', too, accordin' by latest authorities. Which thing I am ver' happy to state—with perfect truth, at last."

Falcontent rode on in silence. It was dark in the city. There were no details: there was the mystery of dim-lit habitations—of narrow streets—of shuffling forms. . . . And this was Jerusalem! There was actually such a place! Falcontent all at once realized the existence of the city as a physical fact. It had a place in history—not wholly in legend. It was of old time. It was real. . . . The American Revolution and the Civil War were legendary conflicts in Falcontent's consciousness until he had with amazed understanding set foot on the battle-fields and stared about. . . . And Gethsemane was near by! Precise location? Pst! What matter? There had been a Garden of Gethsemane! The Mount of Olives, too: it was a remarkable hill—now within reach, like Grant's Tomb at home. And Calvary! There had been a place called Calvary! . . . Falcontent was profoundly moved by his proximity to these places which now at last were real. Falcontent was shocked; his unbelief in the tradition—was it tradition?—of the Divine Presence upon earth was disturbed. A presence in Jerusalem—roundabout: here and beyond. . . . Falcontent began to whistle a snatch from "The Queen of the Great White Way." It was incongruous; he could not bear to continue. . . . There had been a Teacher: that was true—it was as true as Grant and Lincoln and Washington—and the teaching was not yet forgotten in the world. Falcontent knew it all well enough—the life and philosophy which somewhere near by these very places had had their origin. . . . To relieve the agitation of these disclosures Falcontent tried once more the topical song from "The Queen of the Great White Way." It was impossible.

"Cold?" Awad inquired.

"No," Falcontent answered. "I'm not cold. I'm shivering, though. That's funny, isn't it?"

"Well, no," said Awad. "Ver' commonplace thing to happen. I should not have be surprise' if, on the other hand, you have swear ver' harshly."

Falcontent had experienced—and had thereby been horrified—a curious impulse to blaspheme.

"That's queer," he drawled now.

"Ver' commonplace thing," the dragoman repeated. He shrugged. "I recommend, if I be permit," he went on, impassively, "a hot bath, food, an' perusal of Holy Scriptures for historical data. I am great believer in original sources. Let us say, Gospel accordin' St. Luke—chapter two, especially. It is Christmas Eve. To-night—accordin' by itinerary—we visit Bethlehem. Carriage an' all fees my pleasure to provide accordin' by terms of my contract."

When, late that Christmas Eve, the little dragoman knocked on the door of Falcontent's room in a hotel by the Jaffa Gate, Falcontent had gathered a

deal of historical data from the original sources. . . . *And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch on their flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men. And it came to pass that as the angels were going away from them into heaven the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see the thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.* . . . And Falcontent had perused the tragedy from that beginning to its heroic end. It was all familiar, to be sure—had continued in Falcontent's memory since those old New England days; but was now new with reality and meaning.

"I'm tired," Falcontent protested to the dragoman. "I guess we'd better put the Bethlehem trip off."

"Ha!" the dragoman ejaculated. "We go," he announced, calmly. "It is my greates' ambition to serve my gentlemen. I fail—never! We go. I am flat in it."

Falcontent was presently rattling over the road to Bethlehem. It was a clear night. There were stars — brilliantly shining. A moon was imminent. A shadowy country — waste like a wilderness in the night—was on either side. The road lay white and dusty. It was an old road—an old, old way of going and coming. It had felt the imprint of dusty feet these many long-forgotten years. . . . The world was surely very old: that which persisted from generation to generation was of value—new things doubtful. . . . Falcontent was cold. But the night was warm. Yet Falcontent shivered; his hands trembled — teeth clicked together. He was hardly able to command this nervous spasm. . . . There came, by and by, dark, winding streets, rough, narrow. The horses stumbled. . . . There was the Church of the Nativity: it was like a fortification. There was a narrow door—there were wide, cathedral spaces—there was the light of candles—there were ecclesiastical robes—there was incense—there were many voices distantly chanting—there was the wonder of some mystical ceremony by which Falcontent was shaken from his hold on the commonplaces of life. . . . And Falcontent stared and listened, transported so far from Broadway by the vision and music of these mysteries that Broadway was no longer within his recollection, save as a blurred, contrasting horror.

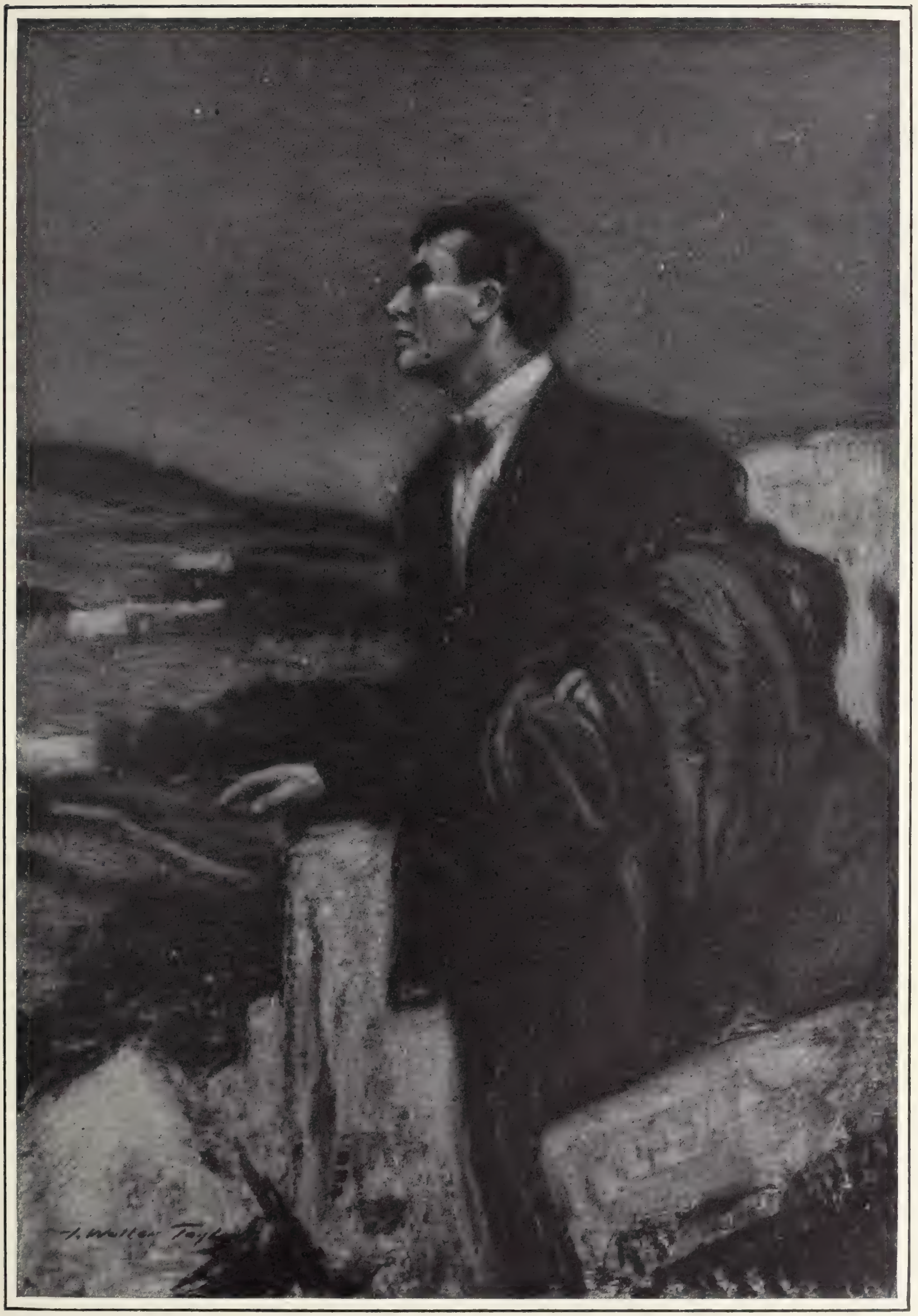
Thereafter Falcontent stood for a long time midway of a narrow stone stair—gazing awed now into the Grotto of the Nativity. It was a small space. The yellow light of many candles illuminated it. . . . Many people knelt below in adoration: these were Russian pilgrims —folk of a race cruelly oppressed; yet their countenances gave no sign of oppression, but were clean of guile and fear and suspicion and all manner of trouble. Peace was upon all them that adored: such peace—Falcontent reflected in the terms of other times—as the world can neither give nor take away. . . . And so it had been: a faith continuing from generation to generation, comforting, inspiring, peace-bringing, giving hope and courage—the integrity of its essentials preserved, after all, against the cocksure philosophies of these new days.

"Ver' much regret," the dragoman whispered in Falcontent's ear. "Accordin' my Bethlehem itinerary, it is time for visit Field of Shepherds."

Falcontent started.

"Oh, we'll cut that out!" he whispered, hastily. "I guess I better get back to the hotel."

But Falcontent followed a rocky pathway, leading down, leading on, inclining toward the stars, to a hill, near by some ancient ruins, below which a field lay in a mist of moonlight. . . . Falcontent was cold; but yet it was a warm night. It was not the cold. He was afraid; he trembled—and was afraid. . . . Awad withdrew. Falcontent stood alone. . . . It is related of Saul of Tarsus, as Fal-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

IN A GREAT ILLUMINATION OF THE SPIRIT HE TREMBLED AND WAS ASTONISHED

content then singularly recalled, that, being on the road to Damascus, *there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice, saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?* And the narrative continues: *And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* . . . No light from heaven shined round about James Falcontent, of Groot & McCarthy; but yet he trembled and was astonished—in a great illumination of the spirit. It was a simple thing: it concerned only the realities of Falcontent's experience. . . . *And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour.* . . . And it was true! Salvation had proceeded from that Birth: all liberty in the world, as Falcontent knew the world and the ages of its spinning—every simple kindness—all pure aspiration — every good deed — all true forms of love and virtue and high courage and justice. . . . And the God of Falcontent's fathers was the only God Falcontent knew anything about.

There was a peal of bells; the ringing came liquid-sweet through the moonlight from the Church of the Nativity on the hills of Bethlehem.

"Amos!" Falcontent called.

"Sir? I am here."

"What they ringing the bells for?"

"It is Christmas mornin', sir."

Falcontent stood staring into the mist of moonlight below. "I guess you better leave me alone for a little while, Amos," he said, presently, without turning. "I —want to be alone." After that Falcontent lifted his face to the sky and prayed. It should astonish no one. Many a good man has done the like of it since the world began. . . .

Well, what miracle? What amazing transformation? Falcontent looked fit: that was true. The same old Falcontent! —the Falcontent of his heartiest days. Back in New York now, still a bit lean and brown with desert travel. To the eye —to the ear—to the heart of his intimates—he was the same man he had been at his best. He was selling shoes for Groot & McCarthy, too, in vast quantities, in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. There were some little omissions of behavior, to be sure, as he went about. They were not obtrusive: they earned—they deserved—no comment. A big, ruddy, big-hearted man — that was James Falcontent: a clean, kindly, hopeful, energetic, merry fellow, given to no meanness, to no greed, to no unworthy pride, to no dishonor whatsoever. And he was sane according to every goodly notion of the times. It would have alarmed him—shamed and grieved him—to discover any symptom of peculiarity. Not an alienist of virtuous reputation could have discovered in Falcontent the least divergence from the straight line of normality. Nor could a surgeon with due regard for the ethics of his profession have found in Falcontent any honest employment for his knife; nor could a devoted practitioner of internal medicine have supplied a need of Falcontent's hearty body. Falcontent was a robust fellow. Falcontent was in vigorous health. What need had Falcontent of a physician or a surgeon?

Falcontent's soul? Oh yes, Falcontent had a soul—and had in some way established peace with it!

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

SECOND PAPER

WE had spent the winter 1909-10 chiefly inland, southeast of Langton Bay, hunting caribou, but partly at Cape Parry, about three hundred miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. We had starved a little (without serious consequences); my only white traveling companion, Dr. Anderson, had been sick with pneumonia, and so had one of our band of nine Eskimo companions, but both of them had recovered largely from the effects of their illness by late March. What had really handicapped us seriously was the loss through a contagious disease of all our best sled-dogs, so that we could muster a team of six dogs only for the journey toward Coronation Gulf, the search for Eskimos who had never seen a white man, which was the main purpose of the expedition, and for which the two years we had already spent in the arctic were but the preparation. Another obstacle was that our Eskimos were afraid of the country to the east — it was unknown to them, and therefore invested with such terrors as the unknown always holds for primitive man; either we should find a country uninhabited because of the want of game, or we should find it inhabited by treacherous, cannibalistic people who killed all strangers. I had spent much of the winter in reasoning the matter out with them. I told them of Amundsen's (Lieutenant Hansen's) friendly contact with one tribe on the east coast of Victoria Island, of Richardson's and Rae's meeting with an equally friendly people at the mouth of Rae River, but these things weighed light against the old women's tales my party had picked up at the Baillie Islands, the most easterly settlement of the Mackenzie Eskimos, about a hundred miles west of our winter quarters. They had told us much of the Nagyuktogmiut, who lived far to the east.

"These people bear the name of the caribou antler," they told us, "because of a peculiar custom they have. When a woman becomes of marriageable age her coming-out is announced several days in advance. At the appointed time she is made to take her place in an open space out-of-doors, and all the men who want wives form around her in a circle, each armed with the antler of a large bull caribou. The word is given, and they all rush at her, each trying to hook her toward him with the antler. Often the woman is killed in the scrimmage, but if some one succeeds in getting her alive from the others he takes her for a wife. As strength and the skill which experience gives are the main requirements for success, some of the Nagyuktogmiut have a great many wives, while most of them have none. Because so many women are killed in this way there are twice as many men as women among them. We know many stories, of which this is one, to show what queer people these Easterners are. They also kill all strangers." That was the way all stories of the Easterners ended. Like Cato's *delenda est Carthago,* "they kill all strangers" were the unvarying words that finished every discussion of the Nagyuktogmiut by the Baillie-Islanders.

No matter how fabulous a story sounds, there is usually a basis of fact; when we at last got to these Easterners we found that the kernel of truth consisted in the fewness of women as compared with men, but the reason for this fact had nothing to do with caribou antlers.

By the middle of April the signs of coming spring were multiplying; Dr. Anderson, accompanying a party of Mackenzie Eskimos who wanted to reach that river before its break-up in late May, had already started on his thousand-mile round trip to the Hudson Bay Company's frontier post at the head of the Mackenzie delta (Fort Macpherson), and the whaling rendezvous at Herschel Island,

to get there our mail for the past year and to meet supplies (chiefly writing-paper, photographic materials, and ammunition) sent us by the American Museum of Natural History the year before. They had been a year and a half in transit when he received them at Herschel Island in August, 1910. The grizzly bears *(Ursus richardsoni)* had awakened from their winter sleep, and the first one of the year was shot near our camp on the east side of Langton Bay, April 14th; he was a young male with two inches of fat on his rump — about as much as he could have had in the fall when he went to sleep. The bearded seals, too *(Phoca barbata)*, which came out some weeks ahead of the hair-seal *(Fœtida)*, were basking on the ice. These were the signs for which we had been waiting, for our rifles were to furnish our dogs and us with whatever we were destined to be lucky enough to get to eat on the eastward march toward Coronation Gulf. The event showed that starting before the seals came out of their holes would have been suicidal in all probability, for the rocky coast east of Cape Lyon is a poor feeding-ground in winter, and is therefore to a great extent avoided by the caribou.



ESKIMO BOYS

When we finally made our start for the east from Langton Bay, April 21, 1910, we were in many respects poorly equipped for spending a year away from any possible source of supplies other than those which the arctic lands themselves can furnish. When I had planned this undertaking in New York I had counted on having good dogs, but the good dogs were now dead. I had counted on Dr. Anderson's company and cooperation, but necessity had dictated (chiefly the lack of ammunition for our rifles for the coming year) that he should go west for supplies, and that I should depend on Eskimo companions alone. I had counted on having a silk tent and other light equipment for summer use, and the lightest and most powerful rifles and high-power ammunition, but during one of our winter periods of shortage of food I had been compelled to abandon many of these things at a distance from which they could not now be got. Instead of the ten-pound silk tent I therefore had to take a forty-pound canvas one, old and full of holes; I had only two hundred rounds for my Mannlicher-Schoenauer 6.5 mm. rifle, and had to piece out with far heavier and less powerful black-powder rifles and ammunition. In all we had four rifles of three different calibers and a total of nine hundred and sixty rounds of three kinds of ammunition, when the right thing obviously is to have but one kind of rifle and ammunition. Had one of our rifles broken we should have had to throw away the ammunition suited to that gun.

It is true that what is right in theory cannot be wrong in practice, and still I fancy there are few men so sure of a theory that they are free from a bit of nervousness when they come to stake their lives on its holding good. When

our little party of three Eskimos and myself were finally started for the east, they felt, and expressed it, and I felt, but tried to refrain from expressing it, that we had embarked on a serious venture. At Cape Lyon, April 27th, we left behind the farthest-east point of the mainland upon which any of the American whalers are known to have landed, though some have cruised as far east as the western end of Dolphin and Union straits in summer, standing well off-shore, of course, and never seeing any people. Cape Lyon is set down by Sir John Richardson, who coasted this shore in the twenties and again in the forties of the last century, as the eastern limit of former occupation by people who build permanent earth and wood houses, after the manner of the Mackenzie Eskimos, and as, coincidently, the eastern limit of the bow-head whaling industry as carried on by the prehistoric Eskimos. We soon discovered to be a fact, what we might have inferred, that it was Sir John's method of traveling — that of summer exploration by water, when the boats usually stood well off-shore—that had prevented his finding traces of permanent occupation. Following the coast as we did, we found every few miles the ruins of such permanent whaling-villages as we already knew from Alaska and the Mackenzie. If these were not actually inhabited at the time of Sir John's coasting voyage in 1826 they must have been then but recently abandoned. The most easterly house ruin actually seen by us was near the mouth of Crocker River, though others farther east are almost certain to have escaped us, as the snow was deep on the ground. Many ethnologists had considered that there was an area of isolation for two hundred or so miles east of Cape Parry, and that the Eskimos of the east and west had not had much contact with one another across this supposedly barren stretch; our work has shown that while this may be true for the last hundred years at the most, it was not true further back. We saw no reason to think that a hundred years ago this stretch of coast was any less thickly populated than any other stretch of the arctic coast of America.



A CARIBOU HUNTER ARMED WITH COPPER KNIFE—

We had with us on starting from Langton Bay about two weeks' supplies. These were neither here nor there as provisions for a year's exploration — we should have been quite as well off had we started with only two days' supplies. From the outset, therefore, we tried to provide each day food for that day from the animals of the land. In carrying out such a programme for a party of four each had to do his share. My main reliance was the Alaskan man, Natkusiak, and the woman, Pannigabluk; the Mackenzie River boy, Tannaumirk, a boy in character, though perhaps twenty-five in years, was a cheerful and companionable sort of fellow, but without initiative and (like many of his countrymen nowadays) not in the best of health. Our general plan was that the three Eskimos took care of the sled, one, usually the woman, walking ahead to pick out a trail through the rough sea ice, and the other two steadying the sled from upsetting too often, and pulling in harness at the same time to help the dogs. If they saw a seal or a bear, one of them would go after him while the other two waited at the sled, cooked a lunch if it was near midday, or made camp if night was approaching. If by camp-time no game had yet been seen, the woman, Pannigabluk, would stay by the camp to cook supper, while the two men went off in different directions to hunt. That the two should go in different directions was wise, for it doubled the chances of seeing game, but it at times caused unnecessary

waste of ammunition and the killing of more meat than was needed. The very first time that both men went out to hunt in this manner, for instance, Natkusiak killed two seven or eight hundred-pound bearded seals in one shot, and Tannaumirk a big, fat grizzly bear in four shots. This was meat enough for several weeks if we had (Eskimo fashion) stayed there to eat it up; traveling as we were, heavily loaded through rough ice, we could not take along more than a hundred pounds of meat.



AND SPRUCE-WOOD BOW, WITH ARROWS TIPPED WITH COPPER

Although the Eskimos frequently killed an animal or two if they happened on them along the line of march, their chief business was getting the sled-load as many miles ahead as convenient during the day, which was seldom over fifteen miles in a working-day averaging perhaps eight hours. We were in no hurry, for we had no particular distance to go and no reason to hasten back, but expected to spend the summer wherever it overtook us, and the winter similarly in its turn.

My companions traveled along the coast, made camp, and cooked, while I took upon myself the main burden of the food-providing. With this in view I used to strike inland about five miles in the morning, starting often a good while before the Eskimos broke camp, and then walking rapidly eastward parallel to the coast. With my snow-shoes I made easy and rapid progress compared to that of the sled along the coast, unless I happened on caribou. These had been in some numbers on the Parry peninsula before we left home. (We called the Langton Bay and Cape Parry district "home" for three years, for no matter how many hundreds of miles of land and ice separated Dr. Anderson or me from it, we always had at least one Eskimo family there protecting what supplies we had and the scientific collections already made.) Crossing Darnley Bay on the ice, we had of course seen no caribou; at Cape Lyon the Eskimos saw one yearling, but were unable to get it, and at Point Pierce, five days out from Langton Bay, we were stopped by an easterly blizzard without having yet secured any. The Eskimos, who had "known" all along that we were going into a gameless country, felt sure that the fawn they had seen at Lyon was the most easterly member of the deer species inhabiting the coast; it would, therefore, be wisdom to turn about now, they argued, before the road got too long for the back journey and we got too weak from hunger—all this over huge troughs of boiled meat and raw blubber of the seals killed two days before, on which we were gorging ourselves, for much eating was always our chief pastime when delayed by a blizzard that the dogs would not face. As a matter of fact, what my Eskimos really dreaded was not so much hunger as the possibility of our success in the quest of what to me were the scientifically interesting "people who had never seen a white man," but to them were the dreaded "Nagyuktogmiut, so called because they hook to themselves wives with the antlers of bull caribou; they kill all strangers."

Generally it is only in times of extreme need that one hunts caribou in a blizzard—not that nine-tenths of the blizzards in the arctic need keep a healthy man indoors; it is merely that the drifting snow (even when you can see as far as two hundred yards) diminishes many times over the chance you have of finding game. If you do find caribou, however, the stronger the gale the better is your chance of close approach without

being seen, for these animals, though they double their watchfulness in foggy weather, seem to relax it in a blizzard. In the present instance my reason for looking for caribou was that I wanted to kill a few for the moral effect it would have on my party; for in the midst of abundance they would be forced to fall back on their fear of the Nagyuktogmiut as the only argument for retreat, and this they were a bit ashamed of doing, even among themselves. It was therefore great luck for us, although we were in no immediate need of meat, that after a short hunt through the storm I ran into a band of seven cows and young bulls about five miles inland, southwest from Point Pierce. I came upon them quite without cover, but saw them through the drifting snow at three hundred yards before they saw me—the human eye is a great deal keener than that of the caribou, wolf, or any other animal with which I have had experience. By stepping back a few paces till the drifting snow had hidden the caribou again, and then guardedly circling them to leeward, I found a slight ridge which allowed safe approach to within about two hundred yards of where they had been. The main thing in stalking caribou that are not moving is the ability to keep in mind their location accurately while you are circling and winding about so as to approach them from a new direction behind cover of irregular hills and ridges that are, of course, unfamiliar to you. In this case my plans came suddenly to naught through the caribou appearing on the sky-line two hundred yards off. I shot three of them, though we could not possibly use more than the meat of one. The moral effect on my Eskimos of having food to throw away would, I knew, be invaluable to me. Had I killed only one they would not have believed it to be for any reason other than that I was unable to kill more. This was the only time in a period of fourteen months of continuous "living on the country" that I shot more animals than I thought we should need, although I often had to kill a single large animal, such as a polar bear or bearded seal, when I knew we should be unable to haul with us more than a small part of its meat.

We proceeded eastward along the deserted coast without adventure. "Blessed is that country whose history is uninteresting" applies to arctic expeditions as well. Having an adventure is a sign that something unexpected, something unprovided against, has happened; it shows that some one is incompetent, that something has gone wrong. For that reason we pride ourselves on the fewness of our



AN ESKIMO HOME IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY

The snow-house has a roof of skins, and the sled is partly buried to prevent its ice runners from melting off



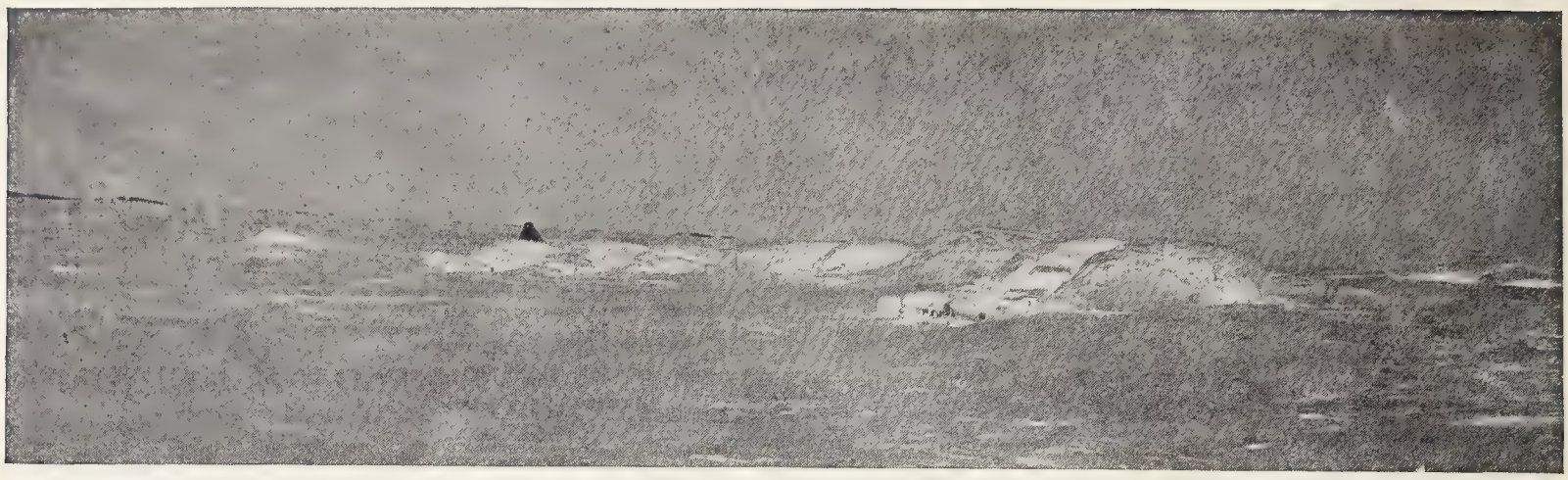
AN ESKIMO VILLAGE IN SPRING
The warm sun has caved in the snow roofs and they have been replaced with caribou skins

adventures; for the same reason we are a bit ashamed of the few we did have. An adventure is interesting enough in retrospect, especially to the person who didn't have it; at the time it happens it usually constitutes an exceedingly disagreeable experience. On May 2d, near Point Dease Thompson, through incompetence of my own, I came near having a serious one; that I did not actually have it was due to the incompetence of a polar bear. After completely outmanœuvering me at the start, he allowed a fondness for grandstand play to lose him the game at the critical moment.

The thing happened in the afternoon. As usual, I was hunting caribou eastward along the sea-front of the Melville Mountains that lie parallel to the coast a few miles inland. The sled and the Eskimos were traveling more slowly along the coast and were several miles behind—for one thing, the sled was heavy and the ice rough; for another, they used to stop an hour or so each day to cook a lunch at which I was seldom able to join them. I had seen no caribou all day nor the day before, and our meat was low; therefore I stopped whenever I came to the top of a commanding hill to sweep the country carefully with my binoculars. The land showed nothing but a white wolf or arctic fox now and then; ptarmigan there were, but they are too small game for a party of four that is going to go a year on nine hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition; the foxes, too, were beneath our notice, though their meat is excellent; but a wolf that came within two hundred yards seldom got by me, for a fat one weighs a hundred pounds, and all of us preferred them at this season to caribou, except Pannigabluk, who would not taste the meat because it is taboo to her people.

This day the wolves did not come near, and the first hopeful thing I saw was a yellow spot on the sea ice about three miles off. After watching it for five minutes or so I was still unable to determine whether or not the spot was yellow ice or something else than ice; had my party been abreast of me or ahead I should have given up and moved on, but as they were several miles behind I put in a half-hour watching this thing that was a bit yellower than ice should be; now and then I looked elsewhere, for a caribou or grizzly may at any time come out from behind a hill, a polar bear from behind a cake of ice, or a seal out of his hole. After sweeping the entire circle of the horizon perhaps for the sixth time I noted that the yellow spot had disappeared—it was, therefore, a polar bear that had been lying down; after sleeping too long in one position he had stood up and lain down again behind an ice cake.

A moment after noting this I was running as hard as I could in the direction



THAT DAY, AT CAPE BEXLEY, WE CAME UPON A DESERTED VILLAGE OF OVER FIFTY SNOW-HOUSES

of the bear, for there was no telling how soon he would start traveling or how fast he would go. I had, so soon as I began to suspect the yellow spot might be a bear, taken careful note of the topography behind me with relation to the spot's position out on the rough sea ice, for it is as difficult to keep a straight line toward an invisible object among the ice cakes and pressure ridges as it is in a forest. The mountains behind, however, could always be seen, and by their configuration I tried to guide myself straight toward the bear. Every three or four hundred yards I would climb a high pressure ridge and have a look around with the glasses, but nothing was to be seen. I did not, in fact, expect to see anything unless the bear had commenced traveling, in which case he would perhaps expose himself by crossing a high ridge. When at last I got to the neighborhood of the animal, according to my calculations, I climbed an especially high ridge and spent a longer time than usual sweeping the surroundings with the glasses and studying individual ice cakes and ridges, with the hope of recognizing some of those I had seen from the mountains to be in the neighborhood of my bear, but everything looked different on near approach, and I failed to locate myself to my own satisfaction. I had decided to go a quarter of a mile or so farther before beginning to circle in quest of the bear's tracks, my rifle was buckled in its case slung across my back, and I was slowly and cautiously clambering down the far side of the pressure ridge, when I heard behind me a noise like the spitting of a cat or the hiss of a goose. I looked back and saw, about twenty feet away and almost above me, a polar bear.

Had he come the remaining twenty feet as quietly and quickly as a bear can, the literary value of the incident would have been lost forever; for, as the Greek fable points out, a lion does not write a book. From his eye and attitude, as well as the story his trail told afterward, there was no doubting his intentions; the hiss was merely his way of saying, "Watch me do it!" Or at least that is how I interpreted it; possibly the motive was chivalry, and the hiss was his way of saying *Garde!* Whichever it was, it was the fatal mistake of a game played well to that point; for no animal on earth can afford to give warning to a man with a rifle. And why should they? Has a hunter ever played fair with one of them?

Afterward the snow told plainly the short—and, for one of the participants, tragic—story. I had underestimated the bear's distance from shore, and had passed the spot where he lay, going a hundred yards or two to windward; on scenting me he had come up the wind to my trail, and had then followed it, walking about ten paces to leeward of it, apparently following my tracks by smelling them from a distance. The reason I had not seen his approach was that it had not occurred to me to look back over my own trail; I was so used to hunting bears that the possibility of one of them assuming my own rôle and hunting me had been left out of consideration. A good hunter, like a good detective, should leave nothing out of consideration.

On May 9th, nineteen days out from Langton Bay, we came upon signs that made our hearts beat faster. It was at Point Wise, where the open sea begins to be narrowed into Dolphin and Union straits by the near approach to the main-

land of the mountainous shores of Victoria Island. The beach was strewn with pieces of driftwood, and on one of them we found the marks of recent choppings with a dull adz. A search of the beach for half a mile each way revealed numerous similar choppings. Evidently the men who had made them had been testing the pieces of wood to see if they were sound enough to become the materials for sleds or other things they had wished to make. Those pieces which had but one or two adz marks upon them had been found unsound; in a few places piles of chips showed that a sound piece had been found there, and had been roughed down for transportation purposes on the spot. Prepossessed by the idea that Victoria Island was probably inhabited because Rae had seen people on its southwest coast in 1851, and the mainland probably uninhabited because Richardson had failed to find any people on it in 1826 and again in 1848, I decided that the men whose traces we saw were probably Victoria-Islanders who had with sleds crossed the frozen straits from the land whose mountains we could faintly see to the north, and had returned to its woodless shores with the driftwood they had picked up here. We learned later that this supposition was wrong; the people whose traces we found were mainland dwellers whose ancestors must have been hunting inland to the south when Richardson twice passed without seeing them.

The night after this discovery we did not sleep much. The Eskimos were more excited than I was, apparently, and far into the morning they talked and speculated on the meaning of the signs. Had we come upon traces of the Nagyuktogmiut "who kill all strangers"? Fortunately enough, my long-entertained fear that traces of people would cause a panic in my party was not realized. In spite of all their talk, and in spite of the fact that they were seriously afraid, the curiosity as to what these strange people would prove to be like—in fine, the spirit of adventure, which seldom crops out in an Eskimo—was far stronger than their fears. We were therefore up early the next morning, and were soon out on the road.

All that day we found along the beach comparatively fresh traces of people, chiefly shavings and chips where the hewing and shaping of wood had taken place. None seen that day were of the present winter, however, though some seemed to be of the previous summer; but the next morning, just east of Point Young, we found at last human footprints in the crusted snow and sled-tracks that were not over three months old. That day at Cape Bexley we came upon a deserted village of over fifty snow-houses; their inhabitants had apparently left them about midwinter, and it was now the 12th of May.

The size of the deserted village took



AN ESKIMO VILLAGE TEMPORARILY DESERTED

Upon the raised platforms are placed whatever things are likely to be destroyed by marauding animals

our breath away. Tannaumirk, the young man from the Mackenzie River, had never seen an inhabited village among his people of more than twelve or fifteen houses. All his old fears of the Nagyuktogmiut "who kill all strangers" now came to the surface afresh; all the stories that he knew of their peculiar ways and atrocious deeds were retold by him that evening for our common benefit.

A broad but three-months' untraveled trail led north from this village site across the ice toward Victoria Island. My intentions were to continue east along the mainland into Coronation Gulf, but I decided, nevertheless, to stop here long enough to make an attempt to find the people at whose village we had camped. We would leave most of our gear on shore, with Pannigabluk to take care of it, while the two men and myself took the trail across the ice. This was according to Eskimo etiquette—on approach to the country of strange or distrusted people non-combatants are left behind, and only the able men of the party advance to a cautious parley. In this case the Mackenzie River man, Tannaumirk, was frightened enough to let his pride go by the board and to ask that he, too, might stay on shore at the camp. I told him he might, and Natkusiak and I prepared to start alone with a light sled, but at the last moment Tannaumirk decided he preferred to go with us, as the Nagyuktogmiut were likely in our absence to discover our camp, to surprise it by night, and to kill him while he slept. It would be safer, he thought, to go with us. Pannigabluk was much the coolest of the three Eskimos; if she was afraid to be left alone on shore she did not show it; she merely said that she might get lonesome if we were gone more than three or four days. We left her cheerfully engaged in the mending of our worn footgear, and at 2.30 P.M., May 13th, 1910, we took the old but nevertheless plain trail northward into the rough sea ice.

It was only near shore that the ice was rough, and with our light sled we made good progress; it was the first time on the trip that we did not have to pull in harness ourselves; instead we took turns in riding, two sitting on the sled at the same time and one running ahead to cheer the dogs on. We made about six miles per hour, and inside of two hours we arrived at another deserted village, about a month more recent than the one found at Cape Bexley. We were, therefore, on the trail, not of a traveling party, but of a migratory community.

As we understood dimly then and know definitely now, each village on such a trail as we were now following should be about ten miles from the next preceding, and should be about a month more recent. The explanation of this is simple. The village of a people who hunt



AN ABANDONED SNOW VILLAGE

The apparent windows are in reality holes through which the household equipment has been moved out



A Snow-house in process of Building

"We stood idly by while a few of the best-house builders erected for us the house in which we were to live"

seal on level "bay" ice must not be on shore, for it is not convenient for a hunter to go more than five miles at the most from camp to look for the seal-holes, and naturally there are no seal-holes on land; the inhabitants of a sea village can hunt through an entire circle whose radius is about five miles; the inhabitants of a shore village can hunt through only half a circle of the same radius, for the other half of it will be on land. When the frost overtakes the seals in the fall, each of them, wherever he happens to be, gnaws several holes in the thin ice and rises to these whenever he needs to breathe. As the ice thickens he keeps them open by continuous gnawing, and for the whole of the winter that follows he is kept a prisoner in their neighborhood because of the fact that if he ever went to a considerable distance from them he would be unable to find a place to reach the air, and would therefore die of suffocation. By the aid of their dogs the Eskimos find these breathing-holes of the seals underneath the snow that hides them in winter, and spear the animals as they rise for air. In a month or so the hunters of a single village will have killed all the seals within a radius of about five miles; they must then move camp about ten miles, so that a five-mile circle around their next camp shall be tangent to the five-mile circle about their last one; for if the circles overlapped there would be that much waste territory within the new circle of activities. If, then, you are following such a trail and come to a village about four months old, you will expect to find the people who made it not more than forty miles off.

In the present case our task was simplified by the fact that the group we were following had not moved straight ahead north, but had made their fourth camp west of the second. Standing on the roofs of the houses of the second camp, we could see three seal-hunters a few miles to the west, each sitting on his block of snow by a seal-hole waiting for the animal to rise.

The seal-hunters and their camp were up the wind, and our dogs scented them. As we bore swiftly down upon the nearest of the sealers the dogs showed enthusiasm and anticipation as keen as mine, keener by a great deal than did my Eskimos. As the hunter was separated from each of his fellow-huntsmen by a full half-mile, I thought he would probably be frightened if all of us were to rush up to him at the top speed of our dogs. We therefore stopped our sled several hundred yards away. Tannaumirk had become braver now, for the lone stranger did not look formidable, sitting stooped forward as he was on his

block of snow beside the seal-hole; he accordingly volunteered to act as our ambassador, saying that the Mackenzie dialect (his own) was probably nearer the stranger's tongue than Natkusiak's. This seemed likely, so I told him to go ahead. The sealer sat motionless as Tannaumirk approached him; I watched him through my glasses and saw that he held his face steadily as if watching the seal-hole, but that he raised his eyes every second or two to the (to him) strange figure of the man approaching. He was evidently tensely ready for action. Tannaumirk by now was thoroughly over his fears, and would have walked right up to the sealer, but when no more than five paces or so intervened between them the sealer suddenly jumped up, grasping a long knife that had lain on the snow beside him, and poising himself as if to receive an attack or to be ready to leap forward suddenly. This scared our man, who stopped abruptly and began excitedly and volubly to assure the sealer that he and all of us were friendly and harmless, men of excellent character and intentions.

I was, of course, too far away to hear, but Tannaumirk told me afterward that on the instant of jumping up the sealer began a monotonous noise which is not a chant nor is it words—it is merely an effort to ward off dumbness, for if a man who is in the presence of a spirit does not make at least one sound each time he draws his breath he will be stricken permanently dumb. This is a belief common to the Alaska and Coronation Gulf Eskimos. For several minutes Tannaumirk talked excitedly, and the sealer kept up the moaning noise, quite unable to realize, apparently, that he was being spoken to in human speech. It did not occur to him for a long time, he told us afterward, that we might be something other than spirits, for our dogs and dog harness, our sleds and clothes, were such as he had never seen in all his wanderings; besides, we had not, on approaching, used the peace sign of his people, which is holding the hands out to show that one does not carry a knife.

After what may have been anything from five to fifteen minutes of talking and expostulation by Tannaumirk, the man finally began to listen and then to answer. The dialects proved to differ about as much as Norwegian does from Swedish, or Spanish from Portuguese. After Tannaumirk had made him understand the assurance that we were of good intent and character, and had showed by lifting his own coat that he had no knife, the sealer approached him cautiously and felt of him, partly (as he told us later) to assure himself that he was not a spirit, and partly to see if there were not a knife hidden somewhere under his clothes. After a careful examination and some further parley he told Tannaumirk to tell us that they two would proceed home to the village, and Natkusiak and I might follow as far behind as we were now; when they got to the village we were to remain outside it till the people could be informed that we were visitors with friendly intentions.

As we proceeded toward the village other seal-hunters gradually converged toward us from all over the neighboring four or five square miles of ice and joined Tannaumirk and his companion, who walked about two hundred yards ahead. As each of these was armed with a long knife and a seal-spear it may be imagined that the never very brave Tannaumirk was pretty thoroughly frightened—to which he owned up freely that night and the few days next following, though he had forgotten the circumstance completely by next year, when we returned to his own people in the Mackenzie district, where he is now a drawing-room lion on the strength of his adventures in the far east. When we approached the village every man, woman, and child was outdoors waiting for us excitedly, for they could tell from afar that we were no ordinary visitors. The man whom we had first approached—who that day acquired a local prominence which still distinguishes him above his fellows — explained to an eagerly silent crowd that we were friends from a distance who had come without evil intent, and immediately the whole crowd (about forty) came running toward us. As each came up he would say: "I am So-and-so. I am well disposed. I have no knife. Who are you?" After being told our names in return, and being assured that we were friendly, and that our knives were packed away in the sled and not hid-



ESKIMOS SKINNING THE FIRST CARIBOU THEY HAD SEEN SHOT WITH A RIFLE
One of the Eskimos may be seen examining Mr. Stefansson's rifle

den under our clothing, each would express his satisfaction and stand aside for the next to present himself. Sometimes a man would present his wife, or a woman her husband, according to which came up first. The women were in more hurry to be presented than were the men, for they must, they said, go right back to their houses to cook us something to eat.

After the women were gone the men asked us whether we preferred to have our camp right in the village or a little outside it. On talking it over we agreed it would be better to camp about two hundred yards from the other houses, so as to keep our dogs from fighting with theirs. When this was decided, half a dozen small boys were sent home to as many houses to get their fathers' snow-knives and house-building mittens. We were not allowed to touch a hand to anything in camp-making, but stood idly by, surrounded continually by a crowd who used every means to show how friendly they felt and how welcome we were, while a few of the best house-builders set about erecting for us the house in which we were to live as long as we cared to stay with them. When it had been finished and furnished with the skins, lamp, and the other things that go to make a snow-house the coziest and most comfortable of camps, they told us they hoped we would occupy it at least till the last piece of meat in their storehouses had been eaten, and that so long as we stayed in the village no man would hunt seals or do any work until his children began to complain of hunger. It was to be a holiday, they said, for this was the first time their people had been visited by strangers from so great a distance that they knew nothing of the land from which they came.

These simple, well-bred, and hospitable people were the savages whom we had come so far to see. That evening they saw for the first time the lighting of a sulphur match; the next day I showed them the greater marvels of my rifle; it was a day later still that they first understood that I was one of the white men of whom they had heard from other tribes, under the name *kablunat*.

I asked them: "Couldn't you tell by my blue eyes and the color of my beard?"

"But we didn't know," they answered, "what sort of complexions the *kablunat* have. Besides, our next neighbors north have eyes and beards like yours." That was how they first told us of the people whose discovery has brought up such important biological and historical problems, the people who have since become known to newspaper readers as the "Blond Eskimos."

The Story of Alpheus Motley

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

IN our town there is a street called St. Mary's. There is no church on it, and it is the last street in which one would expect to find a saint of either sex; and, indeed, no one has ever found one there. It is an unromantic street with its quarter-mile of blocks of houses, where one little brick-front residence, with its prosy steps and its dead, square, barren, sour, little six-by-ten front yard, looks exactly like the next. The chief claim of St. Mary's is bare commonplaceness.

The reader who wishes his drama staged in beautiful setting may stop here; some things in this account are rough and rude, some things are shocking, and, after all, its chief virtue is that it is an authentic statement of certain events, and a dispassionate picture of certain persons.

Alpheus W. Motley, who had assumed the last name to save embarrassment to his family, was walking up St. Mary's Street on the twenty-fourth day of December, which, then as now, was the day before Christmas. On that afternoon he walked up this city side street to return to his boarding-house at No. 113, where he hoped there would be a letter awaiting him. He had come from the Public Library on Baldwin Place after an afternoon spent in reading books on the reference-shelves at random, and picking up bits of unconnected knowledge, to be forgotten to-morrow, and only remembered thankfully as information which had served to waste dragging hours.

Dusk had come on, and, with the dusk, snow. Snow made the footfalls noiseless. Snow, whisked off the even edge of the flat roofs by gusts of wind, swirled down into the street; snow piled up on the steps of all the houses, which looked alike, and softened the business-like, economical, utilitarian architecture of the middle-class, respectable, commonplace people's unromantic homes. Snow, whiter than the nondescript white of Motley's prematurely white hair, weighted his felt hat so that he shook the feathery stuff off and pulled the brim down over his face. He looked like one who might be trying to hide his identity.

For this reason, perhaps, he was noticed by two men who stood in a doorway across the street from No. 113. One of these men, in an ulster, posed in the peculiar knock-kneed attitude of a policeman at rest; the other had a short-cropped mustache, a bulldog jaw, and thick fingers encased in heavy, official-appearing gloves. This latter came across the street as Motley approached, waited for him, and stood out in the middle of the sidewalk to interrupt his progress.

"Raise yer head, John," he sneered. "We know yer."

"John is a new one on me," answered Motley, in the manner of one who has been bashful from youth. "You've served the papers on the wrong man. I've got a *red* nose."

"You've put one over on me," the other said, laconically, after he had cast his rat-like glance over the stranger. "No offense, eh? I just seen you was going to turn in here at 113, and I thought you was him."

Alpheus laughed, and because the clean, refreshing Christmas storm, appropriate to the wreaths in the windows of all the houses, had cleared the air and shut the street in cozily from the outer world, his laughter echoed between the fronts of the house-blocks as between sounding-boards.

"I take it that you're a plain-clothes man," he said, drawing perception from his worldly wisdom. "I'll give you a tip. The two old-maid boarders in 113 have flitted away for the holidays. That leaves me and the landlady, Mrs. Olivia Harper. There ain't any him. She's a widow."

"A widow—your grandmother!" said the other. "She's a criminal-session widow these eight years. Get that?

There's a governor's pardon yesterday. I'm here to see the old man gets home safe. Do you get me, I ask you?"

"I do," said Motley, opening his watery eyes. "Well, my stars! That's why she has been humming and singing these forty-eight hours. Bless my soul!"

"As I said—no offense, old man," remarked the detective, making an awkward display of good nature. Then he pointed to a bundle in the hand of Alpheus. "I see you've been buying presents."

Motley, smiling sardonically, looked down at his package, cleared a little bare place on the sidewalk with the side of his shoe. He unwrapped his little parcel and produced a tin figure of a man. A key projected from the creature's waist. Alpheus, having wound the key, placed the contrivance on the sidewalk. Off walked the toy, clicking merrily its feet upon the bricks, and at every fifth step it raised its tin hand to its eyes in the attitude of Columbus discovering America.

"Mmp! mmp!" said Alpheus, in negation. "No scout. Don't you catch on to what he's doing?"

"The little man?"

"Yes, the little man. That's right. He was built for Christmas, and they told him that Christ lived in the souls of all of us. Yes, sir, even to-day! Look! See him searching everywhere! Clickety, clickety. He's like me. He can't seem to find Christ in anybody."

"Say—" began the detective, taking a step nearer Motley.

But then he caught a whiff of the other's breath. He shrugged his shoulders.

"You're all right."

Alpheus smiled. "And you're all right. Only your intellect isn't up to it," said he. "There was a great drama on the sidewalk there if you had only seen it—an imitation of a man—of a man without any heart left, and legs moving by machinery, and longing to see a bit of Christ in humanity, and Christmas tomorrow. But you aren't up to it."

The police inspector sniffed, turned abruptly, and rejoined his fellow across the street. Motley unlocked the front door of No. 113 and he entered the stuffy hall. On one wall leaned a hat-rack with a mirror so blistered on the back that a human face appeared in it as parts of an incomplete jig-saw picture puzzle. The expected envelope which usually arrived on the 20th of every month had come at last!



"HE'S LIKE ME. SEE HIM SEARCHING EVERYWHERE"

Motley tore it open with his fastidiously manicured nails. His long, white fingers reached within, crumpled a check in the palm of one hand, and then continued a fruitless search for something more. Finally the envelope fluttered to the floor.

"Not a word. Not even a 'Merry Christmas.' Nothing," he whispered to himself. "Ain't that a shame? Just the check for the stomach and nothing from the family—nothing for the heart."

"Did you call me?" said Mrs. Olivia Harper, opening the front parlor door.

"Yes," lied Motley, straightening his bent frame. "Yes, Mrs. Harper. If you're willing, I'll hang up my coat and come in for a chat with you."

He had an elegance of manner which, like the gentility of his clean cuffs, scissor-trimmed, and frayed necktie, faultlessly tied, seemed an heirloom from many years ago; he walked toward the mantel and touched the photograph of a man.



"JUST THE CHECK FOR THE STOMACH—NOTHING FOR THE HEART"

"You spend most of your waking hours in this room," said he, surveying its tawdry plush-upholstered furnishings, the third-hand automatic piano-player in the corner, and the red tissue-paper Christmas bell which hung from the chandelier. Then he turned toward the picture again.

"He had a fine forehead," he remarked. "There is much that is lovable in that face, Mrs. Harper. You do not mind my mentioning it?"

The woman was in a flutter. She grew red with the first blush Motley had ever seen upon her plain face.

"You have kept your youth in spite of your great loss," said he.

She clasped her toil-reddened hands and pressed them on her timid, worn, spare, shrinking collar-bones, first on the right side of a new rose-colored silk dress, then on the left.

"Oh, can you mean that!" she cried. "I have worked so hard. I'm sure I haven't anything attractive left. I've looked in the mirror—"

Motley smiled at her reassuringly.

There was a long silence, during which Olivia sat down and gazed thoughtfully at the rose-bush pattern of the carpet, which represents the standard and regulation front-parlor floor-covering of commonplace, unromantic lodging-houses. At last she pointed toward the photograph, which Motley still touched with the tips of his shaky fingers.

"I will tell you," she gasped, in the manner of one who confesses murder. "He is not dead."

"My stars!" remarked Alpheus, coolly. "Well, well!"

"He is coming back to-day," she said, excitedly. "He has been in Mexico."

"So?" whispered the other, simulating astonishment.

"I didn't like that country," the woman went on, explaining her forgivable lie in her simple way. "But I love *him!*"

Here the tears welled up in her tired eyes; she had lost control of herself perhaps for the first time in many years.

"Yes, he is everything to me," she

said, later, and with a judicial manner, as one who has weighed the question carefully.

"I'm glad," Motley answered, sauntering carelessly toward the hall. "And I am glad I didn't try to take your hand the other night when you brought me the hot beef-tea. It would have been a mistake. Isn't it strange how we all have our little stories? Now I've been here twelve weeks, and yet you know nothing of me. I'm almost an old man. Ha! You would be surprised to know—"

She was not listening, nor interested in him; she stood at the window, holding aside the cheap curtains, peering out into the snow-storm. After all, she retained something of a girlish charm; something of life was still before her.

Motley noted this as he brought his mechanical toy into the room, as he wound the key, and even as he bent over to place the little man upon the rose-patterned carpet.

"Mercy! What is that?" she exclaimed, startled by the jim-crack as it moved and raised its hand to shade its searching eyes and moved again. "Why, it's one of them toys! Who you goin' to send it to?"

"Nobody," said Motley. "There is nobody to whom I can send a Christmas present now. I got it for myself."

Mrs. Harper seemed startled.

"How you talk, Mr. Motley!" she exclaimed. "You are awful."

Alpheus lifted the contrivance carefully, and then smiled.

"There! Did you hear the train whistle?" he said, suddenly. "Your husband's train perhaps? Five minutes from the depot. Well, Mrs. Harper, this will be a happy Christmas for you."

She smoothed down her new silk dress.

"I bought this gown yesterday out of the little money I saved," she confided. "I wanted to look nice. I've worked so hard to get ahead a little while he was—while he was gone. I was afraid I had lost all my color."

"My stars!" said Motley. "I understand. "But you haven't."

"You're not going?"

"Yes, just back here into my room."



"I DIDN'T LIKE THAT COUNTRY," THE WOMAN WENT ON. "BUT I LOVE HIM"

"You can go through those folding-doors, then," said she. "I unlocked them to-day when I swept. I've sold the furnishings and the business, Mr. Motley. You didn't know that? Yes, sir, I sold in twenty-four hours' notice. We're going away—far away—after Christmas. But I swept to-day. It's habit, I suppose. And I've left those folding-doors unlocked."

Alpheus, the mysterious, bowed graciously, and, sliding the two apart, squeezed his stoop-shouldered carcass through the narrow opening.

Alone, he took out his watch.

"He'll be here in five minutes," he whispered, excitedly. "A jail-bird. Prison must be terrible. Ugh! Damp and harsh. Horrible! The governor pardoned him. I wonder why."

He could hear Olivia adjusting bric-à-brac on the mantelpiece in the next room.

"A minute or two more," said he to himself.

Then the electric bell rang.

The bell rang, but, to Motley's astonishment, the ring was only followed by a soft closing of the front door and footsteps and a squeaking of old floor-boards —no voices sounded.

He pressed his forehead on the crack between the two doors and peered through, squinting first with one watery eye and then with the other. Suddenly he saw them. They were locked in each other's arms!

"My stars!" said Alpheus.

He knew well enough that his gaze was a profanity; yet the picture fed the cravings for good in his warped and cowardly soul. He could see with one eye those toil-reddened hands of a woman whose love had been above misfortune and whose loyalty had gone on day after day through a long period of separation, unflinching. The hands were clasped about the collar of a threadbare brown overcoat, above which showed the prison pallor of the man's cropped neck; they represented patient toil, and under them the body of a man trembled with emotion, and rose and fell with noiseless sobs. Harper was home at last!

Motley went to his bureau, and there, laying down his mechanical toy, looked long at his own image in the cheap mirror. It seemed to him that the same unpleasant face of bad assurance gazed back at him as it had always gazed from the days when, as a boy, he had wondered about his own personality.

To be sure, the lines of that face now sagged, but the timid expression of self-distrust which had helped to make him a lonely, moping youth was still present. It recalled the years of young manhood when, lacking the courage to battle out a career, Alpheus had allowed his mind and body to soften. There came back to him the dull, undramatic, uninteresting steps by which he had wandered off into fields of dreams and self-indulgence. He reviewed the history of his nerveless acceptance of the fact that he was a gentle, unobtrusive, but confirmed victim of liquor. Once more he acknowledged to himself that he had slid down the incline of passing time with no distinction save that of being a disgrace to an old and once wealthy family, represented now by a brother and two married sisters, who, bearing a joint burden, sent him a check for his living expenses once a month.

He seldom saw his brother or his sisters or his sisters' eminently refined and worthy and prosperous husbands. He often in his wanderings over the country came near their city. But then, in a panic lest he disgrace them, they would raise a fund to send him again to the far corners of the country. Thus they would purchase relief from him. Indeed, Alpheus was a veteran of a struggle to obliterate self-respect, so that the remnant of self-respect should no longer lash him into pain. He had done his best to crush the natural longing for affection and relief from loneliness, so that the gnawing at his heart would cease. Alpheus was a remittance-man. You know what such men are; such men are mere nothings. Like Alpheus, they look in the mirrors and believe they see ghosts.

In his misery, which was sharpened perhaps by contrast with that silent joy in the next room, Motley plucked at his own trembling fingers and, swayed by a rare and unwonted touch of emotion, turned his face upward as to a personal deity.

"Shall I not see Christ?" he exclaimed,



"YOU WON'T SEND HIM BACK. HE'S PAID A THOUSAND TIMES OVER"

under his breath. "My stars! At this season!"

The only answer was the sound of low voices beyond the folding-doors. The woman's voice several times said: "My poor boy! My poor boy!" He peeked again, and again he saw the homely couple, husband and wife, coarse, middle-class people, with their two heads close together, the face of an overworked woman and a bleached-out, broken-spirited man whispering to each other—whispering, whispering.

"She had no kind word for me," said Alpheus, the miserable wreck. With a physical effort he smiled bravely, and added, "God bless 'em just the same!"

At this remark the little tin man on the bureau clicked twice and moved his two hands a half-inch toward the two

blue drops of paint which represented his eyes. Perhaps this sign of nervousness on his part represented some remark he might have wished to make had he been able to speak; perhaps it only indicated his premonition that something was about to happen.

Motley was startled. Unexpected movements always awoke in him the myriad terrors of a man timid to the point of absurdity. He jumped as one would jump up from sleep at the call of an earthquake. And, having jumped once, he immediately jumped again, because the door-bell jangled viciously.

In his subconsciousness he wished that the caller would ask for him, would come to him with a beaming, affectionate face, speaking words of good cheer and kindness, and showering upon his lonely soul ample proof that men were good, and that at least one remembered that Alpheus W. Motley was still a human being with a hungry heart.

But the remittance-man knew well enough that it could be no one to see him. Indeed, had fate designed a mockery, it could not have been more complete.

Mrs. Harper had run to answer the summons, and with the bitter cold air that now swept under the door from the front hall came the sound of a familiar coarse voice, saying with savage brutality: "I'll take a hand in this little reunion! Get that?"

"You want—?" began the apprehensive voice of the little woman.

"Yes, I want your John."

Motley trembled. All his life he had stood in dread of some such swoop of the law which might pounce upon him like a hawk upon a shuddering chicken. For a fleeting second he thought only of the horror of the hand of authority clutching its prey so near, just as one trembles when lightning has struck a few yards away; his second realization was that a tragedy had come to mow down the hopes of the pair in the next room.

"Stand aside," said the voice. There was movement in the hall, a suppressed scream, footsteps, and then a pause in the voices from beyond the folding-doors which indicated that the three persons had faced one another.

"Well, you had a long term, John Harper," the gruff voice began. "I suppose when the pardon came you thought you had it soft, eh? Well, old top, here I am."

"I remember you," Harper gasped. "I know. It's been some time, but you're Mike Walling, of the State Police."

"That's me."

"What do you want?" whispered the woman, so low that the sound barely penetrated into Motley's chamber.

"I've got a warrant for him, ma'am," said the inspector. "There was five counts in the indictment. He was convicted on four, sister, and this—? Well, to be frank with youse, this is the fifth!"

"My God!" It was Harper's broken voice, and it was followed by the sound of jangling chair-springs, so that the picture of a man staggering under a blow and sitting because no longer able to stand was very vivid.

"Please, please," cried the wife, in half-suppressed cries of appeal and agony. "You won't send him back. He never done anything but that once. He's all right now. He was always so good to me—to everybody. Look at him! See how white he is! See how old he's grown! And he did so well and never complained. He's paid a thousand times over, and it was all years ago. Please!"

The inspector laughed.

"Is this a vaudeville sketch — or is John coming with me without making any scene?" said he. "That's all I wants to know."

"It's too late to prosecute me for it," whimpered Harper. "For God's sake, look at me, Walling. I never did you any harm, and I've been fighting for life behind them walls. I've been keeping myself alive so's I could come back to her. It's too late now to put me in again."

"Cut that stuff!" commanded the officer. "You know me. I can put it over. Now come along."

"You sha'n't take him—you—beast!" breathed the woman. "There ain't a word of truth in it. You sha'n't take my husband away."

The inspector laughed again; this time it sounded almost apologetic.

"There's nothing in it for me," said he, with a falsetto of insinuation. "Is there?"

"You mean—?" began Harper.

"Why, I'm a good feller," said Walling, impatiently. "Of course I didn't get out this warrant for nothing and stand waiting across the street till you came, for my health. You know, Harper, what the answer is. You ain't a simp."

"Money!" said the jail-bird.

"Now you're talking. Then I could hush the whole thing up—see?"

"I haven't got a cent in the world."

This tragic announcement was met with a roar of coarse mirth.

"Fergit it!" Walling said. "Ain't this woman been keepin' a boardin'-house all whiles youse was up at the pen? You don't think I'm staging this show without information, do you? Yer wife's got twenty-five hundred in the Trust Company. Why, I've seen the deposit-book. Do you get me?"

"It's true, John," cried the woman, joyfully. "It's true. I saved every cent of it—for *us*."

Motley, listening behind the folding-doors, felt his heart give a bound against his ribs. He pressed his eye to the crack so that he not only might hear this woman's voice, but see her face.



ALPHEUS, FASCINATED BY THE MYSTERY, STARED THROUGH THE CRACK

Harper had risen from his chair and stood before the man with the thick neck, protruding, low forehead, and line of reddish bristles on his upper lip. His white skin, the color of a potato-plant sprouted in a cellar, indicated the drain that prison life had made upon his strength and vitality; about the lines of his smooth-shaven mouth and under the thin, gray hair of his temples the brutalizing effect of servitude made known its presence, but in his eyes burned the gleams of the old fires of manhood. Something in the twitching fingers of the jail-bird indicated the violence which the man, driven and desperate, was holding back.

"No, you dog!" cried Harper. "Look at them hands of hers—all rough and red with work. Do you think I'll let her labor go to buy you champagne and the likes of that? No, you dog! I'll go back to the pen first."

Mike Walling sniggered.

"How d'you like the prison soup?" he asked. "And don't it get dull there in them corridors—what? You don't want to go back there, Harper. Nix. And you ain't got a show in the world with me. Nobody believes you folks. Why not pay the money?"

"Yes," repeated the woman, cheerfully. "John, I was waitin' fer you. I was workin' fer you, and why not let the money go? It's nothing to me, dear."

Motley, with his staring eye at the crevice between the sliding-doors, gulped, but before he had time to look again at the woman's expectant, eager, waiting face he saw that her husband had turned toward her, and, seeing that expression there,



WITH A CRY OF TRIUMPH HE CAUGHT UP THE LITTLE TIN MAN

had revolted against the contrast between the souls of this plain, worn-out old boarding-house-keeper and the overfed inspector of the State Police. The hoarse cry which came from between his teeth might well have been that of a wild creature cornered in his hole.

Motley saw Harper's body stiffen; he saw the swing of the painfully thin, clenched hand with its fleshless knuckles; he heard the impact against the beefy face of the police inspector, and, trembling from head to foot with his old inherent physical terror of violence and his eternal dread of the law, he whimpered as if he, instead of the other man, had delivered that blow!

The next instant he saw that the worst was to happen: Walling was struggling, tugging, and pulling with his right hand beneath his overcoat to draw a weapon of death. Upon the inspector's face were the signs of an apoplexy of rage; from his mouth roared a torrent of terrible familiar oaths. Motley, the timid soul, though he had seen much coarseness and violence in his career, had never seen a killing before. He felt the time had come. He quivered.

At the sight of the blue-steeled revolver the woman in the next room quivered, too; she seemed incapable of moving and as impotent to act as one feels in the grip of a nightmare. Her eyes stared at the two struggling men, locked together by twining, straining, tense arms and legs, swaying this way and that, backward and forward, across the room, panting, gasping, cursing as they wrestled, one seeking to press the muzzle of his revolver against his opponent's side, the other, smaller and emaciated, fighting with the desperation of his love of life.

Crack!

The expected had happened. The trigger of the revolver had been pulled. The front parlor of the boarding-house filled with smoke, a liquid flood bursting from a tiny aperture of the revolver-barrel. Out of this fog which, to Motley's nose, seemed to have the odor of dreams, came the voice of the woman concentrated in a single cry of woe. Alpheus heard it, and, fascinated by the mystery behind the swaying gases, held his breath, stared through the crack, and plucked the buttons of his coat with cold and trembling fingers.

He heard the sound of something heavy

and soft falling to the floor. In this second of silence after the shot it sounded like the fall of an elephant. It seemed to shake the house.

"John! John!" cried the woman.

There came no answer from the terrible silence.

"John! John!" she repeated, in a whisper of agony.

A whisper came back.

"Yes, I am here."

The voice was that of Harper, its tone was commonplace, like that of a man who in church whispers to his neighbor of the weather.

"Then it was him?"

"I guess it must have been him," the jail-bird said. "I don't know what happened. He had the gun on my ribs. I knocked it up, and my hand is bleeding now where I hit it. Maybe I killed him."

The two voices were like voices behind a screen of shrubbery. There was a pause. The smoke was clearing.

"It was self-defense, John," said she.

"Bah! It means the chair, I guess. I was resisting arrest. We are done for now."

Mrs. Harper uttered a little shriek.

"They will come and get me," whispered the man. "Sit down, Olivia. Be brave. I am frightened myself. I can't help it. You never spent years in the pen and saw men go to die. No, you never did."

"I know, I know."

Motley clutched his throat in a torment of his inherent fear of society's retribution. His subconscious mind whispered the dread doctrine, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!" Now that the smoke had been dissipated he could see the black mass of Walling's inert body piled up in front of the cast-iron front of the fireplace. It looked like so many sacks of charcoal. Harper touched the mass gingerly with his fingers.

"He's dead," he announced, stupidly.

"Then we have nothing to look forward to," said the woman. "And, O God, I've waited so long!"

At these words Alpheus straightened his body. He gazed up at the flat panels of the door, down at the rose pattern upon the threadbare carpet; he drew one long breath; he set his spare and flabby muscles as if for some desperate physical effort. He weighed the cost of what he was about to do. He took cognizance of the truth that not even his testimony as a witness could save Harper from paying for the drama which had gone on in the next room.

"All ready?" he whispered to his nerves, like the captain addressing his company about to charge. And with these words he inserted his cold fingers in the crack of the sliding-doors and pushed them wide apart.

Harper turned toward him with the cry of a cornered rat; the woman fell on her knees.

"Make no noise!" commanded Alpheus, in a voice even he did not recognize as his own. He pointed to the body of Walling. "Listen! This man had another man waiting for him outside in the snow. We have no time to lose, because that other man has waited long enough. He could not hear the shot, but perhaps he has already gone for help."

"We can do nothing!" wailed the woman. "John can't get away. We have no hope. You cannot help us. Do you hear that? They will not believe anything we people say—not even you."

"Silence!" Motley said. His fidgeting eyes were searching here, there, everywhere about the room seeking perhaps to find among the inanimate objects like the chairs one which would speak up and offer a suggestion.

"There! The automatic piano-player," he said finally.

"What of that?" asked Harper.

"She must play on it, do you see? It will give the idea that nothing has happened in this room. It will account for your not hearing the shot. You must play on that melodeon, whatever else happens. Play and sing! Keep on playing. You must be gay. You must be happy!"

"You are crazy," the wife cried, wringing her old hands. "What are you going to do? Who are you to be here? What makes you look so strange? He is one of my boarders, John, that's who he is. He seen what went on here. But look at his face!"

Harper looked, and saw upon Motley's features a smile of patient love of man.

"Well?" he asked.

"I am nobody," said Motley. "Nobody depends on me. I have no friends. I am alone. I am useless. I serve nobody. For that reason I shall suffer nothing. No, it will be a great day for me—you will never know how great!"

"I see," cried Mrs. Harper. "He will save you, John. God love him—he means to take the blame!"

"Yes," said Alpheus, shuddering involuntarily as he grasped Walling's body under the armpits and dragged him toward the sliding-doors which led to his own room. "Throw that revolver in on my floor. It all took place because he came into my room by mistake, do you see? Neither of you knows anything about it? You have both earned the right to do something—to finish out life together. My stars! I could not have it otherwise. It's very simple."

He was panting with his exertion, but he came back to examine the floor for signs of disturbance. There were none. He stood up and looked into first one and then the other of the staring faces.

Harper uttered a low moan.

"I can't let you do it, friend," said he. "You know what it means?"

"I know," said Alpheus. "I know what it means."

Mrs. Harper caught his hand—that useless, laborless instrument of an empty life—and pressed it to her lips hysterically.

"No, no, no, no!" she cried, in agony.

Alpheus ran his free fingers through his own thin, gray hair.

"You are children," he said, addressing them both. "You can decide nothing. For the first time in all my life I am the master. You must do as I say."

He smiled faintly. The man and woman looked at him with dazed, wondering eyes, because he seemed to them to have been invested with supreme authority. He had changed: the stoop had gone from his thin shoulders, the flabbiness from his face, the shiftiness from his eye, the cringe and cowardice from the curve of the neck which rose from a collar a size too large. Every dog has his day: this was the day of Alpheus Motley.

"I have led a useless life," he said. "Perhaps at last—"

He stopped, and, with a trace of his old inherent terror showing in his expression, he turned and gazed at the opened door behind him, with its grisly picture of a revolver and an inert body.

"Play music on that piano!" he cried, savagely. "We have not long to wait. Play gay music. Sing! Rejoice! Be happy! Do you understand? Good-by."

With these words, stepping backward, he entered his own room and drew the sliding-doors together till their edges met with a slam.

Darkness had fallen, the darkness of the close of a winter day, when gusts blow swirls of white and gray snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the wind sings of cold and shuts out all other sounds save that of a far-away whistle of a locomotive or the distant bull-bellow of a steamship. The room was cold and gray—the light left from day was only sufficient to reveal the general outlines of the furniture. To the nose of the man alone came the stuffy smell of the rubber shoes upon Walling's feet, which by chance had rested over the iron register in the corner; to his ears came the sound of a waltz played upon the mechanical instrument in the front parlor and the voices of a pair who were trying to sing.

Motley destroyed carefully the one trace of his right name, and then seated himself in the corner in a chair upholstered with imitation leather; it sighed, not uncheerfully, as he rested his weight upon its cushion. There, without moving, except for occasional paroxysms of fear, Alpheus remained while the minutes passed and the music whanked on. There he sat until there came the rattle of the front door, the cold draught of air which showed that it had been opened, and the sound of a thick voice saying: "No, not in there. What'cher think? Somebody's playin' music in there. It's in this back room here. Try this door."

"They're coming!" gasped Alpheus. "I must not break down. God help me!"

His prayer was not unanswered. A great comfort of peace and self-assurance filled his body like warmth in the veins.

Toward the bureau he made his way, and there, striking a match, he held the little yellow flare so that in the mirror

he might see his own curious, searching, eager expression. But the face that he saw was not the face he had always seen before. In himself he recognized the reflection of that spirit he had prayed to see in others.

"I've found it in myself," he whispered.

Then with a cry of triumph he caught up the little tin man from the bureau-top and held it facing him, so that the two of them—man and manikin—smiled joyously at each other.

In such a position the patrolman and his companion who pushed in the door found them.

"What's this?" said one of the officers. "Stand aside, there! Look. Give me room, Joe. That's the man by the bureau. I seen him come in here. There's Walling on the floor. The feller got him."

He rushed at Alpheus, and only stopped when he saw that Motley, instead of evil, wore a smile upon his face.

The automatic piano in the next room still gave forth its music like the product of a stock-machine.

"Well," said the officer, "we got this on you! What have you got to say?"

"My stars!" said Alpheus, quietly. "I've got nothing to say. If any wrong's been done, blame me."

"You done it, eh?" one of the avengers began.

"Shut up, Joe. We'll let the chief examine this guy. Wait till we've got him at the station-house."

Between the two Alpheus was led away.

If, therefore, his brother or his two married sisters chance upon this account, they will find in it adequate explanation of why the check sent to the remittance-man in January was never cashed, and perhaps an assurance that in each soul dwells that for which the little tin man raised his hands to his eyes and gazed out of paint-drop eyes upon the world.

Presage

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

BEYOND the heaving glitter of the floe,
The free blue water sparkles to the sky,
Losing itself in brightness; to and fro
Long bands of mist trail luminously by,
And, as behind a screen, on the sea's rim
Hid softnesses of sunshine come and go,
And shadowy coasts in sudden glory swim.
O land made out of distance and desire!—
With ports of mystic pearl and crests of fire.

Thence, somewhere in the spaces of the sea,
Traveled this halcyon breath presaging spring;
Over the waters even now secretly
She maketh ready in her hands to bring
Blossom and blade and wing;
And soon the wave shall ripple with her feet,
And her wild hair be blown about the skies,
And with her bosom all the world grow sweet,
And blue, with the sea-blue of her deep eyes,
The meadow, like another sea, shall flower,
And all the earth be song and singing shower;
And, watching, in some hollow of the grass
By the sea's edge, I may behold her stand
With rosy feet upon the yellow sand,
Pause in a dream, and to the woodland pass.

Pronouns of Address

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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THERE are persons—at all events, there used to be—who profess to believe that propriety of expression depends not on the practice of the best speakers and writers, but upon some abstract principle which they call reason. Unless founded upon that assumed solid rock, no usage in their opinion can be deemed correct. If it contradict reason, or at least what they consider reason, it must necessarily be wrong. In order to conform to reason, therefore, some other manner of speech must be substituted for the unclean thing. There is a certain convenience about this view for its holders. It furnishes a short and easy method of deciding what is proper or improper in expression. It obviates all necessity of studying the development of the language. To reach their conclusions, men are not obliged to know anything of the history of the idiom under consideration or to learn anything of the exact nature of its component parts. If their limited knowledge does not enable them to parse it, that is enough for them to condemn it as opposed to reason, and therefore wrong.

Persons who have faith in usage only as it is based upon what they term reason must find themselves in a state of painful perplexity when they come to consider the shocking misuse of pronouns of address. Every one of us, when he speaks to another, uses a plural pronoun with a plural verb. He does not say, "thou art" or "thou wast," but "you are" or "you were." A single person is spoken to as if he were two or more. Looked at from the point of view of reason, there cannot well be a much grosser corruption. Such an utterly illogical license of speech never occurred to an ancient Greek or Roman. Nor did this lapse from linguistic virtue characterize the speech of our own forefathers. The man of the tenth century would have been shocked at the idea of addressing a single person as if he were two or more rolled into one. Yet the most uncompromising purist of our time commits daily this offense against the inviolable sanctities of grammar pure and undefiled. Furthermore, he does it unblushingly. In the case of this particular sin he has lost more than the sense of shame; he has lost even the consciousness of having sinned at all.

Nor is this reprehensible practice confined to our own speech. If there is one corruption which, according to the theoretical views of some, ought to portend ruin to the cultivated tongues of modern Europe, it is the extent to which they have bedeviled the pronouns of address. In all of them the cup of linguistic iniquity is more than full; it fairly runs over. English, as we have seen, is bad enough. But the offenses against reason of certain other tongues make our sins in this respect seem comparatively venial. Scandalous we doubtless are in using regularly a plural pronoun and verb in addressing a single person. But how petty seems this violation of the everlasting proprieties when contrasted with the atrocities perpetrated by the leading Teutonic tongue of the Continent. The German is not content with using any one pronoun to indicate his varying attitude toward the persons to whom he speaks. He resorts to several. When, however, he regards you as an equal, he calls you "they." In writing he enables you to recognize your social position by capitalizing the initial letter of the pronoun. But in conversation there is nothing but conventional usage to indicate that you are not one of an immense unregarded multitude.

Differing, indeed, as do the modern cultivated tongues of Europe in numberless grammatical characteristics, they all agree in resolutely avoiding in ordinary polite address what from the point of view of reason is the only proper

usage. But English has not been content to restrict to this peculiarity its defiance of the eternal verities. In addition to its employment of the plural in addressing a single person, it has committed another offense, fully as grave, against strict grammar. In this crime it finds no associate in other cultivated tongues save in the instance of one idiom in the French. It has turned the objective case into the nominative. Were any person to use seriously and persistently *them* for *they,* or *us* for *we,* both friends and enemies would unite in relegating him to the ranks of the grammatically hopeless. Yet in the pronoun of address every one of us is committing an offense of this very nature. *You,* etymologically speaking, is in what we call the objective case. It represents the dative and accusative of the original speech. Accordingly, it has no more business to be the subject of a sentence than has *us* or *them.* Still, this illegitimate use of it has succeeded after a long contest in driving out the legitimate nominative *ye.* This latter has been more than turned down. It has been forced, especially in poetry, to undergo the further degradation of acting at times as the object of the verb instead of its subject.

It was in the last part of the sixteenth century that the complete triumph of the usurping *you* over *ye* was plainly foreshadowed. It was not fully effected, however, till the century following. Let us say nothing of earlier deviations from the strict path of linguistic propriety; but by the middle of the sixteenth century, the great scholar, Roger Ascham, was using in his letters the two forms indifferently for the nominative. He furthermore occasionally put *ye* in the objective. The same statement holds good for the later writers of the Elizabethan period. It more than holds good, indeed; for as time went on, there was a steadily increasing disposition to make *you* the regular nominative in place of *ye.* There are, of course, occasional exceptions. Probably the most conspicuous instance of the survival of the strictly correct usage is found in the authorized version of the Bible. That work did not yield to the corruption which had long been creeping in—at least it did not yield to any extent worth considering. Though not published till 1611, its language, founded as it was on earlier translations, was even in its own time somewhat archaic. It says, for instance, "Ye are the light of the world"; it does not say "You are." The golden rule reads, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." Throughout it regularly confines *you* to its strictly proper place as an objective. The exceptions are so few as to be negligible. Yet were one of us now, in his zeal for grammatical purity, to follow the language of the Bible in this particular, and go about addressing his friends with *ye,* he would be deemed a candidate for the lunatic asylum, as surely as he would be were he to follow exactly certain of the precepts of the same book for the conduct of life.

Nothing but the practice for centuries of the best speakers and writers has here made correct what is in its nature a gross corruption. For those of us who believe in the binding authority of good usage, it is proper to employ the objective *you* as a nominative. It is further proper for such persons to use the plural for indicating an individual. But that man has no right to do so who insists that there is a standard based, as he fondly deems—"fondly" is used here in its original sense of "foolishly"—upon grammar which conforms to reason. One sect there is which honestly strove to make its practice in this particular consonant with its faith. George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, insisted upon the use of *thou* and *thee* in addressing a single person. He endured, as he tells us, much tribulation in consequence. The practice had been earnestly advocated by two of his followers, John Stubbs and Benjamin Fenly, in a volume published in 1660. This was entitled *A Battle-Dore for Teachers and Professors to Learn Singular and Plural.* In it the proper use of these two numbers was insisted upon. Fox had suggested the preparation of the book. To it also he had himself contributed. For conforming to the etymologically orthodox practice recommended in it, he tells us in his journal that men "were exceedingly fierce against us." Incidentally he reveals the extent to which the feelings attendant upon one ancient usage of the pronoun still sur-

vived. "*Thou* and *thee*," he wrote, "was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honor; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, could not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beset and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives for using these words to some proud men, who would say, 'What! you ill-bred clown, do you *thou* me?' as though there lay Christian breeding in saying *you* to one, which is contrary to their grammar and teaching-books."

The indignities which Fox and his followers suffered at the hands of men of "proud flesh" who were addressed by the singular pronoun of the second person indicates plainly that the earlier disparaging employment of it had by no means died out at the time of the Restoration. As things are now, in the disuse of the functions this pronoun had previously performed, English has gone beyond the other cultivated tongues of modern Europe. Once with us as with them, it conveyed the idea not only of different but also of entirely opposite states of mind. It implied affection and it implied contempt. It implied superiority and it implied inferiority. These naturally are much more distinctly noticeable in our earlier speech than in our later. Yet the aroma once exhaled from the usage still lingers about it. We feel at times the beauty of it even though we no longer think of employing it. Take, for instance, the words of Ruth to Naomi. "Entreat me not to leave thee," says the daughter-in-law to the mother-in-law, "or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Even to modern ears, accustomed to the indiscriminate use of the plural pronoun of address, the effectiveness of this beautiful passage would be seriously marred were *you* and *your* to be substituted for *thou* and *thy* and *thee*.

Even yet there also hangs at intervals about the singular pronoun of the second person some slight suggestion of that attitude of contempt which Fox represents as having been conveyed to his persecutors by his use of *thou* and *thee*. This once common employment of it has been made familiar to all students of our speech by a passage in Shakespeare and by the historical incident introduced to illustrate it by the Shakespearean commentator Theobald. Familiar as are these two, at least to students of the dramatist, their repetition may be pardoned for the sake of their effectiveness. The one occurs in "Twelfth Night," in the scene where Sir Toby Belch is urging Sir Andrew Aguecheek to send a challenge to the disguised Viola. "Taunt him with the license of ink," says the former; "if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." The other is contained in the attacks which were made on the accused by the attorney-general on the occasion of the trial in 1603 of Sir Walter Raleigh. "All that he did," says Sir Edward Coke, "was at thy instigation, thou viper; for I *thou* thee, thou traitor." This was far from being the only instance in which Coke belabored the prisoner by the use of the singular number of this pronoun. "Thou hast a Spanish heart and thyself art a viper of hell," was another one of the flowers of rhetoric which he bestowed upon Raleigh. Theobald's bringing forward this illustration to make clear the meaning of the text is fairly presumptive proof that little sense of the force of this usage remained in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, in which his edition of Shakespeare appeared.

Yet though the recollection of the foregoing once common employment of the singular pronoun of address lingers with us, or at least with some of us, it is not felt now as a reality. The distinct functions which it still fulfils in other tongues no longer exist for us. None of us go about addressing our relatives or intimate friends as *thou;* equally none of us hurl contempt upon our enemies by the use of this same pronoun. Why is it that English has deviated from the practice of the other cultivated tongues of modern Europe? Why has it given up the use of the second person singular to express affection or contempt? Was this abandonment of it due to the character of the language, or to the character of those who speak

it? It is far from easy to give a satisfactory answer to this question. One great difficulty in reaching a conclusion arises from the fact that no exhaustive study has ever been made of the use of the pronoun of address in our literature; hardly even a superficial one. Certain of the most common statements made about its employment will not bear the test of prolonged and thorough investigation. This is true in spite of the fact that these have at times behind them the authority of great scholars. Men content themselves with repeating their statements without ever attempting to test their accuracy by making independent investigations of their own.

One thing may possibly account, to some extent at least, for the disuse of the singular in address. There is always a tendency in pronunciation to become hurried. With us, this led the users of speech to show no quarter to the vowels. They were dropped in the sound and not unfrequently in the spelling. The result was that a number of consonants were huddled together in the same syllable. This was true in particular of the second person singular of the preterite. The task of pronouncing it became, in consequence, increasingly difficult for even the rugged mouths with the possession of which Milton credited the English race. So long as the vowels were retained and sounded there was little difficulty. When *lov-ed-est* and *drown-ed-est* appeared as three syllables, their pronunciation presented no special embarrassment. But the case was altered when the speaker was compelled to confront such forms as *lovdst* and *drowndst;* for no matter how they appeared in print, that was the way in which they were expected to come from the mouth. Rather than grapple with this dreadful combination of consonants, he betook himself in all possible cases to the easier forms of the plural. This may be thought to explain in a measure the abandonment of the second person singular. But in whatever way it came about, we do not need to be told that its employment has now practically gone. It is still regularly heard in the language of prayer; to a less extent in that of poetry; occasionally, too, in that of a prose, which, whatever its merits, represents a language no one ever really speaks. Furthermore, in all these cases it is mainly confined to the present tense. Accordingly, the difficulties that would beset the use of the preterite can hardly be said to exist.

To him who examines English literature with his eyes on this particular subject of address, certain things furthermore become distinctly manifest. The use of the plural pronoun for the singular came into the language in the thirteenth century. Then in certain cases *you* took largely the place of *thou.* It was originally intended as a mark of respect to those higher in rank or authority. But first used toward one's superiors, its employment was gradually extended toward one's equals. Still, from that time to the present there has never been a distinct line of demarcation between the use of the two numbers, though assertions to that effect have been and are constantly made. Painful efforts have indeed been put forth to explain away manifest exceptions that cannot be ignored. But the explanations never sufficiently explain. The general rule, it is true, can be safely laid down that the plural was used from an inferior to a superior, save in the case of prayer. But in our literature this rule has been subject to numerous modifications and exceptions. Until an exhaustive study has been made of usage on this particular point—for up to this time all investigation of it has been distinctly superficial —only a few statements about it can be received with any confidence in their correctness.

One of these few is that from the earliest period to the present day there has prevailed in our best literature a liberty in passing from the singular to the plural, and vice versa, which partakes almost of the nature of license. It is found not merely in the course of the same conversation, but not unfrequently in the same sentence. Take the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer as an early illustration. In the prayer of Emily to Diana she addresses the goddess in these words:

> "Now help me, lady, sith *ye* may and can
> For tho [*i. e.*, those] three formés that *thou* hast in thee."

Again, Palamon in his prayer to Venus is represented as saying:

"And if *ye* will not so, my lady sweet,
Then pray I *thee*—"

There is nothing exceptional about such examples as these. They could be multiplied almost endlessly; for this sort of usage abounds in our literature during all periods. Every person can verify the matter for himself by examining on this point any one of our classics in which the language of conversation appears; say, for instance, two such representative productions of widely separated periods as our version of the Bible and the novels of Thackeray.

But to go back to the original corruption. The substitution of the objective *you* for the real nominative *ye* has brought in its train other corruptions involving changes of grammatical construction. We can no longer "parse" certain phrases as we once did. Take, for illustration, two such common ones as "if you please" and "if you like." We are now trained to consider the *you* in these expressions as the subject of the verb. From the point of view of the past, it is nothing of the sort. If we heed the etymological history of the phrases, *you* in them is in the dative case. The *like* and *please* in both these examples are originally impersonal verbs. In the earlier speech the *it,* which has now come to be a sort of indispensable crutch for this class of verbs, was often omitted. Such especially was the case when the pronoun as object preceded instead of following the verb. Consequently, *if you like* or *if you please* meant "if it like you" or "if it please you." There was doubtless a time when the *you* was felt to be a dative. Then it had not driven out the proper nominative *ye.* Had that not happened, men would have continued to regard it as such. But this impression was destroyed when the usurping objective took its place as the subject of the sentence, reinforced as it was by the fact that the impersonal verb was hardly recognized any longer as impersonal, unless accompanied by the pronoun *it* as its forerunner. Hence, our ancestors proceeded to commit assault upon the verb because it had ventured to appear without its now faithful attendant. They changed the class to which it belonged. The view of *you* as an objective gradually passed out of the consciousness of men. It came to be considered as the subject nominative. It is now so regarded. It was not to be expected that the users of speech, out of deference to the grammatical feelings of their forefathers, would laboriously keep up a subtle grammatical distinction, of which only a few of them were vaguely conscious.

This is but a single instance of the changes which have been going on in the grammatical character of the language. Until they have actually established themselves they are called corruptions. But in time they come to be used not only without grief but without thought by those depressed and depressing individuals who live in a state of anxiety about the English tongue in their sincere belief that it is on the road to ruin because men will persist in using expressions to which they take exception. It becomes accordingly something of a satisfaction to soothe the feelings of these sorrowing souls by narrating the story of a corruption which did not prevail. This was the use in address of the plural pronoun with a form strictly belonging to the preterite singular of the substantive verb. In talking to an individual, educated men once frequently said *you was* instead of *you were.* It is not impossible, perhaps not unlikely, that it was a covert conviction of the impropriety of employing the same expression in one case to denote unity, in the other to denote plurality, which led to the prevalence of the practice of partially modifying strict grammatical usage by the adoption of a sort of compromise.

At any rate, from whatever motive sprung, it came for a time, and indeed for a considerable time, into fashion. It was distinct from the employment of *was* as a plural verb. This had existed in dialect or uncultivated speech from a remote period, and it exists now. It turned up also sporadically in our early literature. When it occurs there, however, it appears to be rather the result of accident or inattention than of conformity to a generally accepted mode of speech among the educated. Not so the usage here under consideration. For more than a century and a half it was steadily and consciously employed by cultivated speakers and writers. The frequency of its appearance shows that it

represented fairly a current usage of polite conversation. The practice, however, never extended to the present tense. Unlike *you was, you is* was never heard from the lips of an educated person.

For this usage the determining motive seems to have been the desire to distinguish between one person and more than one. It was not till about the middle of the seventeenth century that *you was* passed from dialectic into general use and was adopted as an authorized mode of speech in address. No observant reader of the literature of the hundred and fifty years following the Restoration can fail to be struck with the frequency with which it occurs. Especially is this the case in the representation of colloquial speech. To colloquial speech, in fact, the usage mainly belongs, rather than to the purely literary. Even in the former, it never displaced *you were* in addressing a single person; but it took its place alongside of it as a fully authorized locution. Naturally it showed itself in comedy as representing the language of common conversation. Yet to that it did not confine itself. It invaded the stately speech of tragedy. Take an example from Dr. Young's play of "The Brothers." This was produced in 1753. "At what altar was you sworn their foe?" are the words with which Perseus is represented as taunting Demetrius for his attachment to the Romans.

Of the large number of illustrations which could be furnished of this usage, a few may be given as specimens. In 1690, Atterbury wrote a somewhat indignant letter to a clergyman with whose conduct he was displeased. "But neither of these positions pleased you," he remarked, "nor was you willing to take those pupils the hour afforded you." The passage is particularly worthy of citation for the characteristic comment it caused. Atterbury's biographer was a good deal shocked by this lapse, as he considered it. "The reverend gentleman," he remarked, "in his anger loses sight of grammar—a very common fault in his day." The biographer himself was committing the common fault of our day in imputing his own ignorance of the grammar of a former period to the ignorance of the writer belonging to that period — a frequent or rather the regular practice of the men who set out to expose the blunders in usage of the great authors of the past.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century the employment of *you was* prevailed to a considerable extent, but by no means to the extent it did during the century following. In both periods, however, it occurs more or less frequently in the writings of men who held then and still continue to hold a high rank in our literature. Dryden used it; so did Swift; so did the great scholar Bentley. But novels and letters constituted its peculiar province. This was almost inevitable; for the language of correspondence and fiction naturally tends to bear a close resemblance to that of conversational speech. Consequently it excites little surprise to find it often employed by the three principal novelists of the eighteenth century—Richardson, Fielding and Smollett. In *Tom Jones,* for example, *you was* is the form which is regularly found when a single person is addressed. Certainly in this novel the use of *you were,* when the language of conversation is given, is exceedingly rare. Perhaps, indeed, it never appears at all.

The same condition of things prevailed in letter writing. Take one out of the many instances in which it appears in the correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. "I should be sorry to hear you was unhappy," she wrote in 1710 to her future husband. Again, in 1728 Pope sent a letter to Swift informing him that he was "a hundred pounds a year richer than when you was here." It also turns up constantly in the Walpole correspondence which reflects the fashionable speech of the day. Even Beattie, the melancholy Scotch prophet of the ruin impending over the language, employed it evidently without any idea of the scandalous impropriety of the expression he was using. In 1760 he sent a poetical essay to Dr. Blacklock. Later he expressed his gratification on hearing that it had come to hand and "that you was pleased to give it a favorable reception."

In fact, *you was* came near establishing itself in the language as a perfectly legitimate method of addressing a single person. That point once reached, it might have become the exclusive method. In an earlier age such a result could have

been confidently looked for. If so, we should all have been using it now with as little consciousness of its grammatical impropriety as we have in saying *you were.* It would have come to be regarded as a satisfactory method of distinguishing from two or more persons the single one addressed. But by the latter half of the eighteenth century grammar began to lie heavy on the hearts of those who devote themselves to preserving the speech in its purity. They directed their batteries against this offending idiom, and kept up the fire incessantly. They had not discovered that the nominative *you* was strictly in the objective case; but they had sufficient knowledge of it to be aware that it was a plural and could not therefore be properly employed with a singular form like *was.* As early as 1755 a writer remonstrated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* against this scandalous defiance of propriety of usage. "*You was there, you was here, you was pleased,* etc.," he wrote, "are expressions which occur in a hundred writers; but *you was* is certainly false grammar, because *you* as well as *ye* is the second person plural; for tho' we speak in one person only, we unanimously say *you are,* or *you had, you shall,* and if a man should use the verb in the singular number, and say *you art, you hast, you hadst, you shalt,* he would be deemed ignorant of the common rules of grammar."

Attacks like these did not make at first much impression upon the use of the idiom. Besides the authors already mentioned, it can be found in the writings of many others; of several, indeed, of highest repute, such as Goldsmith and Cowper. In truth, notwithstanding the hostility it aroused, the employment of the expression lingered along into the nineteenth century. "Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson?" wrote Lamb to Hazlitt in November, 1805. "You was in serious danger," wrote Byron to Murray late in 1815. In the following third decade of the century Dugald Stewart can be found resorting to it. Still later the same expression came from the mouth of the one person who is theoretically supposed to have the language in his sacred keeping. According to the report of Creevey in his journal, William IV. in 1830 remarked to the Earl of Derby, when that nobleman was sworn in as a privy-councilor, "I have often heard my father say you was the best Lord Lieutenant in England."

The opening of the nineteenth century, however, made manifest to the observant that the doom of this expression had been sealed. By that time its enemies had accomplished pretty fully their deadly work. Yet it took a great deal of time and effort to carry out completely the decree of extermination. But the havoc that had been already wrought with the usage and the decay which had overtaken it may be brought home to every one by contrasting the practice in this particular matter of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Jane Austen. *The Mysteries of Udolpho* of the one was published in 1794; the *Sense and Sensibility* of the other in 1811. In the former work *you was* appears again and again. In the latter it occurs also several times; but it is intentionally put in the mouth of a somewhat illiterate character. Once and once only is it used by the clerical hero of the work. Its extinction, indeed, was inevitable. It had not taken sufficient root to hold its own against the linguistic storm which had broken out and the attacks of the grammarians who waged upon it an incessant war. With that fine sense of values which is a distinguishing badge of incompetent hostile criticism, it became no uncommon practice to attack a writer not for the inaccuracy of his facts or the feebleness of his arguments, but to make his use of *you was* for *you were* a principal subject of comment. Consequently by the time the century had entered upon its second quarter, the cause of so-called grammatical purity had triumphed. Then the practice of employing the objectionable expression had almost entirely disappeared.

Man Proposes

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

BY the count of the hostess, there were twelve at dinner. By that of her youngest man guest, Teddy Hapgood, there was exactly One. Far removed from him, but, fortunately, on the other side of the table, where his adoring eyes could reach and linger on her, Dorothy Winter sat. Though she was so pervadingly present, she seemed in another way incredibly remote. He could hardly realize that she was the girl he had met dozens of times during the past summer, and with whom at first he had chatted and danced and, yes, flirted, too, with heart-free abandon. Now it was all different. He tried to remember just when it had begun to seem different, but he couldn't; and what did it matter, anyway? He was in love with her—fathoms deep in love—and as yet she didn't know it. But she was going to. It was this certainty which had strengthened the lines of young Hapgood's mouth. He was a bit afraid of her, but in their first moment alone together he would tell her all that was in his heart.

Between them, besides an endless expanse of embroidered linen, were flowers and candles and bobbing human heads that sadly interfered with the most wonderful view in the world. This was well, for the existence of these barriers steadied the nerves of the impetuous young man, enabling him from time to time to drop a casual word into the ears of vague shadows on his right and left, who also imagined themselves women. As he listened to them and pretended to eat, his mind worked busily. This was Saturday night, and the hour was nine. Within a few minutes the women would leave the table. After a decent interval with the men—the smoking, say, of half a cigarette — he would follow Dorothy to the drawing-room, and, being the only man there, he would quite naturally take her out on the veranda for a glimpse of the moon or the stars. Given five minutes, uninterrupted, he could pour into her ear the story of his love, tell her of his new prospects and his impending journey west, and ask her to be his, thus putting an end for all time to the suspense that had tortured him for weeks.

If she loved him—oh, *if* she loved him (his heart melted within him at the thought) — they would have a glorious Sunday together in this hospitable home where they were fellow-guests for the week-end. If she didn't—for a second his heart stood still, then dropped into some bottomless void—well, if she didn't, he would simply go off and die in the shrubbery. Or, if that seemed inconsiderate toward his hostess, he would take an early train Sunday morning and get back to town, where he would live through the day in some fashion. In any event he had to leave for Kansas City, the field of his new duties, on Monday morning. There, a young captain of industry, with brooding eyes and stern, set lips, he would make Work his goddess, and possibly find in the piling up of millions a dreary compensation for his loveless life. As his reflections reached this mournful stage he became conscious that the girl at his right was talking.

"—tell me what you think of it," was all he caught, but it was addressed to him, and Miss Bigelow's blue eyes, wide with interest, were fastened on his face. He made a desperate clutch at the trailing end of what, he vaguely surmised, had been a detailed account of one of her experiences. Betty was always having things happen to her, and making interesting stories of them.

"I think it was *great*," he said. "Awf'ly nice for you, too," he added, conscious that he was on thin ice, but heedless of his peril.

"Why, Mr. Hapgood! How perfectly *dreadful!*"

Betty Bigelow's voice was pitched on a high note of horror.

"Just think!"—she was addressing the

general assemblage now — "I told Mr. Hapgood there were nine cases of typhoid in our settlement district this month, and three deaths, and he thinks it's great! And so nice for me!"

Under the surprised stare in the many eyes now turned upon him, the unfortunate young man's pink face deepened into crimson.

"I — I — was saying," he explained, wildly, "that I think it's a great opportunity to learn things about typhoid and —and—stamp it out, you know. That's what I meant."

His voice failed him. *She* was looking at him across the table, and in the quizzical gleam of her brown eyes he saw something that made his nerves sing.

"She understands," he told himself. "At least she knows I haven't heard a word Miss Bigelow's been saying, and she jolly well guesses why!"

Comforted by this thought, he beamed back at her until she looked away. Then, turning, and impressed by the continued silence, he realized that his immediate neighbor at the table was still awaiting the expression of his views on the opportunities attending typhoid.

"They're learning a lot about how to cure it now, you know," he told Betty, his eyes again drawn irresistibly to their magnet. "But ten years ago" (why the deuce was she listening with such interest to that ass, Howe, on her left? Howe had never uttered an original remark in his life)—"why, ten years ago," he added, "they let a fellow I knew die of typhoid."

What further idiocy he might have uttered he and his hearer never knew. Mercifully, his hostess gave the signal for departure to her women guests, who in another minute had made their rustling exit; and Mr. Hapgood, having crawled under the table for two fans and one pair of gloves, was resting after his exertions and moodily chewing the end of a cigarette.

To propose, yes—but how? In what well-chosen words? They must be few, of course, but just right—the kind of thing that thrilled a girl with the knowledge of a man's tremendous earnestness.

"Dorothy, I can't live without you! Will you trust yourself to me?"

No, he didn't like that. It sounded like the stuff men said in books.

"We were going fifty miles an hour," the man next to him was saying, "and we turned out to let another car pass. The next thing I remember was feeling the earth drop away from me, and seeing Kennedy sail through the air, head-first, toward the nearest tree, his legs working exactly as if he were swimming—"

Hapgood wondered if she liked automobiling. If she did, of course they would have a car. His salary, added to his private income, would stand it. But unless she was really keen on motors, they might do well to wait a year or two. However, anything—everything she wanted! Think of buying her things—of having the right to do it! And one thing was certain. He'd give her a big allowance, so she wouldn't have to come and ask him for money. He knew what that meant to a proud woman. He had read about it in magazines. His happy thoughts ran on.

"We hadn't been out of the room more than a minute before my wife smelled smoke, so we went back."

Perkins, the host, was leaning back in his chair, telling his best story.

"Tongues of flame were shooting out from the electric fixture and the surrounding woodwork, and the next minute the whole place was blazing. We were on the tenth floor, with no fire-escapes, and my wife was ill—"

They would have to select a house together, Hapgood reflected, buoyantly, and furnish it. *That* would be interesting. That would be something *like*. But what infernal twaddle were these fools talking now? It interfered with serious thought. He rose to his feet.

"If you don't mind, old man, I'll join the ladies," he remarked, as he started for the door. His host, who at that instant in his narrative was clinging to a window-sill of the tenth floor with his left hand, and supporting his wife in his strong right arm, regarded him with natural irritation. This was not only his best story, but it was also true. Teddy Hapgood, in blithe ignorance of his disapproval, was already on his way to the drawing-room. Pausing on its threshold, he studied the scene before him with an anxious eye. *She* was off in a corner with Miss Bigelow, and their faces



"WHY, MR. HAPGOOD! HOW PERFECTLY DREADFUL!"

wore the look of patient waiting which dims the features of most women guests during their lonely after-dinner vigil. But even as he started rapturously toward her the picture changed.

"And I lost ten pounds," Betty Bigelow remarked, casually. As the words left her lips, four women who had been sitting together at one end of the room rose to their feet. Simultaneously they swept toward Miss Bigelow. Simultaneously one word burst from their lips:

"*How?*"

By the time Hapgood had reached her, Betty Bigelow was launched upon a recital of such absorbing interest that at first even the Only One was oblivious to his approach. When she finally saw him, he could not escape the knowledge that her recognition was wholly devoid of personal emotion.

"But *I* never got the slightest results from buttermilk," he heard her say, pathetically, while her gaze drifted across him as impersonally as a rose petal drifts across a garden path. Young as he was, Teddy Hapgood knew the world. Moreover, he had sisters. He strolled away from the absorbed group and stood gazing moodily out of the window, his hands in his pockets, his ears strained to catch the first word of a new topic in which he could take an intelligent part.

But flesh-reduction held the women enthralled for ten minutes, and then the men came in. Three tables of bridge were promptly arranged, and Mr. Hapgood, who had hoped that a malignant fate had exhausted itself in the outrage of the reduction episode, discovered that he was still its helpless victim; for he was not even at her table, and there was to be no pivoting. Until almost midnight he played bridge solemnly with three stern and exacting players, whose resentment of any absent-mindedness on his part was strong and freely expressed.

When the party broke up for the night, he went with Dorothy to the foot of the stairs, gazing at her with such touching appeal that she wavered uncertainly for a moment on the lowest step. But it was obviously impossible to tell her of his love with his late partner at his elbow urgently pointing out some fault in his last game. He could only look deep into

her eyes and spend the remainder of the night in alternate hope and belief and doubt and fear over what he read there.

His wakefulness led to his sleeping until after nine o'clock the next morning, and when he came down to breakfast at ten it was to find her gone to church with her hostess. This blow was severe, for he had planned a walk and talk with her along quiet country roads, with the glory of the autumn foliage as an excuse. He had but little time to mourn, however, for he was promptly selected for a foursome by his host, whose interest in golf was second only to his absorption in money-making. Hapgood accompanied his friends to the links willingly enough. He had to do something to kill time, and golf would answer his purpose as well as the next thing. His plan was to go over the four-mile course once during the morning, and then return to the house for luncheon and a long afternoon with Her.

But this was not to be. The morning match was intensely interesting. Knowing that she was, for the time at least, beyond his reach, he put his mind on what he was doing and played brilliantly — so brilliantly that he and his host finished all square with two opponents who were really much their superiors. Perkins was shamelessly jubilant. He immediately issued a challenge for an afternoon match, and ordered luncheon at the club-house. From this programme there proved to be no possible escape. Hapgood developed a frightful headache, but it did not save him. During the early afternoon he was the victim of several alarming accidents. He injured a kneecap, he sprained a thumb, he almost broke an ankle. In fact, he was sure he had broken it, until Perkins insisted on examining its fair, unblemished surface, afterward turning his eyes from it to Hapgood's face with black suspicion in their depths. When each of his injuries in turn had been thoughtfully scrutinized by a fellow-guest in the foursome, who was also a physician, the game went on, and for very shame Teddy had to cease his frantic efforts to break it up. His play, however, was abominable. Whereas in the morning he had earned the golden opinions of his fellow-players, this afternoon he pulled, he sliced, he topped, and he drove out of bounds. The language he evoked from Perkins was enough to cause a sulphurous haze to rise over the links. But it was five o'clock before he got back to the house, disgusted and, incidentally, badly defeated, and saw Her for a moment, pouring tea for an animated group of guests who had come in automobiles to swell the house-party. He was desperate by this time, but, short of actual physical force, there seemed no way of getting her to himself for a moment before dinner.

As he dressed for that function he experienced almost a sense of panic. To-night was his last chance. To-night the word must be spoken—and would be, he decided, casting aside the third tie he had ruined—if he perished in the effort. He remembered that his hostess was a good sort, and he decided to ask her to help him out, at least to the extent of putting him beside the Only One at dinner. He met Mrs. Perkins in the hall as he was going down-stairs, and breathlessly made his plea. She listened, with sympathy and understanding in her rather prominent gray eyes.

"I'm sorry, Teddy," she said, "but I just can't do it to-night. I've already promised both Mr. Howe and Arthur Bryce a place beside her."

Then, seeing his despair, her heart yearned over him.

"But I'll help you to get her away after dinner," she added, "and I'll put you next her at breakfast."

Teddy thanked her gloomily. He hadn't much faith in the after-dinner promise, or, for that matter, in the breakfast plan. Half the guests were leaving on early morning trains, and the women would have their hats on and would all talk at once about engagements for dress-fittings in town. There was sure to be an indescribable atmosphere of confusion and haste around the table—not at all the right scene for an avowal to the One Woman. However, if breakfast was all he could get, he would take it. Besides, there was still to-night. But what did Howe want to say to her? Had Howe asked her, and had she, perhaps, consented to let him sit beside her? And how did it happen that Bryce was also in the running — Bryce, who had been devoted to Betty Bigelow all summer? Was it possible that Miss Winter liked



HE COULD ONLY LOOK DEEP INTO HER EYES

Bryce? He told himself gloomily that no one could possibly like Bryce, ignoring the fact that he himself had liked him very much until this minute.

If stern disapproval in the gaze of one human being could blight another, both Mr. Howe and Mr. Bryce would have shriveled up as they sat beside Her half an hour later. They remained, however, in excellent health and spirits, and it was evident even to the prejudiced eyes of Mr. Hapgood that they were entertaining. She seemed absorbed in them, and not once during the endless, maddening meal, with its foolish laughter and its silly talk, did her gaze stray toward Teddy.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, that young man approached her with a look of stern decision on his handsome face. Bryce and another man were in the group around her, and he added himself to the circle with something of the effect of a corner-stone settling into place. Before he had a chance to speak, however, a sweet, old, quavering voice ad-

dressed her, and Mrs. Tremaine, eighty and still a spoiled belle, was drawing the girl's arm through her own.

"You've promised to play for me, my dear," she said, gently, "and I'm not going to let you off. I've been looking forward to your music all through dinner—and at my age, you know, we don't postpone our pleasures longer than we can help."

Hapgood followed them to the music-room, with several of his fellow-guests, and for an hour listened dreamily and almost happily to Chopin, Richard Strauss, and Grieg. It was not what he wanted, but it was better than seeing her talk to other men; and he could dream that she was playing for him alone, far away, in their own home. While he was mentally shaping the opening words of his proposal his host entered suddenly.

"Will you come and make up a table, Ted?" he asked, catching the young man's eye. "I know you don't care for bridge," he added, apologetically, "but we're just one player short."

Hapgood planted himself, as it were, and pulled back with all the strength that was in him.

"Old man," he said, solemnly, "I've got such a splitting headache that I couldn't tell the difference between an ace and a ten-spot. Awfully sorry, but my playing would simply spoil the game for every one else."

"Oh, all right. Sorry. Why don't you ask Thompson to fix up something for your head?"

Perkins spoke absently, his gaze roaming round the room; and now it fell upon its victim. He was a man of one idea. He descended joyfully upon the Only One, who was at that moment rising from the piano.

"All through, Miss Winter? Good!" he exclaimed, tactfully. "Come and make a fourth at bridge. We're one short."

He offered her his arm, and Dorothy Winter, with a surprised and somewhat dazed expression in her eyes, was firmly led past Hapgood and away to the card-table. Ted looked after them, struggling with a conviction that darkness had settled permanently over the universe. Suffering, rebellious, he finally followed her, stopping long enough to swallow a nauseating mixture which Perkins, now in high good humor, had thoughtfully ordered for his headache.

It was all over. Fate was against him. That was evident. He would have to go away without telling her, and then he would have to write, and the whole business would probably take another week, and he would be kept in this unspeakable misery just that much longer. Of course, he *could* telegraph, but who wants to do the thing as crudely as that?

Love you. Will you marry me? Got new job K. C. five thousand a year. Answer collect.

The message flashed across Ted's mental vision as vividly as if some one had written it out. He uttered a groan of self-disgust, turned on his heel and, dazed by his misfortune, half sick over his disappointment and the nervous strain of the whole experience, went sulkily upstairs and to bed.

That night he slept, to his own great surprise as he subsequently realized the fact, but the next morning he was the first person in the dining-room. He had already investigated the contents of the hot dishes on the sideboard, and was beginning his breakfast when his hostess appeared. Behind her trotted her three-year-old daughter, Marjorie, a small, fat infant with upstanding curls, whose maiden heart had long since been openly and shamelessly bestowed upon Hapgood.

"Goin' to sit by Teddy," she now announced promptly, forestalling objection by climbing into the chair at his left.

"Darling, mother doesn't know whether she'll have room." Mrs. Perkins, however, was as clay in the hands of the small potter. "Wouldn't you like your own little table better?" she added, weakly, "with Nellie to wait on you all the time?"

Miss Perkins would not, and said so. She was already mentioning her preference in the matter of food, and Hapgood waited on her tenderly, effecting a judicious compromise between what she wanted and what she was allowed to have, but incidentally keeping an anxious eye on the empty chair at his right. If any one tried to take that chair—

Fate and his hostess were with him. Half a dozen guests entered almost to-

gether, Miss Winter among them. Mrs. Perkins caught her glance.

"Will you sit next to Mr. Hapgood, Dorothy?" she asked, "and help him to keep Marjorie in order? She *would* sit beside him, and I'm afraid that five minutes from now he'll be simply *kalsomined* with her breakfast food!"

Other duties called her, but if death itself had claimed her now, the radiant young man next to Miss Winter would have remained unmoved. To him, Mrs. Perkins had fulfilled her mission on this earth. Beamingly he rose and went to the sideboard for Dorothy's breakfast. She wanted poached eggs and bacon and a muffin, she said, and the largest cup of coffee Mrs. Perkins knew how to pour. When Hapgood returned to her side with the well-filled plate, it nearly fell from his nerveless hand. Howe was sitting placidly in the chair he had vacated, while the protestations of Miss Marjorie Perkins rent the atmosphere.

"Why, Mr. *Howe,* tha's *Teddy's* place! Tha's my Teddy's place. He's sittin' 'tween me an' Miss Winter," she was ejaculating, in despairing accents.

"Marjorie!"

The look in Mrs. Perkins's eye was not to be mistaken. Marjorie studied it an instant, and her voice sank to a whimper, then was lost in the mug of milk in which she sought to drown her grief. Howe, calmly ignoring the little episode, devoted himself to Dorothy, while Hapgood, choking over his bacon in the place he had taken at the end of the table, looked at his watch and told himself that now, beyond any question, all was indeed lost. His train left in forty minutes, and it would take half an hour to drive to the station. His bag, hat, and coat were in the hall. As others were to take the same train, breakfast was a hurried meal. Very soon every one was out of the dining-room and the bustle of their impending departure filled the house.

Marjorie and Dorothy came into the hall hand in hand, the child's chin still quivering over the disappointment of a few minutes before. Even the blue bow on her short curls seemed to droop. Her Teddy was going away on the cars, and he had already told her that she might be a big girl before he saw her again. With a gulp she dropped Miss Winter's hand and ran to him, and he knelt down and took her in his arms, laying his face against her yellow head. He felt as if his chin and lips were quivering, too.



NOT ONCE DID HER GAZE STRAY TOWARD HIM

Then an inspiration came to him.

"Marjorie," he whispered, "will you do a favor for me—a great big favor?"

"Yes."

The answer was gratifyingly prompt. Marjorie's quivering chin steadied. The tears which had begun to flow were checked.

"Then listen."

Hapgood whispered earnestly in her ear. It seemed to be a very important message, for he repeated it several times. Then, to be quite sure she understood it, he made her whisper it to him. After this rehearsal Marjorie walked slowly over to Miss Winter, an expression of vast earnestness on her small face, her manner that of one carrying a full pitcher whose contents she might spill.

"I got to whis'er to you," she exclaimed, impressively. "It's a secret!"

If it was a secret, it promptly ceased



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes

"TEDDY SAYS HE LOVES YOU AWF'LY, MISS WINTER"

to be one. Miss Winter knelt, and Marjorie's small mouth approached her ear. In the next second the half-dozen men and women who were drawing on coats and gloves in the hall had the pleasure of listening to Ted's message, uttered as distinctly as the traditional stage aside. Delivered in an auditorium, it should have reached the last row. Clear, sharp, penetrating, it filled every nook and corner of the wide hall.

"Teddy says he loves you awf'ly, Miss Winter. An' will you *p'ease* mahwy him!"

Miss Winter stood up hastily, her fair face scarlet. There was a second's hush around her, then a general rush toward the front door. Teddy Hapgood had a passing vision of fleeing figures, of waving scarfs and veils, of coat-tails erect in the haste of departure. The next moment the place was deserted save by three persons. *She* was in his arms, and no one was left to view the picture save Marjorie, who shamelessly drew nearer, wide-eyed and wondering, to give her whole attention to the appealing spectacle of Miss Winter crying on her Teddy's breast.

"Oh, Ted, I've been so perfectly *wretched,*" sighed the Only One, when her lips were free for speech. "I was dreadfully afraid you'd have to go away without saying it!"

At Evening

BY B. MAC ARTHUR

I FEEL an envy very deep
  For those frail little birds that fly
Across the tranquil evening sky
Before the world has gone to sleep.

Each evening e'er the light is done
  There falls a hush, as though the Lord
  Were wont to speak a wondrous word—
The promise of another sun.

The traffic of the air is still,
  The clouds are motionless and flushed,
  The very wind is listening, hushed,
As though to hear the Master's will.

And then the swallows' twittering flight!
  Audaciously, yet half in fear,
  As though they knew He held them dear
And so forgave them every night,

They hasten past; the sun is low,
  The Master's word at close of day
  Is spoken—yet the swallows stray
Enraptured in the afterglow.

Ah, for that confidence divine!
  The knowledge that, however late
  I seemed to let the Master wait,
His pardon and His love were mine!

Lady Stanhope, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

THE art of Reynolds is the result of two forces—tradition and personal character, stimulated by the society of his time. While he sums up previous tradition, he stamps it with his personality and grace, and his long line of portraits forms a monument to English society in the eighteenth century. He was admired by his contemporaries for his fertility, ease, and grace, and in the presence of a portrait like this from Mr. Hearn's gallery we are ready to admit the incontestable Reynolds charm. The sureness of drawing, the felicity of pose, and the happy setting, all bear testimony to the painter's mastery. Then there are a stateliness and a charming reticence which carry an air of contemplation, while the artist's occupation with a sense of beauty gives distinction to his subject. However, let it not be supposed that only beautiful women were portrayed for family heirlooms. A genius can perform wonders with mediocrity. Besides, the painter forced all sitters to fit an ideal. Stumpy figures and clumsy hands were reformed and given such elegance and grace as their owners believed themselves to possess. It is idealized portraiture of a time when different social characteristics existed, and painters sought in their subjects traits of elegance and decorative effect, rather than simplicity and truth of character. But time has changed our way of seeing things; social conditions have altered, hence the art of that time is not to be copied, much as it may be admired. Modern painters have done their utmost to break the bondage of tradition in order to express their own time. The English painters aimed to make visible for later generations the life of their time, but they gave us documents of a class rather than of individuals. They were less searching than modern painters in their vision of individual character. Through all their portraits runs a thread of similarity, as though all were members of one family. There is suavity, repose, and dignity, but we never catch the mental attitude of the sitter. There is attention to detail and sound construction, but we miss the penetrating vision as much as we do the gay, sweeping freedom of brush-play in the work of to-day.

W. Stanton Howard.



LADY STANHOPE, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Now in the collection of George A. Hearn, Esq.

On the Way to Africa

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THE time of times to approach Port Said is just at the fall of dusk. Then the sea lies in opalescent patches, and the low shores fade away into the gathering night. Slanting masts and yards of the dhows silhouette against a sky of the deepest translucent green; and the heroic statue of De Lesseps, standing forever at the gateway he opened, points always to the mysterious East.

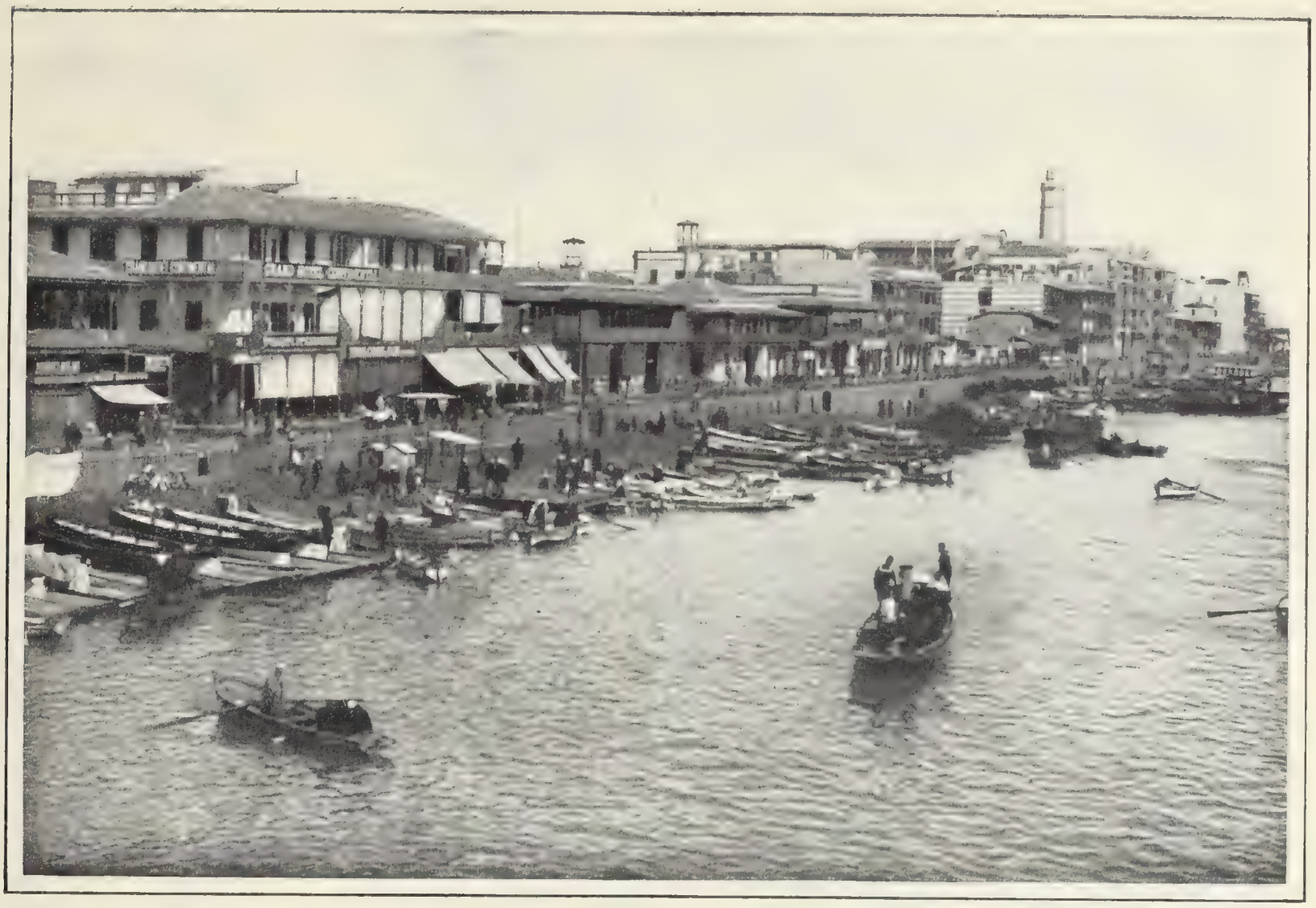
The rhythmical accustomed chug of the engines had fallen to quarter-speed, leaving an uncanny stillness throughout the ship. Silently we slipped between the long piers, drew up on the water-side town, seized the buoy, and came to rest. All around us lay other ships of all sizes, motionless on the inky water. The reflections from their lights seemed to thrust into the depths, like stilts; and the few lights from the town reflected shiveringly across. Along the water-front all was dark and silent. We caught the loom of buildings, and behind them a dull glow as from a fire, and guessed tall minarets, and heard the rising and falling of chanting. Numerous small boats hovered near, floating in and out of the patches of light we ourselves cast, waiting for permission to swarm at the gang-plank for our patronage.

We went ashore, passed through a wicket gate and across the dark buildings to the heart of the town, whence came the dull glow and the sounds of people.

Here were two streets running across each other, both brilliantly lighted, both thronged, both lined with little shops. In the latter one could buy anything, in any language, with any money. In them we saw cheap straw hats made in Germany, hung side by side with gorgeous and beautiful stuffs from the Orient; shoddy European garments and Eastern jewels; cheap celluloid combs and curious embroideries. The crowds of passers-by in the streets were compounded in the same curiously mixed fashion: a few Europeans, generally in white, and then a variety of Arabs, Egyptians, Somalis, Berbers, East-Indians, and the like, each in his own gaudy or graceful costume. It speaks well for the accuracy of feeling, anyway, of our various "Midways," "Pikes," and the like of our World's Expositions that the streets of Port Said looked like Midways raised to the *n*th power. Along them we sauntered with a pleasing feeling of self-importance. On all sides we were gently and humbly besought — by the shopkeepers, by the sidewalk venders, by would-be guides, by fortune-tellers, by jugglers, by magicians; all soft-voiced and respectful; all yielding as water to rebuff, but as quick as water to glide back again. Wherever we went we were accompanied by a retinue straight out of the *Arabian Nights,* patiently awaiting the moment when we should tire, should seek out the table of a sidewalk café, and should, in our relaxed mood, be ready to unbend to our royal purchases.

At that moment we were too much interested in the town itself. The tiny shops with their smiling and insinuating Oriental keepers were fascinating in their displays of carved woods, jewelry, perfumes, silks, tapestries, silversmith's work, ostrich feathers, and the like. To either side the main street lay along narrow, dark alleys, in which flared single lights, across which flitted mysterious long-robed figures, from which floated stray snatches of music either palpitatingly barbaric or ridiculously modern. There the authority of the straight, soldierly-looking Sudanese policemen ceased; and it was not safe to wander unarmed or alone.

Besides these motley variegations of East and West, the main feature of the town was the street-car. It was an open-air structure of spacious dimensions, as though benches and a canopy had been



THE WATERFRONT AT PORT SAID

erected rather haphazard on a small dancing-platform. The track is absurdly narrow in gage, and as a consequence the edifice swayed and swung from side to side. A single mule was attached to it loosely by about ten feet of rope, and was driven by a gaudy ragamuffin in a turban, while various other gaudy ragamuffins lounged largely and picturesquely on the widely spaced benches. Whence this car came or whither it went I do not know. Its orbit swung into the main street, turned a corner, and disappeared. Apparently Europeans did not patronize this picturesque wreck, but drove elegantly but mysteriously in small, open cabs conducted by totally incongruous drivers.

We ended finally at an imposing corner hotel, where we dined by an open window just above the level of the street. A dozen upturned faces besought us silently during the meal. At a glance of even the mildest interest a dozen long, brown arms thrust the spoils of the East upon our consideration.

For coffee and cigars we moved to the terrace outside. Here an orchestra played, the peoples of many nations sat at little tables, the peddlers, fakirs, jugglers, and fortune-tellers swarmed. A half-dozen postal-cards seemed sufficient to set a small boy up in trade and to imbue him with all the importance and insistence of a merchant with jewels. Other ten-year-old ragamuffins tried to call our attention to some sort of sleight-of-hand with poor downy little chickens. Grave, turbaned, and polite Indians squatted cross-legged at our feet, begging to give us a look into the future by means of the only genuine hall-marked Yogi-ism; a troupe of acrobats went energetically and hopefully through quite a meritorious performance a few feet away; a deftly triumphant juggler did very easily, and directly beneath our watchful eyes, some really wonderful tricks. A butterfly-gorgeous swarm of insinuating, smiling peddlers of small things dangled and spread their wares where they thought themselves most sure of attention. Beyond our own little group we saw slowly passing in the lighted street outside the portico the variegated and picturesque loungers. Across the way a phonograph bawled; our stringed orchestra played "The Dollar Princess"; from somewhere over in the dark and mysterious alleyways came the regular beating of a tomtom. The



PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

magnificent and picturesque town car with its gaudy ragamuffins swayed by in train of its diminutive mule.

Suddenly our persistent and amusing entourage vanished in all directions. Standing idly at the portico was a very straight, black Sudanese. On his head was the usual red fez, his clothing was of trim khaki, his knees and feet were bare, with blue puttees between, and around his middle was drawn close and smooth a blood-red sash at least a foot and a half in breadth.

He made a fine, upstanding Egyptian figure, and was armed with pride, a short, sheathed club, and a great scorn. No word spoke he, nor command; but merely jerked a thumb toward the darkness, and into the darkness our many-hued horde melted away. We were left feeling rather lonesome!

Near midnight we sauntered down the street to the quay, whence we were rowed to the ship by another turbaned, long-robed figure, who sweetly begged just a copper or so "for poor boatman."

Some time during the night we must have started, but so gently had we slid along at fractional speed that until I raised my head and looked out I had not realized the fact. I saw a high sand-bank. This glided monotonously by until I grew tired of looking at it, and got up.

After breakfast, however, I found that the sand-bank had various attractions all its own. Three camels laden with stone and in convoy of white-clad figures shuffled down the slope at a picturesque angle. Two cowled women in black, veiled to the eyes in gauze heavily sewn with sequins, barefooted, with massive silver anklets, watched us pass. Hindoo workmen in turban and loin-cloth furnished a picturesque note, but did not seem to be injuring themselves by overexertion. Naked small boys raced us for a short distance. The banks glided by very slowly and very evenly, the wash sucked after us like water in a slough after a duck-boat, and the sky above the yellow sand looked extremely blue.

At short and regular intervals, halfway up the miniature sand-hills, heavy piles of snubbing-posts had been planted. For these we at first could guess no reason. Soon, however, we had to pass an-

other ship; and then we saw that one of us must tie up to avoid being drawn irresistibly by suction into collision with the other. The craft sidled by separated by only a few feet; so that we could look across to each other's decks and exchange greeting. As the day grew this interest grew likewise. Dredgers in the canal; rusty tramps flying unfamiliar flags of strange, tiny countries; big freighters, often with Greek or Turkish characters on their sterns; small, dirty steamers of suspicious business; passenger-ships like our own, returning from the tropics, with white-clad, languid figures reclining in canvas chairs; gunboats of this or that nation bound on mysterious affairs; once a P. & O. converted into a troop-ship from whose every available porthole, hatch, deck, and shroud, laughing, brown, English faces shouted chaff at our German decks—all these either tied up for us or were tied up for by us. The only craft that received no consideration on our part were the various picturesque Arab dhows, with their single masts and the long yards slanting across them. Since these were very small, our suction dragged at them cruelly. As a usual thing four vociferous figures clung desperately to a rope passed around one of the snubbing-posts ashore, while an old man shrieked syllables at them from the dhow itself. As they never by any chance thought of mooring her both stem and stern, the dhow generally changed ends rapidly, shipping considerable water in the process. It must be very trying to get so excited in a hot climate.

The high sand-banks of the early part of the day soon dropped lower to afford us a wider view. In its broad, general features the country was, quite simply, the desert of Arizona over again.

We reached the end of the canal about three o'clock of the afternoon, and dropped anchor far off low-lying shores. Our binoculars showed us white houses in apparently single rank along a far-reaching, narrow sand-spit, with sparse trees and a railroad-line. That was the town of Suez, and seemed so little interesting that we were not particularly sorry that we could not go ashore. Far in the distance were mountains; and the water all about us was the light, clear green of the sky at sunset.

Innumerable dhows and rowboats swarmed down, filled with eager salesmen of curios and ostrich plumes. They had not much time in which to bargain, so they made up in rapid-fire vociferation. One very tall and dignified Arab



CAMELS LADEN WITH STONE TRACKING ACROSS THE SANDS

had as sailor of his craft the most extraordinary creature, just above the lower limit of the human race. He was of a dull coal-black, without a single high light on him anywhere, as though he had been sanded; had prominent teeth, like those of a baboon, in a wrinkled, wizened monkey face, across which were three tattooed bands; and possessed a little, long-armed, spare figure, bent and wiry. He clambered up and down his mast, fetching things at his master's behest; leaped nonchalantly for our rail or his own spar, as the case might be, across the staggering abyss; clung so well with his toes that he might almost have been classified with the quadrumana; and between times squatted humped over on the rail, watching us with bright, elfish, alien eyes.

At last the big German sailors bundled the whole variegated horde overside. It was time to go, and our anchor-chain was already rumbling in the hawse-pipes. They tumbled hastily into their boats, and at once swarmed up their masts, whence they feverishly continued their interrupted bargaining. In fact, so fully embarked on the tides of commerce were they that they failed to notice the tides of nature widening between us. One old man in especial, at the very top of his mast, jerked hither and thither by the sea, continued imploringly to offer an utterly ridiculous carved wooden camel long after it was impossible to have completed the transaction should anybody have been moonstruck enough to desire it. Our ship's prow swung; and just at sunset, as the lights of Suez were twinkling out one by one, we headed down the Red Sea.

Suez is indeed the gateway to the East. In the Mediterranean often the sea is rough, the winds cold, passengers are not yet acquainted, and hug the saloons or the leeward side of the deck. Once through the canal and all is changed by magic. The air is hot and languid; the ship's company, down to the very scullions, appear in immaculate white; the saloon chairs and transoms even are put in white coverings; electric fans hum everywhere; the run on lime-squashes begins; and many quaint and curious customs of the tropics obtain.

For example: it is etiquette that before eight o'clock one may wander the decks at will in one's pajamas, converse affably with fair ladies in pig-tail and kimono, and be not abashed. But on the stroke of eight bells it is also etiquette to disappear very promptly and to array oneself for the day; and it is very improper indeed to see or be seen after that hour in the rather extreme *négligée* of the early morning. Also it becomes the universal custom, or perhaps I should say the necessity, to slumber for an hour after the noon meal. Certainly sleep descending on the tropical traveler is armed with a bludgeon. Passengers, crew, steerage, "deck," animal, and bird fall down then in an enchantment. I have often wondered who navigates the ship during that sacred hour; or, indeed, if anybody navigates it at all. Perhaps that time is sacred to the genii of the old East, who close all prying mortal eyes, but in return lend a guiding hand to the most pressing of mortal affairs. The deck of the ship is a curious sight between the hours of half-past one and three. The tropical siesta requires no couching of the form. You sit down in your chair with a book—you fade slowly into a deep, restful slumber. And yet it is a slumber wherein certain small, pleasant things persist from the world outside. You remain dimly conscious of the rhythmic throbbing of the engines, of the beat of soft, warm air on your cheek.

At three o'clock or thereabouts you rise as gently back to life, and sit erect in your chair without a stretch or a yawn in your whole anatomy. Then is the one time of day for a display of energy — if you have any to display. Ship games, walks — fairly brisk — explorations to the forecastle, a watch for flying-fish or Arab dhows, anything until tea-time. Then the glowing sunset, the opalescent sea, and the soft afterglow of the sky—and the bugle summoning you to dress. That is a mean job. Nothing could possibly swelter worse than the tiny cabin. The electric fan is an aggravation. You reappear in your fresh "whites," somewhat warm and flustered both in mind and body. A turn around the deck cools you off, and dinner restores your equanimity—dinner, with the

soft, warm, tropic air breathing through all the wide-open ports; the electric fans drumming busily; the men all in clean white; the ladies, the very few precious ladies, in soft, low gowns. After dinner the deck, as near cool as it will be, and bare heads to the breeze of our progress, and glowing cigars. At ten or eleven o'clock the groups begin to break up, the canvas chairs to empty. Soon reappears a pajamaed figure followed by a steward carrying a mattress. This is spread, under its owner's direction, in a dark corner forward. With a sigh you in your turn plunge down into the sweltering inferno of your cabin, only to reappear likewise with a steward and a mattress. The mattress, if you are wise, you spread where the wind of the ship's going will be full upon you. It is a strong wind and blows upon you heavily, so that the sleeves and legs of your pajamas flop; but it is a soft, warm wind, and beats you as with muffled fingers. In no temperate clime can you ever enjoy this peculiar effect of a strong breeze on your naked skin without even the faintest surface chilly sensation. So habituated has one become to feeling cooler in a draught that the absence of chill lends the night an unaccustomedness the more weird in that it is unanalyzed, so that one feels definitely that one is in a strange, far country. This is intensified by the fact that in these latitudes the moon, the great, glorious, calm, tropical moon, is directly overhead — follows the center line of the zenith—instead of, as with us in our temperate zone, always more or less declined to the horizon. This, too, lends the night an exotic quality, the more effective in that at first the reason for it is not apprehended.

A night in the tropics is always more or less broken. One awakens, and sleeps again. Motionless white-clad figures, cigarettes glowing, are lounging against the rail looking out over a molten sea. The moonlight lies in patterns across the deck, shivering slightly under the throb of the engines, or occasionally swaying slowly forward or slowly back as the ship's course changes, but otherwise motionless, for here the sea is always calm. You raise your head, look about, sprawl in a new position on your mattress, fall asleep. On one of these occasions you find unexpectedly that the velvet-gray night has become steel-gray dawn, and that the kindly old quartermaster is bending over you. Sleepily, very sleepily, you stagger to your feet and collapse into the nearest chair. Then to the swish of waters as the sailors sluice the decks all



AT SUEZ INNUMERABLE ROWBOATS SWARMED DOWN UPON US



ADEN IS TUCKED AWAY BEHIND BOLD, RAW LAVA MOUNTAINS

around and under you, you fall into a really deep sleep.

At six o'clock this is broken by *chota-hahzari,* another tropical institution, consisting merely of clear tea and crackers. I never could get to care for it, but nowhere in the tropics could I head it off. No matter how tired I was or how dead sleepy, I had to receive that confounded *chota-hahzari.* Throwing things at the native who brought it did no good at all. He merely dodged. Admonition did no good, nor prohibition in strong terms. I was but one white man of the whole white race; and I had no right to possess idiosyncrasies running counter to *distauri,* the custom. However, as the early hours are the profitable hours in the tropics, it did not drive me to homicide.

For several days we drifted down a warm, flat sea. Then one morning we came on deck to find ourselves alongside a number of volcanic islands. They were composed entirely of red and dark-purple lava blocks, rugged, quite without vegetation save for occasional patches of stringy green in a gulley, and uninhabited except for a lighthouse on one and a fishing-shanty near the shores of another. The high, mournful mountains, with their dark shadows, seemed to brood over hot desolation. The rusted and battered stern of a wrecked steamer stuck up at an acute angle from the surges. Shortly after, we picked up the shores of Arabia.

It was cooler, and for a change we had turned into our bunks, when B—— pounded on our stateroom door.

"In the name of the Eternal East," said he, "come on deck!"

We slipped on kimonos and joined the row of scantily draped and interested figures along the rail.

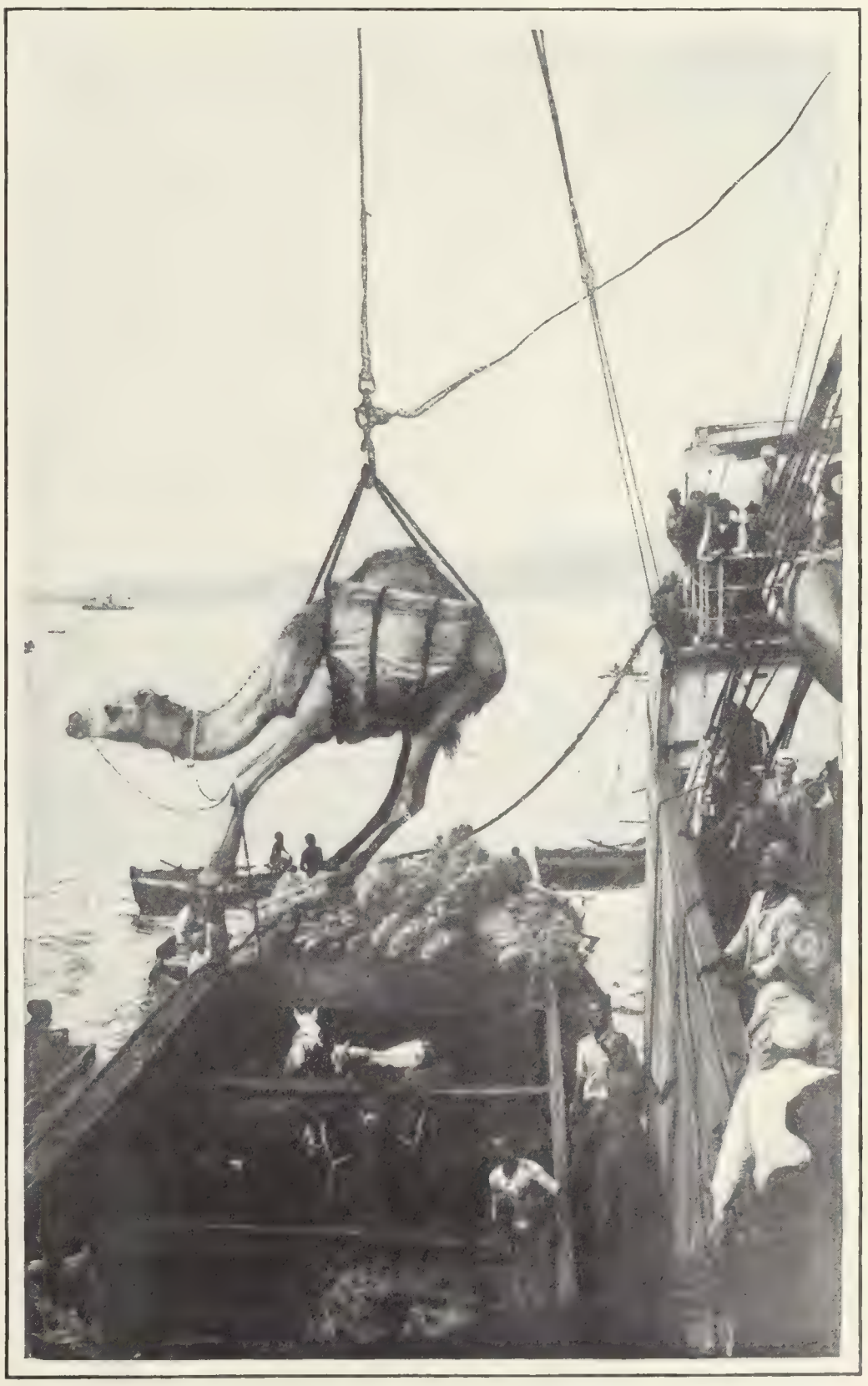
The ship lay quite still on a perfect sea of moonlight, bordered by a low, flat, distant shore on one side, and nearer mountains on the other. A strong flare centered from two ships' reflectors overside made a focus of illumination that subdued, but could not quench, the soft moonlight with which all outside was silvered. A dozen boats striving against a current or clinging as best they could to the ship's side glided into the light and became real and solid, or dropped back into the ghostly-white insubstantiality of the moon. They were long, narrow boats, with small, flush decks fore and aft. We looked down on them from almost directly above, so that we saw the thwarts and the ribs and the things they contained.

In the stern of each stood men, bending gracefully against the thrust of long sweeps. These men had keen, intelligent, clear-cut faces, of the Greek order, as though the statues of a garden had been stained brown and had come to life. They leaned on their sweeps, thrusting slowly but strongly against the little wind and current that would drift them back.

In the body of the boats crouched, sat, or lay a picturesque mob. Some pulled spasmodically on the very long, limber oars; others squatted, doing nothing; some, huddled shapelessly underneath white cloths that completely covered them, slept soundly in the bottom. We took these for merchandise until one of them suddenly threw aside his covering and sat up.

After an interval a small and fussy tugboat steamed around our stern and drew alongside the gangway. Three passengers disembarked from her and made their way aboard. The main deck of the craft, under an awning, was heavily encumbered with trunks, tin boxes, hand-baggage, tin bath-tubs, gun-cases, and all sorts of impedimenta. The tugboat moored itself to us fore and aft, and proceeded to think about discharging. Perhaps twenty men in accurate replica of those in the small boats had charge of the job. They had their own methods. After a long interval devoted strictly to nothing, some unfathomable impulse would incite one or two or three of the natives to tackle a trunk. At it they tugged and heaved and pushed in the manner of ants making off with a particularly large fly or other treasure-trove, teasing it up the steep gangway to the level of our decks. The trunk once safely bestowed, all interest, all industry died. We thought that finished it, and wondered why the tug did not pull out of the way. But always, after an interval, another bright idea would strike another native or natives. He—or they—would disappear beneath the canvas awning over the tug's deck, to emerge shortly carrying almost anything, from a parasol to a heavy chest.

Moored to the other side of the ship we found two huge lighters, from which bales of goods were being hoisted aboard. Two camels and a dozen diminutive mules stood in the waist of one of these craft. The camels were as sniffy and supercilious and scornful as camels always are; and everybody promptly hated them with the hatred of the abysmally in-



LOADING CAMELS AT ADEN

ferior spirit for something that scorns it, as is the usual attitude of the human mind toward camels. We waited for upward of an hour in the hope of seeing those camels hoisted aboard; but in vain.

At length, about three o'clock, despairing of the camels, we turned in.

After three hours' sleep we were again on deck. Aden by daylight seemed to be several sections of a town tucked into pockets in bold, raw lava mountains that came down fairly to the water's edge. Between these pockets ran a narrow shore road, and along the road paced haughty camels hitched to diminutive carts. On contracted, round bluffs toward the sea were various low bungalow buildings which, we were informed, comprised the military and civil officers' quarters. The real Aden has been built inland a short distance, at the bottom of a cup in the mountains. Elaborate stone reservoirs have been constructed to catch rain-water, as there is no other natural supply whatever. The only difficulty is that it practically never rains; so the reservoirs stand empty, the water is distilled from the sea, and the haughty camels and the little carts do the distributing.

We waited patiently at the rail for an hour more to see the camels slung aboard by the crane. It was worth the wait. They lost their impassive and immemorial dignity completely, sprawling, groaning, positively shrieking in dismay. When the solid deck rose to them and the sling had been loosened, however, they regained their poise instantaneously. Their noses went up in the air, and they looked about them with a challenging, unsmiling superiority, as though to dare any one of us to laugh. Their native attendants immediately squatted down in front of them and began to feed them with convenient lengths of what looked like our common marsh cat-tail. The camels did not even then manifest the slightest interest in the proceedings. Indeed, they would not condescend to reach out three inches for the most luscious titbit held that far from their aristocratic noses. The attendants had actually to thrust the fodder between their jaws. I am glad to say they condescended to chew.

After leaving Aden and rounding the great promontory of Cape Gardafui, we turned south along the coast of Africa. Off the Cape were strange, oily cross-rips and currents on the surface of the sea; the flying-fish rose in flocks before our bows; high mountains of peaks and flat table-tops thrust their summits into clouds; and along the coast the breakers spouted like whales. For the first time, too, we began to experience what our preconceptions had imagined as tropical heat. Heretofore we had been hot enough, in all conscience, but the air had felt as though wafted from an opened furnace-door—dry and scorching. Now, although the temperature was lower, the humidity was greater. A swooning languor was abroad over the spell-bound ocean, a relaxing mist of enchantment. My glasses were constantly clouding over with a fine coating of water-drops; exposed metal rusted overnight; the folds in garments accumulated mildew in an astonishingly brief period of time. There was never even the suggestion of chill in this dampness. It clung and enveloped like a grateful garment, and seemed only to lack sweet perfume.

At this time, by good fortune, it happened that the moon came full. We had enjoyed its waxing during our voyage down the Red Sea; but now it had reached its greatest phase, and hung over the slumbering tropic ocean like a lantern. The lazy sea stirred beneath it, and the ship glided on, its lights fairly subdued by the splendor of the waters.

It is customary in books of travel to describe this part of the journey about as follows: "Skirting the low and uninteresting shores of Africa, we at length reached—" etc. Low and uninteresting shores! Through the glasses we made out distant mountains far beyond nearer hills. The latter were green-covered with dense forests, whence rose mysterious smokes. Along the shore we saw an occasional cocoanut plantation to the water's edge, and native huts and villages of thatch. Canoes of strange models lay drawn up on shelving beaches; queer fish-pounds of brush reached out considerable distances from the coast. The white surf pounded on a yellow beach.

All about these things was the jungle, hemming in the plantations and villages, bordering the lagoons, creeping down until it fairly overhung the yellow



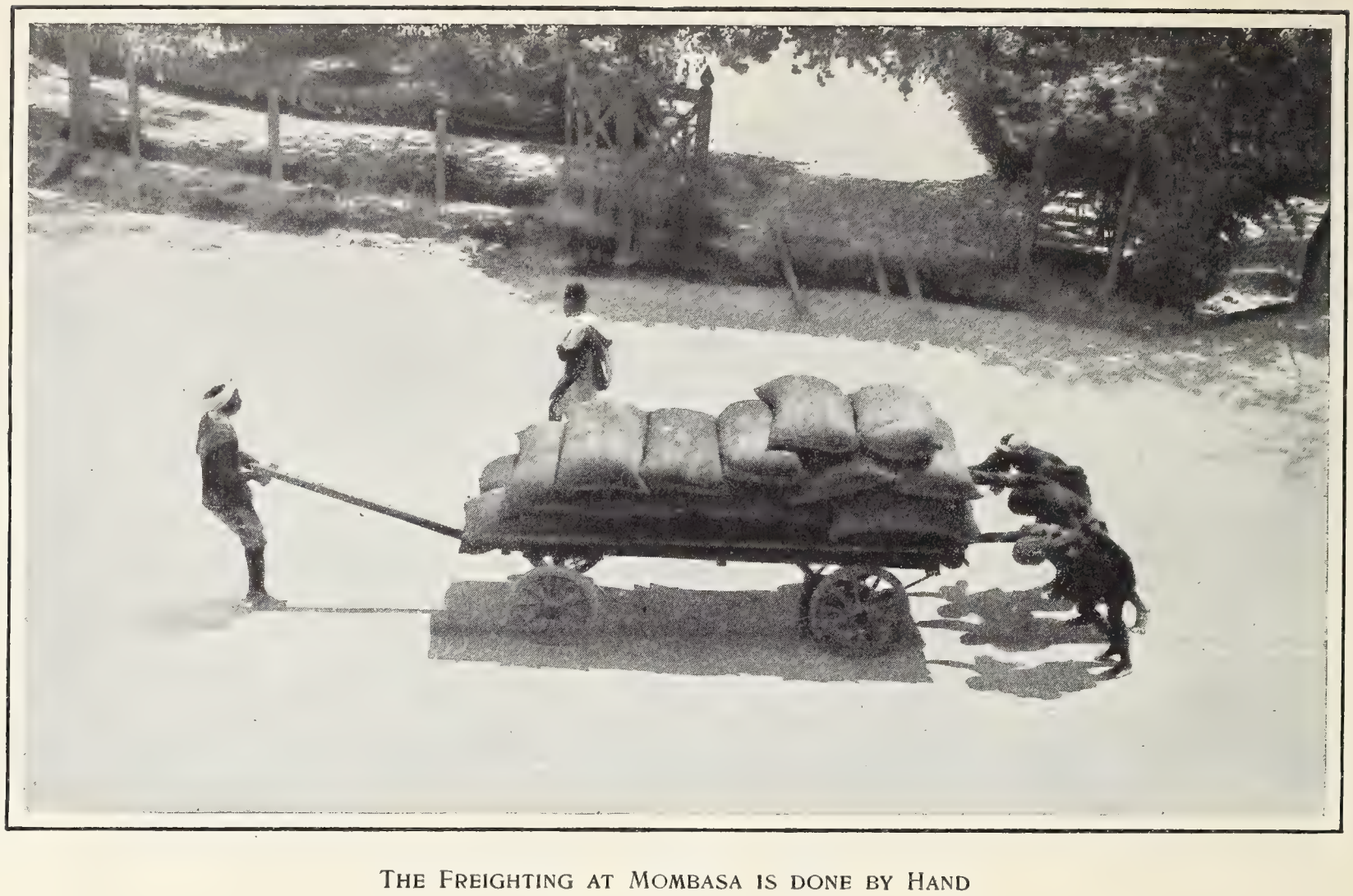
EACH RESIDENT OWNS HIS OWN STREET-CAR

beaches; as though, conqueror through all the country beyond, it were half inclined to dispute domination with old Ocean himself. It looked from the distance like a thick, soft coverlet thrown down over the country; following, or rather suggesting, the inequalities. Through the glasses we were occasionally able to peek under the edge of this coverlet, and see where the fringe of the jungle drew back in a little pocket, or to catch the sheen of mysterious, dark rivers slipping to the sea. Up these dark rivers, by way of the entrances of these tiny pockets, the imagination then could lead on into the dimness beneath the sunlit upper surfaces.

Toward the close of one afternoon we changed our course slightly and swung in on a long slant toward the coast. We did it casually; too casually for so very important an action, for now at last we were about to touch the mysterious continent. Then we saw clearer the fine, big groves of palm and the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation. Against the greenery, bold and white, shone the buildings of Mombasa; and after a little while more we saw an inland glitter that represented her narrow, deep bay, the stern of a wreck against the low, green cliffs, and strange, fat-trunked, squat trees without leaves. Straight past all this we glided at half-speed, then turned sharp to the right to enter a long, wide expanse like a river with green banks, twenty feet or so in height, grown thickly with the tall cocoanut-palms. These gave way at times into broad, low lagoons, at the end of which were small beaches and boats, and native huts among more cocoanut groves. Through our glasses we could see the black men watching us, quite motionless, squatted on their heels.

It was like suddenly entering another world, this gliding from the open sea straight into the heart of a green land. The ceaseless wash of waves we had left outside with the ocean; our engines had fallen silent. Across the hushed waters came to us strange chantings and the beating of a tomtom, an occasional shrill shout from the unknown jungle. The sun was just set, and the tops of the palms caught the last rays; all below was dense green shadow. Across the surface of the water glided dugout canoes of shapes strange to us. We passed ancient ruins almost completely dismantled, their stones half smothered in green, rank growth. The wide river-like bay stretched on before us as far as the waning light permitted us to see, finally losing itself in the heart of mystery.

Steadily and confidently our ship steamed forward, until at last, when we



THE FREIGHTING AT MOMBASA IS DONE BY HAND

seemed to be afloat in a land-locked lake, we dropped anchor and came to rest.

A single light shone at the end of the stone quay, and another inside a big, indeterminate building at some distance. We stumbled toward this, and found it to be the biggest shed ever constructed out of corrugated iron. A bearded Sikh stood on guard at its open entrance. He let any one and every one enter, with never a flicker of his expressionless black eyes; but allowed no one to go out again without the closest scrutiny for dutiable articles that lacked the blue customs paster. We entered. The place was vast and barn-like and dim, and very, very hot. A half-dozen East-Indians stood behind the counters; another, a Babu, sat at a little desk ready to give his clerical attention to what might be required. We saw no European, but next morning found that one passed his daylight hours in this inferno of heat. For the moment we let our main baggage go, and occupied ourselves only with getting through our smaller effects. This accomplished, we stepped out past the Sikh into the grateful night.

We had as guide a slender and wiry individual clad in tarboosh and long, white robe. In a vague, general way we knew that the town of Mombasa was across the island, and about four miles distant. In what direction, or how to get there, we had not the remotest idea.

The guide set off at a brisk pace with which we tried in vain to keep step. After about fifteen minutes we began to pick up lights ahead, then to pass dimly-seen garden walls with trees whose brilliant flowers the lantern revealed fitfully. At last we made out white stucco houses, and shortly drew up with a flourish before the hotel itself.

This was a two-story stucco affair, with deep verandas sunken in at each story. It fronted a wide, white street facing a public garden; and this, we subsequently discovered, was about the only clear and open space in all the narrow town. Antelope horns were everywhere hung on the walls, and teakwood easy-chairs, with rests on which comfortably to elevate your feet above your head, stood all about. We entered a bare, brick-floored dining-room, and partook of tropical fruits quite new to us — papayas, mangoes, custard apples, papaws, and the small red eating-bananas too delicate for export. Overhead the punkas swung back and forth in lazy, hypnotic rhythm. We could see the two blacks at the ends of the punka-cords outside on the veranda, their

bodies swaying lithely in alternation as they threw their weight against the light ropes. Other blacks, in the long, white robes and exquisitely worked white skull-caps of the Swahili, glided noiselessly on bare feet, serving.

After dinner we sat out until midnight in the teakwood chairs of the upper gallery, staring through the arches into the black, mysterious night, for it was very hot, and we rather dreaded the necessary mosquito-veils as likely to prove stuffy. The mosquitoes are few in Mombasa, but they are very, very deadly. At midnight the thermometer stood 87° Fahr.

Our premonitions as to stuffiness were well justified. We passed a restless night and awoke at daylight to the sound of a fine row of some sort going on outside in the streets. Immediately we arose, threw aside the lattices, and looked out.

Our hotel proved to be on the direct line of freighting. There are no horses or draft-animals in Mombasa; the fly is too deadly. Therefore all hauling is done by hand. The tiny tracks of the unique street-car system run everywhere any one would wish to go, branching off even into private grounds and to the very front doors of bungalows situated far out of town. Each resident owns his own street-car, just as elsewhere a man has his own carriage. There are, of course, public cars also, each with its pair of boys to push it, and also a number of rather decrepit rickshaws. As a natural corollary to the passenger traffic, the freighting also is handled by the blacks on large, flat trucks with short guiding-poles. These men are quite naked save for a small loin-cloth; are beautifully shaped, and glisten all over from the perspiration shining in the sun. So fine is the texture of their skins, the softness of their color, so rippling the play of muscles, that this shining perspiration is like a beautiful polish. They push from behind, slowly and steadily and patiently and unwaveringly, the most tremendous loads of the heaviest stuffs. When the hill becomes too steep for them, they turn their backs against the truck, and by placing one foot behind the other, a few inches at a time, they edge their burden up the slope.

After breakfast we put on our sun-helmets and went forth curiously to view the town. We found it roughly divided into four quarters—the old Portuguese, the Arabic, the European, and the native. The Portuguese comprises the outer fringe next the water-front of the inner bay. It is very narrow of street, with whitewashed walls, balconies, and wonderful carven and studded doors. The business of the town is done here. The Arabian quarter lies back of it—a maze of narrow alleys winding aimlessly here and there between high, white buildings, with occasionally the minarets and towers of a mosque. This district harbored, besides the upper-class Swahilis and Arabs, a large number of East-Indians. Still back of this are thousands of the low grass or mud-and-wattle huts of the natives, their roofs thatched with straw or palm. These are apparently arranged with little system. The small European population lives atop the sea bluffs beyond the old fort in the most attractive bungalows. This, the most desirable location of all, has remained open to them because heretofore the fierce wars with which Mombasa, "the Island of War," has been swept have made the exposed seaward lands impossible.

No idle occupation can be more fascinating than to wander about the mazes of this ancient town. The variety of race and occupation is something astounding. Probably the one human note that, everywhere persisting, draws the whole together is furnished by the water-carriers. Mombasa has no water system whatever. The entire supply is drawn from numberless picturesque wells scattered everywhere in the crowded center, and distributed mainly in Standard Oil cans suspended at either end of a short pole. By dint of constant daily exercise, hauling water up from a depth and carrying it various distances, these men have developed the most beautifully powerful figures. They proceeded at a half-trot, the slender poles, with forty pounds at either end, seeming fairly to cut into their naked shoulders, muttering a word of warning to the loiterers at every other breath — *semeelay! semeelay!* No matter in what part of Mombasa you may happen to be, or at what hour of the day or night, you will meet these industrious little men trotting along under their burdens.

Everywhere also are the women, carrying themselves proudly erect, with a free swing of the hips. They wear invariably a single sheet of cotton cloth printed in blue or black with the most astonishing borders and spotty designs. This is drawn tight just above the breasts, leaving the shoulders and arms bare. Their hair is divided into perhaps a dozen parts, running lengthwise of the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck, after the manner of the stripes on a watermelon. Each part then ends in a tiny, twisted pigtail not over an inch long. The lobes of their ears have been stretched until they hold thick, round disks about three inches in diameter, ornamented by concentric circles of different colors, with a red bull's-eye for a center. The outer edges of the ears are then further decorated with gold clasps set closely together. Many bracelets, necklaces, and armlets complete the get-up. They are big women, with soft, velvety skins, and a proud and haughty carriage, the counterparts of the men in the white robes and caps.

By the way, it may be remarked that these garments, and the patterned squares of cloth worn by the women, are invariably most spotlessly clean.

These, we learned, were the Swahilis, the ruling class, the descendants of the old slave-traders. Under them are all sorts and conditions. Your true savage pleases his own fancy as to dress and personal adornment. The bushmen generally shaved the edges of their wool to leave a nice, close-fitting natural skull-cap, wore a single blanket draped from one shoulder, and carried a war-club. The ear-lobes seemed always to be stretched; sometimes sufficiently to have carried a pint bottle. Indeed, white marmalade-jars seemed to be very popular wear. One ingenious person had acquired a dozen of the sort of safety-pins used to fasten curtains to their rings. These he had snapped into the lobes, six on a side.

We explored for some time. One of the Swahilis attached himself to us so unobtrusively that before we knew it we had accepted him as guide. In that capacity he realized an ideal, for he never addressed a word to us, nor did he even stay in sight. We wandered along at our sweet will, dawdling as slowly as we pleased. The guide had apparently quite disappeared. Look where we would we could in no manner discover him. At the next corner we would pause, undecided as to what to do; there in the middle distance would stand our friend, smiling. When he was sure we had seen him and were about to take the turn properly, he would disappear again. Convoyed in this pleasant fashion, we wound and twisted up and down and round and about through the most appalling maze. We saw the native markets with their vociferating sellers seated cross-legged on tables behind piles of fruit or vegetables, while an equally vociferating crowd surged up and down the aisles. Gray parrots and little monkeys perched everywhere about. We gave one of the monkeys a banana. He peeled it exactly as a man would have done, smelled of it critically, and threw it back at us in the most insulting fashion. We saw also the rows of Hindu shops open to the street, with their gaudily dressed children of black-ened eyelids, their stolid, dirty proprietors, and their women, marvelous in bright silks and massive bangles. In the thatched native quarter were more of the fine Swahili women sitting cross-legged on the earth under low verandas, engaged in different handicrafts; and chickens, and many amusing naked children. We made friends with many of them, communicating by laughter and by signs, while our guide stood unobtrusively in the middle distance waiting for us to come on.

Just at sunset he led us to a great open space, with a tall palm in the center of it, and the gathering of a multitude of people. A muezzin was clambering into a high scaffold built of poles, whence shortly he began to intone a long-drawn-out *"Allah! Allah! il Allah!"* The cocoa-nut-palms cut the sunset, and the baobab-trees—the fat, lazy baobabs—looked more monstrous than ever. We called our guide and conferred on him the munificent sum of sixteen and one-half cents; with which, apparently much pleased, he departed. Then slowly we wandered back to the hotel.

Noblesse

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

MARGARET LEE encountered in her late middle age the rather singular strait of being entirely alone in the world. She was unmarried, and as far as relatives were concerned, she had none, except those connected with her by ties not of blood but by marriage.

Margaret had not married when her flesh had been comparative; later, when it had become superlative, she had no opportunities to marry. Life would have been hard enough for Margaret under any circumstances, but it was especially hard, living as she did with her father's stepdaughter and that daughter's husband.

Margaret's stepmother had been a child in spite of her two marriages, and a very silly, although pretty, child. The daughter, Camille, was like her, although not so pretty, and the man whom Camille had married was what Margaret had been taught to regard as "common." His business pursuits were irregular and partook of mystery. He always smoked cigarettes and chewed gum. He wore loud shirts, and a diamond scarf-pin which had upon him the appearance of stolen goods. The gem had belonged to Margaret's own mother, but when Camille expressed a desire to present it to Jack Desmond, Margaret had yielded with no outward hesitation, but afterward she wept miserably over its loss when alone in her room. The spirit had gone out of Margaret, the little which she had possessed. She had always been a gentle, sensitive creature, and was almost helpless before the wishes of others.

After all, it had been a long time since Margaret had been able to force the ring even upon her little finger, but she had derived a small pleasure from the reflection that she owned it in its faded velvet box, hidden under laces in her top bureau drawer. She did not like to see it blazing forth from the tie of this very ordinary young man who had married Camille. Margaret had a gentle, high-bred contempt for Jack Desmond, but at the same time a vague fear of him. Jack had a measure of unscrupulous business shrewdness, which spared nothing and nobody, and that in spite of the fact that he had not succeeded.

Margaret owned the old Lee place, which had been magnificent, but of late years the expenditures had been reduced, and it had deteriorated. The conservatories had been closed. There was only one horse in the stable. Jack had bought him. He was a worn-out trotter with legs carefully bandaged. Jack drove him at reckless speed, not considering those slender, braceleted legs. Jack had a racing-gig, and when in it, with striped coat, cap on one side, cigarette in mouth, lines held taut, skimming along the roads in clouds of dust, he thought himself the man and true sportsman, which he was not. Some of the old Lee silver had paid for that waning trotter.

Camille adored Jack, and cared for no associations, no society, for which he was not suited. Before the trotter was bought, she told Margaret that the kind of dinners which she was able to give in Fairhill were awfully slow. "If we could afford to have some men out from the city, some nice fellers that Jack knows, it would be worth while," said she, "but we have grown so hard up we can't do a thing to make it worth their while. Those men haven't got any use for a back-number old place like this. We can't take them round in autos, nor give them a chance at cards, for Jack couldn't pay if he lost, and Jack is awful honorable. We can't have the right kind of folks here for any fun. I don't propose to ask the rector and his wife, and old Mr. Harvey, or people like the Leaches."

"The Leaches are a very good old family," said Margaret, feebly.

"I don't care for good old families when they are so slow," retorted Camille.

"The fellers we could have here if we were rich enough, come from fine families, but they are up-to-date. It's no use hanging onto old silver dishes we never use, and that I don't intend to spoil my hands shining. Poor Jack don't have much fun, anyway. If he wants that trotter—he says it's going dirt cheap—I think it's mean he can't have it, instead of your hanging onto a lot of out-of-style old silver; so there."

Two generations ago there had been French blood in Camille's family. She put on her clothes beautifully; she had a dark, rather fine-featured, alert little face, which gave a wrong impression, for she was essentially vulgar. Sometimes poor Margaret Lee wished that Camille had been definitely vicious, if only she might be possessed of more of the characteristics of breeding. Camille so irritated Margaret in those somewhat abstruse traits called sensibilities that she felt as if she were living with a sort of spiritual nutmeg-grater. Seldom did Camille speak that she did not jar Margaret, although unconsciously. Camille meant to be kind to the stout woman, whom she pitied as far as she was capable of pitying without understanding. She realized that it must be horrible to be no longer young, and so stout that one was fairly monstrous, but how horrible she could not with her mentality conceive. Jack also meant to be kind. He was not of the brutal — that is, intentionally brutal—type, but he had a shrewd eye to the betterment of himself, and no realization of the torture he inflicted upon those who opposed that betterment.

For a long time matters had been worse than usual financially in the Lee house. The sisters had been left in charge of the sadly dwindled estate, and had depended upon the judgment, or lack of judgment, of Jack. He approved of taking your chances and striking for larger income. The few good old grandfather securities had been sold, and wild ones from the very jungle of commerce had been substituted. Jack, like most of his type, while shrewd, was as credulous as a child. He lied himself, and expected all men to tell him the truth. Camille at his bidding mortgaged the old place, and Margaret dared not oppose. Taxes were not paid; interest was not paid; credit was exhausted. Then the house was put up at public auction, and brought little more than sufficient to pay the creditors. Jack took the balance and staked it in a few games of chance, and of course lost. The weary trotter stumbled one day and had to be shot. Jack became desperate. He frightened Camille. He was suddenly morose. He bade Camille pack, and Margaret also, and they obeyed. Camille stowed away her crumpled finery in the bulging old trunks, and Margaret folded daintily her few remnants of past treasures. She had an old silk gown or two, which resisted with their rich honesty the inroads of time, and a few pieces of old lace, which Camille understood no better than she understood their owner.

Then Margaret and the Desmonds went to the city, and lived in a horrible, tawdry little flat in a tawdry locality. Jack roared with bitter mirth when he saw poor Margaret forced to enter her tiny room sidewise; Camille laughed also, although she chided Jack gently. "Mean of you to make fun of poor Margaret, Jacky dear," she said.

For a few weeks Margaret's life in that flat was horrible; then it became still worse. Margaret nearly filled with her weary, ridiculous bulk her little room, and she remained there most of her time, although it was sunny and noisy, its one window giving on a courtyard strung with clothes-lines and teeming with boisterous life. Camille and Jack went trolley-riding, and made shift to entertain a little, merry but questionable people, who gave them passes to vaudeville, and entertained in their turn until the small hours. Unquestionably these people suggested to Jack Desmond the scheme which spelled tragedy to Margaret.

She always remembered one little dark man with keen eyes who had seen her disappearing through her door of a Sunday night when all these gay, bedraggled birds were at liberty and the fun ran high. "Great Scott!" the man had said, and Margaret had heard him demand of Jack that she be recalled. She obeyed, and the man was introduced, also the other members of the party. Margaret Lee stood in the midst of this throng and heard their repressed titters

of mirth at her appearance. Everybody there was in good humor with the exception of Jack, who was still nursing his bad luck, and the little dark man, whom Jack owed. The eyes of Jack and the little dark man made Margaret cold with a terror of something, she knew not what. Before that terror the shame and mortification of her exhibition to that merry company was of no import.

She stood among them, silent, immense, clad in her dark purple silk gown spread over a great hoop-skirt. A real lace collar lay softly over her enormous, billowing shoulders; real lace ruffles lay over her great, shapeless hands. Her face, the delicacy of whose features was veiled with flesh, flushed and paled. Not even flesh could subdue the sad brilliancy of her dark-blue eyes, fixed inward upon her own sad state, unregardful of the company. She made an indefinite murmur of response to the salutations given her, and then retreated. She heard the roar of laughter after she had squeezed through the door of her room. Then she heard eager conversation, of which she did not catch the real import, but which terrified her with chance expressions. She was quite sure that she was the subject of that eager discussion. She was quite sure that it boded her no good.

In a few days she knew the worst; and the worst was beyond her utmost imaginings. This was before the days of moving-picture shows; it was the day of humiliating spectacles of deformities, when inventions of amusements for the people had not progressed. It was the day of exhibitions of sad freaks of nature, calculated to provoke tears rather than laughter in the healthy-minded, and poor Margaret Lee was a chosen victim. Camille informed her in a few words of her fate. Camille was sorry for her, although not in the least understanding why she was sorry. She realized dimly that Margaret would be distressed, but she was unable from her narrow point of view to comprehend fully the whole tragedy.

"Jack has gone broke," stated Camille. "He owes Bill Stark a pile, and he can't pay a cent of it; and Jack's sense of honor about a poker debt is about the biggest thing in his character. Jack has got to pay. And Bill has a little circus, going to travel all summer, and he's offered big money for you. Jack can pay Bill what he owes him, and we'll have enough to live on, and have lots of fun going around. You hadn't ought to make a fuss about it."

Margaret, pale as death, stared at the girl, pertly slim, and common and pretty, who stared back laughingly, although still with the glimmer of uncomprehending pity in her black eyes.

"What does—he—want me—for?" gasped Margaret.

"For a show, because you are so big," replied Camille. "You will make us all rich, Margaret. Ain't it nice?"

Then Camille screamed, the shrill, raucous scream of the women of her type, for Margaret had fallen back in a dead faint, her immense bulk inert in her chair. Jack came running in alarm. Margaret had suddenly gained value in his shrewd eyes. He was as pale as she.

Finally Margaret raised her head, opened her miserable eyes, and regained her consciousness of herself and what lay before her. There was no course open but submission. She knew that from the first. All three faced destitution; she was the one financial asset, she and her poor flesh. She had to face it, and with what dignity she could muster.

Margaret had great piety. She kept constantly before her mental vision the fact in which she believed, that the world which she found so hard, and which put her to unspeakable torture, was not all. A week elapsed before the wretched little show of which she was to be a member went on the road, and night after night she prayed. She besieged her God for strength. She never prayed for respite. Her realization of the situation and her lofty resolution prevented that. The awful, ridiculous combat was before her; there was no evasion; she prayed only for the strength which leads to victory.

However, when the time came, it was all worse than she had imagined. How could a woman gently born and bred conceive of the horrible ignominy of such a life? She was dragged hither and yon, to this and that little town. She traveled through sweltering heat on jolting trains; she slept in tents; she lived—

she, Margaret Lee—on terms of equality with the common and the vulgar. Daily her absurd unwieldiness was exhibited to crowds screaming with laughter. Even her faith wavered. It seemed to her that there was nothing forevermore beyond those staring, jeering faces of silly mirth and delight at sight of her, seated in two chairs, clad in a pink spangled dress, her vast shoulders bare and sparkling with a tawdry necklace, her great, bare arms covered with brass bracelets, her hands incased in short, white kid gloves, over the fingers of which she wore a number of rings—stage properties.

Margaret became a horror to herself. At times it seemed to her that she was in the way of fairly losing her own identity. It mattered little that Camille and Jack were very kind to her, that they showed her the nice things which her terrible earnings had enabled them to have. She sat in her two chairs—the two chairs proved a most successful advertisement—with her two kid-cushiony hands clenched in her pink spangled lap, and she suffered agony of soul, which made her inner self stern and terrible, behind that great pink mask of face. And nobody realized until one sultry day when the show opened at a village in a pocket of green hills—indeed, its name was Greenhill—and Sydney Lord went to see it.

Margaret, who had schooled herself to look upon her audience as if they were not, suddenly comprehended among them another soul who understood her own. She met the eyes of the man, and a wonderful comfort, as of a cool breeze blowing over the face of clear water, came to her. She knew that the man understood. She knew that she had his fullest sympathy. She saw also a comrade in the toils of comic tragedy, for Sydney Lord was in the same case. He was a mountain of flesh. As a matter of fact, had he not been known in Greenhill and respected as a man of weight of character as well as of body, and of an old family, he would have rivaled Margaret. Beside him sat an elderly woman, sweet-faced, slightly bent as to her slender shoulders, as if with a chronic attitude of submission. She was Sydney's widowed sister, Ellen Waters. She lived with her brother and kept his house, and had no will other than his.

Sydney Lord and his sister remained when the rest of the audience had drifted out, after the privileged hand-shakes with the queen of the show. Every time a coarse, rustic hand reached familiarly after Margaret's, Sydney shrank.

He motioned his sister to remain seated when he approached the stage. Jack Desmond, who had been exploiting Margaret, gazed at him with admiring curiosity. Sydney waved him away with a commanding gesture. "I wish to speak to her a moment; pray leave the tent," he said, and Jack obeyed. People always obeyed Sydney Lord.

Sydney stood before Margaret, and he saw the clear crystal, which was herself, within all the flesh, clad in tawdry raiment, and she knew that he saw it.

"Good God," said Sydney, "you are a lady."

He continued to gaze at her, and his eyes, large and brown, became blurred; at the same time his mouth tightened.

"How came you to be in such a place as this?" demanded Sydney. He spoke almost as if he were angry with her.

Margaret explained briefly.

"It is an outrage," declared Sydney. He said it, however, rather absently. He was reflecting. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"Here."

"You mean—?"

"They make up a bed for me here, after the people have gone."

"And I suppose you had—before this—a comfortable house."

"The house which my grandfather Lee owned, the old Lee mansion-house, before we went to the city. It was a very fine old Colonial house," explained Margaret, in her finely modulated voice.

"And you had a good room?"

"The southeast chamber had always been mine. It was very large, and the furniture was old Spanish mahogany."

"And now—" said Sydney.

"Yes," said Margaret. She looked at him, and her serious blue eyes seemed to see past him. "It will not last," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I try to learn a lesson. I am a child in the school of God. My lesson is one that always ends in peace."

"Good God!" said Sydney.

He motioned to his sister, and Ellen approached in a frightened fashion. Her brother could do no wrong, but this was the unusual, and alarmed her.

"This lady," began Sydney.

"Miss Lee," said Margaret. "I was never married. I am Miss Margaret Lee."

"This," said Sydney, "is my sister Ellen, Mrs. Waters. Ellen, I wish you to meet Miss Lee."

Ellen took into her own Margaret's hand, and said feebly that it was a beautiful day, and she hoped Miss Lee found Greenhill a pleasant place to—visit.

Sydney moved slowly out of the tent, and found Jack Desmond. He was standing near with Camille, who looked her best in a pale-blue summer silk, and a black hat trimmed with roses. Jack and Camille never really knew how the great man had managed, but presently Margaret had gone away with him and his sister.

Jack and Camille looked at each other.

"Oh, Jack, ought you to have let her go?" said Camille.

"What made you let her go?" asked Jack.

"I—don't know. I couldn't say anything. That man has a tremendous way with him. Goodness!"

"He is all right here in the place, anyhow," said Jack. "They look up to him. He is a big-bug here, comes of a family like Margaret's, though he hasn't got much money. Some chaps were braggin' that they had a bigger show than her right here, and I found out."

"Suppose," said Camille, "Margaret does not come back?"

"He could not keep her without bein' arrested," declared Jack, but he looked uneasy. He had, however, looked uneasy for some time. The fact was, Margaret had been very gradually losing weight. Moreover, she was not well. That very night, after the show was over, Bill Stark, the little dark man, had a talk with the Desmonds about it.

"Truth is, before long, if you don't look out, you'll have to pad her," said Bill; "and giants don't amount to a row of pins after that begins."

Camille looked worried and sulky. "She ain't very well, anyhow," said she. "I ain't going to kill Margaret."

"It's a good thing she's got a chance to have a night's rest in a house," said Bill Stark.

"The fat man has asked her to stay with him and his sister, while the show is here," said Jack.

"The sister invited her," said Camille, with a little stiffness. She was common, but she had lived with Lees, and her mother had married a Lee. She knew what was due Margaret, and also due herself.

"The truth is," said Camille, "this is an awful sort of life for a woman like Margaret. She and her folks were never used to anything like it."

"Why didn't you make your beauty husband hustle and take care of her and you, then?" demanded Bill, who admired Camille, and disliked her because she had no eyes for him.

"My husband has been unfortunate. He has done the best he could," responded Camille. "Come, Jack; no use talking about it any longer. Guess Margaret will pick up. Come along. I'm tired out."

That night Margaret Lee slept in a sweet chamber with muslin curtains at the windows, in a massive old mahogany bed, much like hers which had been sacrificed at an auction sale. The bed-linen was linen, and smelled of lavender. Margaret was too happy to sleep. She lay in the cool, fragrant sheets and was happy, and convinced of the presence of the God to whom she had prayed. All night Sydney Lord sat down-stairs in his book-walled sanctum and studied over the situation. It was a crucial one. The great psychological moment of Sydney Lord's life for knight-errantry had arrived. He studied the thing from every point of view. There was no romance about it. These were hard, sordid, tragic, ludicrous facts with which he had to deal. He knew to a nicety the agonies which Margaret suffered. He knew, because of his own capacity for sufferings of like stress. "And she is a woman and a lady," he said, aloud.

If Sydney had been rich enough, the matter would have been simple. He could have paid Jack and Camille enough to quiet them, and Margaret could have lived with him and his sister and their

two old servants. But he was not rich; he was even poor. The price to be paid for Margaret's liberty was a bitter one, but it was that or nothing. Sydney faced it. He looked about the room. To him the walls lined with the dull gleams of old books were lovely. There was an oil portrait of his mother over the mantel-shelf. The weather was warm now, and there was no need for a hearth fire, but how exquisitely home-like and dear that room could be when the snow drove outside and there was the leap of flame on the hearth! Sydney was a scholar and a gentleman. He had led a gentle and sequestered life. Here in his native village there were none to gibe and sneer. The contrast of the traveling show would be as great for him as it had been for Margaret, but he was the male of the species, and she the female. Chivalry, racial, harking back to the beginning of nobility in the human, to its earliest dawn, fired Sydney. The pale daylight invaded the study. Sydney, as truly as any knight of old, had girded himself, and with no hope, no thought of reward, for the battle in the eternal service of the strong for the weak, which makes the true worth of the strong.

There was only one way. Sydney Lord took it. His sister was spared the knowledge of the truth for a long while. When she knew, she did not lament; since Sydney had taken the course, it must be right. As for Margaret, not knowing the truth, she yielded. She was really on the verge of illness. Her spirit was of too fine a strain to enable her body to endure long. When she was told that she was to remain with Sydney's sister while Sydney went away on business, she made no objection. A wonderful sense of relief, as of wings of healing being spread under her despair, was upon her. Camille came to bid her good-by.

"I hope you have a nice visit in this lovely house," said Camille, and kissed her. Camille was astute, and to be trusted. She did not betray Sydney's confidence. Sydney used a disguise—a dark wig over his partially bald head and a little make-up — and he traveled about with the show and sat on three chairs, and shook hands with the gaping crowd, and was curiously happy. It was discomfort; it was ignominy; it was maddening to support by the exhibition of his physical deformity a perfectly worthless young couple like Jack and Camille Desmond, but it was all superbly ennobling for the man himself.

Always as he sat on his three chairs, immense, grotesque—the more grotesque for his splendid dignity of bearing—there was in his soul of a gallant gentleman the consciousness of that other, whom he was shielding from a similar ordeal. Compassion and generosity, so great that they comprehended love itself and excelled its highest type, irradiated the whole being of the fat man exposed to the gaze of his inferiors. Chivalry, which rendered him almost godlike, strengthened him for his task. Sydney thought always of Margaret as distinct from her physical self, a sort of crystalline, angelic soul, with no encumbrance of earth. He achieved a purely spiritual conception of her. And Margaret, living again her gentle lady life, was likewise ennobled by a gratitude which transformed her. Always a clear and beautiful soul, she gave out new lights of character like a jewel in the sun. And she also thought of Sydney as distinct from his physical self. The consciousness of the two human beings, one of the other, was a consciousness as of two wonderful lines of good and beauty, moving forever parallel, separate, and inseparable in an eternal harmony of spirit.

Old-fashioned Children

BY E. S. MARTIN

CHILDREN are one of the oldest fashions there are. There is an impression that they have changed considerably, but I suspect that much of it would crumble under penetrating examination. The particular children that chalk-mark the posts of our brownstone steps and the outer wall of the basement do not strike me as being newfangled. I didn't chalk-mark anybody's brownstone front steps when I was five or seven. Why? There were none convenient for that purpose. But my mother's copy of Cruden's *Concordance,* bound in calf, still bears the pin scratches with which I embellished its smooth side surfaces. I think I got the slipper for that, just as a reminder that it was an impolitic act. I can't remember the slipper, but something fixed the impolicy of those pin-scratches in my mind, and I suppose it was the slipper.

That was very much the same sort of childish achievement as chalk-marking our front steps; a little more wanton and should-have-known-betterish because the chalk marks came off and the scratches didn't, but plenty like enough to keep a contemporary grown-up person related to the chalk-mark children. We are of the same family. My household acquired a puppy awhile ago, the first in a long time. I have noticed that he also belongs to this large family of childhood. I guess all children are old-fashioned. I guess they are the true conservatives that keep the race from being improved off the earth. I guess if you dig down a little into any child you will find much the same deposits—pirate gold, marbles, dolls, weapons, chalk, and all such tribal treasures as made Coventry Patmore weep to find them in his son. They are all old-fashioned. It is we who are the innovators, we adults. It is we who want to change everything, standardize everything, reform, embellish, mechanicalize, and upset everything; and it is they, the children, who are forever fetching us back to individuality, nature, and tradition, and calling halts on newfangled experiment. Given a fair opportunity, a twentieth-century child, called by telephone to be born by electric light, with gasoline in his nose, will make mud-pies and play nurse or soldier, or gather angleworms for bait, just as naturally and zealously as though America was not yet discovered and he was his own ancestor on the shores of Shannon, Tweed, Elbe, or Danube, playing in the mud.

Yes; it is they who will save us from over-improvement, our old-fashioned



LEARNING THEIR STEPS

children, who come bringing in their little fists the instincts and characteristics of the centuries behind them. We who have lived forty, fifty, seventy years of modern life, and seen its happenings, read its newspapers, and exulted in its improvements, have had its impression stamped upon us. We are modernized, of course, and have to make the best of it, and think the thoughts that it belongs to our experience to entertain. But infancy has no such handicap; it is our grandparents and their grandparents come back to earth, with a fresh endowment of the slow-growing instincts of race and the great impulses of nature. No wonder new babies look so old. They ought to. They represent all the past. The achievement ahead of them is not the attainment of age, but of youth; to be modernized and brought "up to date," and taught to face the future.



THE DANCING-MASTER

To me, now, that is a comforting thought. With most of the visible world as fresh as paint—forty-story buildings, asphalted streets with automobiles whizzing over them, aeroplanes in the sky, electric lights, telephones, typewriters, wireless, subways, votes for women, and all the novelties — it is consoling to remember that in infancy at least there is something rooted back in time; that childhood is our greatest tie with the past; and that perhaps, if there continue to be enough of these admirable, congenital conservatives born to us, the processes of our improvement may be so much retarded that our rotting may at least respectfully await our ripening, and not precede it. I hear that mothering, which lately threatened to be improved off the earth, is in course of getting a new trial. Babies, a spell ago, especially brand-new ones, were all to be strictly trained-nursed; not cuddled, nor handled, nor talked to, nor taken up, nor consoled when cross, but fed, washed, put back in a crib, and let alone. Mothers were bad for them —unsanitary, the experts said — and should not meddle. That sounds awfully sensible, and of course there is truth in it. Doubtless there are many mothers who are all but, or quite, fatal to babies. But the conservatism of the babies seems to have beaten the experts part of the way. It seems they expected to be mothered, and, on the whole, did not thrive as well on complete theory as on theory modified by immemorial practice. So I hear that a closer association of young babies with their mothers is now permitted, and a gain to sentiment has been achieved with the consent of the faculty.

A learned lady, active in the suffrage cause, described her labors as an effort to "bust up the home." She felt, apparently, that the home and its traditions cramped the activities of women, and that if women could once fetch generally loose from the home, more of them might achieve distinguished and impor-



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

OLD-TIME GAMES

tant careers. Having herself given her youth to scholarship and her early maturity to teaching, and blessed in her later years with one male scion of a late marriage, she yearned, apparently, to confer the advantages which she had enjoyed upon her less fortunate sisters.

Things, on the face of them, seem to be going her way. Compulsory education contrives that every child shall go to school, and the schools, hereabouts at least, are attentively parental. They have an eye to the children's teeth, to their ears, eyes, tonsils and adenoids, and diet, as well as to their instruction in all the desirable branches. They teach them everything except to say their prayers, an old-fashioned exercise connected with mothers and bedtime. It seems as if, with the schools doing so much, the children might run in the streets out of school-hours, and sleep in bunks in lodging-houses or public dormitories, and leave all the mothers to their careers the same as the fathers. No doubt it might be so if it were not for the indomitable, ineradicable conservatism of childhood. It seems that children must have homes. All the social-service sharps agree about that. They all admit that even a halfway decent home with imperfect parents and deficient plumbing beats the best institution with no matter how much hot and cold water and sanitation and germless food. Institutions nowadays are only maintained for the benefit of the children whose homes are intolerable or non-existent, and these institutions progressive managers practise to break up into fractions, separately housed, which shall be as much like homes as possible.

That is a great triumph for our old-fashioned children. It helps one to hope that the whole of life as we have known it will not pass away; that it will be bettered without being annihilated; that those advanced socialists who would have everybody's children gathered in public nurseries and raised all alike by the State according to law will not live to see the defects of that apparition demonstrated by any general experiment.

Not but what the world does improve, and is in a great many particulars a better place for our children than it was for our parents and our grandparents when they came here to live. If the doctors have backed down a little in favor of mothering, there is an army of benefits which they have conferred upon childhood which no one in his senses would have withdrawn. Let us take off our hats to the doctors. If the specialists have the defects of their specialization, we must bear with them, for we could not spare them. What the doctors do for children, to save them alive and rescue them from blindness, deafness, toothlessness, stupidity, and miscellaneous disease is, of all their good works, what counts the most. To keep us a few years longer in the world when we have ceased to be good for much does not seem to be economically profitable, but to give a good start to a child, with all of life before him, is worth while. Bless then and praise the skill that sends children forth sound

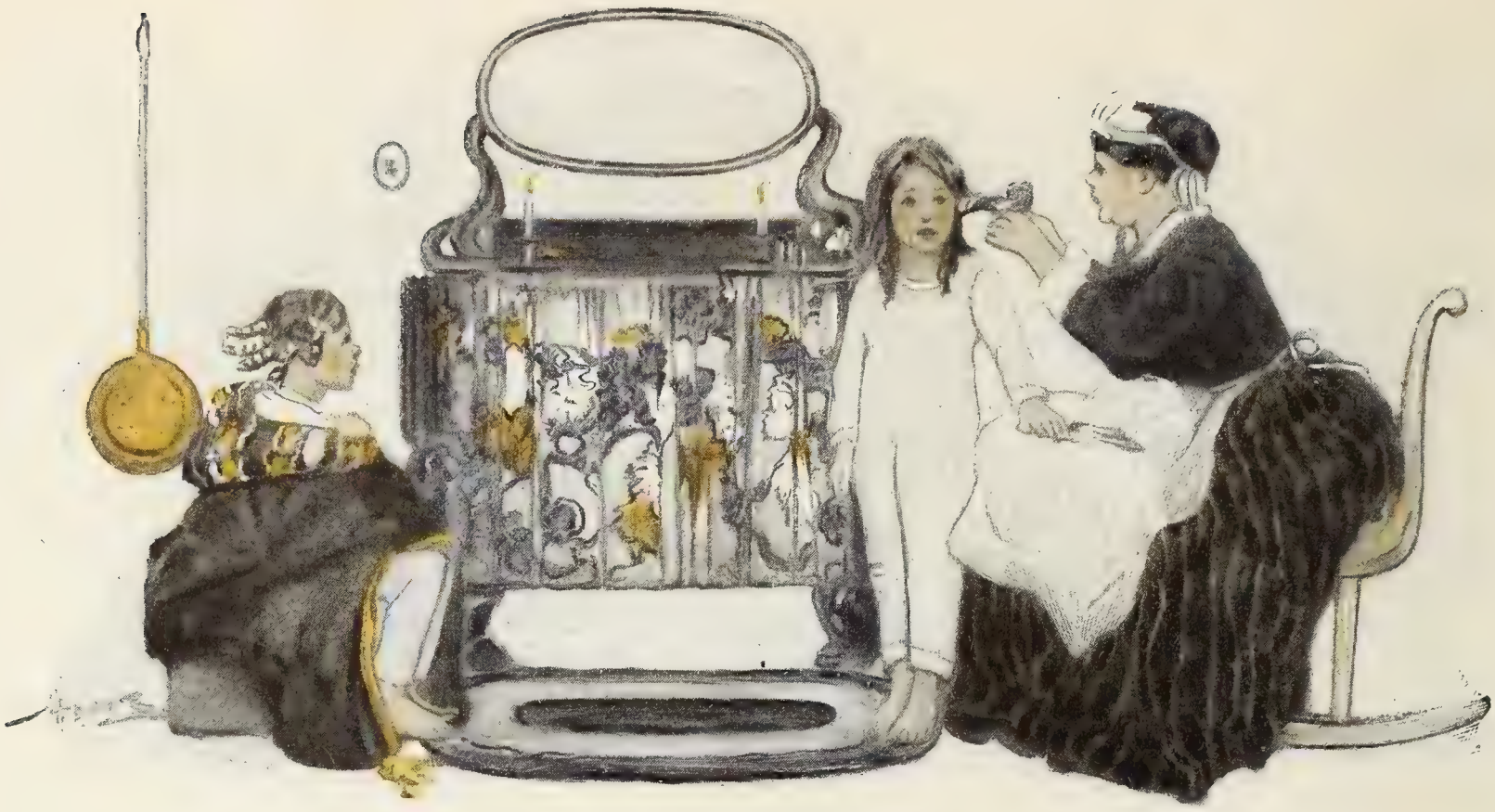


OUT FOR AN AIRING—TWO GENERATIONS AGO



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts Half-tone plate engraved by F A Pettit

INDUSTRIOUSLY ENGAGED UPON A SAMPLER



BEDTIME PREPARATIONS

instead of crippled. Yet all the modernizing a contemporary child can get at the doctor's office aims at nothing more, and achieves nothing more in its best success, than to make it normal. And a normal child is old-fashioned, for what else does normal mean? Honor, then, the doctors as earnest workers to maintain in their primitive excellence the old styles in human beings, and to keep the population of the earth from being devoured by machinery, or transmogrified by the speed and stress of a generation that would have the venerable sun turn two laps a day.

I take it that the old-fashioned children of our ideals are of the family of Miss Maria Edgeworth, whose *Parent's Assistant* and *Popular Tales* are still taken down from the shelf by judicious readers. Miss Edgeworth was a good writer, who wrote about real life and real people as she saw them, and whose children are real children and always will be. What is changed since her edifying tales were new is the grown-up people and the machinery of life. Parents were parents in Miss Edgeworth's time, but since then, it is true, the fashion has changed a good deal for them. Parents are much less conservative than children, much more open to reason, much more moved by what people say, and what they see and read in the paper. They have had experience of contemporary life, and show its effects. Their responsibilities have been lightened, their authority has been diminished, their privileges have been curtailed, they have been called down off the pedestal of the Fifth Commandment, and threatened with the stocks if they do not look sharp. Law has not, to be sure, gone far to compel them to do their duty, but government has steadily pressed in to assume such duties as they neglected. Children in Miss Edgeworth's time were a lawful and usual source of revenue to parents who needed it; but now, what with child-labor laws and compulsory education, and the considerable diversion of authority to unmarried women, they have been advanced to be the luxury of the poor and the indulgence of the better-off, and parents have lessened in apparent importance.

But that they are really less important than they were is not so certain. The parental office has shed some of its majesty and lost some of its authority; but even in Miss Edgeworth's day of defined social classifications and of church catechisms and betters and inferiors, what counted most in parents was doubtless personality, and, where there is personality, that counts still.

I guess that is always going to count, so long as there is any left. It is an old-fashioned property. Every possible arrangement seems to be making to run



EMBARKED FOR THE NIGHT

the world without it. We look to the public schools to shape the public character, and of course they do much; we think of the private schools and the colleges as molds out of which we are to get back our human material run into a suitable and serviceable shape. But back of all that apparatus, and underneath it, is the personality of parents; and if that is mush, it will hardly befall that the public schools or the private schools or the colleges shall have pride in their products.

The old-fashioned children had parents and not much else. If parents failed them, it was a scramble to supply the lack. The contemporary children seem to be in a better case, since the taxpayer has been taught to eke out the parental shortcomings or inabilities.

That is all right. Who would have it otherwise? It seems necessary.

But machinery will not make people. The people who are valuable to-day in this world owe most of their value to the personality of their parents. The people who are going to be valuable in the next generation will owe most of their value to the same source. The things we sweat and yell and vote about, as though national and individual salvation depended on them, are bagatelles compared with parental personality and character in their effects on the future. It is people that count, not statutes. It is the blood that makes the laws, not the laws the blood.

And so, praise God that children are born old-fashioned and responsive to reality rather than to theory. These children in the pictures have on their best clothes except when they have on night-clothes. That is very proper, since their pictures were to be taken. The fashion of having best clothes for children has held out pretty well, and though in current time the kodaks catch them in every variety of garb, they are still dressed up for more formal portraitures, and look about like these Miss Edgeworth children, except that skirts are scantier now, and pantalets, which take up space, are no longer the mode. There are still dancing-masters, and some of them can fiddle, and they still teach children their steps and exercise them in formal manners. Nowadays, I suppose, they have to warn them against the indecorous turkey-trot, which may not have been necessary in Miss Edgeworth's day and seems ineffectual in ours.



THE LAST LIGHT

The game of graces has not a strong vogue in our time. Croquet hit it pretty hard about fifty years ago, and lawn-tennis came along later and jolted it still further. But I suppose the big toy-shops still carry grace sticks and hoops; and as to plain hoops to drive with a stick, they are immortal properties like skipping-ropes and marbles.

In spite of everything — the telephone, the typewriter, the low rate of postage which encourages correspondence, and the great abundance and cheapness of newspapers and other reading — girls still embroider and otherwise employ their fingers with needles and threads. It seems unmanly of them, and the unmanly occupations have nowadays, perhaps, a rather more difficult approach to women's favor than they had; but still, needles and thread, silks, wools, knitting-needles, crochet-needles, and patterns seem to call to the girls. Samplers have gone out, but the skill that made them, and the propensity to use it, abide a little. Women and girls knit and sew; boys learn to smoke. There is some increase of the tobacco disposition among American women just now, and if it should go far enough hand-knitting might disappear, and the factories get the rest of all those needle-and-thread industries of which already they have by so much the greater part. But I doubt that smoking will go very far among American women. It is an indulgence of polite society in Europe, and we have no great supply as yet of society that is polite in just that way, and in which the women and the men have leisure to be so constantly together that the cigarette-case naturally

passes from one to the other. For my part I never could find any convincing reason why women should not smoke, so long as men do, nor yet any convincing reason why they should not vote, so long as men do. I have seen admirable ladies smoke cigarettes in company, and "carry it off" so successfully that it seemed entirely natural. I suppose there are admirable ladies who vote, and many more who will vote, just as successfully and naturally. But as to both these accomplishments, it is easier to admit that women can acquire them than to be sure that they belong to women to acquire. One does not so much have opinions on these matters as "hunches."

Not by a great deal are all the old-fashioned things admirable, but by no means are they all inferior and out of date because they are old-fashioned. The best of them we may strain all our modern resources to equal, and not do it. The best products of old-fashioned training and education are still models for contemporary seminaries. As far back as we can reach into the history of mankind we find great people, easily the equals, and often the superiors, of our very best in mental and moral qualities. Our good luck is not that we are superior to them in our human material, but that we have at our service an immensely greater accumulation of knowledge, mostly about material things. Thanks to that, we understand the laws of nature much better than our fathers did, and that has helped us to make wonderful machines, and put them to doing, after their fashion, what used to be done by fingers, brains, and brawn. But spiritually we got our highest inspiration two thousand years ago, and have been trying ever since to reach up to it; and mentally, though we use better tools, we are no better, surely, than Pythagoras or Aristotle or the author of the Book of Job and hundreds of thinkers who must have long preceded any of them.

So much everybody knows and most people concede. Where we think our world is ahead of our forefathers' world is in average intelligence. We think the level of human development is much higher than it ever was on any very great scale before. I guess it is. I hope it is. Certainly in most callings there are more competent experts in the world, more doctors fit to trust with lives, more architects fit to build, more qualified engineers, and better dentists and possibly more enlightened plumbers, than there were even in the last generation. The great "stunt," so to speak, of this generation is the diffusion of valuables; more to them who had much before, and a good deal to those who had little. The great mass of people we see are better dressed than they were forty years ago; are better housed, better washed, better lighted, as well as better fed, and read more and have more to read and can get more fairly good reading if they choose. The diffusion of commodities is a great work that helps civilization, and with the help of unlimited machinery it is proceeding finely. And one may doubt if opportunity is as much straitened as it is said to be before elections; but if it is, there is no lack of disposition to loosen it up. So diffusion is proceeding pretty well.

The vice that accompanies these benefits is the vice of hurry, that produces for the market of the moment what will not stand the test of time and use. Production for the million has not reached its present proportions without some losses to life. A great deal of the art has gone out of artisanship. What the machines produce by the thousand gross is not often equal in quality to what brains and fingers and time produced by the piece. A part even of what we call literature is sawed out for the market at top speed out of ill-seasoned material, shrinks in the first using, and is back in the paper-mill without ever resting on a shelf. Of course, that is bad. Life is considerably more acceptable if one has time to get the taste of it. Too much of contemporary life has to be bolted, and too much of contemporary success looks like a success of sprinters. It is the case in too many callings that if you don't succeed you never get a chance to stand up, and if you do succeed you never get a chance to sit down.

Personal gumption, however, avails still to deal with these vexations. As a whole, the members of our generation like the times, think there never were times as good, and rejoice that they were

born into the accelerated current of present life, and not sooner. We must hope, and may expect, that the defects of our period will be corrected. If the ink fades in which our records are set down, if our chemicalized paper crumbles, if bad, quick-acting dyes rot the leather off our books, if our furniture presently drops apart, and wire nails rust and fail to hold the shingles on our roofs, these evils and all like them will be corrected whenever it pays to correct them. When production is so rapid and enormous, of course there will be waste, and if a large proportion of what is produced goes rather precipitately to the junk-heap, it still serves a turn, and goes doubtless where it belongs. If we are not making our things as good as we should, that is a transitory condition which will be cured in due time in so far as it must be. But if we are not turning out durable people, strong, faithful, well up to the standards of older times, that is a far more serious matter. For furniture and books and shingles and even plumbers' pipes can be replaced when they give out, but when the quality of a nation's people begins to fail there must be a swift revision of processes or there will be the kind of issue of which the most of history is the record.

And so it is to be thankful that while cheap furniture and modern rugs and rubber tires and wire nails do not nowadays inherit from anything, nor represent any venerable tradition of faithful performance, the children of every generation reach much further back and to valid and influential derivations. Behind them, behind our children, is all that is best in human life, the noble army of the saints and the martyrs, the gallant loyalty of cavaliers, the grim idealism of Puritans, the grit and the prevision of the fathers of the republic, the enduring courage of the pioneers, the noble rages of all the men who fought the Civil War. It is they, our old-fashioned children, who are our tie with the past and all its people, and it is because they are our tie with a past worth tying to that they are also our hope for the future. Let us not modernize them too fast or overmuch, nor strain the virility of their root by too much zeal for current blossoms. It takes ages to make a man; birth is but an incident, the whole of childhood but the merest interval in that process.

Transients

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THEY are ashamed to leave so soon
  The Inn of Grief—who thought to stay
Through many a faithful sun and moon,
  Yet tarry but a day!

Shamefaced I watch them pay the score,
  Then straight with eager footsteps press
Where waits beyond its rose-wreathed door
  The Inn of Happiness.

I wish I did not know that here,
  Here too—where they have dreamed to stay
So many and many a golden year—
  They lodge but for a day.

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH FELLOWES GOES A JOURNEY

KRUGER'S ultimatum, expected though it was, shook England as nothing had done since the Indian mutiny, but the tremor of national excitement presently gave way to a quiet, deep determination.

An almost Oriental luxury had gone far to weaken the fibre of that strong and opulent middle class who had been the backbone of England, the entrenched Philistines. The value of birth as a moral asset which had a national duty and a national influence, and the value of money which had a social responsibility and a communal use, was unrealized by the many *nouveaux riches* who frequented the fashionable purlieus; who gave vast parties where display and extravagance were the principal feature; who ostentatiously offered large sums to public objects. Men who had made their money where copper or gold or oil or wool or silver or cattle or railways made commercial kings, supported the schemes for the public welfare brought them by fine ladies, largely because the ladies were fine; and they gave substantial sums —upon terms—for these fine ladies' fine causes. Rich men, or reputed rich men, whose wives never appeared, who were kept in secluded quarters in Bloomsbury or Maida Vale, where they and their husbands properly belonged, gave dinners at the Savoy or the Carlton where the scrapings of the aristocracy appeared, but these gave no dinners in return.

To get money to do things, no matter how,—or little matter how; to be in the swim, and that swim all too rapidly washing out the real people—that was the almost universal ambition. But still the real people, however few or many, in the time of trouble came quietly into the necessary and appointed places with the automatic precision of the disciplined friend of the state and of humanity; and behind them were folk of the humbler sort, the lower middle class, the laboring-man. Of these were the land-poor peer, with his sense of responsibility cultivated by daily life and duty in his county, on the one hand; the professional man of all professions, the little merchant, the sailor, the clerk and artisan, the digger and delver, on the other; and, in between, those people in the shires who had not yet come to be material and gross, who had old-fashioned ideas of the duty of the citizen and the Christian. In the day of darkness these came and laid what they had at the foot of the altar of sacrifice.

This at least the war did: it served as a sieve to sift the people, and it served as the solvent of many a life-problem.

Ian Stafford was among the first to whom it offered "the way out," who went to it for the solution of their own set problem. Suddenly, as he stood with Jasmine in the little room where so many lives were tossed into the crucible of Fate that morning, the newsboy's voice shouting, "*War declared!*" had told him the path he must tread.

He had astonished the War Office by his request to be sent to the front with his old arm, the artillery, and he was himself astonished by the instant assent which they gave. And now on this October day he was on his way to do two things—to see whether Adrian Fellowes was keeping his promise; and to visit Jigger and his sister.

There had not been a week since the days at Glencader when he had not gone to the sordid quarters in the Mile End Road to see Jigger, and to hear from him how his sister was doing at the opera, until two days before, when he had learned from Lou herself what she had suffered at the hands of Adrian Fellowes. That problem would now be settled forever; but there remained the question of Jigger, and that must be settled, whatever the other grave problems facing him. Jigger must be cared for, must be placed in a position where he could have his start in life. Somehow Jigger was associated with all the movements of his

life now, and was taken as part of the problem. What to do? He thought of it as he went eastward, and it did not seem easy to settle it. Jigger himself, however, cut the Gordian knot.

When he was told that "his Gryce" was going to South Africa, and that it was a question as to what he—Jigger—should now do, in what sphere of life his abnormally "cute" mind must run, he answered, instantly.

"I'm goin' wiv y'r Gryce," he said. "That's it—stryght. I'm goin' out there wiv you."

Ian shook his head and smiled sadly. "I'm afraid that's not for you, Jigger. No, think again."

"Ain't there work in Souf Afriker—maybe not in the army itself, y'r Gryce? Couldn't I have me chanct out there? Lou's all right now, I bet; an' I could go as easy as can be."

"Yes, Lou will be all right now," remarked Stafford, with a reflective irony.

"I ain't got no steady job here, and there's work in Souf Afriker, ain't they? Couldn't I get a job holdin' horses, or carryin' a flag, or cleanin' the guns, or nippin' letters about—couldn't I, y'r Gryce? I'm only askin' to go wiv you, to work, same as ever I did before I was run over. Ain't I goin' wiv you, y'r Gryce?"

With a sudden resolve Stafford laid a hand on his shoulder. "Yes, you are going 'wiv' me, Jigger. You just are, horse, foot, and artillery. There'll be a job somewhere. I'll get you something to do, or—"

"Or bust, y'r Gryce?"

So the problem lessened, and Ian's face cleared a little. If all the difficulties perplexing his life would only clear like that! The babe and the suckling had found the way so simple, so natural, and it was a comforting way, for he had a deep and tender regard for this quaint, clever waif who had drifted across his path.

To-morrow he would come and fetch Jigger; and Jigger's face followed him into the coming dusk, radiant and hopeful and full of life—of life that mattered. Jigger would go out to "Souf Afriker" with all his life before him, but he, Ian Stafford, would go with all his life behind him, all mile-stones passed except one.

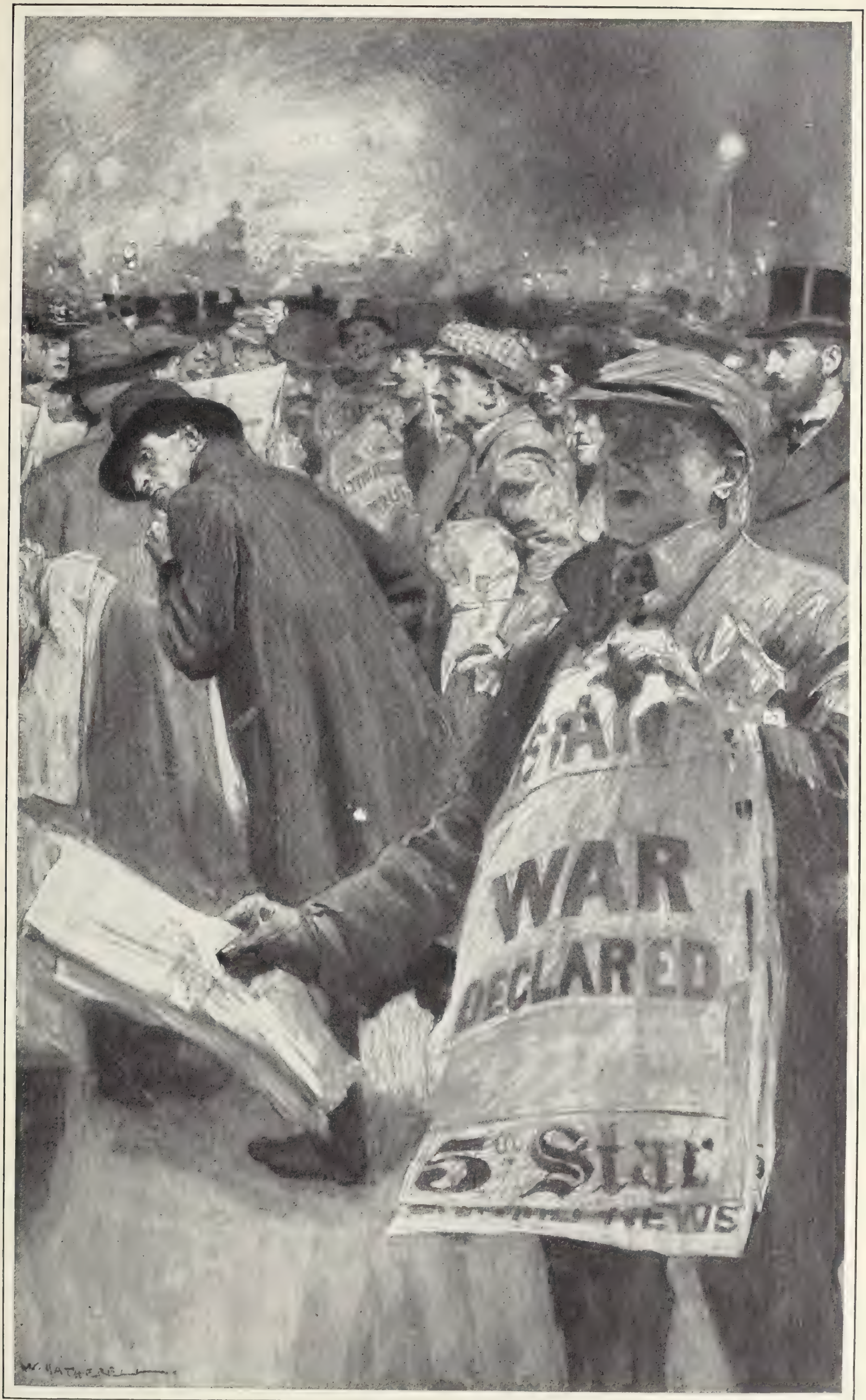
So, brooding, he walked till he came to an underground station, and there took a train to Charing Cross. Here he was only a little distance away from the Embankment, where was to be found Adrian Fellowes; and with bent head he made his way among the motley crowd in front of the station, scarcely noticing any one, yet resenting the jostle and the crush. Suddenly in the crowd in front of him he saw Krool stealing along with a wideawake hat well down over his eyes. Presently the sinister figure was lost in the confusion. It did not occur to him that perhaps Krool might be making for the same destination as himself, but the sight of the man threw his mind into an eddy of torturing thoughts.

The flare of light, so white, so ghastly, at Charing Cross was shining on a moving mass of people, so many of whom were ghastly also—derelicts of humanity, ruins of womanhood, casuals, adventurers, scavengers of life, prowlers who lived upon chance, upon cards, upon theft, upon women, upon libertines who waited in these precincts for some foolish and innocent woman whom they could entrap. Among them moved also the thousand other good citizens bent upon catching trains or wending their way home from work; but in the garish, cruel light, all, good and bad, looked evil in a way, and furtive and unstable. To-night, the crowd were far more restless than usual, far more irritating in their purposeless movements. People sauntered, jerked themselves forward, moved in and out, as it were, intent on going everywhere and nowhere. And the excitement possessing them, the agitation in the air, made them seem still more exasperating and bewildering. Newsboys with shrill voices rasped the air with invitations to buy, and everywhere eager, nervous hands held out their halfpennies for the flimsy sensational rags.

Presently a girl jostled Stafford, then apologized with an endearing word which brought a sick sensation to his brain; but he only shook his head gravely at her. After all, she had a hard trade and it led nowhere—nowhere.

"Coming home with me, darling?" she added in response to his meditative look. Anything that was not actual rebuff was invitation to her blunted sense. "Coming home with me—"

Home! A wave of black cynicism, of saturnine mirth passed through Stafford's brain. Home!—where the business of this poor wayfarer's existence was carried on, where the shopkeeper sold her wares in the inner sanctuary. Home! . . . He shook the girl's hand from his elbow and hastened on.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

IN THE CROWD IN FRONT OF HIM HE SAW KROOL STEALING ALONG

Yet why should he be angered with her, he said to himself. It was not moral elevation which had made him rough with her, but only that word *Home* she used. . . . The dire mockery of it burned his mind like iron white-heated. He had had no home since his father died years ago,—his mother had died when he was very young—and his eldest brother had taken possession of the family mansions, placing them in the control of his foreign wife, who sat in his mother's chair and in her place at table.

He had wished so often in the past for a home of his own, where he could gather round him young faces and lose himself in promoting the interests of those for whom he had become forever responsible. He had longed for the Englishman's castle, for his own little realm of interest where he could be supreme; and now it was never to be!

The idea gained in sacred importance as it receded forever from all possibility. In far-off days it had been associated with a vision in blue, with a face like a Dresden-china shepherdess and hair like Aphrodite's. Laughter and wit and raillery had been part of the picture, and long evenings in the wintertime, when they two would read the books they both loved, and maybe talk awhile of world events in which his work had place, in which his gifts were found, shaping, influencing, producing. The garden, the orchard—he loved orchards—the hedges of flowering ivy and lilacs, and the fine gray and chestnut horses driven by his hand or hers through country lanes, the smell of the fallen leaves in the autumn evenings, or the sting of the bracing January wind across the moors or where the woodcock awaited its spoiler. All these had been in the vision. It was all over now. He had seen an image, it had vanished, and he was in the desert alone.

A band was playing "The Banks o' Garry Owen," and the tramp of marching men came to his ears. The crowd surged round him, pushed him, forced him forward, carried him on, till the marching men came near, were alongside of him—a battalion of Volunteers, cheerily going to the war—a six months' excursion, to see "Kruger's farmers bite the dust!"

Then the crowd, as it cheered, jostled him against the wall of the shops, and presently he found himself forced down Buckingham Street. It was where he wished to go in order to reach Adrian Fellowes' apartments. He did not notice, as he was practically thrown into the street, that Krool was almost beside him.

The street was not well lighted, and he looked neither to right nor left. He was thinking hard of what he would say to Adrian Fellowes, if and when he saw him.

But not far behind him was a figure that stole along in the darker shadows of the houses, keeping at some distance. The same figure followed him furtively till he came into that part of the Embankment where Adrian Fellowes' chambers were, then it fell behind a little, for here the lights were brighter. It hung in the shadow of a doorway and watched him as he approached the door of the big flats where Adrian Fellowes lived.

As he came towards the building he saw a hansom standing before the door. Something made him pause for the moment, and when, in the pause, the figure of a woman emerged from the doorway and hastily got into a hansom, he drew back into the darkness of a doorway, as the man did who was now shadowing him; and he waited till it turned round and rolled swiftly away. Then he moved forward again. When not far from the building, however, another cab —a four-wheeler—discharged its occupant at the corner of a street between him and the house. It was a woman. She paid the cabman, who touched his hat with quick and grateful emphasis, and, wheeling his old crock round, clattered away. The woman glanced round the empty street swiftly, and then hastily went to the doorway which opened to Adrian Fellowes' chambers.

Instantly Stafford recognized her. It was Jasmine, dressed in black and heavily veiled. He could not mistake the figure—there was none other like it; or the turn of her head—there was only one such head in all England. She entered the building quickly.

There was nothing to do but wait until she came out again. No passion stirred in him, no jealousy, no anger. It was all dead. He knew why she had come; or he thought he knew. She would tell the man who had said no word in defense of her, done nothing to protect her, who let the worst be believed, without one protest of her innocence, what she thought of him. She was foolish to go to him, but women do mad things, and they must not be expected to do the obviously sensible thing when the

crisis of their lives has come. Stafford understood it all.

One thing he was certain Jasmine did not know—the intimacy between Fellowes and Al'mah. He himself had been tempted to speak of it in their terrible interview that morning, but he had refrained. The ignominy, the shame, the humiliation of that would be beyond her endurance. He understood, but he shrank at the thought of the nature of the interview which she must have, at the thought of the meeting at all.

He would have some time to wait, no doubt, and he made himself easy in the doorway, where his glance could command the entrance she had used. He mechanically took out a cigar-case, but after looking at the cigars for a moment put them away again with a sigh. Smoking would not soothe him. He had passed beyond the artificial.

His waiting suddenly ended. It seemed hardly five minutes after Jasmine's entrance that she appeared in the doorway again, and, after a hasty glance up and down the street, sped away as swiftly as she could, and, at the first corner, turned up sharply towards the Strand. Her movements had been agitated, and as she hurried on she held her head down into her muff as a woman would who faced a blinding rain.

The interview had been indeed short. Perhaps Fellowes had already gone abroad. He would soon find out.

He mounted the deserted staircase quickly and knocked at Fellowes' door. There was no reply. There was a light, however, and he knocked again. Still there was no answer. He tried the handle of the door. It turned, the door gave, and he entered. There was no sound. He knocked at an inner door. There was no reply, yet a light showed in the room. He turned the handle. Entering the room, he stood still and looked round. It seemed empty, but there were signs of packing, of things gathered together hastily.

Then, with a strange sudden sense of a presence in the room, he looked round again. There in a far corner of the large room was a couch, and on it lay a figure—Adrian Fellowes, straight and still—and sleeping.

Stafford went over. "Fellowes!" he said, sharply.

There was no reply. He leaned over and touched a shoulder. "Fellowes!" he exclaimed again, but something in the touch made him look closely at the face half turned to the wall. Then he knew.

Adrian Fellowes was dead.

Horror came upon Stafford, but no cry escaped him. He stooped once more and closely looked at the body, but without touching it. There was no sign of violence, no blood, no disfigurement, no distortion, only a look of sleep—a pale, motionless sleep.

But the body was warm yet. He realized that as his hand had touched the shoulder. The man could only have been dead a little while.

Only a little while, and in that little while Jasmine had left the house with agitated footsteps.

"He did not die by his own hand," Stafford said aloud.

He rang the bell loudly. No one answered. He rang and rang again, and then a sleepy porter came.

CHAPTER XXIII

"MORE WAS LOST AT MOHACKSFIELD"

EASTMINSTER HOUSE was ablaze. A large dinner had been fixed for this October evening, and only just before half-past eight Jasmine entered the drawing-room to receive her guests. She had completely forgotten the dinner till very late in the afternoon, when she observed preparations for which she had given instructions the day before. She was about to leave the house upon the mission which had drawn her footsteps in the same direction as those of Ian Stafford, when the butler came to her for instructions upon some details. These she gave with an instant decision which was part of her equipment, and then, when the butler had gone, she left the house on foot to take a cab at the corner of Down Street and Piccadilly.

When she returned home, the tables in the dining-room were decorated, the great rooms were already lighted, and the red carpet was being laid down at the door. The footmen looked up with surprise as she came up the steps, and their eyes followed her as she ascended the staircase with marked deliberation.

"Well, that's style for you," said the first footman. "Takin' an airing on shanks' horses."

"And a quarter of an hour left to put

on the tirara," sniggered the second footman. "The lot is asked for eight-thirty."

"Swells—the bunch, windin' up with the brother of an Emperor—'struth!"

"I'll bet the Emperor's brother ain't above takin' a tip about shares on the Rand, me boy."

"I'll bet none of 'em ain't. That's why they come—not forgetting th' grub and the fizz."

"What price a title for the Byng Baas one of these days! They like tips down there where the old Markis rumbles through his beard—and a lot of hands to be greased. And grease it costs a lot, political grease does. But what price a title—Sir Rudyard Byng, Bart.—wot, oh!"

"Try another shelf higher up, and it's more like it. Wot a head for a coronet, 'ers! W'y—"

But the voice of the butler recalled them from the fields of imagination, and they went with lordly leisure upon the business of the household.

Socially this was to be the day of Jasmine's greatest triumph. One of the British royal family was, with the member of another great reigning family, honoring her table—though the ladies of neither were to be present, and this had been a drop of chagrin in her cup. She had been unaware of the gossip there had been of late,—though it was unlikely the great ladies would have known of it—and she would have been slow to believe what Ian had told her this day, that men had talked lightly of her at De Lancy Scovel's house. Her eyes had been shut; her wilful nature had not been sensitive to the quality of the social air about her. People came—almost "everybody" came to her house, and would come, of course, until there was some open scandal; until her husband intervened. Yet everybody did not come. The royal princesses had not found it convenient to come; and this may have meant nothing, or very much indeed. To Jasmine, however, as she hastily robed herself for dinner, her mind working with lightning swiftness, it did not matter at all; if all the kings and queens of all the world had promised to come and had not come, it would have meant nothing to her this night of nights.

In her eyes there was the look of one who has seen some horrible thing, though she gave her orders with coherence and decision as usual, and with great deftness she assisted her maid in the hasty toilette. Her face was very pale, save for one or two hectic spots which took the place of the nectarine bloom so seldom absent from her cheeks, and in its place was a new, shining strange look like a most delicate film—the transfiguring kind of look which great joy or great pain gives.

As she had come up the staircase from the street, she had seen Krool enter her husband's room more hastily than usual, and had heard him greeted sharply—something that sounded strange to her ears, for Rudyard was uniformly kind to Krool. Never had Rudyard's voice sounded as it did now. Of course it was her imagination, but it was like a voice which came from some desolate place, distant, arid, and alien. That was not the voice in which he had wooed her on the day when they heard of Jameson's Raid. That was not the voice which had spoken to her in broken tones of love on the day Ian first dined with her after her marriage — that fateful, desperate day. This was a voice which had a cheerless, fretful note, a savage something in it. Presently they two would meet, and she knew how it would be—an outward semblance, a superficial amenity and confidence before their guests; the smile of intimacy, when there was no intimacy, and never, never, could be again; only acting, only make-believe, only the artifice of deceit.

Yet when she was dressed,—in pure white, with only a string of pearls, the smallest she had, round her neck—she was like that white flower which had been placed on her pillow last night.

As she turned to leave the bedroom she caught sight of her face and figure again in the big pier-glass, and she seemed to herself like some other woman. There was that strange, distant look of agony in her eyes, that transfiguring look in the face; there was the figure somehow gone slimmer in these few hours; and there was a frail, delicate appearance which did not belong to her.

As she was about to leave the room to descend the stairs, there came a knock at the door. A bunch of white violets was handed in with a penciled note in Rudyard's handwriting.

White violets—white violets!

The note read, "Wear these to-night, Jasmine."

White violets! How strange that he should send them! These they send for

the young, the innocent, and the dead. Rudyard had sent them to her—from how far away! He was there just across the hallway, and yet he might have been in Bolivia, so far as their real life was concerned.

She was under no illusion. This day, and perhaps a few, a very few others must be lived under the same roof, in order that they could separate without scandal; but things could never go on as in the past. She had realized that the night before, when still that chance of which she had spoken to Stafford was hers; when she had wound the coil of her wonderful hair round her throat, and had imagined that self-destruction which has tempted so many of more spiritual make than herself. It was melodramatic, emotional, theatrical, maybe; but the emotional, the theatrical, the egotistic mortal has his or her tragedy, which is just as real as that which comes to the more spiritual, just as real as that which comes to the more æsthetic, more classical victim of fate. Jasmine had the deep defects of her qualities. Her suffering was not the less acute because it found its way out with impassioned demonstration.

There was, however, no melodrama in the quiet trembling with which she took the white violets, the symbol of love and death. She was sure that Rudyard was not aware of their significance and meaning, but that did not modify the effect upon her. Her trouble just now was too deep for tears, too bitter for words, too terrible for aught save numb endurance. Nothing seemed to matter in a sense, and yet the little routine of life mattered so much in its iron insistence. The habits of convention are so powerful that life's great issues are often obscured by them. Going to her final doom a woman would stop to give the last careful touch to her hair—the mechanical obedience to long habit. It is not vanity, not littleness, but habit; never shown with subtler irony than in the case of Madame de Langrois, who, pacing the path to her execution at Lille, stooped, picked up a pin from the ground, and fastened it in her gown—the tyranny of habit.

Outside her own room Jasmine paused for a moment and looked at the closed door of Rudyard's room. Only a step—and yet she was kept apart from him by a shadow so black, so overwhelming, that she could not penetrate it. It smothered her sight. No, no, that little step could not be taken; there was a gulf between them which could not be bridged.

There was nothing to say to Rudyard except what could be said upon the surface, before all the world, as it were; things which must be said through an atmosphere of artificial sounds, which would give no response to the agonized cries of the sentient soul. She could make believe before the world, but not alone with Rudyard. She shrank within herself at the idea of being alone with him.

As she went down-stairs a scene in a room on the Thames Embankment, from which she had come a half-hour ago, passed before her vision. It was as though it had been imprinted on the film of her eye and must stay there forever.

When would the world know that Adrian Fellowes lay dead in the room on the Embankment? And when they knew it, what would they say? They would ask how he died—the world would ask how he died. The Law would ask how he died.

How had he died? Who killed him? Or did he die by his own hand? Had Adrian Fellowes, the rank materialist, the *bon viveur*, the man-luxury, the courage to kill himself by his own hand? If not, who killed him? She shuddered. They might say that she killed him. She had seen no one on the staircase as she had gone up, she had dimly seen another figure outside on the terrace as she came out; there was the cabman who drove her to the place.

As she entered the great drawing-room of her own house she shuddered as though from an icy chill. The scene there on the Embankment—her own bitter anger, her frozen hatred, then the dead man with his face turned to the wall, the stillness, the clock ticking, her own cold voice speaking to him, calling; then the terrified scrutiny, the touch of the wrist, the realization, the moment's awful horror, the silence which grew more profound, the sudden paralysis of body and will. . . . And then—music, strange, soft, mysterious music coming from somewhere inside the room, music familiar and yet unnatural, a song she had heard once before, a pathetic folk-song of eastern Europe—"More was lost at Mohacksfield." It was a tale of loss and tragedy and despair.

Startled and overcome, she had swayed, and would have fallen but that with an effort of the will she had caught at the

table and saved herself. With the music still creeping with unutterable melancholy through the room, she had fled, closing the door behind her very softly as though not to disturb the sleeper. It had followed her down the staircase and into the street, the weird, unnatural music.

It was only when she had entered a cab in the Strand that she realized exactly what the music was. She remembered that Fellowes had bought a music-box which could be timed to play at will—even days ahead, and he had evidently set the box to play at this hour. It did so, a strange, grim commentary on the stark thing lying on the couch, nerveless as though it had been dead a thousand years. It had ceased to play before Stafford entered the room, but, strangely enough, it began again as he said over the dead body, "*He did not die by his own hand.*"

Standing before the fireplace in the drawing-room, awaiting the first guest, Jasmine said to herself: "No, no, he had not the courage to kill himself."

Some one had killed him. Who was it? Who killed him—Rudyard—Ian—who? But how? There was no sign of violence. That much she had seen. He lay like one asleep. Who was it killed him?

"Lady Tynemouth!"

Back to the world from purgatory again. The butler's voice broke the spell, and Lady Tynemouth took her friend in her arms and kissed her.

"So handsome you look, my darling—and all in white. White violets, too! Dear, dear, how sweet, and oh, how *triste!* But I suppose it's *chic.* Certainly it is stunning. And so simple. Just the weeny, weeny string of pearls, like a young Under-Secretary's wife, to show what she might do if she had a fair chance. Oh, you clever, wonderful Jasmine!"

"My dressmaker says I have no real taste in colors, so I compromised," was Jasmine's reply, with a really good imitation of a smile.

As she babbled on, Lady Tynemouth had been eying her friend with swift inquiry, for she had never seen Jasmine look as she did to-night, so ethereal, so tragically ethereal, with the dark lines under her eyes, the curious transparency of the skin, and the feverish brightness and far-awayness of the look. She was about to say something in comment, but other guests entered, and it was impossible. She watched, however, from a little distance, while talking gaily to other guests; she watched at the dinner-table, as Jasmine, seated between her two royalties, talked with gaiety, with pretty irony, with respectful badinage; and no one could be so daring with such ceremonious respect at the same time as she. Yet through it all Lady Tynemouth saw her glance many times with a strange, strained inquiring appeal at Rudyard, seated far away opposite her, at another big, round table.

"There's something wrong here," Lady Tynemouth said to herself, and wondered why Ian Stafford was not present. Mennaval was there, eagerly seeking glances. These Jasmine gave with a smiling openness and apparent good-fellowship, which were not in the least compromising. Lady Tynemouth saw Mennaval's vain efforts, and laughed to herself, and presently she even laughed with her neighbor about them.

"What an infant it is!" she said to her table companion. "Jasmine Byng doesn't care a snap of her finger about Mennaval."

"Does she care a snap for anybody?" asked the other. Then added, with a kind of query in the question apart from the question itself; "Where is the great man—where's Stafford to-night?"

"Counting his winnings, I suppose." Lady Tynemouth's face grew soft. "He has done great things for so young a man. What a distance he has gone since he pulled me and my red umbrella back from the Zambezi Falls!"

Then proceeded a gay conversation, in which Lady Tynemouth was quite happy. When she could talk of Ian Stafford she was really enjoying herself. In her eyes he was the perfect man, whom other women tried to spoil, and whom, she flattered herself, she kept sound and unspoiled by her frank platonic affection.

"Our host seems a bit abstracted to-night," said her table companion after a long discussion about what Stafford had done and what he still might do.

"The war—it means so much to him!" said Lady Tynemouth. Yet she had seen the note of abstraction too, and it had made her wonder what was happening in this household.

The other demanded.

"Oh, I imagine he has been prepared for

the war for some time. He didn't seem excessively worried about it before dinner, yet he seemed upset too, so pale and anxious looking."

"I'll make her talk, make her tell me what it is, if there is anything," said Lady Tynemouth to herself. "I'll ask myself to stay with her for a couple of days."

Superficial as Lady Tynemouth seemed to many, she had real sincerity, and she was a friend in need to her friends. She loved Jasmine as much as she could love any woman, and she said now, as she looked at Jasmine's face, so alert, so full of raillery, yet with such an undertone of misery:

"She looks as if she needed a friend."

After dinner she contrived to get her arm through that of her hostess, and gave it an endearing pressure. "May I come to you for a few days, Jasmine?" she asked.

"I was just going to ask if you would have *me*," answered Jasmine, with a queer little smile. "Rudyard will be up to his ears for a few days, and that's a chance for you and me to do some shopping, and some other things together, isn't it?"

She was thinking of appearances, of the best way to separate from Rudyard for a little while, till the longer separation could be arranged without scandal. Ian Stafford had said that things could go on in this house as before, that Rudyard would never hint to her what he knew, or rather what the letter had told him or left untold: but that was impossible. Whatever Rudyard was willing to do, there was that which she could not do. Twenty-four hours had accomplished a complete revolution in her attitude towards life, in her sense of things. Just for these immediate days to come, when the tragedy of Fellowes' death would be made a sensation of the hour, there must be temporary expedients; and Lady Tynemouth had suggested one which had its great advantages.

She could not bear to remain in Rudyard's house; and in his heart of hearts Rudyard would wish the same even if he believed her innocent; but if she must stay for appearance' sake, then it would be good to have Lady Tynemouth with her. Rudyard would be grateful for time to get his balance again. This bunch of violets was the impulse of a big, magnanimous nature; but it would be followed by the inevitable reaction, which would be the real test and trial.

Love and forgiveness—what had she to do with either! She did not wish forgiveness because of Adrian Fellowes. No heart had been involved in that episode. It had in one sense meant nothing to her. She loved another man, and she did not wish forgiveness because of him either. No, no, the whole situation was impossible. She could not stay here. Rudyard would not, ought not, for his own sake, want her to stay. What might not the next few days bring forth?

Who had killed Adrian Fellowes? He was not man enough to take his own life. Who had killed him? Was it her husband, after all? He had said to Ian Stafford that he would do nothing, but, with the maggot of revenge and jealousy in their brains, men could not be trusted from one moment to another.

The white violets? Ah, even they might be only the impulse of the moment, one of those acts of madness of jealous and revengeful people! Men had kissed their wives and then killed them—fondled them, and then strangled them. Rudyard might have made up his mind since morning to kill Fellowes, and kill her, too. Fellowes was gone, and now might come her turn. White violets were the flowers of death, and the first flowers he had ever given her were purple violets, the flowers of life and love.

If Rudyard had killed Adrian Fellowes, there would be an end to everything. If he was suspected, and if the law stretched out its hand of steel to clutch him—what an ignominious end to it all! What a mean finish to life, to opportunity, to everything worth doing!

And she would have been the cause of it all.

The thought scorched her soul.

Yet she talked on gaily to her guests until the men returned from their cigars; as though Penalty and Nemesis were outside even the range of her imagination; as though she could not hear the snap of the handcuffs on Rudyard's—or Ian's—wrists.

Before and after dinner only a few words had passed between her and Rudyard, and that was with people round them. It was as though they spoke through some neutralizing medium, in which all real personal relation was lost. Now he came to her, however, and in a matter-of-fact voice said: "I suppose Al'mah is coming.

You haven't heard to the contrary, I hope? These great singers are so whimsical."

There was no time for Jasmine to answer, for through one of the far entrances of the drawing-room Al'mah entered. Her manner was composed—if possible more composed than usual, and she looked around her calmly. At that moment a servant handed Byng a letter. It contained only a few words, and it ran:

DEAR BYNG,—Fellowes is gone. I found him dead in his rooms. An inquest will be held to-morrow. There are no signs of violence; neither of suicide or anything else. If you want me, I shall be at my rooms after ten o'clock to-night. I have got *all* his papers.

Yours ever,

IAN STAFFORD.

Jasmine watched Rudyard closely as he read. A strange look passed over his face, but his hand was steady as he put the note in his pocket. She then saw him look searchingly at Al'mah, as he went forward to greet her.

On the instant Rudyard had made up his mind what to do. It was clear that Al'mah did not know that Fellowes was dead, or she would not be here; for he knew of their relations, though he had never told Jasmine. Jasmine did not suspect the truth, or Al'mah would not be where she was; and Fellowes would never have written to Jasmine the letter for which he had paid with his life.

Al'mah was gently appreciative of the welcome she received from both Byng and Jasmine, and she prepared to sing.

"Yes, I think I am in good voice," she said to Jasmine, presently. Then Rudyard went, giving his wife's arm a little familiar touch as he passed, and said:

"Remember, we must have some patriotic things to-night. I'm sure Al'mah will feel so, too. Something really patriotic and stirring. We shall need it —oh, we shall need it very badly before we're done! We're not going to have a walk-over in South Africa. Cheering up is what we want, and we must have it."

Again he cast a queer, inquiring look at Al'mah, to which he got no response, and to himself he said, grimly: "Well, it's better she should not know it—here."

His mind was in a maze. He moved as in a dream. He was pale, but he had an air of determination. Once he staggered with dizziness, then he righted himself and smiled at some one near. That some one winked at his neighbor.

"It's true, then, what we hear about him," the neighbor said, and raised fingers to his mouth, suggestively.

Al'mah sang as perhaps she had never sung before. There was in her voice an abandon and tragic intensity, a wonderful resonance and power, which captured her hearers as they had never been captured before. First she sang a love-song, then a song of parting. Afterward came a song of country, which stirred her audience deeply. It was a challenge to every patriot to play his part for home and country. It was an appeal to the spirit of sacrifice; it was an inspiration and an invocation. Men's eyes grew moist.

And now another, a final song, a combination of all—of love, and loss and parting and ruin, and war and patriotism and destiny. With the first low notes of it Jasmine rose slowly from her seat, like one in a dream, and stood staring blindly at Al'mah. The great voice swelled out in a passion of agony, then sank away into a note of despair that gripped the heart.

"*But more was lost at Mohacksfield—*"

Jasmine had stood transfixed while the first words were sung, then, as the last line was reached, staring straight in front of her, as though she saw again the body of Adrian Fellowes in the room by the river, she gave a cry, which sounded half laughter and half torture, and fell heavily on the polished floor.

Rudyard ran forward and lifted her in his arms. Lady Tynemouth was beside him.

"Yes, that's right—you come," he said to her, and he carried the limp body up-stairs, the white violets in her dress crushed against his breast.

"Poor dear—the war, of course; it means so much to them!"

Thus a kindly dowager, as she followed the Royalties down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXIV

ONE WHO CAME SEARCHING

"A LADY to see you, sir."

"A lady? . . . What should we be doing with ladies here, Gleg?"

"I'm sure I have no use for them, sir," replied Gleg, sourly. He was in no good humor. That very morning he had been told that his master was going to South Africa, and that he would not be needed

there, but that he should remain in England, drawing his usual pay. Instead of receiving this statement with gratitude, Gleg had sniffed in a manner which, in any one else, would have been impertinence; and he had not even offered thanks.

"Well, what do you think she wants? She looks respectable?"

"I don't know about that, sir. It's her ladyship, sir."

"It's what 'ladyship,' Gleg?"

"Her ladyship, sir—Lady Tynemouth."

Stafford looked at Gleg meditatively for a minute, and then said quite quietly:

"Let me see, you have been with me sixteen years, Gleg. You've forgotten me often enough in that time, but you've never forgotten yourself before. Come to me to-morrow at noon. . . . I shall allow you a small pension. Show her ladyship in."

Gone waxen in face, Gleg crept out of the room.

"Seven-and-six a week, I suppose," he said to himself as he went down the stairs. "Seven-and-sixpence for a bit of bonhommy."

With great consideration he brought Lady Tynemouth up, and shut the door with that stillness which might be reverence, or something at its antipodes.

Lady Tynemouth smiled cheerily at Ian as she held out her hand.

"Gleg disapproves of me, oh, so greatly! He thinks I am no better than I ought to be."

"I am sure you are," answered Stafford, drily.

"Well, if you don't know, Ian, who does? I've put my head in the lion's mouth before, just like this, and the lion hasn't snapped once," she rejoined, settling herself cozily in a great green leather chair. "Nobody would believe it; but there it is. The world couldn't think that you could be so careless of your opportunities, or that I would pay for the candle without burning it."

"On the contrary, I think they would believe anything you told them."

She laughed happily. "Wouldn't you like to call me *Alice*, 'same as ever,' in the days of long ago? It would make me feel at home after Gleg's icy welcome."

He smiled, looked down at her with admiration, and quoted some lines of Swinburne, impacted of cynicism:

"'And the worst and the best of this is,
That neither is most to blame,
If she has forgotten my kisses,
And I have forgotten her name.'"

Lady Tynemouth made a plaintive gesture. "I should probably be able to endure the bleak present, if there had been any kisses in the sunny past," she rejoined, with mock pathos. "That's the worst of our friendship, Ian. I'm quite sure the world thinks I'm one of your spent flames, and there never was any fire, not so big as the point of a needle, was there? It's that which hurts so now, little Ian Stafford—not so much fire as would burn on the point of a needle."

"'On the point of a needle,'" Ian repeated, half-abstractedly. He went over to his writing-desk, and, opening a blotter, regarded it meditatively for an instant. As he did so she tapped the floor impatiently with her umbrella, and looked at him curiously, but with a little quirk of humor at the corners of her mouth.

"The point of a needle might carry enough fire to burn up a good deal," he said, reflectively, then he added, slowly: "Do you remember Mr. Mappin and his poisoned needle, at Glencader?"

"Yes, of course. That was a day of tragedy, when you and Rudyard Byng won a hundred Royal Society medals, and we all felt like martyrs and heroes. I had the most awful dreams for nights afterwards. One night it was awful. I was being tortured with Mappin's needle horribly by—guess whom? By that valet Krool, and I waked up with a little scream, to find Tynie busy pinching me. I had been making such a *wurra-wurra*, as he called it."

"Well, it is a startling idea that there's poison powerful enough to make a needle-point dipped in it deadly."

"I don't believe it a bit, but—"

Pausing, she flicked a speck of fluff from her black dress—she was all in black, with only a stole of pure white about her shoulders. "But tell me," she added, presently,—"for it's one of the reasons why I'm here now; what happened at the inquest to-day? The evening papers are not out, and you were there, of course, and gave evidence, I suppose. Was it very trying? I'm sure it was, for I've never seen you look so pale. You are positively haggard, Ian. You don't mind that from an old friend, do you? You look terribly ill, just when you should look so well."

"Why should I look so well?" He gazed at her steadily. Had she any glimmering of



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

RUDYARD LIFTED HER IN HIS ARMS AND CARRIED HER UP-STAIRS

the real situation? She was staying now in Byng's house, and two days had gone since the world had gone wrong; since Jasmine had sunk to the floor unconscious as Al'mah sang, "*More was lost at Mohacksfield.*"

"Why should you look well? Because you are the Coming Man, they say. It makes me so proud to be your friend, even your neglected, if not quite discarded, friend. Every one says you have done such splendid work for England, and that now you can do anything, have anything you want. The ball is at your feet. Dear man, you ought to look like a morning-glory, and not as you do. Tell me, Ian, are you ill, or is it only the reaction after all you've done?"

"No doubt it's the reaction," he replied.

"I know you didn't like Adrian Fellowes much," she remarked, watching him closely. "He behaved shockingly at the Glencader mine affair — shockingly. Tynie was for pitching him out of the house, and taking the consequences; but, all the same, a sudden death like that all alone must have been awful. Please tell me, what was the verdict?"

"Heart failure was the verdict; with regret for a promising life cut short, and sympathy with the relatives."

"I never heard that he had heart trouble," was the meditative response. "But—well, of course, it was heart failure. When the heart stops beating, there's heart failure. What a silly verdict!"

"It sounded rather worse than silly," was Ian's comment.

"Did—did they cut him up, to see if he'd taken morphia, or an overdose of laudanum or veronel or something? I had a friend who died of taking quantities of veronel while you were abroad so long—a South American, she was."

He nodded. "It was all quite in order. There were no signs of poison, they said, but the heart had had a shock of some kind. There had been what they called lesion, and all that kind of thing, and not sufficient strength for recovery."

"I suppose Mr. Mappin wasn't present?" she asked, curiously. "I know it is silly in a way, but don't you remember how interested Mr. Fellowes was in that needle? Was Mr. Mappin there?"

"There was no reason why he should be there."

"What witnesses were called?"

"Myself and the porter of Fellowes' apartments, his banker, his doctor—"

"And Al'mah?" she asked, obliquely.

He did not reply at once, but regarded her inquiringly.

"You needn't be afraid to speak about Al'mah," she continued. "I saw something queer at Glencader. Then I asked Tynie, and he told me that—well, all about her and Adrian Fellowes. Was Al'mah there? Did she give evidence?"

"She was there to be called, if necessary," he responded, "but the coroner was very good about it. After the autopsy the authorities said evidence was unnecessary, and—"

"You arranged that, probably?"

"Yes; it was not difficult. They were so stupid—and so kind."

She smoothed out the folds of her dress reflectively, then got up as if with sudden determination, and came near to him. Her face was pale now, and her eyes were greatly troubled.

"Ian," she said, in a low voice, "I don't believe that Adrian Fellowes died a natural death, and I don't believe that he killed himself. He would not have that kind of courage, even in insanity. He could never go insane. He could never care enough about anything to do so. He—did—not—kill—himself. There, I am sure of it. And he did not die a natural death, either."

"Who killed him?" Ian asked, his face becoming more drawn, but his eyes remaining steady and quiet.

She put her hand to her eyes for a moment. "Oh, it all seems so horrible! I've tried to shake it off, and not to think my thoughts, and I came to you to get fresh confidence; but as soon as I saw your face I knew I couldn't have it. I know you are upset too, perhaps not by the same thoughts, but through the same people."

"Tell me all you think or know. Be quite frank," he said, heavily. "I will tell you why later. It is essential that you should be absolutely frank with me."

"As I have always been. I can't be anything else, Anyhow, I owe you so much that you have the right to ask me what you will. . . .There it is, the fatal thing!" she added.

Her eyes were raised to the red umbrella which had nearly carried her over into the cauldron of the Zambezi Falls.

"No, it is the world that owes me a heavy

debt," he responded, gallantly. "I was merely selfish in saving you."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she brushed away with a little laugh.

"Ah, how I wish it was that! I am just mean enough to want you to want me, while I didn't want you. That's the woman, and that's all women, and there's no getting away from it. But still I would rather you had saved me than any one else in the world that wasn't bound, like Tynie, to do so."

"Well, it did seem absurd that you should risk so much to keep a sixpenny umbrella," he rejoined, drily.

"Oh, how we play on the surface while there's so much that is wearing our hearts out underneath!" she responded, wearily. "Listen, Ian, *you know what I mean.* Whoever killed Fellowes, or didn't, I am sure, anyhow, that Jasmine saw him dead. Three nights ago when she fainted and went ill to bed, I stayed with her, slept in the same room, in the bed beside hers. The opiate the doctor gave her was not strong enough, and two or three times she half waked, and — and it was very painful. It made my heart ache, for I knew it wasn't all dreams. I am sure she saw Adrian Fellowes lying dead in his room. . . . Ian, it is awful, but for some reason she hated him, and she saw him lying dead. If any one knows the truth, you know. Jasmine cares for you—no, no, don't mind my saying it. She didn't care a fig for Mennaval, or any of the others, but she does care for you—cares for you. She oughtn't to, but she does, and she should have married you long ago before Rudyard Byng came. Please don't think I am interfering, Ian. I am not. You never had a better friend than I am. But there's something terribly wrong. Rudyard is looking like a giant that's had blood-letting, and he never goes near Jasmine, except when some one is with her. It's a bad sign when two people must have some third person about to insulate their self-consciousness and prevent those fatal moments when they have to be just their own selves, and have it out."

"You think there's been trouble between them?" His voice was quite steady, his manner composed.

"I don't think quite that. But there is something terribly wrong. Rudyard is going to South Africa."

"Well, that is not unnatural. I should expect him to do so. I am going to South Africa too."

For a moment she looked at him without speaking, and her face slowly paled. "You are going to the front—you?"

"Yes. 'Back to the army again, Sergeant, back to the army again.' I was a gunner, you know, and not a bad one, either, if I do say it."

"You are going to throw up a great career to go to the front? When you have got your foot at the top of the ladder, you climb down." Her voice was choking a little.

He made a little whimsical gesture. "There's another ladder to climb. I'll have a try at it, and do my duty to my country, too. I'll have a double-barreled claim on her, if possible."

"I know that you are going because you will not stay when Rudyard goes," she rejoined, almost irritably. "What a quixotic idea! Really you are too impossible and wrong-headed."

He turned an earnest look upon her. "No, I give you my word, I am not going because Rudyard is going. I didn't know he was going till you told me. I got permission to go three hours after Kruger's message came."

"You are only mad—only mad," she rejoined with testy sadness. "Well, since everybody is going, I am going too. I am to have a hospital-ship."

"Well, that would pay off a lot of old debts to the Almighty," he replied, in kindly taunt.

"I haven't been worse than most women, Ian," she replied. "Women haven't been taught to do things, to pay off their debts. Men run up bills and pay them off, and run them up again and again, and pay them off; but we, while we run up bills, our ways of paying them off are so few and so uninteresting."

Suddenly she took from her pocket a letter. "Here is a letter for you," she said. "It was lying on Jasmine's table the night she was taken ill. I don't know why I did it, but I suppose I took it up so that Rudyard should not see it; and then I didn't say anything to Jasmine about it at once. She said nothing, either; but to-day I told her I'd seen the letter addressed to you, and had posted it. I said it to see how she would take it. She only nodded, and said nothing at first. Then after a while she whispered, 'Thank you, my dear,' but

in such a queer tone! Ian, she meant you to have the letter, and here it is."

She put it into his hands. He remembered it. It was the letter which Jasmine had laid on the table before him at that last interview, when the world stood still. After a moment's hesitation he took it up and put it in his pocket.

"If she wished me to have it—" he said in a low voice.

"If not, why, then, did she write? Didn't she say she was glad I posted it?"

A moment followed in which neither spoke. Lady Tynemouth's eyes were turned to the window; Stafford stood looking into the fire.

"Tynie is sure to go to South Africa with his Yeomanry," she continued at last. "He'll be back in England next week. I can be of use out there, too. I suppose you think I'm useless because I've never had to do anything, but you are quite wrong. It's in me. If I'd been driven to work when I was a girl, if I'd been a laborer's daughter, I'd have made hats—or cream-cheeses. I'm not really such a fool as you've always thought me, Ian; at any rate, not in the way you've thought me."

His look was gentle, almost tender, as he gazed in her eyes. "I've never thought you anything but a very sensible woman, who is only wilfully foolish at times," he said. "You do dangerous things."

"But you never knew me to do a really wrong thing, and if you haven't, no one has."

Suddenly her face clouded and her lips trembled. "But I am a good friend, and I love my friends. So it all hurts. Ian, I'm most upset. There's something behind Adrian Fellowes' death that I don't understand. I'm sure he didn't kill himself. But I'm also sure that some one did kill him." Her eyes sought his with an effort and with apprehension, but with persistency too. "I don't care what the jury said. I know I'm right."

"But it doesn't matter now," he answered, calmly. "He will be buried tomorrow, and there's an end of it all. It will not even be the usual nine days' wonder. I'd forget it, if I were you."

"I can't easily forget it while you remember it," she rejoined, meaningly. "I don't know why or how it affects you, but it does affect you, and that's why I feel it; that's why it haunts me."

Gleg appeared. "A gentleman to see you, sir," he said, and handed Ian a card.

"Where is he?"

"In the dining-room, sir."

"Very good. I will see him in a moment."

When they were alone again, Lady Tynemouth held out her hand. "When do you start for South Africa?" she asked.

"In three days. I join my corps in Natal."

"You will hear from me when I get to Durban," she said, with a shy, inquiring glance.

"You are really going?"

"I am going to organize a hospital-ship."

"Where will you get the money?"

"From some social climber," she replied, cynically. His hand was on the door-knob, and she laid her own on it, gently. "You are ill, Ian," she said. "You *are* ill. I have never seen you look so."

"I shall be better before long," he answered. "But I never saw you look so well."

"That's because I am going to do some work at last," she rejoined. "Work at last. I'll blunder a bit, but I'll try a great deal, and maybe I'll do some good. . . . And I'll be there to nurse you if you get fever or anything," she added, laughing —"you and Tynie."

When she was gone he stood looking at the card in his hand, with his mind seeing something far beyond. Presently he rang for Gleg.

"Show Mr. Mappin in," he said.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEREIN THE LOST IS FOUND

IN a moment the great surgeon was seated, looking reflectively round him. Soon, however, he said, brusquely, "I hope your friend Jigger is going on all right?"

"Yes, yes, thanks to you."

"No, no, Mr. Stafford, thanks to you and Mrs. Byng chiefly. It was care and nursing that did it. If I could have hospitals like Glencader and hospital nurses like Mrs. Byng and Al'mah and yourself, I'd have few regrets at the end of the year. That was an exciting time at Glencader."

Stafford nodded, but said nothing. Presently, after some reference to the disaster at the mine at Glencader, and to Stafford's and Byng's bravery, Mr. Mappin said, "I was shocked to hear of Mr. Fel-

lowes' death. I was out of town when it happened—a bad case at Leeds; but I returned early this morning." He paused, inquiringly, but Ian said nothing, and he continued, "I have seen the body."

"You were not at the inquest, I think," Ian remarked, casually.

"No, I was not in time for that, but I got permission to view the body."

"And the verdict—you approve?"

"Heart failure — yes." Mr. Mappin's lip curled. "Of course. But he had no heart trouble. His heart wasn't even weak. His life showed that."

"His life showed—?" Ian's eyebrows went up.

"He was much in society, and there's nothing more strenuous than that. His heart was all right. Something *made* it fail, and I have been considering what it was."

"Are you suggesting that his death was not natural?"

"Quite artificial, quite artificial, I should say."

Ian took a cigarette, and lighted it slowly. "According to your theory, he must have committed suicide. But how? Not by an effort of the will, as they do in the East, I suppose?"

Mr. Mappin sat up stiffly in his chair. "Do you remember my showing you all at Glencader a needle which had on its point enough poison to kill a man?"

"And leave no trace—yes."

"Do you remember that you all looked at it with interest, and that Mr. Fellowes examined it more attentively than any one else?"

"I remember."

"Well, I was going to kill a collie with it next day."

"A favorite collie grown old, rheumatic —yes, I remember."

"Well, the experiment failed."

"The collie wasn't killed by the poison?"

"No, not by the poison, Mr. Stafford."

"So your theory didn't work except on paper."

"I think it worked, but not with the collie."

There was a pause, while Stafford looked composedly at his visitor, and then he said: "Why didn't it work with the collie?"

"It never had its chance."

"Some mistake, some hitch?"

"No mistake, no hitch; but the wrong needle."

"The wrong needle! I should not say that carelessness was a habit with you." Stafford's voice was civil and sympathetic.

"Confidence breeds carelessness," was Mr. Mappin's enigmatical retort.

"You were over-confident then?"

"Quite clearly so. I thought that Glencader was beyond reproach."

There was a slight pause, and then Stafford, flicking away some cigarette ashes, continued the catechism. "What particular form of reproach do you apply to Glencader?"

"Thieving."

"That sounds reprehensible—and rude."

"If you were not beyond reproach, it would be rude, Mr. Stafford."

Stafford chafed at the rather superior air of the expert, whose habit of bedside authority was apt to creep into his social conversation; but, while he longed to give him a shrewd thrust, he forbore. It was hard to tell how much he might have to do to prevent the man from making mischief. The compliment had been smug, and smugness irritated Stafford.

"Well, thanks for your testimonial," he said, presently, and then determined to cut short the tardy revelation, and prick the bubble of mystery which the great man was so slowly blowing.

"I take it that you think some one at Glencader stole your needle, and so saved your collie's life," he said.

"That is what I mean," responded Mr. Mappin, a little discomposed that his elaborate synthesis should be so sharply brought to an end.

There was almost a grisly raillery in Stafford's reply. "Now, the collie—were you sufficiently a fatalist to let him live, or did you prepare another needle, or do it in the humdrum way?"

"I let the collie live."

"Hoping to find the needle again?" asked Stafford, with a smile.

"Perhaps to *hear* of it again."

"Hello, that is rather startling! And you have done so?"

"I think so. Yes, I may say that."

"Now how do you suppose you lost that needle?"

"It was taken from my pocket-case, and another substituted.

"Returning good for evil! Could you not see the difference in the needles?"

"There is not much difference in needles. The substitute was the same size and shape, and I was not suspicious."

"And what form does your suspicion take now?"

The great man became rather portentously solemn—he would have said himself "becomingly solemn." "My conviction is that Mr. Fellowes took my needle."

Stafford fixed the other with his gaze. "And killed himself with it?"

Mr. Mappin frowned. "Of that I cannot be sure, of course."

"Could you not tell by examining the body?"

"Not absolutely from a superficial examination."

"You did not think a scientific examination necessary?"

"Ah, perhaps; but the official inquest is over, the expert analysis or examination is finished by the authorities, and the superficial proofs, while convincing enough to me, are not complete and final; and so, there you are."

Stafford got and held his visitor's eyes, and with slow emphasis said: "You think that Fellowes committed suicide with your needle?"

"No, I didn't say that."

"Then I fear my intelligence must be failing rapidly. You said—"

"I said I was not sure that he killed himself. I am sure that he was killed by my needle, but I am not sure that he killed himself. Motive and all that kind of thing would come in there."

"Ah—and all that kind of thing! Why should you discard motive for his killing himself?"

"I did not say I discarded motive, but I think Mr. Fellowes the last man in the world likely to kill himself."

"Why, then, do you think he stole the needle?"

"Not to kill *himself*."

Stafford turned his head a little. "Come now; this is too tall. You are going pretty far in suggesting that Fellowes took your needle to kill some one else."

"Perhaps. But motive might not be so far to seek."

"What motive in this case?" Stafford's eyes narrowed a little with the inquiry.

"Well, a woman, perhaps."

"You know of some one, who—"

"No. I am only assuming from Mr. Fellowes' somewhat material nature that there must be a woman or so."

"Or so! Why *or so?*" Stafford pressed him into a corner.

"There comes the motive—one too many, when one may be suspicious, or jealous, or revengeful, or impossible."

"Did you see any mark of the needle on the body?"

"I think so. But that would not do more than suggest further delicate, detailed, and final examination."

"You have no trace of the needle itself?"

"None. But surely that isn't strange. If he had killed himself, the needle would probably have been found. If he did not kill himself, but yet was killed by it, there is nothing strange in its not being recovered."

Stafford took on the gravity of a dry-as-dust judge. "I suppose that to prove the case it would be necessary to produce the needle, as your theory and your invention are rather new."

"For complete proof the needle would be necessary, though not indispensable."

Stafford was silent for an instant, then he said: "You have had a look for the little instrument of passage?"

"I was rather late for that, I fear."

"Still, by chance, the needle might have been picked up. However, it would look foolish to advertise for a needle which had traces of atric acid on it, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Mappin looked at Stafford quite coolly, and then, ignoring the question, said, deliberately: "You discovered the body, I hear. You didn't by any chance find the needle, I suppose?"

Stafford returned his look with a cool stare. "Not by any chance," he said, enigmatically.

He had suddenly decided on a line of action which would turn this astute egoist from his half-indicated purpose. Whatever the means of Fellowes' death, by whomsoever caused, or by no one, further inquiry could only result in revelations hurtful to some one. As Mr. Mappin had surmised, there was more than one woman,—there may have been a dozen, of course—but chance might just pitch on the one whom investigation would injure most.

If this man was quieted and Fellowes was safely bestowed in his grave, the tragic incident would be lost quickly in the general national excitement and agitation. The war-drum would drown any small human cries of suspicion or outraged innocence. Suppose some one had killed Adrian Fellowes? He deserved to die, and justice was satisfied, even if the law was marauded.

There were at least four people who might have killed Fellowes without much remorse. There was Rudyard, there was Jasmine, there was Lou the erstwhile flower-girl—and himself. It was necessary that Mappin, however, should be silenced, and sent about his business

Stafford suddenly came over to the table near to Mappin, and with an assumed air of cold indignation, though with a little natural irritability behind all, said, "Mr. Mappin, I assume that you have not gone elsewhere with your suspicions?"

The other shook his head in negation.

"Very well, I should strongly advise you, for your own reputation as an expert and a man of science, not to attempt the rather *cliché* occupation of trying to rival Sherlock Holmes. Your suspicions may have some distant justification, but only a man of infinite skill, tact, and knowledge, with an almost abnormal gift for tracing elusive clues and, when finding them, making them fit in with fact—only a man like yourself, a genius at the job, could get anything out of it. You are not prepared to give the time, and you could only succeed in causing pain and annoyance beyond calculation. Just imagine a Scotland Yard detective with such a delicate business to do. We have no Hamards here, no French geniuses who can reconstruct crimes by a kind of special sense. Can you not see the average detective blundering about, his ostentatious display of the obvious, his mind, which never traced a motive in its existence, trying to elucidate a clue? . . . Well, it is the business of the Law to detect and punish crime. Let the Law do it in its own way, find its own clues, solve the mysteries given it to solve. Why should you complicate things? The official fellows could never do what you could do, if you were a detective. They haven't the brains or initiative or knowledge. And since you are not a detective, and can't devote yourself to this most delicate problem, if there be any problem at all, I would suggest—I imitate your own rudeness—that you mind your own business."

He smiled, and looked down at his visitor with inscrutable eyes.

At the last words Mr. Mappin flushed and looked consequential; but under the influence of a smile, so winning that many a chancellery of Europe had lost its irritation over some skilful diplomatic stroke made by its possessor, he emerged from his atmosphere of offended dignity and feebly returned the smile.

"You are at once complimentary and scathing, Mr. Stafford," he said; "but I do recognize the force of what you say. Scotland Yard is beneath contempt. I know of cases—but I will not detain you with them now. They bungle their work terribly at Scotland Yard. A detective should be a man of imagination, of initiative, of deep knowledge of human nature. In the presence of a mystery he should be ready to find motives, to construct them and put them into play, as though they were real—work till a clue was found. Then, if none is found, find another motive and work on that. The French do it. They are marvels. Hamard is a genius, as you say. He imagines, he constructs, he pursues, he squeezes out every drop of juice in the orange. . . . You see, I agree with you on the whole, but this tragedy disturbed me, and I thought that I had a real clue. I still believe I have, but—*cui bono?*"

"*Cui bono?* indeed, if it is bungled. If you could do it all yourself, good. But that is impossible. The world wants your skill to save life, not to destroy it. Fellowes is dead—does it matter so infinitely, whether by his own hand or that of another?"

"No, I frankly say I don't think it does matter infinitely. His type is no addition to the happiness of the world."

They looked at each other meaningly, and Mappin responded once again to Stafford's winning smile. It pleased the great man who had climbed so quickly, whose social life had been so restricted, to be in this atmosphere, not as a professional man, but under the canopy of a winning social smile.

It pleased him prodigiously more to feel Stafford now lay a firm hand on his arm and say: "Can you, perhaps, dine with me tonight at the Travelers' Club? It makes life worth while to talk to men like you who do really big things."

"That is exactly why I shall be delighted to come," said the great man, beaming, and adjusting his cuffs carefully—it was not so many years since his cuffs were taken on and off like his collar and his dicky.

"Good, good. It is capital to find you free." Again Stafford caught the great man's arm with a friendly little grip.

Suddenly, however, Mr. Mappin became

aware that Stafford had turned desperately white and worn. He had noticed this spent condition when he first came in, but his eyes now rediscovered it. He regarded Stafford with concern.

"Mr. Stafford," he said, "I am sure you do not realize how much below par you are. . . . You have been under great strain—I know, we all know, how hard you have worked lately. Through you, England launches her ship of war without fear of complications; but it has told on you heavily. Nothing is got without paying for it. You need rest, and you need change."

"Quite so—rest and change. I am going to have both now," said Stafford with a smile, which was forced and wan.

"You need a tonic also, and you must allow me to give you one," was the brusque professional response.

With quick movement Mappin went over to Stafford's writing-table, and threw open the cover of the blotter.

In a flash Stafford was beside him, and laid a hand upon the blotter, saying with a smile, of the kind which had so far done its work—

"No, no, my friend, I will not take a tonic. It's only a good sleep I want, and I'll get that to-night. But I give my word, if I'm not all right to-morrow, if I don't sleep, I'll send to you and take your tonic gladly."

"You promise?"

"I promise, my dear Mappin."

"My dear Mappin!" The great man beamed again with satisfaction. Yet he really was solicitous for his new-found friend.

"Very well, very well—Stafford," he replied. "It shall be as you say. Good-bye, or, rather, *au revoir!*"

"*A la bonne heure!*" was the hearty response, as the door opened for the great surgeon's exit.

When the door was shut again, and Stafford was alone, he staggered over to the writing-desk. Opening the blotter, he took something up carefully and looked at it with a sardonic smile.

"You did your work all right," he said, reflectively.

It was such a needle as he had seen at Glencader in Mr. Mappin's hand. He had picked it up in Adrian Fellowes' room.

"I wonder who used you," he said in a hard voice. "I wonder who used you so well! . . . Was it Jasmine?"

With a trembling gesture he sat down, put the needle in a drawer, locked it, and turned round to the fire again.

"Was it Jasmine?" he repeated, and took from his pocket the letter which Lady Tynemouth had given him. For a moment he looked at it unopened—at the beautiful, smooth handwriting so familiar to his eyes; then he slowly broke the seal, and took out the closely written pages.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Our Painter

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

HE had not begun life as such. It was his early ambition to become a railroad superintendent, and as a young clerk in the employ of a Western road he seemed headed in the right direction. He had perspicacity, application, and the disinclination to "give up," which is the formula, I have noticed, for a successful business career in America.

Then he fell into the toils of a woman. She was Katie Merritt, seventeen to his twenty, yet he was as nothing to her. She read novels, did not care for clerks, and business life held no appeal for her—Katie loved artists. When he came to sit on her front steps in the summer, she wondered how he happened to be in an office when his big brother, Hudson, was an architect, and while I, who am his older sister, painted dinner-cards.

At last, stung by this sneer, he retorted that he had taken the prize in high school for crayon cubes, and once did a jar of tulips in colors. She doubted this, and he spent a Sunday away from his figuring on how to become rich, in snooping about in the attic for proof. Unfortunately, he found more than his own efforts: he found the dusty canvases of three generations of Dawsons who had thought they could paint, and who couldn't.

He was rather dreamy, for a hustling person, when he came down-stairs. "It's in the blood, isn't it?" he asked, referring to the streak of paint.

I touched up the ballet-skirt of the cardboard lady I was finishing with splashes of satanic red. "Yes, it's in the blood," I answered, grimly, "but it doesn't come out except in dinner-cards and the designing of hen-coops."

I looked up at him as he remained silent. He was very nice and long and brown, and his black eyes were softer than usual. More than that, he was my little orphan brother. "Leave the flesh-pots, which are the paint-pots in our family, alone, Johnny," I advised.

But Johnny arose impatiently to go see Katie Merritt. "Every family has to have a genius some time or other," he warned, as he made his exit. And then I really trembled, for I recognized the divine ego of artists, which is their first and their poorest attribute, and sometimes their only one.

The disintegration was rapid. A week later he was wearing a soft tie, not a real Windsor, for he was still in the office, but at least a blue-and-white polka-dot with ends that flew a little as he sold tickets to Buffalo and points farther East. It was Hudson who discovered that he was alternating his Katie evenings with evenings at the Art League.

And shortly afterward came the cataclysm. It was nothing less serious than a legacy from a far-away aunt who had painted in her youth also. But the small fortune to be divided among us was not the result of her labors. It had come from a husband who had been a plumber.

Hudson and I, with our small hoard, flew to London for a holiday; and Johnny, having reached his majority, flew after us, which was contrary to agreement. We had thought that the charms of Katie would have kept him in his Venusberg and his ticket-office until his estimate of himself grew normal. But the inheritance was too much for him, and Miss Merritt enjoyed heroic partings.

"Come back with a laurel wreath upon your brow," she had urged him. And he had assured her that he would do so.

Well, that was the beginning of our fledgling. After some Whistlerian studies of the Thames, he found Art too poor in London to remain, and he went into the ateliers of Paris.

I shall always feel that it was the stamina which would have made him a good business man which caused him to stick to this new work. He became a slave to it, and, following along these lines, he imbibed — through strength rather than weakness—all of the madnesses of his confrères. He grew as



"Leave the Paint-pots alone, Johnny," I advised

naïve as a child, as sentimental as a school-girl, and as unreliable as—well, as a painter. His will was like a piece of putty, and he was so vacillating that he couldn't make up his mind when he entered a room whether to sit down or stand up. When he did sit down it was generally on his hat or somebody else's; and when I sat down—in his studio—it was on a tube of paint or a shaving-brush.

We saw him yearly, for, by conserving our small estate, Hudson and I managed trips across to darn his socks and set him right financially. Hudson looked after his dwindling hoard, and gave forth hollow warnings now and then, which were not listened to. But it was real agony for us two failures in life to see Johnny magnificently devouring his principal, unmindful that the last meal was almost in sight.

The fifth summer we missed Europe, and spent our holiday money in establishing ourselves in New York, for the architect had gone on from chicken-coops to mantelpieces for a big Eastern firm, and as there are one million more dinners daily in New York than there are in Omaha, I argued that there would be a proportionate swelling in the demand for dinner-cards.

If we lost a glimpse of Johnny that season, we had one of Katie instead; it was my first since the breaking up of our respectable family triangle, for my enthusiasm over her had not increased with Johnny's departure. But we ran across her and her mother in New York on the day before their sailing, and took them home to tea.

Katie was Katherine now, and, to my surprise, was justly so. She was a pretty girl of twenty-two, who had found Liberty frocks unpractical, and had returned to shirt-waist suits with renewed vigor. That she was still romantic showed in the flutter of her eyelids when she spoke of seeing Johnny (John, she called him) after all these years; yet back of the flutter there was an intelligent look in her blue eyes which would suggest that what John had lost in common sense Katherine had gained.



WHEN I SAT DOWN—IN HIS STUDIO—IT WAS ON A TUBE OF PAINT

As an entirety she was a young woman an impressionable, adaptable, and brimming over with joyful anticipation of Paris — the Rue de la Paix and the Quartier Latin. John was to show her this last special feature, and, from brief postals during the summer, John did.

She told me more when she passed through again to Omaha in September. She had seen Europe, and John, and was glad she had done both. I made further subtle inquiries, and received subtler replies. Yes, he had changed—it seemed all right at the time, though—he fitted in there—oh, he was part of the perfect picture—she was proud to be seen with him—over there, but somehow (she grew cloudy)—somehow she couldn't see him over here any more—no, no, he wasn't like our men.

A feeling of resentment stirred within me. I longed to cry, "You shaped him so," yet I hesitated, mindful of the blot in the Dawson escutcheon.

New York has a way of smothering events out of one's mind that would continue fiercely flaming in Omaha. I had almost forgotten Katie, and had small time to fret over the terseness of John's rare letters. To be sure he kept himself green in our memory by a steady demand for funds. At this point we received a cable. Strictly speaking, it was not for us, but was addressed to John Dawson. However, it was in my care, and, after the smallest pretense at hesitation, I opened it to see if the contents should be wired back to him. To my added perplexity I found that the despatch had been sent from the *arrondissement* in Paris where he lived, and the message was the potent but inexpensive word "*No.*"

One of the most powerful matrons in society sat down to dinner the next night before a cardboard girl who had but four toes to the well-directed foot that was pointing airily to her august name. The fifth toe I forgot to do, for I was excitedly 'phoning Hudson, that I might catch him at his workshop before he started on a business trip West. Hudson agreed with me.

"He's on the water now, that's what he is. It's one of his infernal surprises."

I was tremulous with the thought of seeing him again, yet we were both exasperated beyond polite utterance at the thought of his popping in on us without a word. Johnny had no plans, and couldn't understand how any one else could be bothered with them. In Paris this had seemed rather amusing, but as I looked over my full calendar, for it was near Christmas-time and orders were sandwiched in with social airings on my own account, my heart went out in understanding of Katherine Merritt.

Six days after the cable I heard a thumping up the narrow hall that divided

our and our neighbor's apartments, the faint thrill of their bell, an exasperated slamming of their door by the maid who had opened it, and then so soft a prodding against ours that it could be likened to nothing at all. And this caused me to rise hastily, for the mode of procedure was more like the coming of Johnny than any conventional arrival; and, true to my surmising, I opened it upon a stooping figure, made gnome-like by his endeavor to read the card beneath the bell. Numerous impedimenta were in either hand, and strapped to his back were half a hundred rolls of canvas, which protuberances had been battling against our oak.

By the time he had his coat off—which was a cape—there was no room to step. The unframed rolls of pictures which I had lifted from his shoulders rollicked about the floor, and the baggage was on every chair but one. On this one, however, he had put his hat, and promptly sat. Unfortunately it was a derby, quite new; and, to my amazement, Johnny was even more concerned than I as the resounding crack foretold its destruction.

He examined it hastily. "And I'll have to wear it all the time I'm out there," he moaned.

"Out where?"

He did not reply directly, which was in line with his usual vacillation of thought. Although he answered one question with another: "But then, perhaps, I sha'n't go. Did I receive a cable?"

"You did."

"What was in it?" It was uncomfortable the way Johnny took it for granted that the despatch would be opened.

"Nothing — that is, just 'No.'"

For the smallest part of an instant he was staggered, but he cheered up immediately. "Well, 'no' doesn't mean anything. You could take it a dozen ways," was his comment. I looked at him inquiringly. "I'd like to tell you, sis, but it's really a great secret"; then, after waving about uncertainly, "and yet—yes—no—well, perhaps I'd better."

With some finesse I towed him into the dining-room before he began, while I continued my work at the only north window in the flat. So far, following the custom of our family, I had not displayed any emotion over my boy's coming. There was little time for that, as the cards had to go out at seven. But as I painted joyous holly wreaths I was taking stock of Johnny out of the corner of my eye with something akin to pity.

Beyond his hat, he was not looking prosperous. His clothes were those of the atelier, and were ragged, his hair was longer than it ought to be, and his shoes were the pointed ones of the French school, although American boots were to be had in Paris — for a consideration. Plainly, Johnny was recognizing the end



THE MESSAGE WAS THE POTENT BUT INEXPENSIVE WORD "NO"

of the rope, and was making a late effort to save. And yet there was nothing despairing about him as he ate the raw eggs which his doctor had ordered at five every day, and he was brimming over with importance.

"I suppose it's only fair to tell you my great secret," he continued, after I had explained that Hudson was in the West. He was not as interested in his brother as he should have been, considering there would have been no bedroom for one who came as a surprise had Hudson remained at home.

"I can't make out the cable," I admitted, "unless you didn't get into the Salon again; but with all those pictures, I presume you're over here to exhibit."

"No, I'm not," he retorted, somewhat nettled; "but you don't suppose I'd go anywhere without my canvases, do you? Besides, I'm going to use them for purposes of education. What I'm over here for is"—he lingered on it blissfully—"to get married."

I went on stippling holly berries like a machine, but my heart was sick. "Whom are you going to marry, dear?" I asked, smoothly.

"That's what the cable is about," was his answer.

"The one that said 'no'?"

Johnny was not annoyed. "That doesn't mean anything, as I've told you. It was this way: after they went home—"

"Katherine and her mother?"

"Of course; who else? I realized that I should have made some definite arrangement with them."

"Then there's been nothing definite?"

"Not what *you* would call definite, but it's plain enough to Katie and me. Only, of course, there's the mother. I thought I'd go crazy in November thinking I might lose her—Katie, I mean—and at last I wrote to Mrs. Merritt asking if I might cross over and formally propose for her daughter's hand. That's where the cable comes in."

I was bewildered. "Did she send it from France?"

"Not at all. Roberts, my pal, sent it. After I'd written, I couldn't wait, and then Roberts sold a picture, so I borrowed the money and started over to find out for myself. The understanding was that he should open and read any letter from Omaha not in Katie's handwriting, and cable me the answer. Of course he's messed it all up. 'No' is just as apt to mean, 'No, don't stay in Paris,' or, 'No, you *are* worthy' (because I said I wasn't), as it would, 'No, don't come over.'"

I put down my brush. It was hideous enough, when understood, to keep me up till morning; and indeed it was almost that before I had stowed all the canvases into corners, entirely unpacked Johnny's sad little trunk, and decided upon my plan of assistance.

It was as plain to me as the nose on my plain



"I'LL HAVE TO WEAR IT ALL THE TIME I'M OUT THERE," HE MOANED

face that the simple young man had mistaken the effervescence of a girl's first flirtation with a real student in the Quarter for the stable quality that makes for an enduring love. But any argument that I could advance he would nullify with some Quartier Latin sentimentality that wouldn't last through one wash-day.

"Ah yes," he would patiently explain, "but Katie loves Paris studio life—she said so—she doesn't mind stairs—poverty is nothing to her—of course, she hasn't had any—neither have I, yet—can't I sell pictures?—I haven't, because I'm not married—men never accomplish anything until they marry — why, she wouldn't *want* silk petticoats—she was perfectly happy with a sou nosegay daily— Can't wear a nosegay— Oh, that's flippant!"

The dangling of her family before him held no terrors. "Yes, Mr. Merritt's a business man—so was I, once—one is never too old to improve—you saw those pictures? I'm going to show every one of them to him, and go over them and over them, and tell him all about what I do until he's just alive with enthusiasm — what are you laughing at?"

"I'm not," for surely there were tears also, and my bursting head was between my hands. "But the mother? Mrs. Merritt's very ambitious—" I could get no further.

"She's a very wise woman. In fact, she has given me more encouragement than Katie. Once she said to me, and once she said to Roberts while looking at me, that it was her great aim in life to have Katherine marry some capable young man."

Fortunately, the trunk had arrived at this moment. "It will be fifty cents," I told him, wishful to meet every obligation, but trying to be stern.

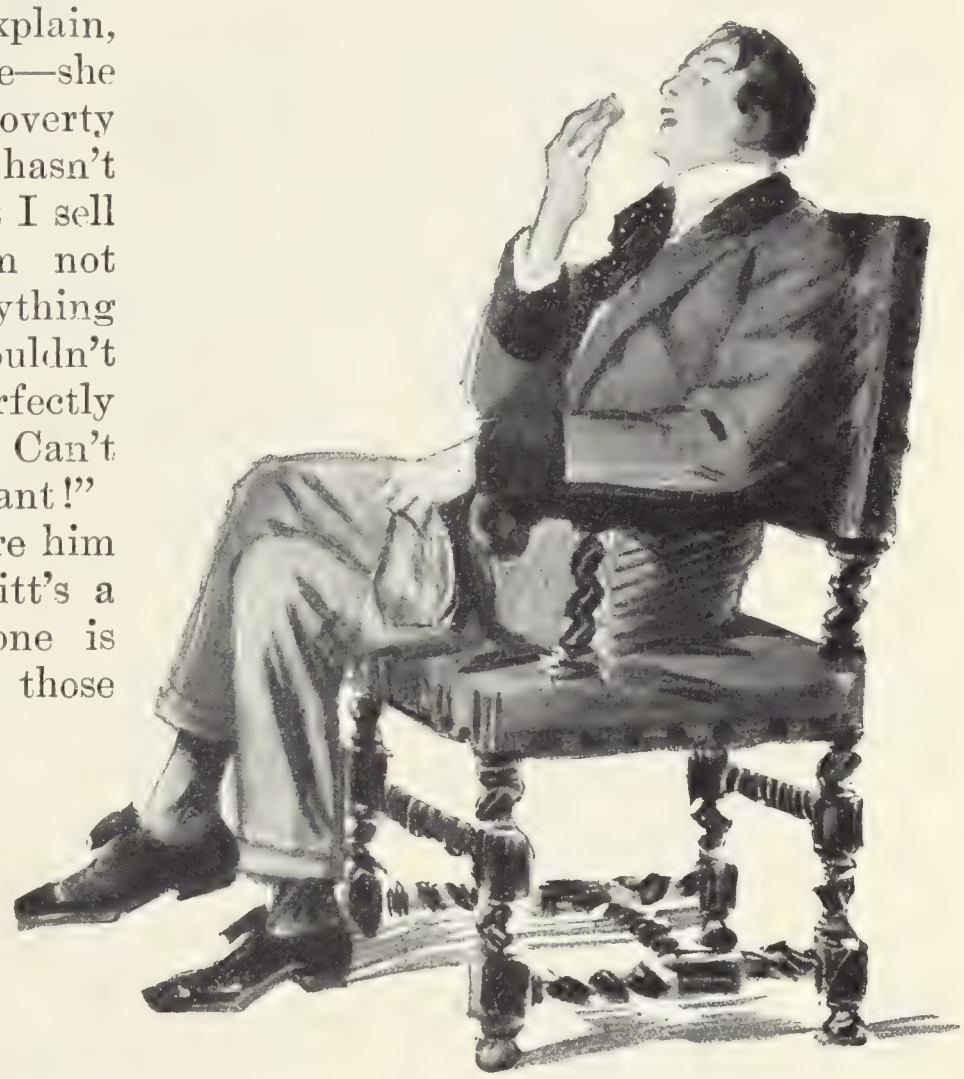
"Too much," said the foreign resident. "I'll give him forty, *deux francs;* that's enough."

"But you don't bargain with them over here!" I cried.

"He'll only get forty," advancing to meet the transfer giant.

I waited shudderingly for the sound of blows, but there was a short parley, a paralyzed "all right," then a departure.

And it came to me, as I stood in the canvas-strewn parlor, that Johnny, by a happy blending of his rainbow streaks, would some day, some way, win out; and that, to be loyal, I must help him with what few colors the dull palette of my life boasted. This resolution I applied to the fond lover's plans to rush on the next day and "surprise" Katherine.



EATING THE RAW EGGS WHICH HIS DOCTOR HAD ORDERED

"She will be delighted," he insisted.

"She will be nothing of the sort," I answered. "Even though her heart may go out to you, her time cannot. The season is at its full swing, she will have to meet her engagements; and you will be left alone because it is too late to include you, feeling out of it, and not wanted."

"She always wanted me in Paris."

"You bet she did," I snarled, vulgarly; "she had nothing else to do. Oh, my child, don't you see—" but I managed to arrest myself. There are some things one must find out by the bludgeonings of one's own experience. However, there was one agony in store for him that could be lessened.

I had found several pairs of velveteen trousers in his trunk, more canvases, a chafing-dish "to fill out a corner," boxes

of paints, and a dinner-coat bearing the name of Roberts in the sleeve. I was not too old to remember my own snobbish contempt for the incorrectly habited of my younger days, and with a sob of something like despair I prepared to fit out Johnny with the requisites for his attack.

It was not as easy as I had thought, and Johnny combated me at every step. "Katie always liked me in my painting things," he would argue, as dressy young clerks were dangling evening-trousers before us, bedecked with silk braid, and I couldn't remember to save my life what a well-bred man really did wear.

But the purchasing went on, and, when I could squeeze in the time, he went to tea with me in some of the big hotels to meet our friends. I never rose from the table without renewed faith in him. He was as independent as a millionaire, and much less ostentatious about it. He ordered raw eggs of the waiter in place of tea, and ate them horribly as they swam over the toast or around fat jam-tarts; but his simple assurance was such that he received the most ecstatic attention from the servitors; and when he told one gold-buttoned hireling that he had found better eggs at Giles', that worthy believed himself before nothing less than a nobleman, and begged his pardon humbly.

For a week this went on, and then Johnny rebelled utterly and began pitching his new clothes into his trunk with the cry of "Westward Ho!"

I learned some things while he was packing up, for he grew confidential as his heart waxed light. One was that he had not yet notified Katherine that he was coming.

My mouth writhed with bitter smiles. "And what's your plan when you get there?"

"Something simple: I shall go to a modest hotel, and send her flowers without a card to let her know I'm in town. You see," he continued, kindly with one so dense, "I never put a card in the flowers I sent her in Paris, so she will *know* they come from me."

I arose and endeavored to put my arms around Johnny, although he shook me off. "You dear goose," I said to him, "every moment there is some man sending posies to some girl without his name attached, and the pretty girls like Katherine often have two men who think they are the only ones in the world who are buying flowers. Don't let the wrong man get the credit for your expensive roses."

At this he madly renewed his efforts to wrap the dinner-coat of Roberts around his paint-box. And he got away after a fearful wrangle with me over his big canvases, which he still wanted to carry on his back, and which I agreed to box.

He departed hopefully by the cheapest route, quite ready to sit up all the way, with his new pockets stuffed with sandwiches to save expense. Hudson had written him that there was but seven hundred dollars remaining of his store, and "There's the ring, and the steamer tickets back, and the price of an exhibit before I begin to sell," Johnny told off, with a great air of being executive.

"Johnny," I said, when it came time to make polite farewell speeches, "remember this: whatever happens to you in your life of joy—or sorrow—you can put it all in your work. Remember this—if things don't go just as you would like to have them."

And when he said he would remember, I shut the door and had a good cry. Later I sent a night message to Katherine telling her of his coming, for I knew that she had grown sensible, like me, and would hate surprises.

I didn't spend a very "Merry Christmas," after all, with Hudson away and a long letter from our painter as my only companion. He had changed his plan of attack upon arriving in Omaha, and on his way up from the station had purchased some flowers and gone straight to the house. So, in spite of my efforts, she had seen him travel-stained and awry, without his laurel wreath, but with a few sandwich-papers probably sticking out of his pockets.

She had welcomed him charmingly, however, he wrote—which I can thank myself for; and then he went on, at length, in a broken fashion. They were all against him—mother, father, and daughter; and my heart hardened toward them as I read of the very arguments that I had advocated myself.

"But I'm not through yet," he announced, toward the end of his letter. "The old man says it isn't that he wants

me to *have* money, but to prove that I am capable of getting it—and that's simple enough. I shall show him shortly that I can make money as easily as any one if I want to. I haven't decided just how to go about it, but something will turn up.

"And I'm not entirely discouraged in Katie's direction, although I am confused. She says Paris is Paris, and Omaha is Omaha, which is perfectly obvious. She doesn't say she can't ever love me, but she absurdly wants something more than love when she marries. Not money, she insists, but a man that she can 'hold onto,' whatever that means.

"This both enrages and hurts me. I think for hours of the perfect days we spent in the Luxembourg gardens, eating waffles and talking about my pictures, and now I find her so changed! Yet again — and this is the strangest part of it all—out here I don't think I should want her any different. There's more to her — out here. But what she doesn't seem to recognize, and what those fat parents of hers can't grasp, is that there is more to *me*. And, as I tell you, I"m going to show them."

Hudson, upon his return, sorrowfully agreed with me that our brother lacked balance. Toward the first of February Johnny wired for all of his few remaining hundreds, and upon complying to this demand, with a stern letter of reproof, Hudson received a brief note of thanks, in which we were termed "short sports."

It seems that Johnny, after five years in Paris to render him thoroughly unfit, had decided to enter the speculative market. More than that, he was buying on a margin, buying stock of which Hudson heard the poorest opinion expressed, and he was buying beyond his remaining fortune.

One day Hudson telephoned me, his voice very shaky, that our painter's stock had gone up ten points, and, after all, Johnny must have pulled out a neat little sum. Nothing takes away the curse of gambling like success. I was about to congratulate the boy when Hudson received a letter, in answer to the telegram he had sent, assuring us that



"I'LL GIVE HIM FORTY, DEUX FRANCS; THAT'S ENOUGH"

Johnny had no thought of selling the stock, as he was sure it would gain thirty points in the next few days.

I wept, and Hudson tore his hair, and we suffered on until, one sweeping, soaring, high-winded day in March, Wall Street boosted that stock to the high-water mark of thirty, and our financier sent word that he had sold out.

He did not hasten to wire, and it was only the scratch of a pen mailed as he was going out to dinner. He spoke of his *coup* mildly, but he was in a rush to reach his host, for Katherine's father was to be there; and as the old man had disposed of his stock at only five points profit, he wished to let him know that he had controlled a small portion of that same "plum" with a less nervous hand.

"It was the daring play of a fool boy,"



HIS WORK IS GREATLY VALUED, SINCE HE IS THE RICH, ECCENTRIC MR. DAWSON WHO WILL NOT SELL

Mr. Merritt wrote us, "but it did show courage, and a keener estimate of the market than I myself possessed. I don't believe in flyers, though, and I don't approve of them in young men. I'm going to make him promise to leave speculating alone; but, anyhow, that youngster is all right."

Then Mr. Merritt went on to make a prophecy that was so amazingly acute for a stodgy person that we demi-artists gave no heed to it. Yet Mr. Merritt was right in his prediction; with this first encouragement Johnny, who had been jarred out of line by the estheticism of a school-girl, was now jarred into his old place again. The charm of smelly offices fought for mastery with the traces of turpentine; opportunities unrolled themselves before his eyes with something of the beauty of old canvases; success, which his pictures had never brought him, gave elasticity to his step, purpose to his direction; and his old business instincts, enriched, softened, returned to him, not mean now, or provincial, but with the promise of wide horizons to tempt him back.

And he went back. Katherine probably put it down as the second feather in her cap; Mr. Merritt may believe that the opportunity of sitting at a mahogany desk in his office was the allurement too alluring to refuse; but Hudson and I know that he returned because there was but one streak of paint in his cosmos against all the other streaks that go to make a business man.

I had some wailing letters from the girl before he discovered, in his simplicity, that hanging his hat on an office peg was making him dear to her. I endured her confidence—but, wickedly glad, made none—and she took the step of informing Johnny herself.

As for the pictures, the disposal of them rendered old Mr. Merritt an unconscious diplomatist. "Don't paint for the market, my boy," he warned. "For every stroke of the brush we'll lose a customer. Just paint to give away."

So Johnny paints on Sunday, although not all day Sunday, and some months not on any Sunday. But he and Katherine entertain their friends at tea in the studio, and his work is greatly valued, since he is the rich, eccentric Mr. Dawson who will not sell.

The Agriculture of the Future

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH

Professor of Industry, University of Pennsylvania

THE age of chance and chance discoveries is drawing to a close, and its successor, the age of science and of deliberately sought scientific discoveries, has already begun in many fields of human endeavor. This is a great change, and one in which the fresh beginnings often require a new field for their operations. Such must be the case in agriculture. It, too, must take a fresh beginning and travel along new paths. In the days of chance we made small discoveries upon which we yet depend, although the possibilities of a new agriculture are now before us.

Agriculture to-day depends chiefly upon the work of the primeval woman. We are indebted to the nomad's wife for the greatest of all economic services. She tamed the young of the more tamable animals, gave them to her savage husband, and made of him the more civil herdsman who for ages followed his flocks after the manner of Jacob and Lot and Job. This fertile wife of the nomad became the wife of farmers, and she made a farmer of her son by placing in his hand the precious seed of the grains, the present basis of agriculture, the bread of man, and the concentrated food of all our domestic animals.

Where did this ancient mother get these precious seeds? In many cases we do not know, and cannot even guess. She found some plant with one or two rich seeds, planted them, and then generation after generation her descendants picked over their little grain patches, selecting seeds to be preciously preserved from the harvest festival to the next spring-planting festival, which we now call Easter. By this process running on through unknown generations of men, the plants became so changed by the artificial application of Darwin's law of selection that now no botanist dares suggest what plant or plants were the wild forebears of some of the present grains from which the world to-day obtains its bread.

We are indebted to this cave or tent-dwelling woman. But shall we accept her work as final? Can science do no better than follow along the path she laid out? The fact that agricultural science is to-day doing little more than this is one of the pathetic illustrations of the smallness of our view.

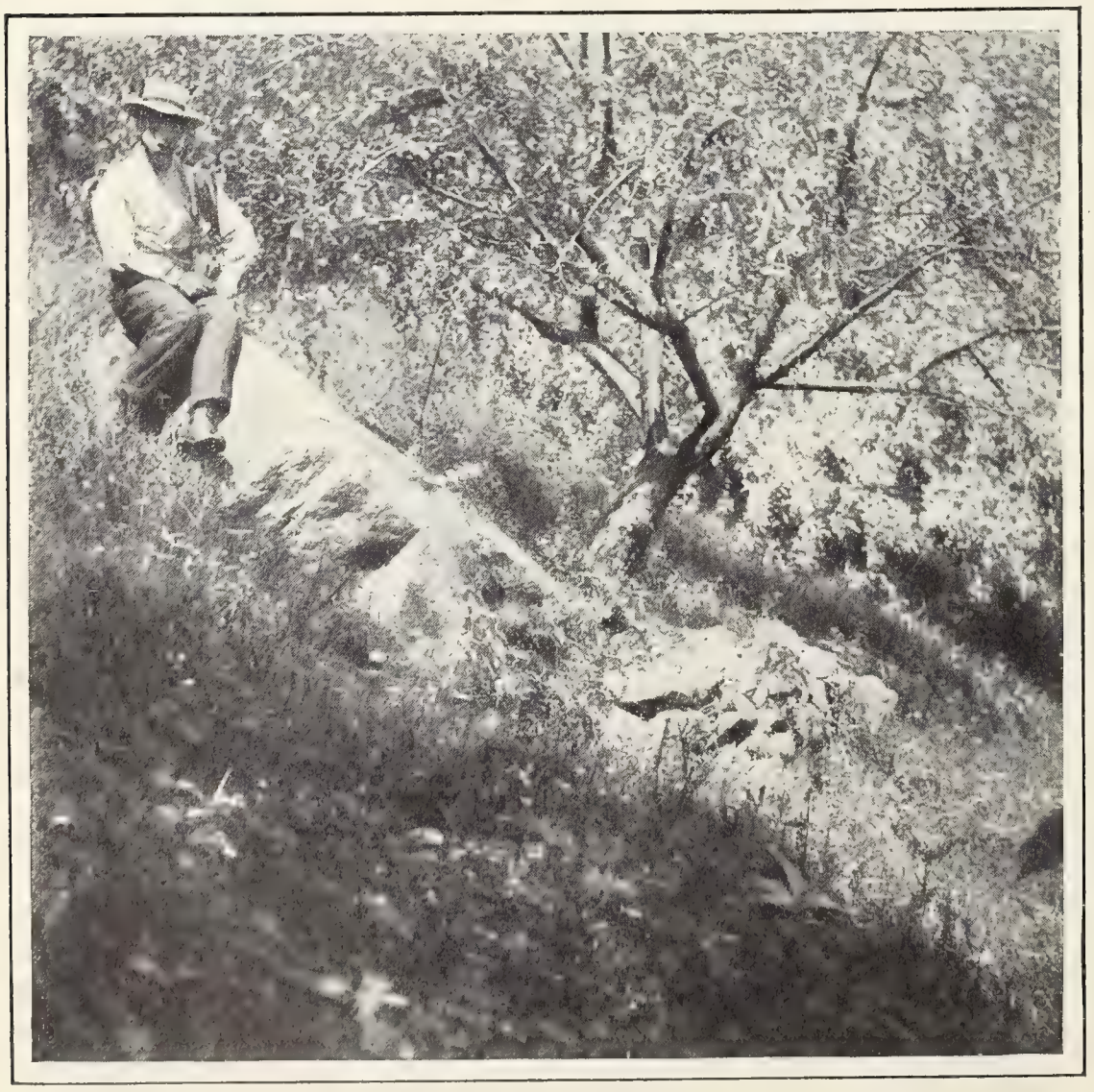
When the nomad's wife began picking and storing seeds to raise a little vegetable food to vary the monotony of the meat diet, did she scientifically examine the resources of the plant world and pick out and develop the stocks that would prove ultimately to be the best and most productive for the human race? Not at all. The poor creature was hungry for a mess of starch and herbs to vary the monotony of broiled joint. She lived from hand to mouth, and as she gradually evolved a garden with her own back-tiring labor, she inevitably moved along the lines of least resistance. That is what ails agricultural science now when it is still following in her footsteps.

While the primeval Asiatic was off hunting or tending flocks, his wife gathered wild crops in the woods and glades at the valley's edge, picking berries, cherries, wild apples, and mulberries. For eons they had gone into winter quarters with a store of wild almonds, walnuts, filberts, or acorns. These were and are the free product of nature, but when she wanted to raise a crop herself, she wanted quick returns—we all do. Think of a savage planting a walnut and expecting to wait ten years for the harvest. Our first gardener very naturally began with quick-growing plants, annuals, which had the tremendous advantage of quick returns—plant in the spring and eat in the fall. Quickness of return, not ultimate greatness of return, was the basis of selection.

The nomad wife had for thousands of years been feeding her family on walnuts, chestnuts, acorns, almonds, apples, and cherries. There they stood, these trees, then as now the great engines of nature, producing to-day as no grains can produce. At their feet stood a few feeble plants with one or two fat seeds. These feeble ones have become the food and the agriculture of mankind, not because they were especially certain or especially productive or especially good or especially nutritious, but because, being annuals, they appealed to the nomad's wife by giving quick return. Therefore we have improved them. Therefore we all eat bread made of grains. In depending upon these puny props we give ourselves great and often needless labor, and because of the weakness of our plant servants more than half the productive possibilities of the world are unattained.

The grains are weaklings all. They are so feeble that they must have the earth specially prepared for them. The ground must be plowed, which is, in itself, an act of violence against nature. Special care is often necessary to protect them from the overpowering strength of those more vigorous plants we call weeds, and when the harvest comes it is often a small handful in comparison to yields of tree crops—the engines of nature which have for ages been giving man the most astonishing object-lessons of production and inviting him to improve them rather than the feeble grains.

In illustration of my claim that the trees are more productive than the grains, I would call attention to the fact that the chestnut orchards of Italy yield per acre nuts in amount approximately equal to the per acre yield of wheat-fields in the United States. Italy is not generally considered a fertile country. To make this comparison stronger, I would point out that while the wheat grows on the richest and most easily tillable soil of America, the chestnut orchards of Italy occupy the steep, rocky, untillable mountain-sides. While the wheat lands must be plowed for each crop, the chestnut orchards have not been plowed in ten thousand years. The trees stand among the rocks, and at their feet are pasturage and herds to match the laborious plowing and seed time of wheat culture. This chestnut-tree crop is the bread supply and the money crop of thousands of mountain dwellers in the higher regions of Mediterranean countries. Despite the praise that I have given them, I incline to the belief, based upon some examination, that the chestnut orchards of Italy are rather inferior orchards with quite as much possibility of improvement as the wheat crops of the United States.



SUCCESSFUL UTILIZATION OF A VIRGINIA HILLSIDE AS STEEP AS A HOUSE-ROOF
Apple-trees yielding $200 per acre

Even this excellent tree crop is representative of ancient chance rather than of modern science, and it intimates the great pro-



TILLING HOPELESS HILLS

An attempt at agriculture in Pennsylvania that is ill suited to the resources of the land

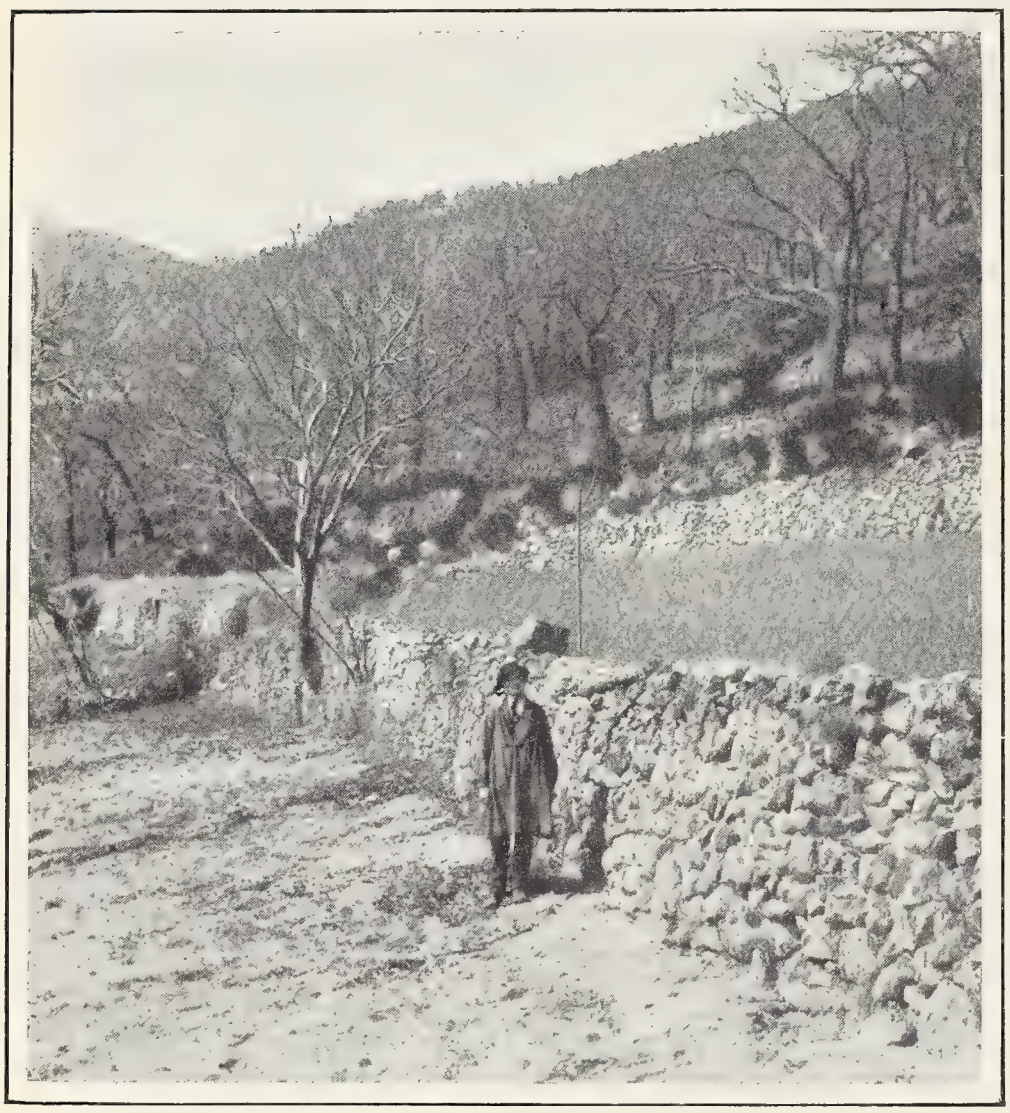
ductivity of trees which are in some respects already our greatest yielders. I know of one particular acre in apple-trees that yielded 44,000 pounds of salable fruit in the year 1910—a record, not an average, crop, but it made over 25,000 pounds the next year.

The uses of land run through grades of intensity in utilization and value of output somewhat as follows. First, the forest with its game, furs, and gums; second, the forest with its lumber; third, pasturage; fourth, tillage and grain; fifth, tree crops. Wherever we find agriculture going over from the annual grains to the perennial tree crops, we find an agriculture of increased output rivaled only by the market garden. Wheat, corn, and oats yield but poorly in comparison with the heavy harvest and large income furnished by the apple, peach, orange, date, olive, or Persian (so-called English) walnut.

The agriculture of the tree crop is the agriculture of great yield, but here, too, we have followed methods that are identical with those of the nomad's wife in selecting grains for planting. We have depended for our varieties almost purely upon chance. Freak trees have arisen by accidental hybridizing here and there to become the parents of a variety. The luscious seckel pear, so the story goes, grew up among the weeds along the fence row beside the orchard of John Bartram, the botanist of Revolutionary days. The fruit, of despicable size, fell upon the ground for years, to rot in the sight of its supposed superiors, the larger pears that comprised the orchard. One day as the pensive John strolled that way one of the seckel pears fell upon his hat, bounced into his hand, which rather automatically closed upon it. With similar automatic nonchalance the great botanist tasted the pear, and later propagated the variety. All seckel pear-trees descend directly from that one parent tree. Many a splendid fruit-tree, fit to found a variety the equal of any of its species, has risen by chance, fruited gloriously, and died unknown because no John Bartram wandered by. The names of the varieties show their chance origins—Stark, a nursery-man; Grimes Golden, from farmer Grimes; York Imperial, from a roadside tree discovered by school-children in York County, Pennsylvania, and so on down the list of our common fruits. Most of the fruit-trees that grow naturally are of mixed parentage—that is to say, chance hybrids—unique, each a variety of its own. Mr. Luther Burbank has methodically used this method deliberately with results that are well known. His creations of flowers and plums and walnuts are wonderful segregations of the desirable qualities of various ancestors.

Mr. Burbank, a pioneer, used the facts of science and got results before the scientists had worked out the law. Now, however, science has caught up. We need no longer depend upon chance, the well-tried method of the ancient nomad's

wife. We have the laws of plant breeding, and as a result tree crops, the agriculture of great yield, are to come out of the corners where they now occupy so inconspicuous a place. In the United States the cultivated fruiting trees of all sorts cover only 2.7 per cent. as much ground as is given over to the less productive grains and grasses. As agriculture adjusts itself decently and suitably to resource, the area of tree crops, with their great superiorities of yield and land-utilizing ability, will eventually outstrip the grain crops.



FRENCH UTILIZATION OF HILLSIDES TOO STEEP FOR TILLAGE
Chestnut, orchards above the terraces worth $150 per acre

Scientific plant breeding is to be the agent that will transform agriculture as the steam-engine has transformed transportation, for it will enable us to harness the trees, the great productive engines of the plant kingdom. For two centuries the white man has been felling the forests of America to make fields. Many an Eastern field, now of low fertility and scanty harvest, has or has had upon it the acorn-bearing oak, the nut-bearing walnut, chestnut, and hickory (or shellbark), the seedling apple, the seedling peach, the red-heart and black-heart cherry (wild mazzard), and the fruitful persimmon and papaw. Yet for three centuries all these astounding possibilities of crops have been negligently cut down and burned up to make room for wheat and corn.

Analysis shows that the efforts of unaided nature have produced richer foods in the nuts of trees than in the kernels of grains. If nature unaided has done this much, what may we expect if we start scientific plant breeding upon bases of possibility as astonishing as those afforded, let us say, by the hickory-nut family? I have before me as I write a hickory-nut from Indiana. It is a sample that was offered as typical of bushels. It is 1.65 inches long, 1.40 inches wide, and 1.10 inches thick; it weighs 310 grains, after having been off the tree for nine months. There, for a beginning, is size. From Kentucky I have the report of hickory-nuts with shells so thin that they can be crushed in the hand as we crush English walnuts. We all know the delicious flavor of the shellbark and the pecan. A princely group of qualities, these. Yet, further, there are several varieties of this hickory genus, including the pecan, that are hardy from Canada to the Gulf and west to the Mississippi.

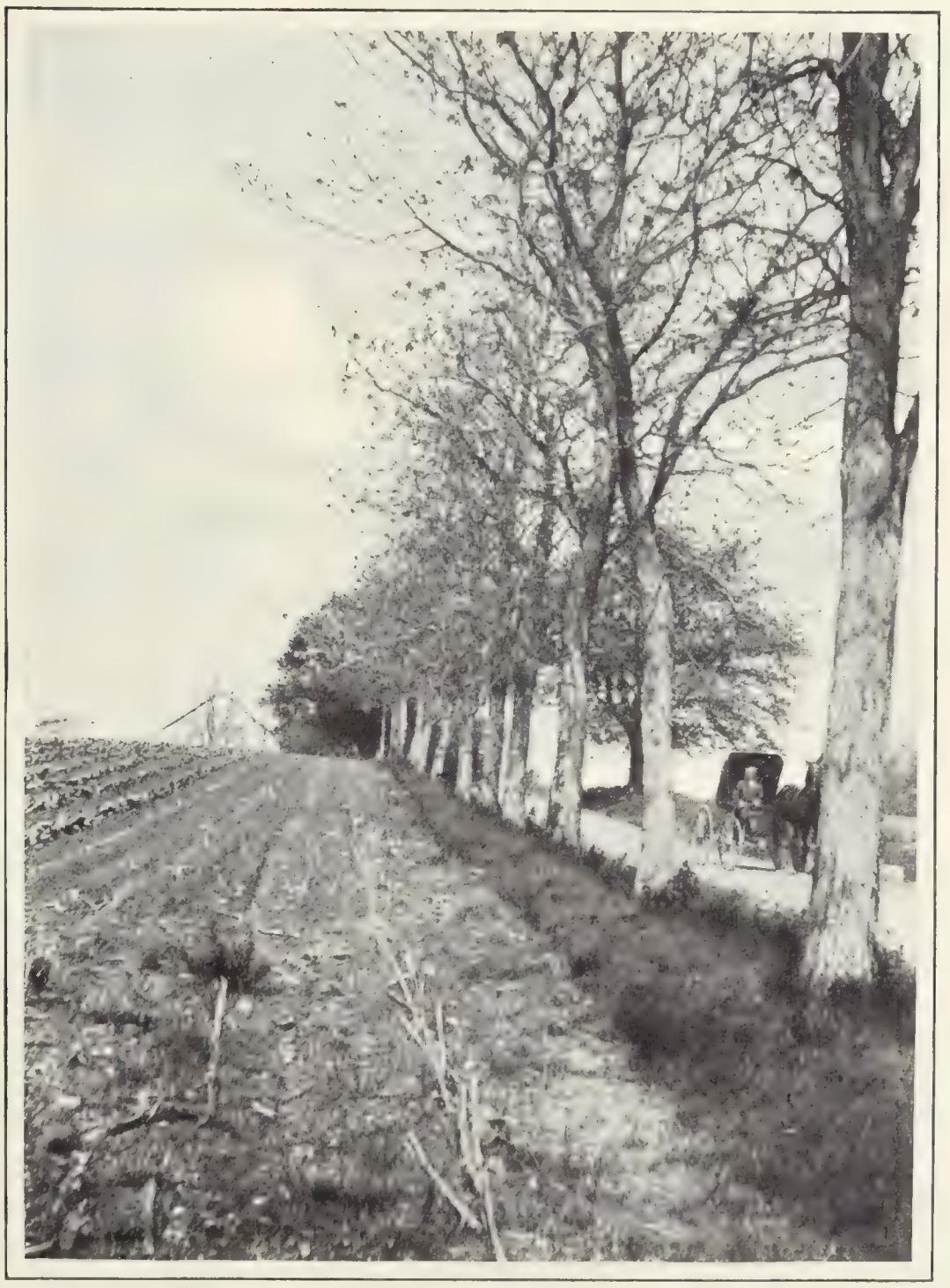
Here is a truly astonishing group of qualities for the application of the Mendelian law, the law of heredity in plant life. The plant-breeder, the constructive botanist, promises to be the greatest creator of the twentieth century. He now tells us that it is only a matter of time and patience to make, by repeated crosses, a good crop-yielding hickory-tree, almost an ideal hickory-nut. It can have the delicious sweet flavor of the shellbark, the thin shell of the Kentucky nut, and enough of the size of the Indiana giant to put it in the English-walnut class so far as food value, accessibility, and de-

sirability are concerned, and with this great difference from the standpoint of production: the English walnut is a Mediterranean exotic, at home in the United States only on the Pacific coast where Mediterranean conditions prevail. The species is without a single profitable orchard anywhere in the East because of the injury from early frost. On the other hand, the hickories are all at home here. There is no problem of acclimation involved. They have been here so many millenniums that they have adjusted themselves fairly well to our frost by sleeping late in the springtime and putting forth their flowers weeks after the rash walnut from the gentle Mediterranean land has exposed its delicate blossom to the fury of our continental climate that is made up of such unending changes.

At the present time we leave most of our Eastern nuts to grow, fall, and waste, except such as may be claimed by the squirrel and our foraging friend the hog, who dearly loves to transform the fat of hickory-nuts into the fat of bacon. Here and there some farmer-boy gathers a few shellbarks and a few walnuts, but they mostly waste. Last autumn fine black walnuts crunched beneath my buggy wheels in the country roads of northern Virginia and eastern Pennsylvania, while crops of English walnuts were being preciously gathered in France, Spain, Italy, and California, and sold for more than $100 per acre.

I have a Spanish acorn, two inches long, and weighing 108 grains after having dried for many months. The edible acorn (of the Ballota oak) is one of the five crops now sold from the living oak-trees of the Mediterranean basin. In Spain thousands of acres are given over to acorn orchards. The fresh acorn is, except for some shortage of protein, surprisingly close to white bread in food content, and it fattens tens of thousands of Iberian hogs without the intervention of the labor of man in harvesting. We Americans are too industrious. We would rather carry starch from the corn-field to the piggery than turn the pig out into the oak orchard.

Why are we not breeding better varieties of hickories, walnuts, and oaks? The answer compels us to confess our tremendous limitations for far-seeing constructive work. We can build battle-ships for a war that may never come, but we cannot take a tithe of the price of a battle-ship to breed new crops, to utilize kingdoms that are idle now, and to fill stomachs that daily call for food.



FRUITLESS SHADE-TREES ALONG A ROADSIDE
A familiar instance of American neglected opportunities

Who shall breed these crop-yielding trees? The nomad's wife did not start them for us, and she will not do it now. Commerce will not do it for us, for it will not give gain to the tree-breeder. A man might work ten or twenty or fifty years, and evolve a dozen magnificent parent trees, and then he could not realize enough from them to pay his accumulated board bills. That does not prove that the work is not worth doing. Properly utilized, the new varieties might in time be worth $100,000,000 a year to a hilly State like Pennsylvania—and still the plant-breeder who made them would probably die in the poorhouse if he worked privately and depended upon his earnings. The difficulty is that the work is so slow. The nomad's wife could save her seed wheat and seed beans in the autumn, and eat the harvest the next season, but the youth who started to breed nut-trees might have boys in school before he tasted the fruits of his work, and he might have to make several generations of new trees before he achieved anything worth while. That removes the work from the list of gainful operations for individuals, and throws it over into the class of works that are done for love, philanthropy, or by a government.

Despite the slowness, there are some men now doing this work. But it will not do for the race to depend upon the chance enthusiasms of a few far-seeing men who select a constructive avocation with a mighty but distant fruition. Every State in the Union, and the United States government also, should take it up. This thing lies too close to the cost of living to be longer delayed. Properly worked out, it can double the food production of the United States. Under present conditions the limitations of the use of humid land (exclusive of swamps) are chiefly set by the amount of stones in it or on it, and by its steepness. As a consequence of rocks and hills, large areas of the United States are utterly unplowable and practically useless, except for forest possibilities. Other large areas are of low fertility, low productivity, and difficult to work because they are hilly and somewhat stony, and have therefore been run down and robbed. We have not yet learned how to unlock one-half our agricultural resources. Agriculture depends on plants, and plants depend on heat, light, fertility, and moisture. Now we have added to those four the purely unnatural and complicating fifth qualification—suitability of the land to be plowed and to stand plowing. This last qualification arose in the day of the ancient nomad's wife. It came along with the crooked stick with which for so many centuries we scratched the ground. Let us keep the plow, but cease to depend upon it so completely.

There stands abandoned New England, a chaos of stones, rocks, hills, an unending amazement to the natives of the good agricultural districts of America. "How," these people are continually saying, "how in the world did the Yankees of past generations ever wring a living from among those rocks?" As long as agriculture was a matter of plowing, it is no wonder that the New-Englanders fled the land until farms by thousands were gladly to be given away if you would only pay a fraction of the value of the buildings. Shall the American people be baffled merely because we cannot plow the land when it has all the other qualifications — heat, light, moisture, and fertility? New England land is not exhausted. Its rocks have protected it from that. It is merely slightly fatigued, and resting. The deep plowing of the glacier has left a soil of much and enduring fertility and of great usefulness if we will use the right kind of plants and methods to convert this fertility into food. A farmer down in Louisiana has a hillside covered with mulberry-trees. Inasmuch as the mulberry delivers its product regularly like the milkman all summer, it is an ideal kind of an automatic animal feeder. The Louisiana man assigns an automatic harvester to this automatic food supply by turning his pigs into the mulberry orchard. They need no urging to harvest the crop, and a few years ago, when pork was cheaper than it is now, they were making $12 per acre while the owner sat on the fence and watched the process of the automatic manufacture of climate and soil into mulberry, and of mulberry into pig.

Over some hundreds of thousands of



A Pear-tree Orchard on a rocky Hillside
Hundreds of bushels of fruit per acre are obtained from an almost hopeless region

square miles of the territory below Mason and Dixon's line the famous 'possum waxes fat. The chief cause of his undoing is the fact that you are quite sure to find him up a persimmon-tree almost any winter evening. The 'possum is there because it is one of nature's larders, for it hangs full of toothsome, nutritious fruit. In Japan and China the persimmon has been improved until it is as large as a peach, and is an article of diet as fresh, dried, and preserved fruit.

For New England the point of the mulberry and persimmon discussion, as of the walnut, hickory, and acorn-bearing oak, is this—these trees, these engines of production, do not depend upon the plow. They can wedge their trunks in between the rocks, send their roots far down into the glacial subsoil, rear their spreading branches out into the clouds, rain, and sunshine, and produce. What care they for rocks? If there is earth among them, the tree roots will find it. If the rocks encumber the surface, they merely serve as a mulch to keep in the moisture.

What New England needs is an intelligent agriculture that is adjusted to her resources. The agriculture of New England came from Old England, Old England got it from the Romans, the Romans got it from the Egyptians, and the Egyptians got it from the nomad's wife. There is nothing like a good old ancestry, but possibly we have overdone it a bit in our farming. New England, like all hilly and rocky countries, has a greater need for a tree-crop agriculture than it has for any other thing in the whole list of relations between man and nature.

Here and there in the glacial belt some man has taken hold of the future by planting his hills to apple-trees and then, instead of trying to plow them, has allowed them to eat their neighbors, as successful trees do in the forest. He mows down the grass, weeds, and bushes, and lets the apple-trees eat them. It suffices nicely, and the result is apple crops worth more per acre than good farms, and after the harvest the plant still stands intact, for the apple-tree on Eastern hills has often proved itself good for a century. If these farmers had tried to grow grain, they would, after harvest, have been compelled to start all over again. A farm of native crop-yielding trees becomes a veritable factory, and an unusually valuable thing for father to hand on to son. What the hill country of the East needs above all things in

agriculture is a dozen stations equipped with collections of fruiting trees and tree-breeders evolving the new crop-yielding strains that are to put the hills on a par with the richest plains.

Everywhere east of the Mississippi trees will grow wherever there is earth that stands above the water level. With the properly improved varieties of tree crops there is no reason why Massachusetts might not, square mile for square mile, produce as many fat pigs or fat sheep or fat turkeys as Kansas. The proper succession of fruiting mulberries, chestnuts, walnuts, pecans, hickories, shagbarks, filberts, and many other tree crops that might be introduced from this and other lands would give one continuous succession of workless harvests to which the pigs, sheep, and turkeys could walk and eat. Then those small sections of the land that are fit for tillage could be tilled to the limit, *intensively,* to fill in the gaps. A sugar-maple orchard of selected and improved varieties would, of course, yield much more than the present scrub maple orchards of the North. In fact, it is probable that there are enough varieties of tree crops now in existence and fairly well proved to make the rocky Massachusetts tree farm yield income to match the $150 per acre of the Illinois or Kansas farm.

As population advances and increases, there is a tendency for us to change the nature of our food supply. In new countries we grow a crop, feed it to the animals, and then eat the animals and their products. As population increases we tend more and more to eat the plant products ourselves. As this change comes, the tree crops advance more and more toward the exact filling of our needs. The physicians, the "cures," and the health-food faddists are more and more calling us away from meats and grains and high cookery to the diet of nuts and fruits. The table of food values shows that the nuts far outrank flour and even eggs and meat in protein, and that they also furnish fat and carbohydrates. To keep such highly concentrated food from doing injury, the fruits furnish the necessary bulk, succulence, and acids. In the Mediterranean countries the tree farmer, with his olive orchard and its oil, has already given us tree-grown butter which, by the way, keeps, while the more expensive animal product promptly spoils. Incidentally it is very significant that Italian olive oil is cheaper now in American cities than American butter is, and our olive industry has barely started. The nut-trees show us equally good substitutes for meat and bread, while the fruit-trees give us fruit. It is quite generally claimed by anatomists that the human digestive tract was made by and for a diet of fruit and nuts, which, therefore, are even now likely to be our most normal diet.

Thus may the Eastern country double its production. The one-third that is now too hilly for good cultivation will, with tree crops, double and more than double its present meager output. The roughest third, now hopeless of tillage, can, with tree crops, match in productivity the best third, which should remain for the agriculture of the plow, to which it is by nature adjusted.

The benefits that tree crops can render the arid and semi-arid West are equal to if not greater than those that may be conferred upon the hilly East. The grasses, grains, and ordinary forage plants are ill equipped to fight for life against the rigors and uncertainty of aridity. Corn, for example, must have water within a certain two weeks or it is blasted, but trees can prepare for a siege. In the first place, their roots can go down indefinitely deep. These roots can store up energy, and when the time comes they can make fruits. Further than this, many of the trees of the arid lands are legumes, with the legume's power of gathering nitrogen from the air, leaving a part of it upon their roots to enrich the soil, and using the rest to make seeds that are rich in nitrogen and, therefore, meat substitutes and tissue builders.

While these facts about the trees of arid lands are pregnant with possibilities, they are as yet only possibilities for the United States, and the hundreds of thousands of square miles of the Western plains are in most cases going from bad to worse from the overpasturing that is destroying the scanty stand of native grasses. Often twenty acres of land will not now support one ox. The United States government has recognized this



A COMMON FAILURE IN CULTIVATING HILLSIDES

The corn on level ground at the right is six feet high; at left where fertility is gone from hillside, the corn is worthless

great vacuum of the West, and the way to fill it. Mr. W. T. Zwingle has been appointed Dry Land Arboriculturist. He has in his hands the raw materials of an empire, but the building will be slow, and he should have a regiment rather than a scant half-dozen to help him. Nature is placing wonderful raw materials in Mr. Zwingle's hand, and then fairly driving the problem into his face. On the plains of Texas, for example, the mesquite, a bothersome bush that kills out the grass, is moving across the plains like an army, taking possession and keeping all it gets. Why? The fires used to run through the tall dead grass every few years and kill the young mesquite. Recently the hungry cattle ate the grass, and there was nothing for the fires to run in, so the mesquite steps in and takes possession. And the mesquite is a weed. It is mostly a bush that won't become a tree, and it is good for nothing. But certain varieties of the mesquite long ago appealed to the nomad's wife, for the seed is rich and nutritious, and for unknown centuries the Indians have been making bread of the seed of a variety of the mesquite that grows in our arid lands and attains the size of an apple-tree. The mesquite seeds make good fattening for pigs, sheep, and goats.

Nature has made many desert possibilities. One of the botanists of the Department of Agriculture has found six species of woolly fruited wild almonds growing on the desolate shores of Pyramid Lake in the so-called Nevada Desert. The desert may yet bloom with almonds, for these six varieties bear nutritious though small and bitter fruit; and Mr. Frank Meyer, plant explorer of the department, brings back from Central Asia the report of wild almonds producing good fruit and good edible oil in a climate with an estimated rainfall of eight inches per year.

Foreign lands certainly have many more promising trees to offer us when once we set out in earnest to breed tree crops. We can thus convert hundreds of thousands of square miles of almost vacant range into fruitful orchards. The tree crop will also yield a valuable by-product of wood.

Owing to the long time involved and the consequent impossibility of financial return to the individual, the breeding of these tree crops must depend largely upon governments, and governments will act in this direction only in response to the pressure of intelligence. The time for far-seeing constructive work has come.

Comfort

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THAT October night there was such a glorious, moon-flooded sky that groups of people stood looking up at it, in an awed, yet half-jocular way, the way of the Londoner who regards Nature as an old fool and a good joke; a sort of grandfather that you are very glad to visit in July and August.

William Amoore, regarding the moon, felt strange stirrings of the heart. It was a sharp pain, yet he applauded it, for he had come to that age when you welcome emotion as at least a healthy survival. He compared his feelings to wearing tight shoes: he had a grotesque trick of comparison; they pinched your corns if you had any, but their superb effect upon the world was gratifying. He had small feet, and was proud of them, yet they gave him an air of mincing when he walked; for he was a big man, and scoffers, marking him, might have said "dancing-master."

He walked swiftly up Southampton Row, unlike those fools who would stand still and stare. He considered, marking yearningly the silver-flooded sky, that in country places lonely houses would throw gaunt shadows. Yet the shadows of hills would be more gaunt. And how about the great tossings of bare branches? He turned to the study of several senseless tabs (mistaken battlements!) upon the jacket of a young person who walked blissfully with her young man. Amoore, his small feet suddenly stealthy, stalked close behind the two, watching these little lovers—such a dingy, petty pair, and unconsciously pathetic, the boy with his pallid face, the girl with her riotous, rankly cheap garments! She wore spectacles and blinked at each gas-lamp. There were weak, tangled strings of velvet, tying nothing, on her hat. She looked the draggled owl. Her hands were bare, and Amoore could have wept at the sight of that tawdry ring upon the roughened finger. The boy was frankly fondling that hand. Amoore supposed that these two, comic yet noble, expressed in their moon-mood to-night the romance of the whole world.

He was fully old enough to be the father of such a pair. If he and Comfort had married—

He dropped violently back, and, cursing the marvelous sky for the memories of bartered things that it evoked, he cut up a side street. He decided to get under a roof without delay. He would go and see Snelling. Now Snelling had rooms in Great Ormond Street, and he was a man of Amoore's own state—that is, a bachelor of forty-five, more or less, and possessed of moderate means, upon which he idly existed.

Amoore, moving slowly, felt the strange peace of those tall, old houses, with the long windows and heavily hooded doors, sink into his soul. The narrow strip of sky, all rippled and so like a sea, he no longer resented. Comfort had lived by the sea, and, so far as he knew, she was living by it still. Well, then! Let her—and what was that to him?

Snelling was sitting in a room with a little fire, but with the windows wide open and the blinds drawn up.

"You also are looking at the moon," Amoore said, when their curt greetings were over. "I came in here to get away from her. The streets are full of lovers, and of people no longer lovers, yet wishing that they were."

"My dear fellow"—Snelling sounded a neat laugh—"the windows are open because the fire made the room too warm. Why do you hate the moon and poor, dear lovers?"

As he asked this he seemed to simper, for his rosy, small face was well suited to feminine expression. There was disparity between these two men. Snelling was fresh-colored and precise; Amoore had a long, discontented face, harsh and yellow, yet he was handsome in a way;

his figure was broad, and his head massively set. There was a manner of sea, hills, and wind to Amoore. Yet he had diverted all this by the life he had led, and so in ways he became like Snelling. They both carried an air of self-indulgence and non-achievement.

"I hate her because I am sick of the moon-mood," said Amoore, sitting down by the fire. "And yet I wish that I wasn't sick. You and I are getting old, getting bored, and yet are holding on with all our teeth"—he laughed and looked at Snelling's faultless little mouth —"our own teeth, as yet, to bodily joys. It is a suicidal reflection," rambled Amoore. "I mean the feeling that your joy in all the joys—those that you have learned—is becoming daily less. They slip away, they evade you, and there are no new ones to take their place. The imagination remains fresh, but the body is jaded. You whip it up, but where's the good?"

"You are very cheerful company tonight, upon my word!" Snelling, speaking, fretfully got up and shut the windows and drew down the blinds.

"Thank you; but blame the moon." Amoore himself stood up and then sat down again. "The changes in London are enough to depress men of our age and habits, Snelling. Houses are down, streets are swept away. That jolly, disreputable tangle of courts and alleys that doubled and twisted between here and Piccadilly Circus when we were young! Do you remember? We've lost everything. The taste is out of all the dishes. Take the dirty things away."

Amoore grinned at his friend. "Don't sit so bolt-upright, with an air of being ready to grasp the poker. I am neither drunk nor mad. See how I read your thoughts! And you cannot stop me. Don't attempt it; that's a dear fellow. Let me run right down. That is always best with me."

Snelling leaned back in the chair, resignedly putting the tips of his fingers together, staring at his nice socks. Yet it was clear that he wanted to say something himself, and that it was particular. More than once he had half opened his mouth.

"Is there anything more melancholy than the company of men younger than yourself?" demanded Amoore. "They ignore you, they snub you, they—"

"They do worse than that; they listen to you respectfully," said Snelling.

"Think what we might have done and what we might have been," Amoore said. "I'm growing to hate the daily paper; that is another joy gone. I see in the papers the names of men born in my own year, or even later, and they have distinguished themselves. What have we done? What can we ever do now?"

"Look here, Amoore; you want a digestive tonic, and you want"—Snelling now actually sniggered—"a wife. The time comes when every man must settle."

In this succinct way he expressed—if commonly—the common need. Amoore felt that.

"You think so?" he said. "A wife! It had not occurred to me."

"A wife!" Snelling nodded, wisely. "No young girl, but a woman of ripe years and warm means."

"What a fruity way of putting it! Is a plum going to drop into *your* mouth? Is that what you have been trying to tell me ever since I came in?"

"If you choose to put it in that eccentric way—yes, I am going to get married. The lady in question is of gentle birth; please understand that, my dear Amoore, once and for all." Snelling spoke nervously, yet with the dogged air of the man who insists that if you cannot respect him you shall at least respect his choice. "You will meet her some day, as a matter of course," he added, and looked uneasy.

"Don't suppose I shall. Who is it?"

"She owns the Flautist. You know the house—a most high-class affair, near the British Museum. So many well-born women run a *pension* nowadays, don't they? And it is a paying concern. She is a widow; an unfortunate marriage and a very sad story."

"I congratulate you," returned Amoore. He sounded vague, and he stood sharply up, looking to the door. He appeared to have begotten some new thought. "Where will you go for your honeymoon? Don't let it be hills. Grassy heights, in my opinion, are solely for young lovers."

"Our idea was Dieppe, as a matter of fact," Snelling told him.

"Excellent; your ideas always are. Her ideas, I mean. My mistake is to have too much feeling." He was plainly thinking of something else.

"Exactly. Do things; don't dwell on them," advised his friend. "That is my advice to you. Do things; don't dwell on them," he repeated, cheapening his brilliance by a second burnish.

"Do things. Yes, I will," promised Amoore. He nodded solemnly and jerked out his right hand. Snelling shook it. Each showed relief at parting.

When he was alone in the stately, dim street, Amoore walked fast. His face was puckered; he looked old, yet eager. He presently crossed Lamb's Conduit Street, standing suddenly in a flare of lights and traffic. It seemed to scare him. He traversed other streets, all of them dingy and quiet and very haughty.

"Suppose," he said, more than once, and with defiant starings at the superb sky, "that I went into Sussex and looked up Comfort!"

He had meant to take an early train next day, but he could not get away from the force of habit; a deadness of action, to say nothing of desire, was creeping over him in all ways. It was his habit each day after breakfast to walk from his rooms in King Street to his club in St. James's Square. He did this, feeling that he certainly must run through the newspapers before he traveled down to Comfort and asked her, point blank, if she would marry him. Naturally Comfort would; he never doubted it. And no one else had ever asked her; of this he already felt sure.

As he went through his club Amoore wondered if this would be his very last visit to the place. He reflected upon the possibility, feeling jubilant, regretful, very youthful, altogether queer.

He had quite forgotten that on the way to Comfort, in her corner of Sussex, you had to change at a lonely junction, and that the trains never fitted. He waited nearly an hour there, and although he never fussed over his health, as that silly fellow Snelling did, yet he irritably wondered if he would get a chill. Take it altogether, your body was a nuisance! Yet you had not found your soul, and you were not even sure that you had one.

He had wished to reach Comfort quickly, intangibly. Say that they could have found themselves in each other's arms again upon some dimpled hill! As it was, here was he, a middle-aged and chilly gentleman, fuming at a junction! There was a comic side even to romance, and you could not evade it.

At last, however, he was walking briskly across the hills, from the drowsy village to the rambling farm-house where Love dwelt. It never crossed his mind that Comfort had changed, departed, got married, or just died. His step was jaunty; how could you step other than gaily upon this springy, sweet turf of the South-Downs! It was good to see them again, the darlings. As he trod the broad path that girdled the last hill, he was humming; and it was an old air. The bag that he carried became nothing but a feather-weight, just a fluff of goose-down! Comfort, in the past, had made cushions of goose-down. Worshipfully he once had watched her stripping the quills.

It must have been just about here where first (and last, for that matter!) he had kissed her. Smiling, he stood still, looking down at the ground, looking round at all the gentle undulations of successive hills. Yes, it was here, close to the disused, overgrown quarry. That had been a summer night, and in the great cup of the quarry clumps of golden, lamp-like little flowers had gleamed. Looking close now, his heart hurting him, he saw the seeded skeletons of flowers—descendants of those that he had known. Comfort and he had picked a bunch each that night. This was the place. He nearly stooped to kiss the sacred, sheep-trimmed Down; yet he only —nearly! He was forty-five—more—and he had developed weariness, with some humor.

He went quickly on. Just below were the iron gates that shut Comfort away in her substantial stone farm-house. He could see the elms — noble trees — that grouped about the place. As he went up the drive, dogs barked. He wondered painfully just how and where he would find Comfort, and what dress she would have on. Did she do her fair hair in the same sleek way? It had wound about her head, looking like a wreath of ripe corn.



Drawn by C. H. Taffs

RECALLING THAT SUMMER NIGHT AND THE FLOWERS THAT HAD GLEAMED THERE

On the step he stood still, letting the black wind blow upon him; watching the moon, which seemed to treacherously skulk behind a cloud; staring at the door, which was low-hung and heavy; asking himself, "Is this the right door—Romance?" As he pulled the bell and heard its peevish complaining within he said to himself, freakishly, "Shall I make this a runaway ring?" He could have done this safely. He thought, gazing desperately into the heart of dark bushes growing near, "I could duck down behind those shrubs and no one be the wiser."

When the maid came, he asked for Miss Cobb, and the prosaic sound of Comfort's surname made him feel an old fool. He was dying to run away; but it was now too late to play the mischievous small boy. The maid-servant led him through the square, well-lighted hall and opened the drawing-room door. As she did this Amoore felt the double sense of fire and industry. Instantly afterward he realized that the easy, jolly figure over there in the full light from the lamp was Comfort's, and that when he was announced she had been machining.

"Mr. Amoore, miss," said the maid, and shut the door softly as she went away. So these old lovers stood transfixed, in the warm room, and quite alone.

Comfort changed color; she advanced. There was certainly more of her than in the past. She was softer and broader, and yet in some ways sharper. Amoore, noticing everything, demanding much, was subtly affronted.

The peevish pursing of her mouth perhaps, her accentuated air of peasant! She had always been of the dairy type. Again, he distrusted those fine lines round her eyes. They betokened niggardly activities. His heart dropped.

"Willie!" she gasped, looking at him and then looking back at the machine. He had an uneasy feeling that he had arrived, untimely, in the middle of an important seam.

She put out both hands and smiled at him frankly. Her blue eyes asked him a dozen questions. She had pink hands, and they carried tokens both of the dairy and the oven. Butter-pats and lady-like elegancies of little cakes! Amoore understood, and he liked it—for those hands of hers renewed his youth. They had not changed at all.

Comfort led, or rather induced, him to the sofa. It was drawn near to the clear fire, and they sank together into square cushions filled with goose-down. They looked dazed.

"This is a surprise, Mr. Amoore," she said, and smiled kindly at him again.

"Why Mr. Amoore? You called me Willie in your first surprise." He was blinking round him at the traditional peace of the place: the hearth, where wood burned; pictures on the wall, which he remembered; a polished card-table over there, with drawing-room baubles of the old-fashioned heirloom sort disposed upon it.

"Very well. I will call you Willie," said Comfort. She beamed. There was candid joy all over her wholesome face. A little too unabashed, perhaps? Amoore was most mournfully critical on this his great night of return.

"You used to call me all sorts of things," he reminded her, so shyly that it seemed as if he, sad and grizzled man, were a maiden and a wooed one.

Comfort laughed. It was a touch too ringing a sound! "I know I did. Willie, Will, Billiam, William, Bill." She finished these names off helplessly, suddenly seeming to flinch and retreat. She dismissed her hearty, open manner — that healthy, too wholesome air which made Amoore feel as if a draught blew through some crack of the door!

"Good heavens, Comfort, my dear!" He caught her housewifely hands in one of his, and he remarked, with gloating, nice little dimples and no rings! "How madly we loved each other—this boy"—he touched his sleeve with his free hand —"that girl! Can't we coax it all back? Let us lose our wits again. Help me, dear!"

He sounded so imploring. Comfort, as she would have phrased it, felt put out. An awkward yet youthful air of falter overcame her, and it encouraged Amoore. He forgot that she had grown broad and that he had grown gray.

"What a romance!" he murmured. "You were seventeen; your mother found out and was angry. It was the very finest feeling, that early love of ours, and we only got punished for it, poor

little beggars! We were just fairies got astray; and they put us in the parish pound."

He laughed; he studied her downcast face. Her eyelids got pink; yet she showed proper restraint, and no tear fell. He was alarmed, when she at last looked up, by her calm air of affection. Not for affection—diluted fluid—had he come striding across the charming hills to-night beneath the compelling moon.

"I want to laugh and kiss and cry," he confessed, "all in a breath, my love."

Comfort now betrayed an air of restraining him. She was distrustful—as your practical person always is—of pure romance. Amoore thought, as he met her embarrassed glance, that it really might have been Snelling's.

"Why did they not let us get married?" he asked, petulantly. "They were foolish, the four of them. Why was it?"

"Your father did not consider a tenant-farmer's daughter a good enough match," explained Comfort. She sounded simple and spiteful. "And they are all dead," she added, with the proper sigh that was due to her own parents and to his.

"Who manages the farm for you? And are you here alone?" asked Amoore. She had made him, for the moment, practical.

"I am alone. I could not bear to leave the old place. Walter Buckman manages. Do you remember him?"

"Rather! A narrow man, with eyes set high in his face."

"I've never noticed his eyes," returned Comfort, thoughtfully; and she seemed to be conscientiously trying to recall them. "He makes the farm pay; an excellent bailiff." Amoore had a horrid feeling that she would now begin to instruct him upon the state of the markets.

"It all seems so petty—the old people's opposition," he said, hurriedly. "My father had high hopes of me. But I've done nothing, and I am forty-four."

"Forty-six next August, Billiam."

"Is it? Then you—"

"Forty-three," said Comfort, calmly.

Amoore began to talk to her as he never would have talked to any man. He spoke of his vague ambitions, his sour hopes, and lean regrets; of all the things that he had not done, nor even essayed to do. The sense of self-torture blazed in him, and his arm, which boldly he had put round her, became more rigid and less that of the lover. Yet, disencumbering himself, he knew quite well that limited good women of the Comfort sort did not understand this sort of pain; would not, could not. Yet they listened patiently, and that was something.

"They ought to have shipped me to the Colonies. I wanted to go. A cramped life has been my ruin," he concluded.

Growing more gloomy, he considered his trivial bachelor days. Things that until now had seemed harmless, just occasional turns taking their proper place in the programme, grew in import. They divided him from peace, innocence, and Comfort. They were a gulf. Up till this moment he had been bored. Now he was tortured. Yet he rather welcomed this new feeling of remorse, since at least it was a sharp, live pain. He jumped up.

"Shall we go into the garden? Do! Let us look at the moon. I hated her last night, but to-night I would kiss her—if I could, and if you would promise not to be jealous." He grinned fondly at Comfort, and she certainly blushed.

"You don't think"—she turned the latch of the long window—"that we shall find it too cold out there?"

"Cold! No. Yet the wind, now I think of it, was sharp between my shoulder-blades as I crossed the Downs to-night." This was rueful admission for a romanticist. Amoore's face twisted as he talked.

Comfort said, sensibly: "The hills are heavy with dew on these autumn nights. I get a touch of rheumatism in my knee sometimes."

He flung the window wider back and stepped out. "Come along," he cried, masterfully.

Comfort came.

"Do you remember," he asked her, as they moved thoughtfully beneath the thrilling moon, "that your mother used to send you round with charitable messes to sick old women? I would meet you on the way."

She nodded. "At the stile," she said; "and I never pass by without remembering you, Billy."

"As I came across the hills to-night

I saw the specters of those yellow flowers sticking up round the death-white cheeks of the quarry. We picked a bunch each that July night."

Comfort said, sentimentally, "I've kept mine." Her calm blue eyes asked him, "Have you?"

She stooped to a flower-bed and said, in a thoughtful, rather worried way: "I've never seen petunias such a strange color. The moon changes everything. Did you shut the window, Willie, when we came out?"

He nodded—a gruff enough jerk of the head. He looked at the marvelous petunias. They were purple—their lawful tint—yet they were more warm than any earthly wine.

He had all along known that Comfort would consent, and when they returned to the house, betrothed, he felt convinced that they were going to be marvelously happy. There was some special essence to a late love. And they certainly loved each other: the test of this was that after many years of silence, they had renewed romantic speech.

In the warm drawing-room, as they stood there again, feeling perhaps sheepish, Comfort's eyes were sparkling. They looked very blue and hard. Amoore with his hateful sense of divination—that critical faculty which destroyed his joys for him—knew that she was filled with a feminine sense of triumph. She would be proud to show him off, to pretend that this was why she had never married any one else. For she had, of course, reached the stage of being spoken of by her contemporary women as "poor dear Comfort." The younger women would say, behind her back, "Poor old Miss Cobb.'" Amoore knew.

"You must go now," she was saying to him. "They will give you a bed at the Dappled Cow. Mrs. Trip is most reliable. Everything will be aired and ready." She glanced at the clock and added: "It really isn't late. October evenings do draw in."

"Mother Trip! Is she alive still? Nothing changes down here." Amoore looked reflective and dismayed.

"Nothing changes," said Comfort, placidly; "and how surprised she will be to see you!" She giggled.

"I shall be a surprise to the whole neighborhood, and a gratification," returned Amoore, twinkling at his love's triumphant face.

After this night the weather broke up, and every one rejoiced. It had been a dry summer. The country was parched. Amoore, lying in the guest-room of the Dappled Cow, awoke every morning to the sound of rain. He would lie melancholy and quiet, studying the rain, the sound of it, the sense of it. He saw the hills shrouded, saw lonely birds fly low against the background of unimaginative sky. He would turn fretfully upon the pillow, waking early. Already he was sick of the smell of those sheets so heavily lavendered by Mother Trip. There was a fatuous manner of innocence to lavender.

Every morning Amoore would recall that night of his return; would cherish the madcap memory of that grand stride across the hills; would live again that moon-lit moment when, once more, he had kissed Comfort, out there in her scented garden. He asked himself—he was always asking—whether it would not have been better had he made that ring at her door a runaway ring. Feelings of that swift sort never led you wrong.

"I could just as well have ducked down behind a shrub," he moaned to his pillow, then shook and thumped it, searching for an easier place.

He was committed to Comfort. They had arranged to get married soon, and they were going to Canada for their honeymoon. She wanted to study farming methods over there, and he wanted to feel what a big country was like.

He was naturally a great deal in Comfort's company. He talked to her, being the sort of person who must tell things. He knew all the time, whether he spoke of noble dreamings or owned to mean deeds, that she remained oblivious. Now and again he, perhaps, assaulted her simplicities, and he grew to loathe her clear glance and slow smile. They made him feel unclean.

He went with Comfort upon her charitable rounds. She was doing—the dear thing—what her mother and her grandmother had done before her. To go round with a girl in a mood of stolen

joy twenty-five years ago — that was one thing! To go round with a woman over forty, and certainly fat, and whom you were going to marry—that was another! Going to the cottages with her, what was it but a horrid ordeal? Matrons grinned benignly at him.

One day he passed her stout stone farmhouse as if he were a thief; stooping, even, glancing anxiously at her rows of bright windows. Fitful winter sun was on them, just for once. He felt stealthy. He felt as he had felt when he stole behind those mean London lovers last October. He stayed up there, close by the quarry, all day, until the ragged moon arose.

He was tired and hungry. For many hours he had been walking about or sitting down on the damp, close-cropped grass, just resentfully staring. Yet he felt that there were two things he could not possibly do: one was to go and sit with Comfort in her nicely arranged drawing-room and watch her useful pink hand turn the machine-handle; the other was to go and lie in his lavendered bed at the Dappled Cow. The deadly quietness of the country at night had now begun to frighten him, just as if he were a slum child down for a fortnight.

There was perhaps, for some, abiding happiness to be found in life. Yet certainly he had missed it. And—always comparing his feelings to actual things—he felt that he stood with his nose close to a wall. If he tried to go on—that is, if he married poor old Comfort—there would soon be no skin, no nose, no face, no man! He laughed heartily. Doleful hills took up this mirth—and they sounded rather cracked. You cannot laugh too suddenly.

Amoore stood watching the moon rise. Before this he had stood, in the same spot near the quarry, watching the sun set. The sky had been sulphur-colored; and scornfully he muttered to it: "Simpleton! It takes a London fog to do this sort of thing properly!"

He stood looking at the irregular moon — desolate, swaying, with neither strength nor hope to him.

Yet Comfort, when at last she came to look for him, noticed nothing in particular. She was just annoyed. William did annoy you. She came along the broad, soft path of grass that made a cincture for this hill, where twenty-five years ago she and Amoore had gone mad with young love. She trod gingerly, thankful for the stout soles of her boots, afraid of slipping. She put a peevish hand on Amoore's arm.

He started savagely, and he said one word. She called it swearing, and was cross; disgusted, too!

"William! How provoking you are! I have been frightened to death. It is too bad. It looks so singular before the servants, and what will the Dappled Cow people think? I sent to ask where you were, and Mrs. Trip had not seen you since the morning."

"She didn't deny that my bed had been slept in, did she?" demanded Amoore, and he looked very wild.

The moon was on both their faces: his rent by moods, Comfort's made old by puny temper.

"Do control yourself," she said. "Have you, have you—"

"You think I've been drinking? So did Snelling. All of you people think alike. You all say, behind my back, that I'm a queer chap. But I'm not, really." He had begun angrily. "I'm just like everybody else," he insisted, and looked pathetic.

Comfort had neither eyes nor time for observation. "Come down the hill," she said, and took his arm in her firm fingers. She certainly tried to guide, direct, and control his steps. She looked perplexed, affronted, and most unhappy. Amoore noticed it all, but he no longer cared. Yet, making one last effort—and for life, as it were — he dug his heels into the wet turf, stood stock-still, and drew her to him bluntly. She was now really afraid, and she looked up at the moon as you would appeal to a policeman!

"My darling, can't you realize? Oh, don't drive me too far, Comfort! Why won't you understand?" he said, with his head touching hers. "Comfort! Think of years ago. Remember, love—my dear!—it was here, just here, and I kissed you. A first kiss, an only kiss!"

"I know you did, Bill dear. A first kiss—an only kiss! I'm glad to hear you say that; sometimes I haven't felt sure, for you talked so strangely of your bachelor life in London. But that isn't



Drawn by C. H. Taffs

HE WENT WITH COMFORT UPON HER CHARITABLE ROUNDS

any reason—is it?—for behaving in this childish way. Let us get home as quickly as we can. My knee does hurt me so, and I may be laid up after this, for all I know. Yet I had to come myself, and come alone, for I did not want the servants to think you peculiar. You are such an odd old thing, you know."

In the moonshine he could see her smiling at him in such a calm, quite motherly way.

"I suppose I am—odd," he returned.

She heard him say this over to himself more than once as, placidly, they jogged down the hill toward her warm house. She was glad that she had brought him to his senses.

"You'll come in?" she said, as they stood at the gate. "It is rather late, but I wanted to ask your advice about several things. Have you had any supper?"

"Supper! Don't think I want any."

"But of course you do. Come in." She sounded very shocked.

He followed her docilely up the drive. She was thinking as she cautiously opened the house door how perfectly charming and easy to get on with he could be if he liked. When they stood in the cheerful hall she blinked at him. Sudden lamplight bewildered them both.

"Do you know," she said, puckering up her fresh face, "that I don't believe the harness-room is locked. Would you mind going to the back to see?"

"I'll go; of course I'll go." Amoore turned quickly away, as if he were glad to go. Then he came just as swiftly back.

"Dear, darling Comfort," he said, most tenderly, "you'll be glad to be married, won't you?"

He knew so mournfully that this was the strongest feeling left in her: the desire to be a married woman. She was of the type and station which thinks celibacy carries some faint disgrace. She wished at last to assert herself, to be a matron among matrons. As to yellow flowers in the cup of a quarry, and to petunias more deeply wine-tinted than wine—and to the kisses which came as you stood by such blossoms—what did Comfort know or care! Moments of that sort made her feel a fool, just as, indulgently, she knew her lover to be one.

"Of course I shall be glad, my dear," she said, sincerely, "and glad, too, when all the fuss is over. Don't cuddle me out into the hall like this, Willie. It isn't"—she sniggered, and he hated her suddenly—"safe."

Those two words—cuddle and safe! Amoore would have cut out all tongues that said them!

"I'll go and lock the harness-room," he said. Comfort could not see his face, but it was flaming.

The door of the harness-room was wide open, and the moon was winking in on bits of well-rubbed brass. He stood in the room, looking at the harness. Out there across the iron fence in a paddock Comfort's old mare was munching. She, too, was old, yet she was happy—out there to grass, getting fatter every day. Did you ask other things of life?

"You are happy; but I haven't got the trick somehow, my sweet. It is all trick," Amoore said, speaking very gently to the beast, and as if he spoke to Comfort.

Over a beam in the harness-room hung that careless rope. Now who had hung it there, and when and why? Eloquent hands, anyway! Amoore looked at it, touched it, tested it. And he thought that he had quite made up his mind.

It might really be less trouble to put that bit of rope—a soft rope, rather frayed, and would it hold?—about your neck than to go on feeling so surprisingly bored. To walk about the world, a dead man, paralyzed, of the soul—what was it?

As he did not return to the house, Comfort again went out to look for him. She was now more annoyed than ever; moreover, she did not go at all for some little time. Up-stairs in her bedroom she had bathed her stiff knee with water as hot as she could bear.

She called out as she came, saying at sharp intervals, "William!"

Then, stopping at the door of the harness-room, and feeling afraid, yet becoming suddenly tender to him, she faltered foolishly: "William! Are you there?"

There was no answer. Comfort, her pleasant voice quavering now and eloquent with all kinds of feelings—since Amoore's life and his love meant more to her than he knew—continued, quite tearfully: "It is not like you to play practical jokes. Come out."

There was no reply. There was nothing but a wide-awake twinkle upon all those carefully rubbed points of brass in the harness that hung upon the wall: that, and the bitter munching of the mare.

The door was flung back. Shivering, Comfort stepped in at last. She looked quickly about her, and forever the arrogant glitter which so constantly had gleamed in her eyes of late died down. Amoore, with his trick of comparison, would have said, had he seen, that arrogance merely peeled away, revealing a lovelier and a more lofty light which had been burning behind all the time. Comfort—with the moon—stood marking Amoore.

Now the moon was an elfish thing, and constantly led men astray. It had played Amoore a trick last October; it was not steadfast this January night. For his mood had changed, and the quality which made him forever deviate and fall far short had saved his life now.

"Didn't you hear me call?" asked Comfort, and her voice was chill with horror. For she saw what he held in his hand.

"Oh, yes, I heard, and I wouldn't answer," he returned, foolishly.

As he spoke he let the end fall from his fingers, and the rope again swung, looking flippant, from the beam.

"Billy!" Comfort seemed to sob. She realized. She was not stupid any more, but very tender; there had been in her from the first more insight than Amoore suspected. He looked at her. At first it was a dull, cold look, and one almost of enmity; then, slowly, it lighted. For he suddenly found in Comfort certain depths where, before, he had surmised there were only shallows. She stepped up close to him, put her arms round his neck, her head upon his wide shoulder, and he felt that she was crying.

"You thought," she asked, almost contemptuously, "that I did not understand you all this time?"

"What, dear, what?" he asked, at once, breathlessly. Was it possible that all along *he* had not understood *her?*

"Why, the disappointment," said Comfort, her voice sounding muffled and very piteous. "Don't you think that it is the same for us both, and as bad for me as for you, when we are past forty?"

Here was a link between them and fast forged; it was the link of suffering.

Amoore lifted up her head and looked at her. "Tell me what you feel," he said, very simply.

"Being an old maid and what it means to me," she returned, frankly. "That is what I feel. All the years, Billy; nobody looking at me twice, nobody asking me. Other girls getting married quite as a matter of course. Ethel and Mamie and even little Joan—settling down and having children, all of them, with a man and a home of their very own. It would never have been so bad if you had not kissed me by the quarry that night and made me understand. Just to be an aunt," she proceeded, with a mournfulness that broke Amoore's heart and bound him to her, "when you longed to be a mother. If I had been a man and could have gone out in the world! But to be a woman and just to stay here. It hardly seemed worth while to be a woman at all. I'm saying it all to you to-night—the things I've felt and cried about and have hardly put into words and never thought to say. Then you returned that night. What it meant to me! And I could see that you felt I was thinking more of the sewing-machine than of you." At this touch Amoore flinched, and he rejoiced. For she had understood him, in a sense, all along.

"We were old, too old, for all that we had been wanting," Comfort was saying to him, wisely. "You tried to bring it back, to pretend that we were young, and I could not help feeling that it made us seem ridiculous. But, oh, my darling, there must be something even better left for you and for me, because we have waited so long and wanted so much."

She put her head down again, her mood of eloquence over. Probably never any more would she be eloquent. Yet she had spoken to-night, and, speaking, had assured herself with Amoore. He could feel the quiver of her passionate crying, there upon his shoulder, while the white mare munched, and the moon looked sardonically in at this vastly changed scene.

"Yes," he said, quietly; "there must be, and there is. Don't cry. We will go and find it."

The People of the Flints

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES ALONG RED RIVER, ARKANSAS

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AMERICA also has its valleys of the Nile, where the prehistoric lords of the soil built their mounded tombs, and the river spreads its yearly tribute over the relics of ancient and forgotten cultures. Ancient indeed! for even the river, flowing through rich alluvial lands—at once the womb and winding-sheet of agricultural civilizations—has cut new channels for itself, abandoning the old—sometimes mere carcasses of watercourses, festering in the sun, sometimes only the fossil imprint, a grave amid the graves. So it is with Red River in southwestern Arkansas.

Yet little at Haley Place, with its bottom-lands, its "lake" or deserted river-bed, and its weathered mounds, served to distinguish it from many another such along the river. A few stone arrow-points and shards and the occasional vessel were not enough to mark it as the site of the most notable discovery in American archæology since the excavation of prehistoric Moundville in Alabama. Like the Moundville discoveries, these latest have fallen to the fortune of Mr. Clarence B. Moore, exploring on behalf of The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and truly no less conscientious or skilful archæologist could have unearthed the ancient, whose bones lay some three-and-twenty feet beneath the summit of his tumulus.

From its sluggish outflow to the Mississippi, up through the level lands of Louisiana, turning westward in extreme southwestern Arkansas, along the boundary of Texas, the expedition had followed Red River. The steam-yacht *Gopher,* carrying all the men and means necessary for thorough excavation, along some five hundred miles of the meandering course, served as a shifting base for the exploration of every available mound and hillock that gave promise of hidden things. Archæologically, all this was *terra incognita.* In great floods, like those of 1908 and 1912, these mounds are refuge heights above the waste of waters that sweep the wide flood-plain of Red River. Permission to dig in them, so kindly granted by the owners, was esteemed a great courtesy. In Louisiana the silting or the wash had obliterated most traces of ancient cultures. Here and there occurred an interesting find, but only after entry on Arkansas ground came the great discovery of Haley Place.

Close to Haley "lake" is a low, artificial eminence, carved and washed by the storms and floods of centuries. A little beyond rises a quadrangular mound, the largest of the group. Yet farther to the north and west is a third, with broad top and rounded base, while more than a mile away stand two other hills raised by the hand of man. All around lie the level corn-lands, spread layer on layer with the yellow wash of the risen river that covers the blackened shard-strewn soil of aboriginal times, and somewhere conceals a cemetery. Upon the most massive structure, once squared to the quarters of the world, and terraced above like the ethereal edifice on high, was doubtless reared the temple of the great and elemental god, born of the philosophy and the aspiration of his chosen people, and with them now journeyed down to the land of shades. No grave, no splinter of bone, flint-flake, nor shard, not a handful of ashes from century-cold fires told of man's presence there. Beneath the dark surface soil, the explorer's spade turned only the crude yellowish sand, virgin as on the day the last weary builder toiled up the slope, loosed her burden-strap and spread out the contents of her carrying-basket, and the watching priest said: "It is finished!"

The disappointing sterility of the great mound was more than compensated by the revelations of the lesser to the north-

west. With but two-thirds of the former's height and a diameter of not more than eighty feet, it yet held the most remarkable group of burials ever found in the United States. Here the first trial-hole raised blackened soil—and expectations.

The first burial encountered told a tragic story. More than six feet below the summit of the mound had been laid to rest the body of a warrior. Only the body, alas!—the skull was missing. Shot to the heart by an arrow, the stone point whereof lay there among the moldering ribs, upon his prostrate body the enemy had counted coups, and carried away the severed head as trophy. For this was the custom of the ancients. Among the tribes west of the Mississippi scalping was not practised till early historic times. The European introduced it there, by example and by proffered bounty upon the less ghastly trophy. Perhaps the enemy had reft this one also of shield and bow and quiver, for only the one fatal arrow-point lay with the interment. Into the world beyond he passed unarmed and ill provided for the journey. Two earthen bottles of water they had given him, and his drinking-cup of shell. Two pipes of earthenware they laid by his right arm—and that was all. How many moccasins he took on that weary trail none may say, but truly his spirit traveled light.

The southeastern edge of the circular summit concealed, at a slightly greater depth, a yet more horrid history. In this case the skull was present, but seemingly no trunk had ever lain within the grave. The narrow space between the upper end of the solitary thigh-bone and the skull, as it rested on the rotting pin of bone, once caught through the long hair; the position of the undisturbed bones from toe to knee, lying at right angles to the disjointed femur, were significant of the loss. Evidently into the grave-pit had been hastily cast the remnants of a dismembered body. The trunk, with both arms and one thigh, was not in the possession of the mourners when they gave to the dead an honorable sepulture, with his beads and trinkets of wrought conch-shell and many a pottery vessel now hopelessly crushed to bits. His bone tools and sandstone hone, once contained in the little pouch of perishable stuff, and two long pipes of earthenware were with him. By the grave-wall lay or stood two other pipes. By his feet lay a little heap of slender points of flint that had tipped the arrows in the rotted quiver, and at the foot of the grave was a handsome battle-ax of polished basanite, the mark of the vanished handle yet plainly apparent upon it, though the arms that should wield it were gone. The history of this strange loss is to be found only in the unwritten records of one of those terrible tribes to the south, who ceremoniously ate the bodies—and the valor—of their fallen foes.

Both of these tragic graves had been cut on the left by later and deeper burial-pits. Tracing such an ancient digging through a couple of feet of soft top-soil and more than eight feet of earth so dry and hard that only the pickax served to excavate it, the explorers came upon the dark layer that marked the surface of the land before the mound was heaped upon it. The pit passed through this layer and penetrated to the subsoil. The careful attention to minute details that characterizes all Mr. Moore's work led here to the penetration of the inmost secret of the place. A slight disturbance of the old surface soil was noticed at a point beneath the center of the mound where no grave had broken the continuity of the artificial layers above in all the eleven feet of elevation. Surely expectation had rarely delved so deep to realization. Down, down went the diggers, searching the newly discovered and most ancient shaft to its bottom—twelve feet below the old land level. Once half-way down, coming upon the underlying sand, the grave walls were no longer traceable, and the floor seemed of nature's laying, undisturbed by man. On closer examination, tiny clods of yellow clay amid the sand gave the clue, and the digging went on. A couple of feet more, and part of the jaw-bone of a deer pointed to deeper things.

That was a generous grave—some six feet by eight—and into its bark or skin-lined depths had been heaped the gathered wealth of a long and notable career—perhaps also the grave-gifts of a sorrowing people. Plaited mats and painted skins, fabrics of cotton, bast, and feather-

work — whatever else had formed that final couch, all have gone with the corruptible things of this world, and only the deep black layer beneath the bones tells of their one-time presence there. Upon them had been laid to rest all that was mortal of a great chief, powerful of physique and ancient of days. Above the massive skull, with its artificially flattened forehead, lay crosswise a tapering, tubular bead of wrought conch-shell, once threaded in the long hair. At each side were the shell ear-disks, ornamented with copper bosses. Around the neck had hung a string of pierced pearls, forty-eight in all. Of the red-gold copper arm-band only a green stain on the right humerus remained, and the wristlet below was alone represented by two minute shell disks with their central bosses of copper—a part of its decoration. Strings of large barrel-shaped beads of shell had been coiled round and round the ankles. From the left knee-ornament two shell beads were found.



WATER-BOTTLE WITH SUN EMBLEMS
(Haley Place)

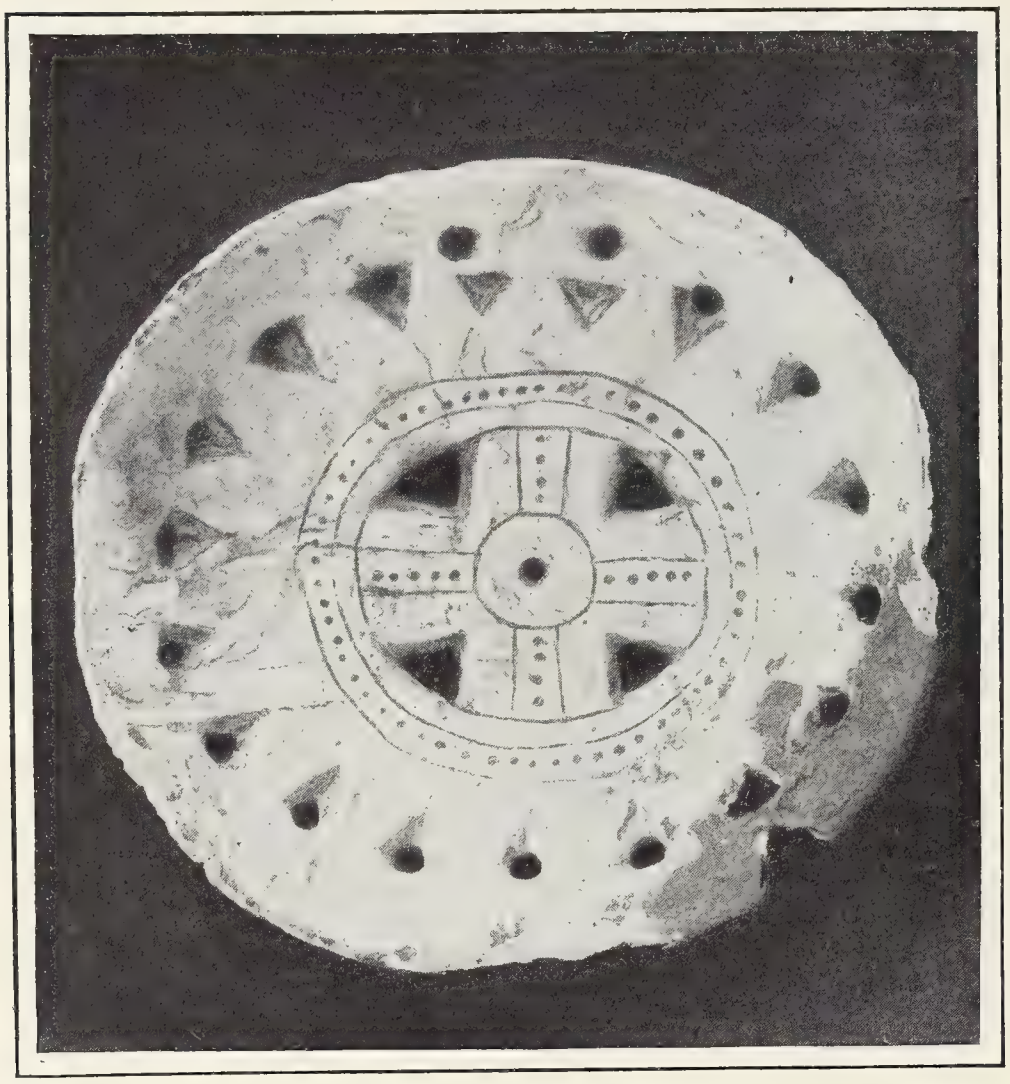
Doubtless the aged chief had been a seer, for close to the thigh, where the medicine-pouch must have hung, lay a large quartz crystal, its careful wrappings gone, its mystery lost. Two other crystals had had their place in what was probably a sacred bundle, laid across the head of the grave. Along with much of perishable matter—skins of beasts and birds, sacks of sacred tobacco, perhaps—that had bulked it more than eighteen inches thick, it had contained a turtle rattle, two alligator teeth pierced for pendants, a mussel-shell, a pebble, an implement of bone, and the red ceremonial pigment. Here also lay a beautiful butterfly-stone of rock crystal, that had lost a wing. But the chief had set high value on the jewel—or insignia—and carefully smoothed down the broken surface to wear it as a pendant. A mask had probably rested on his left shoulder, for there were found two disks and seven rudely elliptical sections of shell which may have gleamed as eyes and teeth from the face of some supernatural one.

But the master of the mound was warrior as well as priest. No less than four piles of barbed projectile-points marked where the sheaves of arrows, with their vanished bows and quivers, and a bone of the collared peccary, that no longer roams the Arkansas forests, had lain, some to the left of the burial, some down in the corner beneath a great store of culinary vessels, that spoke of the plentiful feasts of the life hereafter. One little group, rudely chipped from flint and clear rock crystal, perchance, ere their mystery faded had worn the painted shafts of the medicine-arrow.

The flint point of a knife, a celt of quartzite, a chisel, a rotted bone tool, accompanied the deposit of four pipes in the upper corner of the grave. A little farther along, three earthenware pipes had been placed vertically, bowls down, against the wall. All were of the new monoceramic type, common throughout this Haley Place mound. The long and slender stem, projecting beyond the conical bowl, and hollow even in the projection, harks back to the primitive reed stem thrust through a corn-cob bowl.

Their peculiar position in the pit characterizes the ceremonial arrangement of the cultus pipe. Two of these, and two more that lay at his left side, had suffered breakage and loss during the lifetime of the chief.

Yet more remarkable was his effigy-



SHELL GORGET—RAYED SUN
(Foster Place)

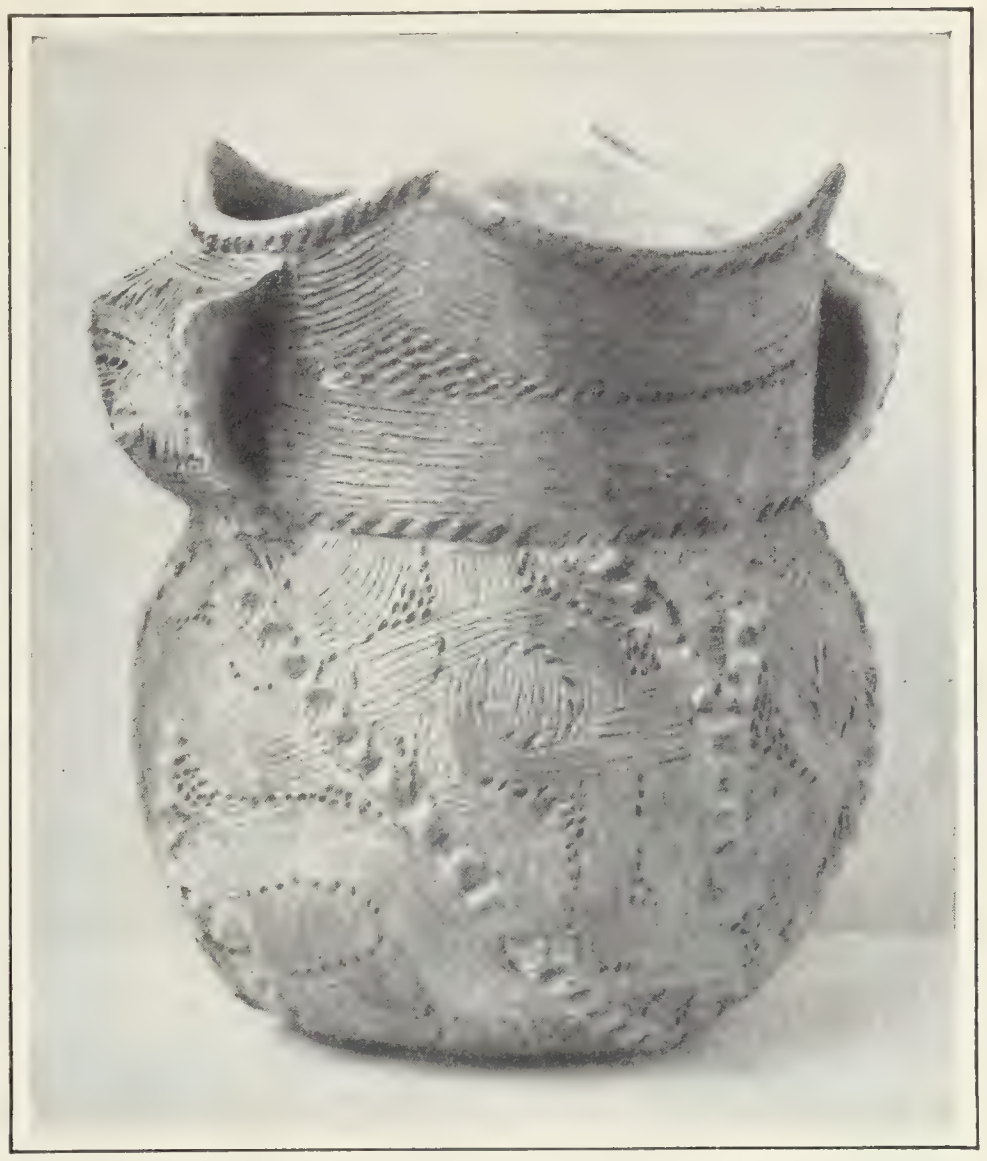
pipe of limestone. The placid oval face with closed eyes is a striking piece of portraiture. The oval bead threaded on the lock of hair recalls the large shell beads thrice found above the heads of the men of this mound. The body of the figure, represented as on all-fours, forms the bowl. The upper limbs are not worked out, but the lower are carved and adorned with anklets, and two did not suffice, for a third leg, with its anklet, appears behind, pendent below the stem-hole.

The large number of pipes found with the old chief raises many questions. Smoking was never a matter of mere personal or social pleasure. No ancient American had his pipe-rack in the modern sense. Ofttimes the single pipe went round the circle, from the Sun and the Lords of the Quarters, to the mouths of mortal men. The up-curling smoke breathed its mystic message in terms intelligible to the ambient supernatural throng. The carved wooden stem of the ceremonial calumet, painted and decked with the feathers and the skins of birds, laden with symbolism, was itself a prayer and an oath made tangible. The wreaths dissolved, the embers cold, the guests departed, the pipe remained a visible record of personal or tribal history, a document on file, sometimes to be taken from its wrappings, stood upright against the forked stick in the place ceremonially made clean, and read again in the light of newly kindled fires. In this out-of-the-way nook of the world of long ago, where the long-stemmed pipe of earthenware had replaced the reed-stemmed bowl, the fragile clay was subject to the accidents of handling, and sometimes shorter and shorter grew the stem with the passage of the years. Here, then, in the many sacred tobacco-hearths interred with this great chieftain, may lie the records of blood-brotherhoods sworn, friendships vowed, and alliances offensive and defensive made.

It were worth much to take the great rock crystal of the seer and conjure up the figure of the master of the mound, as he must have looked in all the richness of his vanished robes, standing before the temple on that other mound, when his keen ear caught the plash of the swaying paddle as the long dugout glided up to the landing; when he watched with impassive face and a quickening pulse the sinuous line of the embassy that brought the calumet, and heard the chack! chack! of the turtle-rattle, swung from gartered knee, as the moccasined feet stamped out the measure of the dance; to see him as he took the proffered long-stemmed pipe, and, slowly turning, wafted the prayerful smoke to the Lords of the four world-quarters, and with silent invocation called upon his gods to wit-

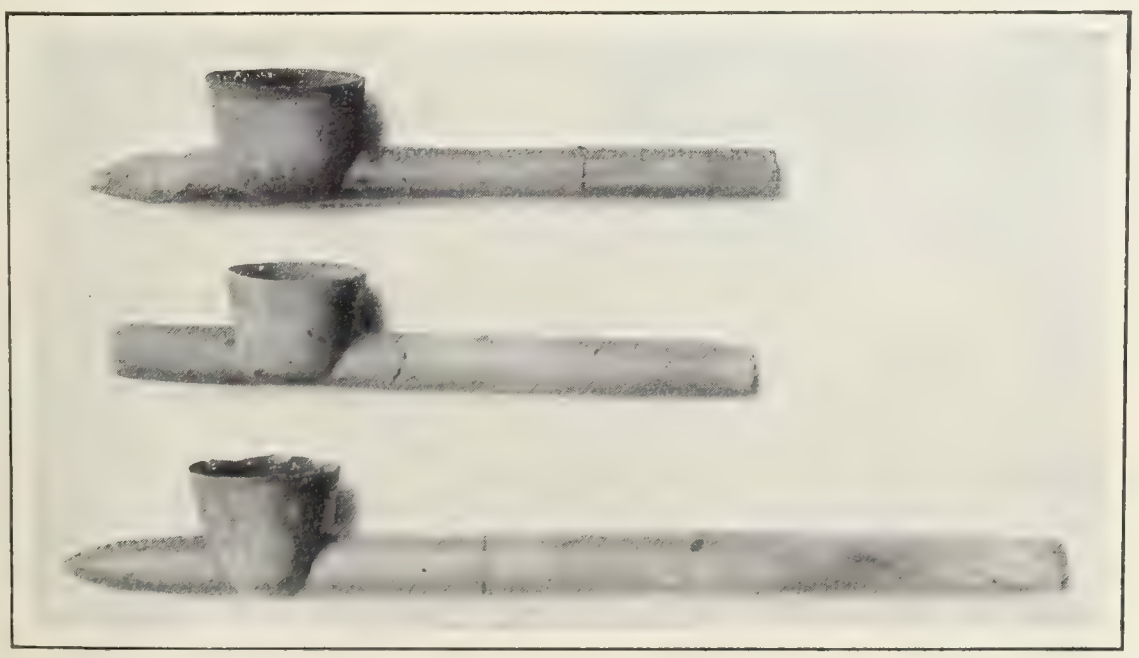
ness the solemn treaty of the hour.

Other great chiefs have had greater tumuli, but this was the strangest, the most imposing burial of the New World. How the ancients dug that deep grave, with their primitive tools of wood and bison shoulder-blade, is a marvel; but when they had laid therein the old chief with the store of treasure due unto his rank, they heaped the hillock over him, and remembered his resting-place. In the troubled days that followed, the warriors now known as Burials No. 1 and No. 3 met their tragic ends, and were laid in the old chief's mound. Perhaps their comrades, as they flung up the hardened earth, paused many times, ere they sank the shafts some seven feet, to scan with anxious glance each sheltering bush and tree for sign of the expected enemy. However that may be, the graves of the headless and of the bodiless brave were driven only half as deep as that remarkable circle of burial-pits, surrounding the master of the mound, where lie the bones of those who took the spirit-trail unmaimed. Time enough elapsed after the shallower interments for their exact location to be forgotten, for both were cut by later inhumations; but the owner of the tumulus was an ever-present memory, and the mounded soil lay undisturbed above him.



COOKING-VESSEL WITH CORD DECORATION
(Haley Place)

Whether the seven notables who rest in the deep graves of that ring were men of his own noble lineage, or chieftains chosen from the warrior circle, will never be known. Certain it is that, unlike the tumuli of the Russian steppes and the royal mounds of old Japan, these burials were not of vassals whom not even death released from the service of their lord. Each man stood pre-eminent in his day, and, with its close, took his weapons, his mystic medicine, and his worldly wealth,



MONOCERAMIC PIPES
(Haley Place)

and set forth alone into the land of shades. In one instance only had two taken the spirit-path together — two corpses been laid in one wide grave. That pit was sunk nearly fifteen feet from the summit of the mound to three feet beneath the old surface. Though the grave was wide—six feet and a half to its nine feet-six of length—the bodies were not laid side by side, but one upon the other, near the left-hand wall. The one beneath had been a brave of fine physique, but the other was of more delicate frame. They might have been man and wife, stricken down by the same war-club, for one of the skulls was broken, the other crushed. Undoubtedly each had been wrapped in dressed hides or other shrouding. When first placed, it may have been intended to lay them side by side. At any rate, the final position gave greater freedom to those who came and went upon the notched tree-trunk ladder, bringing the grave-gifts down into the deep pit. The remnants of these next-world goods were not especially noteworthy. Besides the crumbling fragments of a shell ear-disk, adorned with a copper boss, and a bracelet of shell beads once worn by the woman, there were no personal ornaments. Practical implements were of little importance, but for the ceremonies of the after-life there was clay paint, now gray and brown in their mixing-bowls. A little heap of pebbles at the right ankle of the slighter one told of the dance-rattle once fastened there, and above a pile of broken vessels lay one triangular and two elliptical objects of shell — nose and eyes of the perishable mask that had stirred and awed in some tribal mystery. In that heap of shards beneath were three great globular bottles nearly half a yard high. Had their evanescent contents helped to conjure up the marvelous visions of the seer, or served but social ends?



EFFIGY-PIPE OF THE MASTER OF HALEY PLACE MOUND

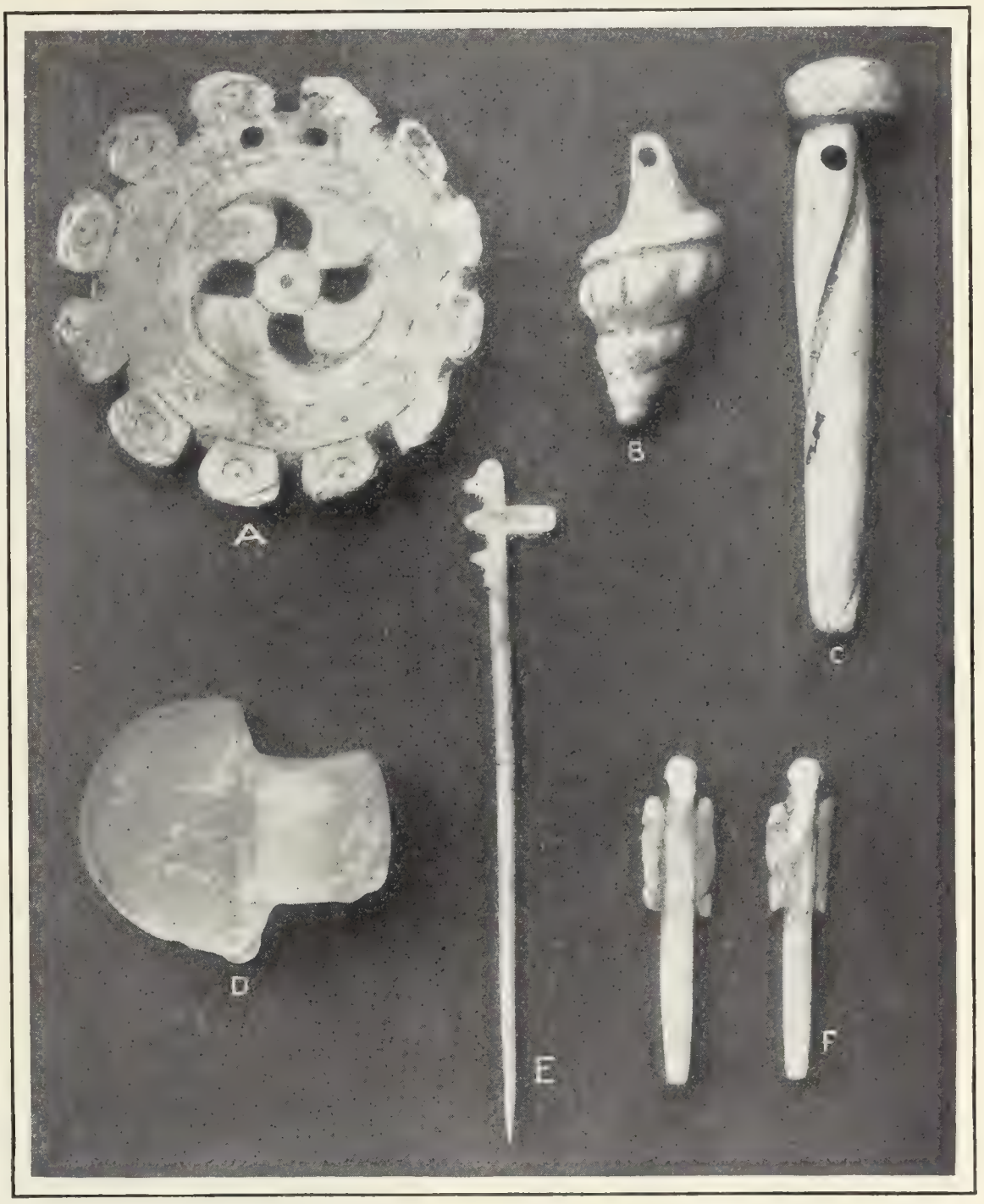
Prophet, priest, or warrior, or whatever else the man and his companion may have been, the furniture of their common grave was not so rich as that of their neighbor of "Burial No. 2." In life this must have been a chief of no less renown than he whose tumulus he shared. He wore the same insignia upon his head, the tubular shell bead; around his neck a string of pearls, with shell pendant curiously carved in imitation of the canine tooth of a carnivore. His ear ornaments were of perishable substance, set with two-inch disks of shell. Globular shell beads adorned both wrist and ankle.

Bowls and water-bottles lay at hands and feet, but over and beyond these the grave contained three great piles of pottery, and in the midst of one of these had stood a great globular bottle. The settling column of earth above had spared few vessels in the second heap, but among them was an imported water-bottle —a product of the ancient potters of southeast Missouri. Perhaps it was not mere accident that against this extra-tribal object rested an uncanny trophy—a human lower jaw. It did not belong originally to the occupant of the grave, and how he

acquired it can only be guessed. That it had been wrested from its original owner with the flesh still upon it is evidenced by many scratches and marks of scraping from the tool that fleshed it. Long use and much handling had hardened, smoothed, and well-nigh polished its surfaces, till it bade fair to outlast the fragile bones of its secondary possessor.

Near the trophy were a fulgor drinking-cup and the fragments of a mussel-shell spoon, and touching it, upon the other side, a handsome ceremonial ax of slate. Of the rare chisel-shaped type, nine inches in length, it was far surpassed by the superb piece that lay upon the third heap of shards. This beautiful ceremonial, also of slate, ground on exceedingly graceful, slender lines, measured full fourteen and seven-tenths inches. Neither of the axes bore any indication of a handle, but that they were meant to be helved like an ax, not hafted as a chisel, is known from markings on others of the type. What these ceremonial pieces betokened as symbols was doubtless indicated by the handsome celt of basanite that lay near by, and surely had never broken harder things than heads. Beneath the celt and beneath the pottery were disks of shell with copper bosses and other ornaments, part of the paraphernalia in which this chieftain shone when he wore the red and purple paint that clung to the shards of the pigment-bowls.

Aside from the celt, the only weapons with this burial were ten slender arrow-points of black flint, of a type quite new. They had belonged to a bundle of arrows, raised some three inches above the bottom of the grave by the thickness of the perished quiver. On a yet higher level in this upper corner of the grave four monoceramic pipes had been leaned, bowls down, against the wall. All the wondrous symbol-laden vestment of paint and scalp and feathers which distinguished them from the pipes of more ordinary ceremonial is gone, and only their vertical position marks them off from those five other pipes that lay in fragments near the chief's right hand. Three at least were monsters of their kind, with stems measuring twenty-two inches and more. Why did this chieftain have so many? Was he keeper of the pipes for his people? Did they stand for



A, Shell Gorget—Sun-disk with Swastika. B, Shell Pendant. C, Shell Ear-pin. D, Crystal Butterfly-stone — Battle-axe Emblem of the Master of Haley Place Mound. E, Bone Pin. F, Lizard pendants of Shell



VESSEL—WHIRLING SUN AND THE FOUR QUARTERS
(Haley Place)

so many treaties of peace, alliances in war, and challenges sent? Only he can solve the problem of the pipes who can read mysteries in the clear quartz crystal that this ancient worthy also carried to his grave.

Perhaps one of those compacts was made with the peaceful people who dwelt to the north, scarcely twenty-five miles away by the trail of the bee. The *Gopher,* following the sinuous river, traversed many times that distance ere it landed the expedition at the prehistoric settlement on Foster Place. Here all were residential mounds save one. But within that one low elevation, fifty feet across, had been stored a wealth of pottery undreamed of in American archæology. In eleven burials were found two hundred and forty-six lots of earthenware, each lot representing from one to five pieces. The wreckage transcends description. Originally heaped up tier on tier, broken, crushed, and ground together by the settling of the mound, one pile of compressed and shattered fragments still reached a height of nearly two feet. Jars capped with inverted bowls, bottles with shell cups upon them, nested vessels—they had held provisions for the world hereafter: fish and squirrel-meat, besides the venison, the bones whereof were found among the wreckage. Perhaps in many a goodly porringer had seethed the yellow meal, but the shades had eaten of it, for there remained but the mussel-shell spoons in the broken bowls, and for their replenishing only the handle of the great earthenware ladle, fashioned like a gourd.

Even the cooking-pots showed careful modeling and decoration, but the art of these ancient potters found highest expression in bowl and bottle. Finely tempered ware, of rare grace and beauty, upon their black and sometimes highly polished surfaces the cosmic symbols had left their impress. Sun-disk, triskele, swastika, and cross, in delicate intaglio, accentuated by pigment red and white,



UNIQUE VESSEL WITH KNOB RATTLES
(Foster Place)

that filled the limning, revealed a cult as hoary as the aspirations of mankind.

The cross of four directions, the whirling swastika of the winds, and the rayed sun figured also on the personal insignia—on the two fine gorgets of shell that lay on the breast of him who shall be remembered as the owner of the leaf-shaped blade. Beautiful in color and in the careful flaking of the flint, this triumph of aboriginal stone art measured thirteen and six-tenths inches from point to point, with a width of two and six-tenths inches, and a maximum thickness of only three-tenths of an inch. It is one of the expedition's choicest treasures, as it was of the ancient upon whose breast it lay with ten slender, double-pointed implements, of unknown usage, piled upon it. Besides the shell gorgets there were with him two great ear-disks, more than four inches across, made of limestone, anciently coated with sheet-copper. These, and a second pair decorated with the eight-pointed star and found with another burial, have curious double shanks that buttoned into holes in the helix of the ear. They are like no others.



RAYED-SUN BOWL
(Haley Place)

The ear-ornaments of that other chief, now known as "No. 4," were long pins cut from the columella of the conch. Also of shell were his other decorations—the numerous pendants, some carved with designs, and the two little lizards pierced through the heads for suspension. Besides these, and a larger lizard pendant of limestone, copper-coated, he had worn a globular bead of marble, an inch across, and in his hair eighteen long and delicate pins of bone, green with the mark of vanished copper. His slender ceremonial ax in hand, he must have stood an imposing figure when all this fragile bone and shell and crumbling copper ornament flashed white and ruddy-gold in the sun. More than a personal totem was his gleaming-backed lizard, for other lizard ornaments were found in the graves of the region. Perchance it was the emblem of the earth, and, like the lizard in the lore of the ancient Aztecs, the symbol of fruitfulness and plenty.

Perhaps also this thought of the green robe of our mother, the earth, led to the use of glauconite in the mortuary rites of this prehistoric town. Not as a decoration, but as part of the ceremonies for the dead, polished jars and bowls and bottles had been coated with the green glauconite. Elsewhere in all America the ancient pigment of the dead was red as the rays of the dying sun. Here the green earth was dominant.

At Foster, as at Haley Place, the burials had been in pits, but shallower and ofttimes intersecting. Whether this mound had been reared above a central grave-pit was not determined, for upon its summit stood an ancient tree—its trunk fourteen feet around—and its life might not be sacrificed to the solution. Yet in many things these peoples were markedly contrasting.

A sense of tragedy and war clings to the deep burials of Haley Place. All—

with one possible exception—were men, and men of prowess and of rank. Not meaningless is the prominence of the ceremonial ax, the numerous hafted celts that dealt destruction, the many shafts of arrows, the red war-paint. Even the ornaments they wore took on an aggressive form—the tooth of alligator and of carnivore, the crystal emblem of the double-bladed battle-ax. The pipes also are more suggestive of the challenge than the league. The burials of Foster Place tell another story. Ceremonial axes there were, but insignificant in size. Only five arrowheads were found in all the great yield of that mound. Of celts there is no record. For ornaments they chose the inoffensive lizard, and their ceremonial paints were mostly green and white. The four little pipes of earthenware have their projecting points laid back against the bowls, like the bills of the birds on the peace calumets, turned up that they may not strike. Was this, like the white towns that flourished in earliest historic times among the Muskhogean people to the east of the Mississippi, a peace town protected and maintained by the war towns around? Without some such social contract it could never have survived to string its pearls, carve its shell, beat its copper, and mold its thousand pots. The most treasured works of its copper-age art betoken wide trade interests that threaded the land from the copper-mines of Lake Superior to the shell-strewn shore of the Gulf.



PIPE OF THE SMOKING EFFIGY
(Gahagan)

The French adventurers of Louisiana, who pushed their explorations up Red River to the frontiers of New Spain, found on its lower reaches a nation kindred to the Natchez, and above them, alien peoples of Cadoan stock. The Little Natchez, kin to the great Natchez nation east of the Mississippi, were also known as the Avoyel—"People-of-the-flints." The bald early chronicles were not concerned with the manner of their life or death, their ornaments or industries. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that their singular name is indicative of a people past-masters in the art of working flint. It calls to mind the beautiful laurel-leaf flint that lay on the breast of the chief at Foster Place, and it points yet more emphatically to the fine flint implements of rare design found so abundantly at Gahagan, in Red River Parish, Louisiana.

At Gahagan had flourished a large and important town, for the fields were dotted with low residential mounds, and in their midst rose an artificial eminence, washed and weathered and plowed down, which was to reveal more than one archæological marvel. Centrally within it was a great grave-pit, irregular in form, but, roughly, thirteen feet by nine to its more than eleven feet of depth. A little to the left of center had been laid the body of a man. To right and left, at head and foot, four other skeletons formed a rude square. The good right hand of the chief had rested on a ceremonial ax. Jingling ornaments of copper-coated wood and shell adorned him in profusion. Close

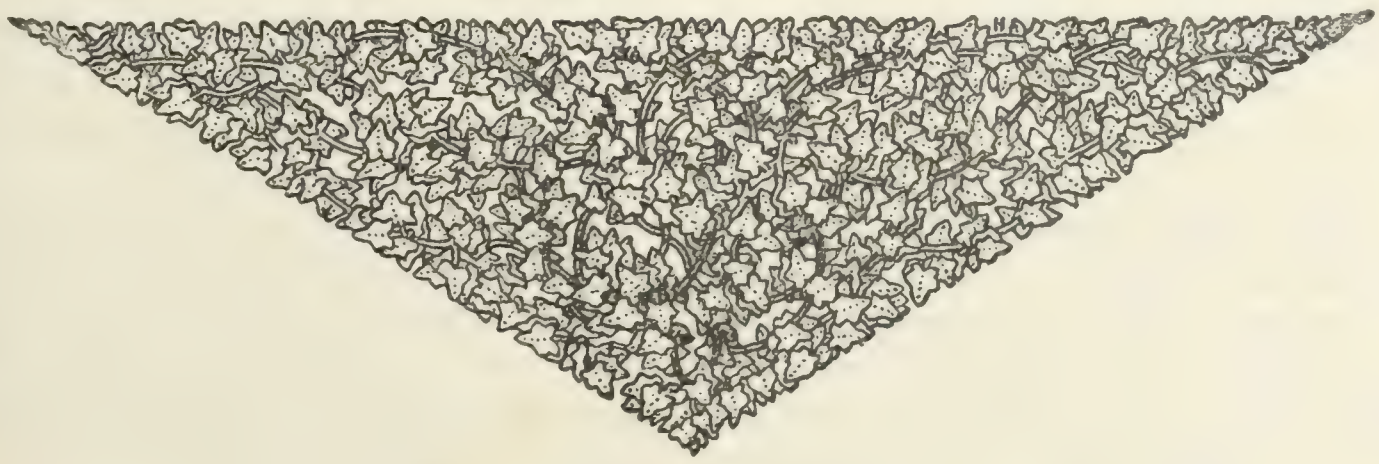
to his head had been placed his choicest treasures—delicate bone pins, a polished boat-stone, handsome lance and arrow-points of flint, small copper ornaments and large, the green and fragile flakes whereof attested their one-time presence there.

At the head of the grave were the ceremonial deposits, two piles of fine large flints—daggers, knives, and lance-heads, more than half a hundred in all. Each group of these rare objects, of unusual form and craftsmanship, had with it numerous pins and implements of bone, and the crushed debris of an earthen bottle. A third vessel lay shattered in the corner, and beside it the remarkable pipe that now stirs the scientific world—an effigy-pipe of earthenware; upon it the kneeling figure faces the smoker and holds in its lap a large biconical bowl. This in itself is unique, but the most curious feature of the pipe is a narrow passage which leads internally from the base of the bowl to the mouth of the image. Through this an intermittent stream of smoke can be made to issue from its mouth. What occult purposes of divination it may have served to the wondering awe of the uninitiated remains unknown. Certain it is that when upon the sacred tobacco-hearth the weed was sacrificed, worshiper and image smoked in unison.

Surely, judged by the revelations of this mound, no other people of the Mississippi region so well deserve the name of the People-of-the-flints. Yet Gahagan lies far to the northwest of the historic home of the Avoyel. To read the signs—here, with the passing of a chieftain, four tribes-folk, loath or willingly, joined him for the journey. This was a custom of the Natchez nation: every Sun-man or Sun-woman of royal rank was accompanied to the land of shades by numbers of the commonalty allied to the dead notable. But the historic Natchez did not bury in deep grave-pits. When they passed from the early western home of their traditions across the Mississippi, they borrowed from their new neighbors, the Muskhogean peoples, the custom of the tribal bone-house, and glorified it into the Natchez temple of history. The development of their remarkable social system, with its three intermarrying and shifting castes, and all the customs that hung thereon, must have taken place during the slow migration down Red River.

At Haley and Foster Places the single burial was the rule, though each locality had its exception. Yet the dwellers in these ancient towns were undoubtedly kin to those of Gahagan. The peculiar deep grave-pits that characterize these three and yet one other site along Red River have never been recorded in any other corner of the continent. The pottery from Gahagan in technique and ware belongs to the type of Foster Place.

Here, then, in northwest Louisiana, extreme southwestern Arkansas, and the northern confines of Texas, dwelt at the dawn of America's copper age some part of the people that was to be the mighty Natchez nation. On their black and polished pottery, incised with the sun-disk and other cosmic symbols, lies foreshadowed the great cult of the luminary that culminated in a cruel theocracy. It remained for the Academy's expedition to wrest from this well-nigh recordless region a few fragments of its dim prehistory. The tumuli of the great chiefs alone remained: over the graves of the common folk Red River had spread its yellow mantle of oblivion.



Son Love

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

THE road from the cemetery led directly into the recruiting-office. From the hillside the mourners, when they raised their bowed heads, might look into the open door, which, at the termination of the straight road, made a bold, black period. Indeed, aside from its location, it would have been hard not to see the recruiting-office, for the late afternoon sun, still hot, still dazzling, though now about to sink behind the hill, shot its rays straight against the whitewashed wall; and, too, against this glaring background lolled a Federal soldier in new and vivid uniform.

When it was all over, up there on the hillside, and when the little group of friends had gone their ways—some over the hill to the farms in the back country, some down the road toward the recruiting-office, in front of which they turned to right or left along the village's main street—Franklin Mahaffy and Timothy, his son, closed and locked the cemetery gate and trudged after the others down the dusty road. Once only did either speak; Franklin glanced behind them at the afterglow.

"We'll have to hurry," he said.

His son looked at him inquiringly, but said nothing. Lapsing into his own thoughts, neither spoke again until, as they neared the village, the boy made an end to a long struggle.

"Father," he gulped, and cleared his throat and began again, "Father!"—then paused in astonishment and instinctively clutched his father's arm. For Franklin Mahaffy had not turned south on the village street toward the empty house and the closed smithy next door—the smithy in which the forge fire had been out these four days; instead, he kept on across the street straight toward the soldier in the blue uniform.

"I've known all along how you felt, Timmy, and now there's no one to keep you home," he said to his son. And together, the boy still speechless with surprise, they entered.

The recruiting-office had been Carlin's Job Printing Shop before Carlin one day hurriedly spread old newspapers over his type-cases and went off to the war at the first call for volunteers. And with Carlin, or close on his heels at the early calls, had gone all those who could go. So the recruiting-sergeant, made somnolent by monotony and the afternoon heat, slept in his chair; and though it was past closing-time, his soldier was content to sit on the door-step and smoke his pipe, stare at the fading sky, and let his commanding officer sleep on.

But now at the sound of footsteps the sergeant roused himself and took his feet down from Carlin's press (which Carlin never would run again, for poor Carlin's body lay that night in a shallow trench almost where he had fallen on the field of Bull Run), and with a bang brought down the front legs of his tilted chair, rose, set his cap straight, and squinted to see who his visitors were.

"'Evening, Mister Mahaffy. Come to enlist the boy?"

"You can enlist us both, Sergeant," the blacksmith said.

"Why—father! Why, *father!*" the boy cried, half in amazement, half in consternation. "You can't go, too!"

"I've been thinkin' it over all the way down the road, Timmy . . . your mother . . . and now if you was to go without me, I'd be all alone."

"But war's for us young fellows, father—they wouldn't take you!" Then, defiantly, "Sergeant, he's over age!"

Franklin Mahaffy wrathfully straightened his broad shoulders.

"I'm over age—and he's under, Sergeant!" he said. "I'm past forty-five, but he's only seventeen. I give him one o' my years, and that makes us near enough square! Does that go? Timothy, I got my mind made up!"

The sergeant's appraising glance

passed from the sturdy blacksmith to the slender figure at his side; he chuckled. "If you're thinkin', young man, that you can go anywhere that he can't, why, I prognosticate that on more'n one march he'll be carryin' his musket and your'n too!" Then to the smith: "But you'd oughtn't 'a' told me that about the age. Just the same, if I use my jedgement an' discr*ee*tion, I cal'late Uncle Abe 'll say, 'Well done.' Half a million is a mighty sight o' men!" He jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward a handbill on the wall which told that Abraham Lincoln, President, called for five hundred thousand men.

The blacksmith gripped the pen firmly in his big fist and painstakingly signed the muster-roll. His son, with troubled face, took the pen from his father's hand and beneath the bold "F. Mahaffy" slowly wrote "T." The sergeant, peering over his shoulder, cautioned him: "Better make it out in full — your 'nitial's so like his." And so he wrote: "Timothy Mahaffy," with a boyish flourish on the *y*. Then, with a brief good night to the sergeant, they went out into the summer twilight, and in silence passed down the street toward the closed smithy whose forge fire was not to be lighted again for many and many a day.

Perhaps the sergeant's prediction that Franklin would carry both muskets might have come true that first summer (for Timothy was exceedingly slim those days) had the regiment gone into the field. Instead, it spent the next eight months in learning how to be a regiment — knowledge never bought by dearer price. Nine-tenths of it were city men — clerks, salesmen, here and there a professional man—all flat-chested and soft of palm. The other tenth, scattered throughout the companies, was made up of odds and ends from the farms and villages, men who had enlisted too late to get into organizations of their friends and neighbors, and so were sent to fill out regiments in other communities. When, after a few weeks of feverish drilling, the volunteer officers with nervous pride had marched the regiment in review before the division commander—who had once been a colonel of regulars — that sharp-eyed professional had turned to his chief of staff and said:

"See that that regiment gets hell this winter. Have 'em make a man of it."

And the regiment got hell, and was made a man. Five times in three weeks the men were obliged to leave nicely situated and nicely established camps and strike out and pitch a new one. This was exasperating. The sun got some of them; fever, others. Presently the nights grew damp and cool; the tents leaked on them when it rained, and their shoddy uniforms let the wind blow on them as though they had been naked. Then work on fortifications began, and for months it never ceased. They waded about through acres of raw clay, to their shoetops in mud and snow and water; without end they built traverses and salients and God-only-knew-what-rot (said the regiment) until shoveling became second nature. And always they drilled, stood sentry, and did picket duty as though they were in the teeth of the enemy, whereas Washington was still between them and the Confederacy. It was midwinter before they left their tents and went into barracks. One-third of the regiment was in hospital; many died; many deserted. The rest became soldiers.

The Mahaffys had been assigned to Company G. They were its only out-of-town members. Franklin, with his great size and his great muscles, became instantly a man of mark. When G Company spoke to him it called him Mister Mahaffy; when it spoke of him it said that G Company had the strongest man in the regiment. All that, of course, was in the early days of their enlistment. Timothy, a little diffident in the presence of city manners, made a slower way into the company's regard. When it came to the election of non-commissioned officers (that, too, was in the early days; when it grew up the regiment's "non-coms" were appointed) the Mahaffys learned that, in regimental politics, their presence—and the rest of the one-tenth's—was imperceptible. Franklin Mahaffy, for twenty years master of his own shop, and man of parts in his community, was taught military discipline and the science of arms by a group of mere boys holding authority for the first time and cutting

their military eye-teeth on their chevrons. But he never complained—even to Timothy. Once, one night when they were too cold to sleep soundly, Timothy heard his father muttering brokenly: "I'm too old a man to be talked to—that way—I'm too old!" "Dreams," his father said next morning. "Let it pass."

Franklin might have had an easy berth at the regimental forge if he would have taken it. The adjutant asked for blacksmiths, and G's captain spoke to Franklin.

"You're a smith, aren't you?"

"No, sir," Franklin answered, flatly.

"Why, father!" Timothy expostulated that night.

"I was a blacksmith," his father countered. "Now I'm a soldier. I could 'a' stayed home and smithed. They won't keep us shovelin' here forever. We'll fight soon, and the forge 'll be in the rear—where I'll not be!"

Franklin Mahaffy could have fought when he said that, but winter had not then set in in earnest. That was a terrible winter. It laid its mark upon every man, officer and private. Here and there it touched one with a rough caress of approbation, as if to say: "You're a tough un; I've done *you* good!" These for the most part were the young men of the regiment. Youth told. Timothy came through the prescribed hell broader and deeper and callous on the outside. But his father was the oldest man in the regiment.

Early in the winter Franklin caught cold—not "on sentry's lonely beat," but ingloriously, while digging a drain; and though not ill enough to go to hospital, he was left with a cough which racked his body and made him first thin, then gaunt and hollow-eyed, and older by many years. He was still the neatest soldier in the regiment, and he drilled like clockwork, but his feet dragged a trifle, and there came to be a stoop in the once straight back. Now and then Timothy surprised a wistfulness in his eyes—the expression of a child who cannot or will not make itself understood. He thought that at such times his father must be thinking of the hillside above the recruiting-office, and he would gently speak of the days before they had come into the army.

Letters came frequently from friends left at home—letters which, among the scraps of village gossip, contained many items of news concerning those who had gone to the front in the earlier regiments.

"Ben Thurley's got a commission—lieutenant," Franklin read from a letter one day.

"Ben has? Fine!" Timothy said, in his voice an unselfish ring. "Any of the boys hurt, or—killed, father?"

"A couple," Franklin answered, abstractedly. "And Peret's been made color-sergeant—think o' that—Peret!"

"Well, the old town's coming out strong for officers," Timothy cried. "But who—"

"Yes," his father said. Then, after a pause, "I'm going out," and he left so abruptly that his son stared wonderingly after him.

As for his work, the old man never for a moment shirked it; it was not as much as he had done, but it was as much as he now could do. Timothy's watchful eye noted the change, and he tried where he could to give a lift to his father's share; but Franklin was furious at any such effort. The men noticed the swift passing of Company G's strong man, and fell to calling him "Daddy" Mahaffy, not unkindly, but with a new familiarity that stung him to the soul.

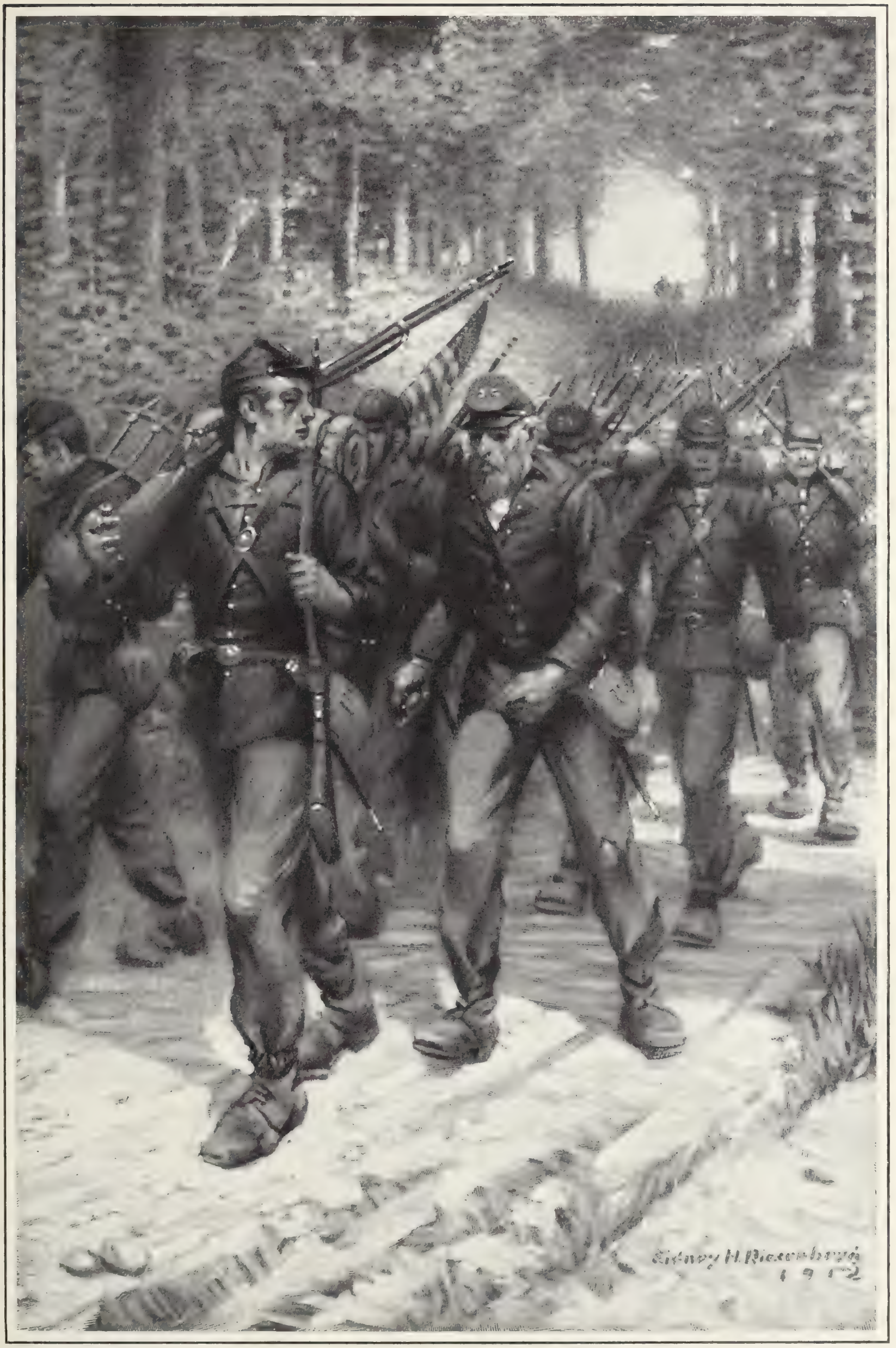
He was headquarters sentry one February night when the wind was like a taste of death. It made him cough until his accoutrements jangled. Indoors, a second lieutenant was playing cribbage with the officer of the day, Captain Rensselaer of G Company. When there came a lull in the wind they could hear Franklin coughing.

"Who's that on duty out there?" the captain, interrupting the game, asked querulously.

"—Six for a pair royal, and one for his nobs—seven. That makes the rubber!" finished the lieutenant. "Mahaffy—the old man."

"Well, for the Lord's sake take him out this drink of whiskey, and don't let any one see you give it him. I'd quit if I had the cough he has."

Next morning the captain called Timothy over to him.



Drawn by Sidney H. Riesenberg Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LIGHTENED OF HIS ACCOUTREMENTS, FRANKLIN STUMBLED BRAVELY FORWARD

"Mahaffy," he said, kindly, "wouldn't your father like to be sent home? I can get him invalided, I think. He's getting too old to stand this sort of thing."

"Thank you, sir," Timothy choked. "I'd give anything to see father out of the army, but I don't think he'll go."

"Won't go? Why not?"

The boy hesitated. "I—don't know."

The captain snorted. "If he stays here he can't live another month. Tell him to come to see me."

Franklin from a distance had seen the interview. "What did Cap'n want o' you?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Said you ought to be invalided home," his son answered, bluntly.

"He's captain because his wife's cousin to the governor!" Franklin snapped; "I'll fight for my commission!" and walked away.

His son watched him pityingly. "So that's it. Poor old father! He's got no chance—no chance at all!"

By Captain Rensselaer's request—tantamount to an order—Franklin Mahaffy went to the captain's quarters, but what the captain said to him and what Franklin replied to the captain Timothy never knew. Old Franklin remained in G Company, and coughed his way through work and through sleep, but lived; and spring came. Snow and icy sleet and flint-like ground changed to warm rains and deep and gummy mud, which in turn gave place to turf in the fields, thick, yellow dust in the roads, and bursting buds everywhere.

The regiment, now become, through tribulation, perfect in tactics and discipline, indurated, self-confident, paraded once more in review, not only before the divisional but its corps commander as well, and the brigadier-general of division pointed out to the brigadier-general of the corps how *he* had "made that regiment, sir!" and the corps commander nodded and lit another cigar, and grunted between puffs, "We'll brigade 'em with two other crack regiments!" And then, as the regiment completed a very intricate movement "handsomely," the corps commander actually took the cigar from between his teeth in order to add emphasis to, "Damme, sir, I'll brigade 'em with reg'lars!"

A few days later the regiment, with heads held high, colors flying, and band blaring, disembarked from a transport, and with every toe pointed Richmondward, set foot for the first time in Virginia. In all the regiment there was no man more exuberant than Franklin Mahaffy. The spring winds seemed to have blown his cough almost away, and he had gathered himself together as an all but spent distance-runner shortens and quickens his stride for the sprint up the home stretch. But as the campaign progressed, it became more and more apparent that the finish was too far away for Franklin Mahaffy. As camps changed to bivouacs, and the nights' rest was more and more often broken by alarms; as baggage-trains were cut down and the weight of heavy marching order was increased; as the marches lengthened and each day became a torment of dust and heat and flies, of bruises, blisters, wounds—so old Franklin found it harder and harder to keep up. He had been bluff and genial when he enlisted; he had now become rather a silent man, always kindly, but always tired. Still he managed to keep up, and as long as he could do so he could not be peremptorily retired for disability.

"Why don't Daddy Mahaffy quit an' go home?" the regiment asked; and, "Why don't y' get yer old man to go home, Tim?"

And Timothy would flush, and reply truthfully, but with evasion, "Says he's got to have a fight first."

"Game old man!" the regiment commented, admiringly. G Company took a new pride in Franklin—"killin' hisself for one chance to fight"; but pity far outshone the pride.

"Lemme pack yer gun, Daddy, awhile?"

"Guess you got enough to do, boy, to pack your own—thankee—thankee all the same."

It was shrewd Timothy who at last touched the spring which released the burden from the old shoulders and placed it on his own and on those other young shoulders of G Company.

"There'll be fightin' soon now, father," he said. "Better save yourself for it all you can; you're looking a bit fagged. I'll take your musket an' blanket-roll a spell."

And Franklin snatched eagerly at this

scanty cloak, and cuddled his self-respect in it, and kept it safe and warm.

"You're right, Timmy," he said. "Got to save ourselves for the fightin'! I'll be 'bliged if you will take these for a while. It's right hot marchin' to-day."

The men quickly caught the cue; after that, on the march, it became the usual thing to see some stalwart youngster run forward a few files to where Franklin, bent, gray-faced, with clenched jaws, was doggedly struggling to hold his place in the ranks.

"Heard they're going to send us in sure to-morrow, Daddy," young Stalwart would say. "Gimme your knapsack till you ease off awhile."

"That's right, got to save ourselves for the fightin'," and with a gasp of relief Franklin would hand over the knapsack. "I'll spell *you* by 'n' by." And when by 'n' by came he was sure to drop back and make his offer to give Stalwart a lift.

"Oh, that's all right, Daddy," would come the invariable fiction. "Bill, here, just spelled me—I'm fresh as a daisy!"

"Well, any time, Eddie—"

"Sure, Dad—I'll holler!"

And so it would go on, day after day; Franklin—at times lightened to his very canteen, his accoutrements scattered even beyond the ranks of G Company—stumbling bravely forward, serene in his secret conviction that the first battle would mean the winning of the coveted commission.

The regiment, brigaded with regulars, formed part of the reserve—a post of responsibility and honor. On it some day might fall the privilege of deciding some doubtful battle; by its steadfastness in holding the rear in the event of defeat and rout it might save the army from annihilation. And so, set always at the outer edge of battles, it waited; sometimes sleeping under arms, sometimes brought within sight of the firing-line; always ready, always listening for the one bugle-call that, in the regiment's impatience, it seemed never was to be blown. And now to this threatened flank, now to that, it marched and countermarched through an infinity of sun-scorched miles.

Then, suddenly, the regiment went into action.

A brigade, essaying to charge across a plowed field, had suddenly, when half-way over, crumpled up, and the fragments had come drifting back into the wood from whence they charged. From the reserves, the brigade of which the regiment formed part had been flung forward at the double into the wood and to the edge of the plowed field, there to hold a line behind whose support the fragments might re-form. So, for the first time, the regiment, in line of battle, stood under a direct and vigorous fire. To it, as to all regiments at their baptism, there came the few terrible minutes of mental recoil; faces become ashen and fingers fumble and grope like those of palsied old men's when soldiers for the first time hear comrades' death cries and see friends writhing in the grass at their feet. Fortunate it was for the regiment that in those first moments came the orders: "Comp-'ne-e-e! Ready-y! Aim-mm! *Fire!*" For with the familiar order and the crash of the volleys that made it veteran, discipline and regimental pride snapped together again like the setting of a broken bone, and the regiment stood firm as though grounded, and cheered, and spat tobacco juice, and swore, and loaded and fired and loaded and fired as one man.

For a long time Timothy was conscious of nothing save the unreality of it all; then, as though slowly becoming awake, he heard his father—fighting shoulder to shoulder with him—whispering over and over: "Steady, men—steady!" like an animate echo of Captain Rensselaer, coolly walking up and down just behind the line. A soldier at his other side struck Franklin a buffet between the shoulders. "Got yer fight at last, Daddy!" he howled. And Franklin nodded vehemently, his powder-grimed face wrinkling into a fiercely exultant smile.

Minutes grew into quarter-hours, and still the regiment fringed the edge of the wood and fired out across the sunny field at the smoke clouds in the wood beyond; and still they waited for the bugle-call that would send them charging across the plowed ground. They had been moved farther back among the trees, by which they were considerably sheltered; losses were very slight. Humor set in: "Wh'ever sent us here's gone off an'

forgot where 'e put us." "This ain't no sport — why don't we do something?" "Wot a battle!" The first crashing volleys had long ago given place to the endless sputtering roll of musketry fired at will. "Gorsh! I'm dry!" said one man; instantly a dozen men within hearing tilted empty canteens, and along the entire battle-line, from throats parched by heat and dust and the stinging smoke, there began to go up the hoarse plaint: "Water!—water!—water!"

Five or six men in each company were told off to collect the canteens and fill them at the little stream on the other side of the ridge. Franklin was one of those detailed from G Company. He went reluctantly. All the way up to the crest he kept turning and anxiously looking back; he hurried down the other side, and at the stream he was the first man to fill his canteens. From beyond the ridge there came a sudden lull in the firing — a loud, ominous stillness. Every man at the stream straightened up with a jerk and stood listening with strained intentness. Suddenly they heard the bugles shrill the charge—the notes cut short by cheers and a roar of musketry.

Old Franklin began to run up the hill, his canteens clashing and banging together. "Aw, what's the hurry?" a big regular yelled after him. "They'll leave some fer to-morrer!" Franklin ran on. Before he had gone a hundred yards the bugles were heard sounding the recall, but he kept on, and had just reached the crest of the ridge and was peering eagerly down among the trees, which completely hid the battle from him, when there came a storm of cheers. He began to run again—down-hill and through dense undergrowth. From the sound of steady firing he judged that the regiment was back in its position at the edge of the wood. He had reached level ground and was nearing the line when an excited soldier with a bloody rag around his wrist came running toward him; he was a man from G Company.

"Hi, Daddy!" he shouted. "Gimme m' canteen." But with the canteen lifted to his lips he paused to wave his bloody wrist proudly. "Got that in the charge!" Then he drank noisily. "We'd just got good an' goin'"—he was very much excited, and though he stood at Franklin's side, he shouted every word—"an' some darn fool general called us back. Would 'a' drove 'em clean into Richmond if the gener'l 'd let us kep' on. . . . Oh, say! Ought 'a' seen your Tim just now, Daddy! Run out and brought in Parker after the charge! Whole dam' reb army shootin' at 'im. . . . Say, but Parker's hurt bad. Would 'a' bled t' death—cap'n says—if Tim hadn't of got him." The soldier drank again. "That's good water! . . . Well, by-by, Daddy. Good luck to you. I'm goin' to th' field-hospital an' my thirty-day furlough."

Franklin walked slowly toward the firing-line. He heard presently a shouting of his name behind him, and looked back. It was the wounded soldier. He had met some of the other water-carriers, and in retelling the story he had recollected a spicy detail.

"Sa-ay!" he shouted to Franklin. "The big—white—stone; clean to there Tim run to—to get Parker!"

Franklin nodded and went on again. He distributed his canteens, picked up his musket, and took his place in the line at the side of his son.

"That was a brave thing you did, Timmy," he said. "I'm proud of you."

Timothy very carefully sighted at an invisible enemy. "'Twasn't much," he said, modestly.

His father fired several shots before speaking. "It 'll mean chevrons or straps, Timothy," he quietly said. They loaded and fired mechanically for some time. "I'd have been with you — out there . . ." In spite of a vigorous throat-clearing the old voice quavered. "I'd hoped to have some chance like that."

There came the order to cease firing. Then the regiment's brigade was withdrawn to give place to the reunited fragments of the original holders of the position. The brunt of the battle was falling on the other flank and on the center, and the regiment was marched back out of range to its old place in the reserves. That night they camped almost where they stood, and they camped there many days.

The exhausted army ate and slept, buried its dead — and the dead of its

enemy; cared for its wounded, and prepared to fight again; one more battle—well, maybe two—the army said, would see the end. When the wind was right, the clocks in Richmond could be heard tolling the hours; but between the Northerners and Richmond lay an unconquered gray army, and few there were in the blue who ever saw the faces of the clocks which they were to know only by the pealing of the bells. But there were battles there on the Peninsula other than those of sword and musket. Nightly each and every man fought a battle in the dark — a battle with an enemy which stole into the camps unchallenged by the sentinels. From the miasmal swamps came this silent enemy, Fever, and men sickened and died by scores and hundreds.

Timothy was on picket for three days and nights, and even there on the high land soldiers sickened, and were taken away, and others took their places. For those three days Timothy could learn no word of his father, and his anxiety grew almost greater than he could bear. But Franklin had kept well, and was waiting impatiently for his boy to get back to camp again. That night they sat together on a log beside the campfire, drying their wet clothes, for it had rained all day. One by one the other men strolled away to visit at other fires or in other companies, and at last they were left alone, and then Timothy spoke of the separation and what it had meant to him. He told how each night he had watched the pale vapor—symbol of fever—steal out from the swamps, and spread and widen; and each time that the moon came out from behind the clouds he had seen the mist creeping close along the ground, nearer and nearer to the camps. And as he spoke, all the wretchedness of those anxious nights came back to him, and suddenly he burst out, half angry, half pleading:

"Father, I can't stand it any longer! If it was only the battles—but the winters—the marches—and now the fever is in the army! Father, for God's sake let us get you out of here! Captain Rensselaer will get you invalided—"

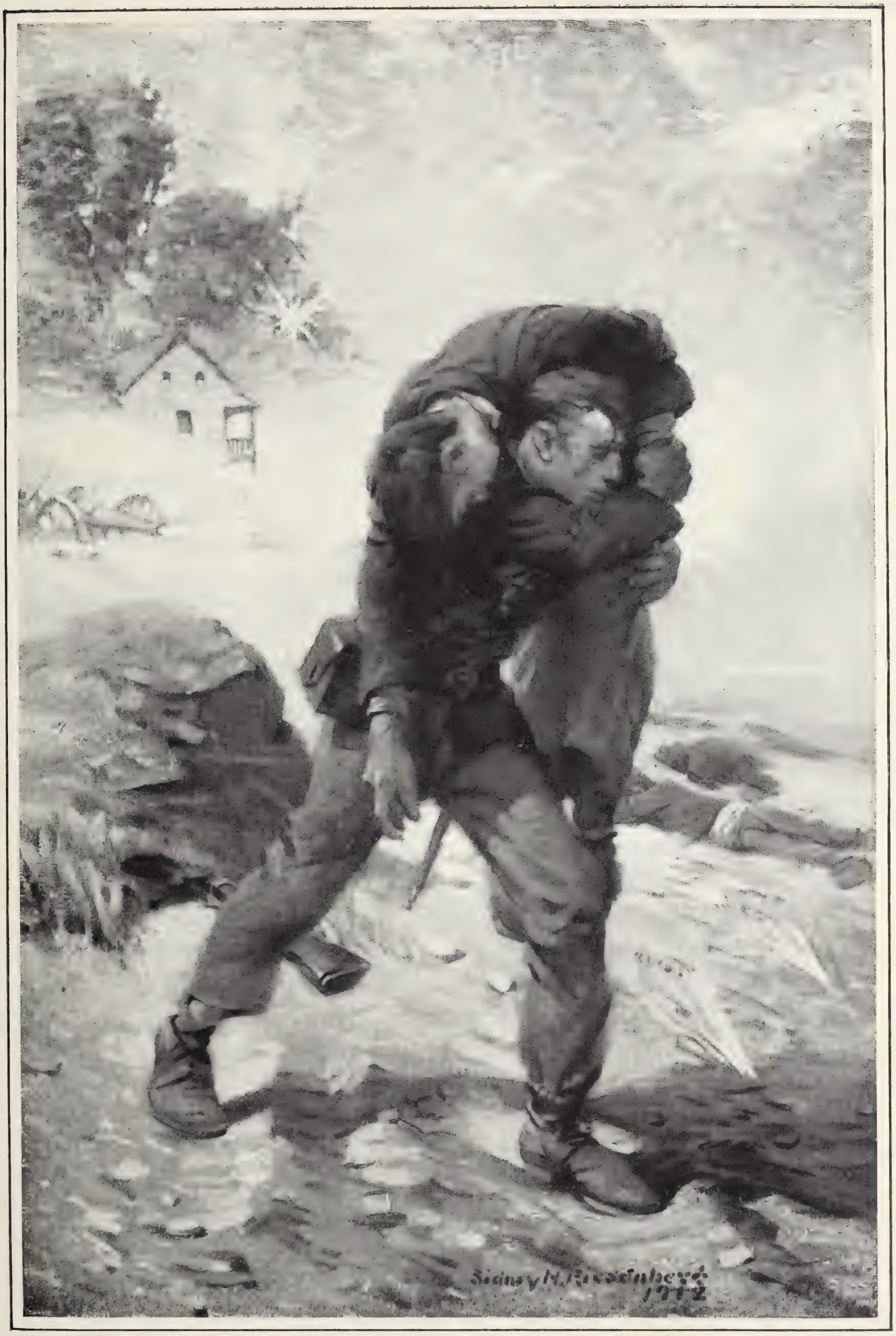
"Cap'n Rensselaer won't!" Franklin interrupted, grimly. "They took him to hospital an hour ago—fever—very bad!" He got up and placed a bit of fence-rail on the fire; the damp wood sputtered and smoked, and the firelight died down suddenly to a red glow. He came back to his place on the log again.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, Timmy," he began, gently. "We been gone from home a long while; maybe you forget—most like you never knew or cared. But back there your father was Franklin Mahaffy, an' when he come into the store of a winter night somebody got up and went an' set on a soap-box or on the counter, and Franklin Mahaffy sat next to the stove an' in one of the *arm*-chairs—him and Postmaster Wheeler and Mathias Hedges and old Doc Law—us four in the only *arm*-chairs." He smoked for a time in silence, and Timothy watched him with troubled eyes. Presently, as though thinking aloud, he began again: "Wheeler raised the first comp'ny in the county, an' he's its captain; Mat, he's quartermaster-sergeant; Doc Law's a brigade surgeon—rank o' major—an' what am *I*?"

He sprang to his feet and dashed the ashes from his pipe, and with every word shook it fiercely at his son. "Who's goin' to sit in that fourth *arm*-chair?" he roared. He was thoroughly roused now; all the pent-up broodings of months burst out in a wild flood. "You think we've come to know what rank is in the army! I tell you it ain't nothin' to what it's goin' to be when this war's done and we're at home again. What 'll it be for me when 'most every man in town's my rankin' officer?—most likely even m' own son! Corp'rals Nichols an' Joe Purdy, Shoemaker Todd a drum-major, Color-Sergeant Luke Peret and *Loo*tenant Thurley! God'lmi'ty! am I goin' to be a private till the crack o' doom—*'Daddy'* Mahaffy to such as Bennie Thurley an' red-head Peret!"

He sat down abruptly—heavily, as an old man sits down—and began to fill his pipe with fingers that trembled and that vainly tried to be still. "Mebbe you won't understand, Timmy," he said, half apologetically. "But I guess I got to stay here—I just can't go home."

There came the staccato of the snare-drums beating tattoo—the soldiers' bed-



Drawn by Sidney H. Riesenberg

HE HAD RUN OUT AND BROUGHT IN PARKER AFTER THE CHARGE

time call. Franklin stood up and stretched.

"It's going to rain again to-morrow," he said, casually.

"I suppose so," his son assented.

At the tent door the father laid a hand on his son's shoulder. "What I say, Timothy, is, it's got to be!"

And the boy replied sadly, "Yes, father, I guess it's got to be."

Taps sounded—the saddest, sweetest, most plaintive of all bugle-calls; the untended camp-fires died down to glowing embers, became each no larger than a star, winked out.

Two days later Timothy was detailed as colonel's orderly—a twenty-four detail that marked its recipient as one of the "smartest," most "likely" soldiers in the regiment. Timothy had just reported himself for duty in the colonel's tent when the regiment's adjutant entered. The colonel was busy and did not look up. The adjutant blew his nose feebly, then with more vigor.

"Bob Rensselaer's gone," he said.

"Not dead?" cried the colonel, sitting up with a jerk.

"Dead," answered the adjutant, sadly.

"Oh, God!—what a pity!—what a pity!" There was real distress in the colonel's voice. "The fever, of course?"

The adjutant nodded. "About an hour before he 'went over' he got perfectly clear in his mind, the nurse says. He must have known that he was going to go, for he asked for paper and a pencil—wrote a couple of notes home, and this memorandum for a warrant to have one of his men made a sergeant." The adjutant laid a sheet of paper on the table. The colonel, without looking at it, leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "He was the finest—" he began.

At that moment an orderly entered and saluted. "General McPhail's compliments, sir, and would you please report at his headquarters immediately, sir?" The colonel sprang to his feet, pulled on his coat, buckled on his sword, and hurried out, the adjutant with him.

Timothy, in this unexpected absence of instructions, remained where he was. From where he stood he could plainly see Captain Rensselaer's penciled memorandum: "For first sergeant, T. Mahaffy.—Robt. Rensselaer, Capt., G Co."

The wavering characters began to swim before his eyes and a great lump rose in his throat; he could almost see the slow tracing of each letter by the feeble hand of the young officer who had striven so hard to leave behind him no duty unperformed. Suddenly he looked sharply at the paper again. There was but an instant of hesitation; then, listening intently for approaching footsteps, he looked here and there about the table. Only pens and ink?—Surely . . . He felt swiftly in his pockets, and in triumph drew out the stump of a lead-pencil. In a moment it was done, deliberately and with precision. Such a tiny mark!—no more than the sixteenth of an inch.

"Sergeant F. Mahaffy!" he whispered. "That settles the fourth arm-chair!"

Editor's Easy Chair

THE question of how long he will last as a humorist, or how long he will dominate all other humorists in the affection of his fellow-men, is something that must have concerned Mark Twain in his life on earth. If he still lives in some other state, the question does not concern him so much, except as he would be loath to see good work forgotten; but, as he once lived here, it must have concerned him intensely because he loved beyond almost any other man to make the world sit up and look and listen. The question of his lasting primacy is something that now remains for us survivors of him to answer, each according to his thinking; and it renews itself in our case with unexpected force from the reading of Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's story of his personal and literary life.

Of course, if we are moderately honest and candid, we must all try to shirk the question, for it would be a kind of arrogant hypocrisy to pretend that we had any of us a firm conviction on the point. For our own part, the Easy Chair's part, we prefer only to say that if the world ever ceased to love and to value his humor it would do so to its peculiar loss, for, as we have always held, the humor of no other is so mixed with good-will to humanity, and especially to that part of humanity which most needs kindness. Beyond this we should not care to go in prophecy, and in trying to guess Mark Twain's future from the past of other humorists we should not care to be comparative. There are only three or four whom he may be likened with, and, not to begin with the ancients, we may speak in the same breath of Cervantes, of Molière, of Swift, of Dickens, among the moderns. None of these may be compared with him in humanity except Dickens alone, whose humanity slopped into sentimentality, and scarcely counts more than the others'.

But Dickens even surpassed Mark Twain in characterizing and coloring the speech of his time. We who read Dickens in his heyday not only read him, we talked him, and slavishly reverberated his phrase when we wished to be funny. No one does that to-day, and no one ever did that with Mark Twain. Such a far inferior humorist as Artemus Ward stamped the utterance of his contemporaries measurably as much as Dickens and much more than Mark Twain, but this did not establish him in the popular consciousness of posterity; it was of no more lasting effect than the grotesqueries of Petroleum V. Nasby, or than the felicities of baseball parlance which Mr. George Ade has so satisfyingly reported. The remembrance of Mark Twain does not depend upon the presence of a like property in his humor, and its absence has little to do with the question which we have been inviting the reader to evade with us.

After all, we are more concerned with a man's past than with his future; and we can more usefully delight in what Cervantes and Molière and Swift and Dickens did and suffered than in vain conjecture of what men will say of them hereafter. Possibly because he is more germane to the American argument than any European or than any other American, we can have more pleasure in the story of Mark Twain than in theirs, but we think we can have a peculiar pleasure in it because it is among the most interesting stories ever lived and one of the most interesting ever told. Mr. Paine's manner of telling it is charming above all for its naïve sincerity and manly simplicity. It has its moments of being masterly, and as a whole the book is a masterpiece of portraiture, if by that we mean a work which involuntarily and voluntarily bodies forth the subject with a lifelikeness beyond question. You may say it is not literature, in spite of being sometimes over-literary; but it is better than literature: it is life. Mr. Paine had to tell the story of a man whose experience ranged from the nadir

to the zenith of the American sky; from rude poverty to a prosperity that startled the man himself; from the backwoods to a metropolis which the backwoods could never have dreamed of; and he has told it very tenderly, very admiringly, very self-respectfully, and never flatteringly. It could be said that at times he has told it too intimately, and we believe that something like this has been said; but we should be at a loss to choose which detail of intimacy we would have had withheld. We do not believe that there is one which Mark Twain himself would have had withheld; rather he would have had more confided, for though he doubted many things, he never doubted that humanity could be trusted with the entire truth about man. Any one who knew him must believe that he would have liked his story told very much as Mr. Paine has told it, and that he would be lastingly satisfied with having chosen for his biographer a man whose fitness he divined rather than argued.

It would not, indeed, have been easy to spoil the material at Mr. Paine's command, but he has made of it a great biography; though it would be idle to compare it with other great biographies, and it would especially be a pity to talk of him and of Boswell together. The Life of Johnson was the work of a long series of years, the sum of the closest and most constant study recorded in notes of events and traits, and the scrupulous report of conversations invited and led up to with an eye single to the use finally made of them. There is something of this in Mr. Paine's work, but not enough for the comparison, and he has not Boswell's supreme genius for interviewing. Mostly, the story is got together from the words, spoken as well as printed, of Mark Twain himself and from his letters and his friends' letters. His books are instinctively treated as the prime events of the author's life; but as his life was rich far beyond the lives of other literary men in events which his books did not represent, Mr. Paine sets these strongly before the reader, whose own fault it will be if he does not learn to know Clemens as fully from them as his biographer knows him.

It would not be easy for Mark Twain's surviving friends to find the drama of his closing years misrepresented in any important scene or motive. He was, like every one else, a complex nature but a very simple soul, and something responsive to him in his biographer is what has most justified Clemens in his choice of him for the work. The greatest of our humorists, perhaps the greatest humorist who ever lived, is here wonderfully imagined by a writer who is certainly not a great humorist. From first to last it seems to us that Mr. Paine has read Mark Twain aright. He has understood him as a boy in the primitive Southwestern circumstance of his romantic childhood; he has brought a clairvoyant sympathy to the events of the wild youth adventuring in every path inviting or forbidding him; he has truly seen him as he found himself at the beginning of his long climb to an eminence unequaled in the records of literary popularity; and he has followed him filially, affectionately, through the sorrows that darkened round him in his last years. Another biographer more gifted, or less gifted, than this very single-hearted historian might have been tempted to interpret a personality so always adventurous, so always romantic, so always heroic, according to his own limitations; but Mr. Paine has not done this folly. Whether knowingly or not, he has put himself aside, and devotedly adhered to what we should like to call his job. But he has not done this slavishly; he has ventured to have his own quiet opinion of Mark Twain's preposterous advocacy of the Baconian myth, and if he calls his fierce refusal of all the accepted theologies a philosophy, it is apparently without his entire acceptance of the refusal as final and convincing.

Mark Twain, indeed, arrived at the first stage of the scientific denial of the religious hope of mankind; he did not reach that last stage where Science whimsically declares that she denies nothing. He was at times furiously intolerant of others' belief in a divine Fatherhood and a life after death; he believed that he saw and heard all nature and human nature denying it; but when once he had wreaked himself in his bigotry of unbelief, he was ready to listen to such poor reasons as believers could give for the faith that

was in them. In his primary mood he might have relaxed them to the secular arm for a death by fire, but in his secondary mood he would have spared them quite unconditionally, and grieved ever after for any harm he meant them. We think the chapters of Mr. Paine's book dealing with this phase are of very marked interest, both as records and as interpretations. He has known how to take it seriously, but not too seriously, to respect it as the cast of a man who thought deeply and felt intensely concerning the contradictions of the mortal scene, yet through his individual conditioning might any moment burst into self-mockery. This witness of his daily thinking, while reverently dissenting from the conclusions which he could not escape, is able the more closely to portray that strange being in whose most tempestuous excess there was the potentiality of the tenderest, the humblest, the sweetest patience.

Every part of his eventful life, every phase of his unique character is fascinating, and as a contribution to the human document which the book embodies is of high importance; but the most important chapters of the book, the most affecting, the most significant, are those which relate to Clemens's life from the death of his eldest daughter and the break of his wonderful prosperity to that ultimate moment in his earthly home when he ceased from the earth with a dignity apparently always at his command. It was as if he had chosen his way of dying, and it is justly to the praise of his historian that he shows an unfailing sense of the greatness which was not unfailing. It was part of Mark Twain's noble humanity that it was perfect only at moments. It was a thing of climaxes, as his literature was, with the faults and crudities marking it almost to the last, but often with a final effect, an ultimate complexion which could not be overpraised in the word sublime. He was essentially an actor—that is, a child—that is, a poet—with no taint of mere histrionism, but always suffering the emotions he expressed. He suffered them rather than expressed them in his later years, when his literature grew less and less and his life more and more. This formed the supreme opportunity of his biographer, and it was not wasted upon him. His record of the long close, with its fitful arrests and its fierce bursts of rebellion against tragic fate is portrayed with constant restraint as well as courageous veracity to an effect of beauty which the critical reader must recognize at the cost of any and every reservation. The death of his eldest daughter left this aging child pitifully bewildered; the loss of his wife and the close of one of the loveliest love-stories that was ever lived realized for him the solitude which such a stroke makes the world for the survivor; and then the sudden passing of his youngest daughter, whom he alone knew in the singular force of her mind, were the events which left him only the hope of dying.

Yet these closing years were irradiated by a splendor of mature success almost unmatched in the history of literature. It seemed as if the world were newly roused to a sense of his pre-eminence. Wealth flowed in upon him, and adversity was a dream of evil days utterly past; honors crowded upon him; his country and his city thronged him; the path which his old feet trod with yet something of their young vigor was strewn with roses; the last desire of his fame-loving soul was satisfied when the greatest university in the world did his claim to her supreme recognition justice. It was for his biographer to show the gloom of these later years broken and illumined by these glories, and, when their light could not pierce it, to show him, a gray shadow amid the shadows, but walking their dark undauntedly, and sending from it his laugh oftener than his moan. It is his biographer's praise that he has done this so as to make us feel the qualities of the fact; as in the earlier records he makes us feel the enchantment, the joy, the rapture of the man's experience. If we have not yet answered our primary question, how long Mark Twain will last as a humorist, we must content ourselves with the belief that while the stories of men's lives delight, this book will keep him from being forgotten as a man.

Editor's Study

MAN is unconsciously a creator before he becomes consciously a mechanician. Our survey of modern life leads us to think otherwise and to put mechanics first, making creation secondary and incidental; but the early history of the race clearly shows that the creations of faith and imagination long preceded any marked material progress. Language, in its narrow, radical scope, was creatively evolved centuries before it had that wide range of development which made it the chief factor in social and intellectual advancement.

The terms "utility" and "utilitarianism," as we understand them, are applicable to an elaborate system of means and uses, absorbing the industrial and commercial activities of the civilized world, and filling the visible foreground of our modern life. Primitively only vital needs and their simple and direct satisfaction were regarded; the knowledge and mastery of Nature were of slow growth, and meanwhile the visible world, instead of suggesting new ministrations to man's wants and prompting his mental curiosity, appealed to his imagination and was inhabited by his faith. Possibly in this unknown and therefore mysterious world he found much that escapes our definite awareness. We have emptied that world of the divinities and other imaginative creations he filled it with.

That earlier man, though not consciously utilitarian, had the zest of life, and this zest, just because it was not diffused through a multiplicity of contacts and the expansion of consciousness, had a tension rhythmically expressed in dance and song and emotionally dramatic representations — the beginnings of art, before artifice was developed. These overtones of a tension apparently physiological were in reality psychical, generated by the soul's creative activity.

Thus it was that poetry preceded prose. Our prose literature is a very true reflection of contemporary life—of its creative activities as well as of its practical interests. Formerly, before the advent of fiction, creative literature was confined to poetry. Rhythmic tension was, as it still is, the distinctive characteristic of creative art. The dance and the song and the musical accompaniment of these vibrantly blended with the great tensions of life, with religious ecstasy and fervor, with tragic dramatic representation, and with martial enthusiasm. Even in its later development, from the song actually sung to the poem without choric accompaniment, the lyric was sometimes directly associated with exultant manifestations of life — as the Pindaric ode with the Hellenic national athletic games; but usually, as in the epics and tragic plays, it was detached from immediate or contemporary human experience, though never from a familiar motive, whatever the projection into the past or away from the ordinary course of every-day life. Indeed this familiarity of his audience with the main features of his theme seemed an essential ground of appeal for every master-poet of ancient or medieval times and even down to the nineteenth century; and the same necessity was felt by every artist. The imagination creatively treated or created afresh personality, circumstance, and impulse intimately familiar to common faith and feeling. The creative met what had been creative already.

When the poet not only held, as he holds to-day, a singular place in literature as a creative artist, but an exclusive supremacy, he did not studiously seek his theme or, in rendering it, follow the lines of research; nor did his audience need for the appreciation of his work any illumination from history or from psychology, such as helps readers of much in Tennyson and Browning. He found his material right at hand, already lodged, indeed, in the common mind and heart, where also it had a certain exaltation and,

because of that, a cherished and persistent familiarity.

The Greek had a more profound and enduring acquaintance with mythical and heroic imaginings than with his immediate surroundings; and one poet or group of poets after another gave further creative exaltation to these imaginings—first the Cyclic Poets; then Homer, in his selection or expansion of the material to which these poets had given a popular circulation; and then the great tragedians. In this poetic culture of the Greek people, we note that the story presented constantly grows more affecting and more humanly appealing.

Dante, in like manner, gives tension to what the Italian of his day already tensely believed or imagined. Langland and Chaucer and Spenser, in tale or allegory, imported no strange inventions into the minds of their readers, but rather echoed, with high reverberation, their own haunting conscience and imagination. Shakespeare availed himself of what, in one form or another, had in its main features some preoccupation of the minds of his audience, and upon that built his superstructure for greater poetic effect.

If we say that poetry has always been lodged in commonplaces, as Professor Gummere has said, we must understand that static commonplaces are not meant, but such things as are held in common because they are plastic to the common imagination, because they are affecting to imaginative sensibility and susceptible of varying degrees of tension or exaltation—such things as through their psychical appeal are more familiar than what we are accustomed to call commonplaces.

Poetry, then, is the creation of the soul, inseparable from intimate psychical experience—that is, from the peculiarly cherished elements of such experience. Hence the early close association with religion and with those communal sympathies, provincially distributed, which stood for what we call patriotism, but were religiously expressed. We have to deal here with emotions which are stressful and capable of vibrant exaltation, and which are not confined to individual experience, but are felt in common—the basis of what in an era of fully developed consciousness will be designated as humanism. Already, before we can have a Homer, a typically heroic civilization must have reached its maturity. The emotions of which we have been speaking had passed beyond their vocal and choric expression—though this will long be retained in the temple and the theater—taking a purely poetic form. Individual genius had become eminent, though still so wholly ministrant to a common sensibility that, while perfecting artistic form and perspective, it imposed no individual mood upon the content of the impression.

The case of poetry since Homer has been very different, with an ever-increasing difference, due to the diversification of individual genius, but it has always been the main function of the poet, even of the lyrist, to voice the common feeling and ever to give it fresh exaltation. The eminence of the individual poet as an artist—his difference from other poets—counts chiefly as contributory to this common ministration. The world cares little for poetic exercises; it cherishes only the poetry that lifts and illumines human experience.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that poetry is discredited because of the materialism of our age. Why is our materialism any less in the way of our appreciation of the finest fiction of Hardy and Meredith than it is an impediment to our appreciation of their poetry? We are indeed frankly materialists, but not in the philosophic sense; we do not deny the existence of a spiritual world. Our materialism has grown pace by pace with our intellectualism; the two are inseparable. Self-consciousness begins with our reaction upon matter, and with the increasing complexity of such reactions has come the expansion of that consciousness, still further developed as a social consciousness by the reactions of mind upon mind. Thus sociableness as well as intellectualism has kept pace with materialism. Commerce, industry, civicism, education, and, as the chief instrument in all this development, language, have grown up together. Our creative activities, in religion, philosophy, literature, and art, have owed, not their motives or character, but their main op-

portunities, to this material, intellectual, and social progress, and have been modified by it in their organic expression.

These creative activities have not escaped the vice of systems, the automatism of habit, or the ignoble perversions of human nature. Even here there is danger of so gaining the world as to lose the soul. But in itself the gaining of the world is not unwise; it is, or should be, of the very essence of faith, imagination, and reason, and so of all that makes humanism. Wherever there is the zest and passion of life, running over into play, there the soul is, in free activity, stimulating men to hope, belief, and song, and to a sense of reality.

Now, we submit that there is no tendency characteristic of twentieth-century humanity, notwithstanding its complex social and material organization, of which any art may reasonably complain. In every field dynamic are displacing static conditions. Nature, through the disclosures of science, confronts us with subtle and until recently unsuspected forces which ingenious invention avails of for the simplification of our life, and which, moreover, stimulate scientific curiosity to disinterested inquiry, solely for the sake of pure knowledge. Tradition, without being altogether repudiated, is being purged of its vanities and fallacies. Philosophy is pricking the bubbles of formal logic and conceptualism and subduing intellectual exercises to the discipline of common sense and real experience. A like exaction is made of faith and imagination.

Instead of the poet's complaint of the materialism of the age, it is rather in order for our material civilization to issue its challenge to the poet, and, for that matter, to all art, to meet this same test of reality.

What is reality? That is the vital question for art, as it is for life. For it is only creation that can be real. In so far as life and art are not creative, there is no reality in them. Every beginning is real; there is ascension in it, and ascension is tension. The whole cosmos, as a visible order—a vast materialism, which, in its appearances to us, consists of falling movements throughout the immeasurably larger part of it, the physical world of so-called unorganized matter, is real in its hidden tension, its risings or beginnings. In the human world, where — especially at its present stage of outward development—we behold what seems a vast and complex materialism, life has also its reality in its ascensions, in what the soul is beginning. Here, the formalities, habitudes, and conventions, which seem to indicate relaxation of tension, are apparent; and as to these phenomena we reason logically, statisticize, discuss, classify, and trace from cause to consequence; but the outward formation, consistency, or conformity is, hiddenly, creative transformation. When it ceases or fails to be that, it is because the soul is withdrawn from lifeless and outworn habitudes, mere relics or survivals—which is what is meant by the loss of the soul; then materialism becomes the body of death.

Matter as phenomenal—as it appears to us—is release of tension, and so is every overt manifestation of the human spirit in life and art, in varied degrees of relaxation. The relaxation is normal; apart from it, indeed, we have no idea of norm or form; these are determined by the tension itself, which is recovered in its own loss. Else there would be no intensive harmony in nature, nor rhythm in life or art, as there would be no rhythmic vibration in song if inspiration did not control expiration.

Thus only is humanism constituted a living organism, capable of complexity and expansion without loss of buoyant tension, or ascension. Along with the expansion of consciousness has grown the intensive life of the soul as represented in sensibility. Our ideals have been transformed. Life has less of pose and pageantry, faith less of external rite and symbol. The heroism of peace is becoming more intensive, fuller of vitalizing reactions, than that of martial conflict. The zest of life as expressed in outward action is not diminished, but seems narrow beside the warmth and breadth of human sympathy.

It is to this life intensified, deepened, and enriched by reflection that art is called upon to respond. It cannot do so, taking on the imaginative investment of an older time; though the impulse of that time may, and indeed must, be felt

in the present, the sensibility which prompts the artist and is the ground of his appeal has changed; its pulse is deeper. Because of this transformation, some of the arts have receded, while others, like the art of prose, and especially that of fiction, along with that of music, have had an extraordinary modern development. But while the epic, in the nature of things, cannot have its ancient significance, poetry still holds the primacy, though not its former exclusive sovereignty. It is real only as it arises spontaneously out of the depths of living human experience.

In creative activity there is no arbitrary choice, but real freedom, dilection; here spontaneity implies the inevitability of a natural law without mechanical determinism. The philosopher and artist alike wait for the nature in them to displace the arbitrary choices and rules provisionally adopted in those "exercises" which are a part of their technical training. For neither of them can there be a full sense of reality, until the selection which is arbitrary is lost in that which is natural. Hence we say that real art conceals art; no reason for it must appear, but only the reason in it.

So it is in real thinking. The philosopher who insists most on intuitions, on the direct beholding and experience of truth, as of something seen or felt without the intervention of mental conceptions and rational processes, yet, as a teacher of this philosophy, resorts to elaborate demonstrations and even mechanical illustrations, knowing that he can dispense with these "exercises" only after having used them, that the truth will be seen in its integrity only after it has been broken. He does not need to recombine the fragments, he could not make a whole by so doing—he has only to expunge his diagrams and metaphors, when the truth appears, without refraction or obscuration. History performs some such office for the student of philosophy and art, and for all of us in the interpretation of life; and, generation after generation, we are contributing our share of this instruction by example, shedding unrealities as we pass, leaving a clearer field for intuition to those who come after us.

We cannot get along without these exercises in life and art any more than we can without experiments in our mechanical progress; their errors, often cruel even in religion, and their vanities, as well as their essential values, are shown in the historical retrospect. The life of the soul, especially in its social or collective expression, always has its framework, building its proper metaphors, which change from age to age. The meaning, at least, of the most cherished symbol undergoes creative transformation, though the symbol itself persists. The repudiation of a living institution or form of life which is constantly reinforced by new life and significance, beginning anew with every successive generation, is not evolution, but revolution. Newness of spirit, the index of creation, is something quite distinct from merely phenomenal novelty.

Intelligence, before the articulative development of consciousness, is an immediate and tense grasp of reality; but our reflection, interpenetrating an expanded consciousness and illuminating vast regions of sensibility, has still the tension of creative reason, and its grasp of reality in this open light of the soul is clear intuition, escaping the fixed framework, the contours and patterns of the understanding, yet arising, as a matter of fact, only after the refractory course of notional unreality has been run.

The older embodiments of art and faith —which were for ages inseparably associated—were concrete, and such unreality as they had was not notional; we should not call that unreality which was so tensely real in its hold upon and its exaltation of the most familiar and cherished elements of human experience—it was rather partial realization, due to a partially developed humanism. Reflection and sensibility have given new tensions to our modern humanism, and so a deeper, wider, and richer harmony; and that social sympathy which is the theme of the harmony has come so fully to dominate our life, our faith, and the creations of art—most intimately those of poetry and fiction—that it promises to dispel the unreality which has characterized all conscious intellectual development and inevitably affected all manifestations of creative activity.

Editor's Drawer

Dressing for the Play*

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

JULIA!—Ju-uu-lia!—I'll want you to hook me up in a few minutes—and mind your hands are clean! Mrs. MacKenzie has sent me over two tickets for the theater to-night—that was her little boy who brought the note a while ago. I suppose he has left muddy boot-marks all over the front steps as usual—go and wipe them off. And, Julia—you must have dinner sharp on time or extra early, so we can catch the seven-twenty-seven to town. I hope Mr. Clifford won't miss the five-thirty-five to-night of all nights—but it would be just like him!

. . . *What? The chops haven't come?* Oh, botheration!—just when I'm in a hurry—you ought to have told me before—what a nuisance. . . . Certainly not—we can't wait any longer. Here it is nearly six now, and if he was going to send them at all they would have been here before this. It's too exasperating. . . . No, you'll have to go after them—and don't bother to cook any fresh potatoes—fry up those left from lunch. Perhaps Mr. Clifford won't notice if I hurry him—and see that the chops aren't too thick—and mind he doesn't weigh them with all the bones and with long tails on—and see that they're not hacked to bits *after* he weighs them—make him leave on the fat.—I've heard somewhere you can melt it up with something and put some other somethings with it and make the most lovely cold cream. And hurry—and don't stop to talk with any one. . . . Yes, you *do!*—so there's no use saying you don't. Hurry!

. . . Oh, George, is that you? . . . Why, of course, how silly, who would be coming in with a latch-key—I didn't think it was the butcher—who, by the way, hasn't sent the chops. I believe he did it purposely—I'd like to change him, but I suppose we can't till his perfectly awful bill is paid—I had to send Julia after them—and to-night of all nights—I want you to get into your dress clothes as fast as ever you can and don't stop to ask why but I'll tell you—

. . . Well, don't interrupt me and I will get at it as quickly as possible. . . . Oh, George, you haven't gone and gotten a headache? I do think that's too hateful of you—oh, I didn't mean it that way—but you'll go anyway, won't you? And it was so awfully nice of her to send them to me and she might just as well have picked out any one else.—But I'm sure it will be better as soon as you have had your dinner—but you must get dressed first—I've laid out all your things in your room. Why didn't you



WHAT? THE CHOPS HAVEN'T COME?

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take something for it? You may as well take one of those powders I have that never do me any good—they're just lying there on the shelf all the time—perhaps it will help your head—anyway you must do *something.* I shall just sit down and have a good cry if you say you can't go. . . . Well, I'm trying to get at it if you will only start dressing and keep still and let me talk.—Oh, and I have worked so hard to get my new blue lace blouse done to wear—you know that seamstress Mrs. Allen recommended solemnly swore she would come today and finish it and then she didn't, so I've been trying. . . . Well, listen, and don't be so restless—you make me nervous fidgeting about like that. The MacKenzies have sent over two tickets for "The World and Its Sin," at the Follies. His mother came unexpectedly to visit them this afternoon—going to stay a week and you know she has all that money and she doesn't approve of the theaters so they don't dare go and offend her.

Now do be quick about dressing as I think you had better hook me up—Julia always has such hot, sticky hands.

. . . And George, I'm awfully sorry but I tried to get in one of your pearl studs in your shirt and I broke it—I didn't mean to and I was just as careful—and it's made a little black mark, too—I tried to rub it out with an eraser but it didn't do any good and then I tried bread-crumbs and I didn't notice there was a speck of butter on it and then I tried to get it off with benzine—I did my best—but it's just a little, *teeny, weeny* messy, but if you keep your muffler on in the theater it won't show.

. . . I don't see why it would look funny at all—any one would think you had a bad cold—that's all. . . . Sometimes you are too obstinate, George.—Anyway come and look at it. And it's an awfully shiny shirt—somehow it doesn't look like yours.—Come and look. . . . There, I had an idea it wasn't yours—that's the second time they've done that lately—perhaps the laundry is doing it purposely—like the butcher—just because of their stupid old bill that we've let run so long. Anyway you'll have to wear it. . . . Oh, that fringe on the cuffs?—I can just cut it off with the scissors or I could pin up the sleeves with safety-pins and then they needn't show at all. . . . Oh, George, I suppose it isn't just the thing to do but this is an emergency. I'm sure if it was anything of mine I wouldn't be making such a fuss about it—I'd just pin a bow on or a bit of lace and that would be the end of it.

. . . Of course George, I know you can't do that with a shirt—any one knows that—but you might think of something. Don't let's bother any more about it—I'll rub some of my powder on when you have it on and that will fix it all right, I'm sure. . . . Oh yes, I forgot—you're one stud short anyway.—I know what you can do—pin it together with one of my little imitation pearl stick-pins—it will match the others perfectly. . . . Well, it's not ridiculous any such thing—you could do it perfectly if you wanted to. . . . No, it won't scratch—and suppose it did just for a few hours! I do think you are making an awful lot of fuss over a very small matter.

. . . There's Julia banging the basement door so I suppose she's back again. Ju-uu-lia!—put the chops on right away and never mind about the potatoes — it's taken you an awful long while . . . What? . . . You haven't brought them with you—why not? Good gracious—suppose he did say they were on the way you ought to have known perfectly well they weren't and the boy will never be here in time if they are, anyway . . Julia . . how could you? . . . No, of course you can't go back after them now—it's too late. You'll just have to open that tin of sardines instead—we can't wait.

. . . No, George, I'm not going to be late for the theater, dinner or no dinner.—If I don't see the front end of a



NO, IT WON'T SCRATCH—AND SUPPOSE IT DID JUST FOR A FEW HOURS?

play I can't even understand the middle of it till we're half-way through! And I want to find out what "The World and Its Sin" is, anyway.

For goodness' sake, George, I wish you'd stop fussing about that shirt . . any one would think it was terribly important. . . . No, that's the trouble . . you can't put on another because it's the last one in the drawer. I know . . borrow one from Harold MacKenzie—it would surely fit—he's so short and stumpy. . . . Oh, George, I'm so sorry—I wouldn't have said it intentionally for the world—I forgot how sensitive you are about being so fat . . It's all right, dear, . . I love you just the way you are. Kiss me and say you know I didn't mean to be horrid. . . . There, don't muss my hair.

. . . What? What? . . I can't hear. . . . No, I haven't seen your shaving-brush . . it's just where you keep it and I always put it. . . Well, I don't know where it is . . perhaps it's fallen back of the tub . . get down and look . . . You've got it? I thought so. . . . Oh, George . . I should think it *was*—she's the most untidy girl I ever had . . why, you're covered. I said to her only yesterday I didn't believe she had wiped under that tub for a week . . the dust was thick.

. . . Oh, Geor—orge, I wish you would stop running that water so hard . . you can't hear what I say. . . . And anyway, it's not a bit of use . . . I told you there wasn't any hot water left . . not one drop. . . . And oh, George, I passed Mrs. Sackett this morning when I was going to market . . I wish you could have seen her . . such a sight . . the way she gets herself up. She had on a green skirt and brown shoes . . with the heels all worn down . . and a sort of grayish, short, fur coat and a different kind of fur muff and a huge hat with feathers on one side and a bunch of cherries in the back and a kind of lavenderish veil with black dots. Of course I never looked at her . . walked right along with my head in the air looking straight down . . I hardly noticed her till I was past her . . I can't bear her.

. . And, George, come and get this skirt down for me, please, this rod is too high for me to reach easily . . Now don't drop any of that lather off your chin on it . . it will spot the velvet . . and remember . . you've got to hook me up. . . . Oh, that's the way you always do . . I ask you to hook one single, solitary hook, and you say I delay you so you can't be ready in time. Do hurry . . it seems to me I never knew you to be so long.

. . . Oh, George . . I almost forgot to tell you . . the new people next door moved in this morning . . the men only took three-quarters of an hour moving the things in. . . I timed it by the clock . . so you can imagine how few things they have . . nothing very good at that. They must have come from a cheap flat, for they have all kinds of folding things—you know, that let down and are something different day and night. And the piano is scratched to bits . . one of those hire-system things I think. There are six trunks, though, and if they were all clothes she must have a good many. I am going to send Julia over to-morrow to borrow something and then I'll find out all about them. Julia was looking out of the window . . when I had to stop to have lunch . . before the men finished . . and she says one of the legs on a kitchen chair is loose and that the table looks as though it were going to fall apart. She says she could see right through the kitchen window they were going to have a very poor sort of lunch . . it might have been because they were just in. Julia says the grocer's boy says he heard Mrs. Trueman's cook say she once knew a girl who worked for her . . Spalding is the name . . and that this is her second husband and. . . .

. . . No, I don't, George . . you know perfectly well I never listen to servants' gossip . . the idea . . I think it's disgusting . . I never listen intentionally, anyway . . but just go on sewing or reading or mending your things or eating or whatever I'm doing at the time. It's horrid of you to say so.

Here's Julia with the sardines and bread and butter. . . . Well, I don't suppose it is much of a dinner, George, but it isn't my fault . . I don't see why I should be blamed. . . . Well, I didn't say you had said a whole lot about it but you've *looked* it, just the same, so it's equally disagreeable. I don't know why I should be blamed because you have a headache and the butcher didn't send the chops—and we haven't got them anyhow, and Mrs. MacKenzie sent the tickets . . That's just it . . if anything goes wrong in this house it's always my fault. I don't know any woman who works harder to have everything go smoothly and comfortably for her husband than *I* do for you, and the more pains I take to try and please you . . well, I . . I just can't hel . . help cr . . crying. An—and now my eyes wi—wi—will be all red and loo—look aw—aw—ful with that blue blouse!

. . . All right, I won't cry any more, but I do think it's a little inconsiderate of you to criticize me to-night when I want to go out and enjoy myself. Goodness knows we don't have many chances to go to the theater like this. . . . All right, but don't say anything more to upset me and I think you had better begin to hook me up now . . I can go on eating . . You can, too, with one hand . . maybe. And before we begin don't tell me it's too tight . . I know that already. . . . Oh, isn't it any better? Take another sardine . . maybe it will do your head good.

Now just wait till I get this blouse on . . don't jerk it like that . . You'll tear it. It's got quite a lot of hooks but you can manage them all right if you're careful.

. . . No, of course not, George . . how stupid of you . . How on earth could you hook that inside lining after you've done the outside first? Use your common sense.



. . . OH NO, GEORGE—IT CAN'T BE—THERE COULDN'T BE ONE HOOK TOO MANY—RIDICULOUS! . . .

Now, begin at the neck . . there are three small ones at the top. . . . No, no . . if there are three hooks of course there are three eyes to go with them . . . There certainly are . . look again. There's one probably hid under the lace. . . . No, stop that . . I know what you're doing . . just digging it into the lace hoping it will catch, and *not* finding the eyes. . . . Yes, you are . . give me that mirror and I'll look.

George Clifford, that's exactly what you've done . . that's what Julia does, so I didn't want her to do it. . . . There, I knew you would find them if you looked hard enough. . . . No, no—don't go on doing that outside till you've done the whole lining . . it's perfectly straight . . you can't miss it . . There, I knew you would have no trouble . . each hook and eye sticks out perfectly plain. You're getting on splendidly.

There . . does it look all right this time . . and every hook is in the right eye? Good . . I guess it's all right. . . . Why, what's that hanging down? . . . Oh, George, you stupid . . the belt isn't hooked! . . no, you can't push it up . . it's too tight. There's nothing to do but unfasten every hook again and do it all over.

. . . We're so late now we will have to have a cab—and we oughtn't to—with all these bills owing.

Ju-uu-lia!—go over to the Truemans' and ask if you can call up on their 'phone for a cab . . tell them ours is out of order.

. . . No, we can't call up on our 'phone, George . . I didn't want to tell you about it . . Now remember you promised you wouldn't say anything to upset me. Well, a perfectly horrid rude man came . . the third one they've sent . . and did something to the wires so it won't go.

. . . Ye . . ye . . yes, George dear, I know you gave me the money to pay the bill . . bu . . bu . . but I did want that new tailor gown so much . . now don't be angry . . remember y o u r promise . . and . . and you said I was so clever when I told you I had managed it out of the bills . . and . . and this is the way I managed it . . . I didn't tell a fib . . I didn't . . I only . . managed. Now you're not going to make me cry again, are you? . . . There, you are an old darling—we won't say another word about it.

Now, George, hurry—I'm all ready but my hat . . I hear the cab coming . . they are quick to-night. . . . Yes, I've got the tickets here in my bag. . . .

Now we're off. I shouldn't tip this man, but it's the one who often drives the Allens to the station and he might say something to them if we didn't. Mind you don't tread on my skirt when we get out.

. . . Now don't let's talk on the train or we will get full of cinders.

. . . Here we are at last. We'll have to take a taxi to the theater, George, no matter what it costs. See, it's five minutes to eight now. . . . Well, that didn't take long . . I didn't know the theater was so near.

. . . Yes, here are the tickets. . . . What's the matter? What's the man saying? . . . George Clifford, you don't mean to tell me they're for to-morrow night! If that isn't the meanest trick I ever heard of in all my life . . it's just like Alice MacKenzie . . I believe she did it on purpose . . Yes, that's just what she did . . she never said what night they were for . . all her note said was to send them back if we couldn't use them. . . I'll never speak to her again . . playing such a trick on us . . Of course I never thought of looking at the date on them . . she knew perfectly well I wouldn't . . just like her.—I'm ready to faint.—We'll go straight home and I'll sit up all night writing her such a letter! . . George, don't you try to stop me! . . Come on!



"It looks like Jabez was goin' to marry that thar widder."
"Waal, he might do worse. Her fust husband left an awful good overcoat."

Hints for Hunters

WERE I a hunter, bold and brave,
I'll tell you how I'd act;
Much time and trouble I would save
By just a little tact.

When I went out to hunt for beasts,
I wouldn't shoot or strike;
I'd fix up dainty little feasts—
Whatever they might like.

For instance, bunnies I would treat
To buns upon a plate;
And if a python I should meet
I'd use a pie for bait.

If I desired a jellyfish
Some jelly I would try;
And I'd have butter on a dish
To catch a butterfly.

A porcupine I would allure
With pork of fine degree;
But for a llama, I am sure
Spring lamb the bait would be.

And if I stalked a noble buck,
I'd offer buckwheat-cakes;
And so, you see, a hunter's luck
Much care and thinking takes.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Frustrated

THERE was a temperamental difference between Charles and his teacher which made school a burden to the sensitive youngster.

"Work hard," advised his sympathetic mother, "and get promoted at the end of the term; then you'll be out of Miss Brown's room, and get along better. I know the teacher in the next grade, and she's so nice." The boy followed her advice, but on the day of trial he came home with a depressed air.

"Didn't you get promoted, dear?" asked mother, with a sinking heart.

"Yes," said Charles, grimly; "and so did Miss Brown!"

Efficient

THE train-robber suddenly appeared as many of the passengers were preparing to retire for the night.

"Come, shell out!" he demanded, as he stood towering above an Eastern clergyman, who had just finished a devout prayer.

The minister looked at him sadly for a moment, then said:

"If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you."

A Difference

THE Sunday-school teacher asked his class to give him the definition of a "pilgrim."

One little fellow said: "Please, sir, I think a pilgrim is a man who travels a great deal."

This did not exactly suit the teacher, so he said: "Well, I travel about quite a little, but I'm not a pilgrim."

"Oh, sir, but I mean a good man," eagerly replied the little one.

Variety

IN answer to Mrs. S——'s advertisement for a laundress, Ellen, a darky, black as the ace of spades, applied for the work. With her was a group of small darkies, some black, some brown, and some yellow. Mrs. S—— asked if all these children were Ellen's. The latter replied:

"Yas'm, they's all mine."

"But, Ellen," said Mrs. S——, "they are all different colors."

"Yas'm; you see it's like dis. My first husband was black like me, my secon' was brown, an' the one I got now he belongs to the fair sex."



Love Unrequited

"Beaten again! I've worn me fingers to the bone dustin' an' runnin' errands for her, an' now she's went off an' married some one else."

In the Pocket

A TRAMP approached an old gentleman who was reclining in a comfortable arm-chair on the porch.

"Please help a poor cripple, sir," he whined.

The old gentleman slowly thrust his hand into his pocket as he gazed with anxious concern at the ill-kept creature standing before him.

"Bless me, why, of course," he said, as he handed him a coin. "How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"

Pocketing the money quickly, the tramp replied: "Financially crippled, sir."

As Usual

A YOUNG woman who was very stout and who ardently longed for a slim, willowy figure, finally decided to consult a physician, thinking he could assist her in reducing her avoirdupois.

The physician drew up a careful dietary; she was to eat toast, boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month and report reduction. At the end of the month she returned and could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He looked at her in grave astonishment.

"Did you eat what I told you?" he asked.

"Yes, I did, religiously," she replied, panting for breath from the exertion of mounting the stairs.

He meditated, with a wrinkled brow. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"My ordinary meals," she replied, calmly, seating herself more comfortably in the large arm-chair.

Which?

IN the southern part of Rhode Island, where a colony of negroes thrives, lives an old fellow whom the natives all call Uncle Rufus.

Rufus's sole means of livelihood is fishing, and one afternoon he baited his hook and patiently sat on the bank of the stream waiting for a bite. The intense heat, combined with the sluggish movement of the stream, proved too strenuous for Uncle Rufus and he quietly fell asleep. Eternal vigilance is the price of trout, and as he slept peacefully in the bright sunshine an enormous fish tackled the bait and pulled the old fellow into the stream. "Fo' de Lord's sake!" he was heard to exclaim, as he floundered around in the water, "am dis yer nigger a-fishin' or am dis fish a-niggerin'?"



"Here comes one of those Round Robins you read about"

The Corn

THE corn is an industrious plant,
As even chronic grumblers grant;
Though all the world should stop and play,
'Twould keep on stalking night and day;
And though it has so many ears,
It never tells a thing it hears.
It would be well did all abstain
From gossip, like this golden grain.

THE BEANS

The beans, I fear, are wont to mix
From early youth in politics;
They're always clambering round the polls,
Aiming, methinks, at lofty goals;
And though it may appear to us
Their methods are circuitous,
I think that like the suffragette
The bean will surely get there yet.

THE LETTUCE.

The lettuce is a sleepy-head;
It lies the live-long day in bed;
And should we cause it to appear
At dinner, 'twill be late, I fear;
Not by persuasion, but by force
It comes—before dessert, of course—
And like as not by some strange hap
All curled up for another nap!
I wonder why they will invite
A thing so very impolite.

M. M. LEE.

A Chance Acquaintance

LITTLE Frank had just been put to bed, and after asking numberless questions he finally promised if he could have a drink of water he would go to sleep. His mother gave him the water, kissed him good night, and was about to leave the room when he turned restlessly over on his side and in a low voice said:

"Mother, how was it I first met you?"

A Reflection

LITTLE Tommy came home from Sunday-school one day in a very thoughtful mood. Finally, looking at his mother, he asked:

"Mother, don't you think I've been a good boy since I've been going to Sunday-school?"

"Why, yes, Tommy, certainly," replied the mother.

"Don't you think you can trust me now, mother?"

"Of course I do; but why do you ask, Tommy?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy, "only I was wonderin' why you kept the cookies locked up just the same as you did before I went to Sunday-school."

Needless Advice

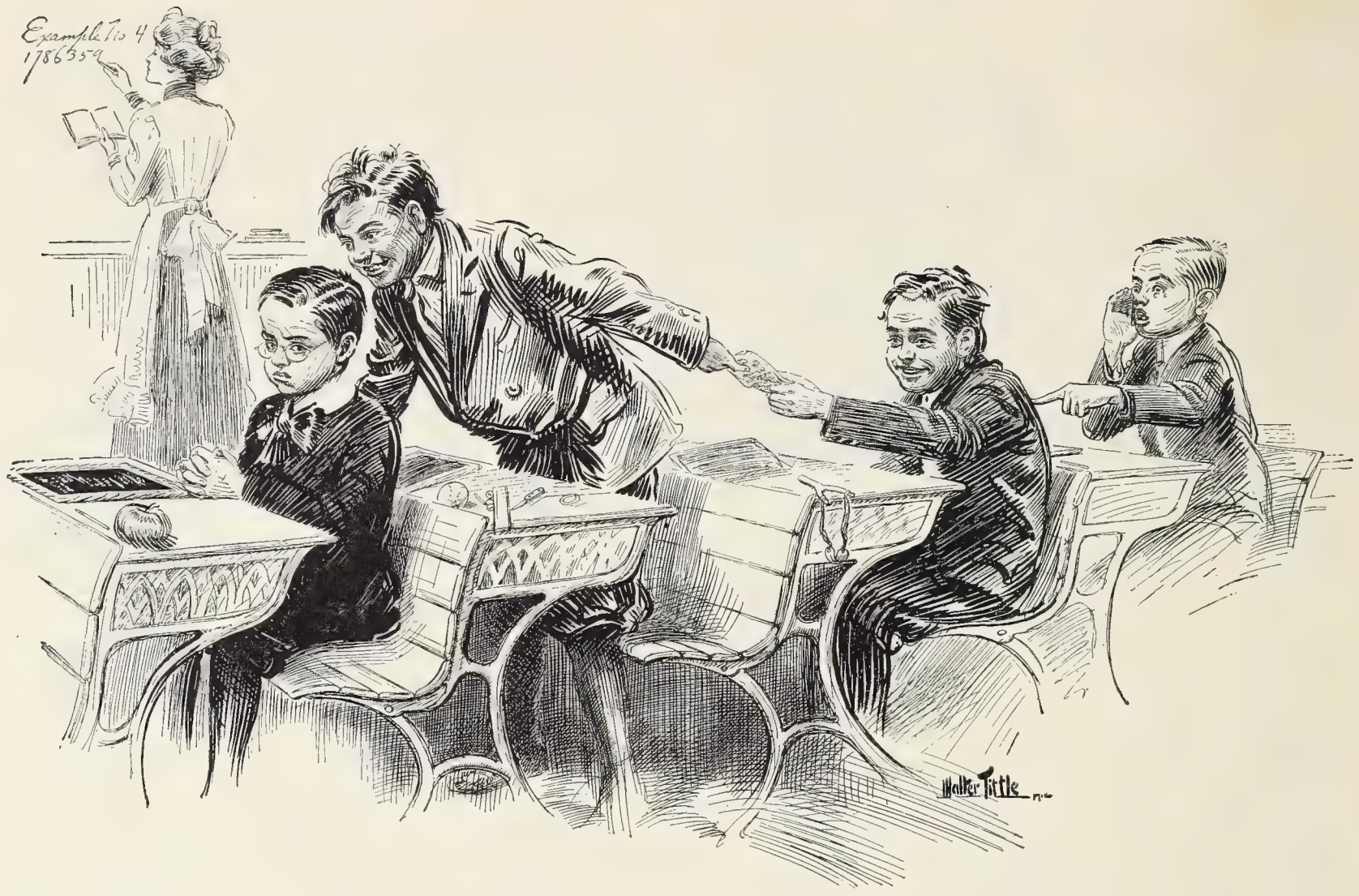
A CHARMING hostess was entertaining a party of children, when she discovered one little fellow sitting over in a corner, apparently lost in thought.

"What are you thinking about, Harry?" she asked, in a pleasing tone.

"Mother told me," piped the little man, "not to take two oranges, and I was thinking I would be mighty lucky if I got one."

What They Wanted

TWO kind-hearted teachers called at a house of some foreigners where a child had died the day before, to express their sympathy and offer to do anything they could to help the bereaved parents. To their surprise, the day after the funeral the following note came to them, "Dear Ladies, for our little Mikie we would like a monument put up."



Following the Good Example

Sportsmen

JO CURTIS, who owned land on which there was good shooting, had inserted alluring advertisements in the town papers without obtaining any marked result. After much consideration he decided to let it out by the day to whatever sportsman happened to come his way. One day a party arrived and paid a day's hire. They tried to persuade the farmer to accompany them, but he noticed the way they held their guns, and declined. Instead, he gave them dogs and ferrets, told them where to find birds and rabbits, and bade them have a good day's sport.

There was an ample amount of banging as the day wore on, and in the afternoon one of the gunners returned to the farmhouse.

"Hello!" said the farmer. "Shot all the birds?"

"Er—n—no," hesitatingly replied the sportsman.

"Been goin' fer the rabbits, eh? Any luck?"

"Not exactly," said the other.

"What have you come back for, then?"

"Er—well, we want to know if you can let us have some more dogs and ferrets, we've used them all up."

Why Not?

LITTLE Marjorie was entertaining Uncle Frank by showing him the pictures of pianos in the advertisements in the magazines. Pianos were Marjorie's hobby. To make the game as interesting as possible, Uncle Frank had explained that a certain piano was called "an upright." Marjorie suddenly spied a "Baby Grand."

"What is that?" asked Uncle Frank.

"A downright," promptly responded Marjorie.

Useless to Try

NEEDING some ribbon one day, while in a very small Southern town, we went to the one store there.

"Ribbon?" questioned the storekeeper. "Well, we-all just mislaid our stock of ribbons, but if you-all come back later, I'll see if I can find them.

So back we went later. He had found them.

"What color did you-all want?"

"Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't even try to keep it."

Wished Him Luck

YOUNG Algy entered the living-room one evening where his father and mother were enjoying a game of cards.

"I had a fight yesterday with Harold Skinner, father," announced the lad.

"Yes," replied his father, laying down his cards and turning to look at his offspring, "his father called at my office today to see about it."

"I hope you came out as well as I did, pop," calmly replied the boy.



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

Illustration for "Memory Plays Us Tricks"

"TELL HIM HOW THEY CAME OUT OF THE WOODS—PICKETT'S CHARGE!"

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The Artful Barrator

BY GEORGE HARDING

AS it always has been, so it is in these new days: it is the landsman who conceives the devil-may-care adventures at sea—romantic deeds such as those which involve piracy and loot. Once upon a time a clerk and an undertaker ingeniously plotted the wreck of the *Calliope* for the insurance to be gained; and had it not been for the seafaring fellow whom they picked up on the water-side of New York to further the lucrative romance—for all the world like conspirators in a book—the adventure, dreamed in some dry office ashore, would have had a highly successful ending. It appeared to the clerk and the undertaker that men of discretion and courage might buy a small craft, give her a new name from the shipping register, present fanciful photographs to the underwriters' agents, and insure her for treble her value; planning, of course, to cast her away at some convenient time and season. They were quite right: the adventure went well—until the seafaring man turned greedy and ingenious and precipitated a catastrophe which entirely lacked the glow of romance.

The yacht *Calliope,* value five thousand dollars and insured for fifteen thousand dollars, put out from New York in November weather, with the clerk and an undertaker and a seafaring man aboard. Two weeks later the adventurers landed in a small skiff on the Virginia coast, and after having related a tale of melancholy shipwreck to whomever they fell in with, promptly made for the nearest telegraph office and notified the underwriters in New York of the total loss of the yacht. This was all according to the forms required by law and the preconceived ideas of the conspirators. The next step was to make before a notary an affidavit of the circumstances of the abandonment of the *Calliope.* She had been lost, so the adventurers swore, some sixty miles south of Frying Pan Shoal in a gale, two days before they landed in the skiff. There was nothing to arouse a suspicion of fraud in the mind of the experienced insurance-adjuster, who carefully examined and considered the circumstances of the loss as stated in the affidavit, and in due time the fifteen thousand dollars was paid to the clerk and undertaker.

The case was apparently settled for good and all, until the seafaring man once more found himself stranded in New York. Impressed with the business-like promptness with which the underwriters had paid the loss on the *Calliope,* he decided to attempt further to realize on his knowledge of the conspiracy, his reward in the original transaction having been only a servant's share, for he had only been hired, at a good round sum, to navigate the yacht for the two landsmen. Without seeking the advice of the undertaker and the clerk, who were still congratulating themselves, the seafaring man appeared at the office of the underwriters and informed the marine sur-

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veyor that he had been the captain of the *Calliope* when she sank off Frying Pan some six months before. He asserted that he had taken careful cross-bearings of the position of the yacht when she sank; that with two divers and a schooner he had taken advantage of favorable weather and put to sea and had succeeded in raising the *Calliope;* and that at that very moment he had her safely hauled out on the banks of a creek down on the coast of North Carolina. Now he wanted to know what settlement the underwriters would be willing to make with him.

"Yes," said the surveyor, innocently. "Salvage. Sure!" He wiped the smile from his face.

"I've got something coming to me, haven't I?" plainted the navigator.

"You have!" the surveyor replied. "You certainly have, my boy! Come back on Tuesday and you'll get it."

To the experienced marine surveyor the case certainly warranted investigation: in the first place, he doubted that a craft could be raised from the turbulent waters off Frying Pan; furthermore, he was quite certain that the individual before him was not the one to accomplish the task. Without arousing suspicion of his purpose, he assured his caller that his claim for salvage would be allowed, and made an appointment a week thereafter. The surveyor immediately set out for the creek in North Carolina, and upon arrival found the secluded spot to which the seafaring man had hauled the *Calliope.* He discovered that the yacht had obviously never been on the bottom of the Atlantic; on the contrary, she was carefully painted. Furthermore he perceived that it was not at all the yacht his company had insured; it will be recalled that the undertaker and the clerk had presented fanciful photographs, and the insurance man was now quick enough to discover their fanciful quality. His suspicions aroused to certainty, he found upon inquiry that the yacht had been in its present position since the previous November. The description of the crew fitted exactly that of the seafaring salvor and the two landsmen who had collected the fifteen thousand dollars.



THE BARRATORS AT WORK

Last port for the clerk; the undertaker and the seafaring man were at any rate well sheltered from the wind.

In general terms, barratry is an act of fraud perpetrated upon the underwriters which may or may not involve the loss of the ship. One case in illustration is that of a certain vessel which lay for a time in a Spanish port; another is that of the slave-ships which sailed in the regular West-African-West-Indian trade in the old days. The captain of the first refused to put to sea in a fair wind, but insisted upon putting to sea in a foul one. In such circumstances the loss of his ship naturally brought him up for investigation by the Board of Trade;



THE "CANN" WAS REPORTED STILL AFLOAT BY A PASSING STEAMER

and it was held that his pertinaciously foolhardy course constituted an act of barratry. The skipper of the old slave-ship, on the other hand, loaded to the hatches with new-captured blacks, having discovered himself with what he thought was the plague aboard among his wretched cargo, jettisoned the whole of it. Overboard they went—men, women, and children. It was in the mind of this sagacious skipper that he was bound to lose his cargo, anyhow, and it was his determination to jettison it before it died on his hands, and thereafter to set up a claim for insurance against the underwriters, maintaining that the action had been taken in foul weather to save the ship. He lost his case; but although the operation had been manifestly a fraudulent one, and was so considered by the court, it was held that the action was not one of barratry. Even to-day the case of the old slave-captain who consummated this gigantic horror somewhere on the high seas between the west coast of Africa and the West Indies is quoted as a precedent when certain issues which arise between owners and underwriters come up for their romantic trials.

Detecting criminal operations at sea is manifestly a very difficult business. The world is wide; there are reefs in remote places, from the rocks of Baffin's Bay to the uncharted places of the South Seas; and a captain, either with his own notions in his head or with delicately intimated instructions from his owners, can cast away a ship without considerable danger of having his villainy disclosed. How easily, for example, could a sly captain keeping his own council, take advantage of wind, currents, tides, and the mysterious wastes of the South Pacific, to run his vessel ashore without any positive knowledge on the part of the crew! With what difficulty would a captain meet, and into what peril of criminal proceedings would he run, if he chanced, as it seemed, to lose his ship, without grave danger to the crew, on one of the infinitely many islands of the Java seas? No great guile is needed for a swindle of this sort. Any man who has sailed the seas of the world since he was apprenticed as a lad could accomplish the villainy. Yet the marine surveyors maintain that barratry is one of the rarest of crimes—on the ground, however, that barratry is of all crimes the most difficult of detection.

"Oh, see here, now! There isn't anything of that sort done any more," said a well-known surveyor. "I've been on my job here for twenty years, and I have never run across . . . Oh, by the way"—and he grinned—"they have an almighty interesting *Cann* opener over at the National Board. Ever see one?"

I had seen many a can-opener.

"But I don't mean a can-opener!" the surveyor laughed. "I mean the *Cann* opener."

The tale of the subtle difference is this: The bark *L. E. Cann* set sail from New York to Mexican ports in legitimate cargo, and there regularly discharged it. While lying at the little port of Tecolutla the skipper of the *Cann,* seeking shelter from the midday heat, frequented the waterside cafés, where both coffee merchants and lightermen sipped wine with the foreign captains in port. A nodding acquaintance with a swarthy Mexican grew for the captain of the *Cann* while his bark slowly unloaded cargo; and, once this relationship was assured, the Mexican unfolded a lively scheme, already arranged between an agent in Tecolutla and his firm in New York. The plot was to make knavish use of the coffee-bags—to fill them with shavings and grass, and to number and mark each in the same manner that coffee-sacks are marked. Five thousand sacks were to be labeled coffee; two thousand more were to be marked vanilla beans. Bills of lading were to be made out in the regular manner by the agent in Tecolutla and consigned to his firm in New York. The ship selected to carry the cargo was to clear from customs with these bills of lading; insurance was to be taken out on their full value of one hundred thousand dollars; the premium was to be paid, and the ship was to be scuttled by the skipper at some favorable time on the voyage to New York. In a far corner of the café, out of hearing of inquisitive listeners, the Mexican explained to the skipper of the *Cann* that his bark was just the right tonnage for the cargo; that she was of wood; that she could easily be made away with; and that the owners of the bark, who did not enter into the question at all, would really be gainers by her loss. All that was needed to complete the fraud was the captain's connivance; he must sign the bills of lading, load his craft with the seven thousand bogus sacks, and scuttle the ship at sea.

"What's in it for me?" questioned the skipper.

"Ten thousand dollars," confidently whispered the Mexican, "is offered by the agent to the man who will do the job."

"Make it American money and he's my mutton!" drily replied the captain of the *Cann.*

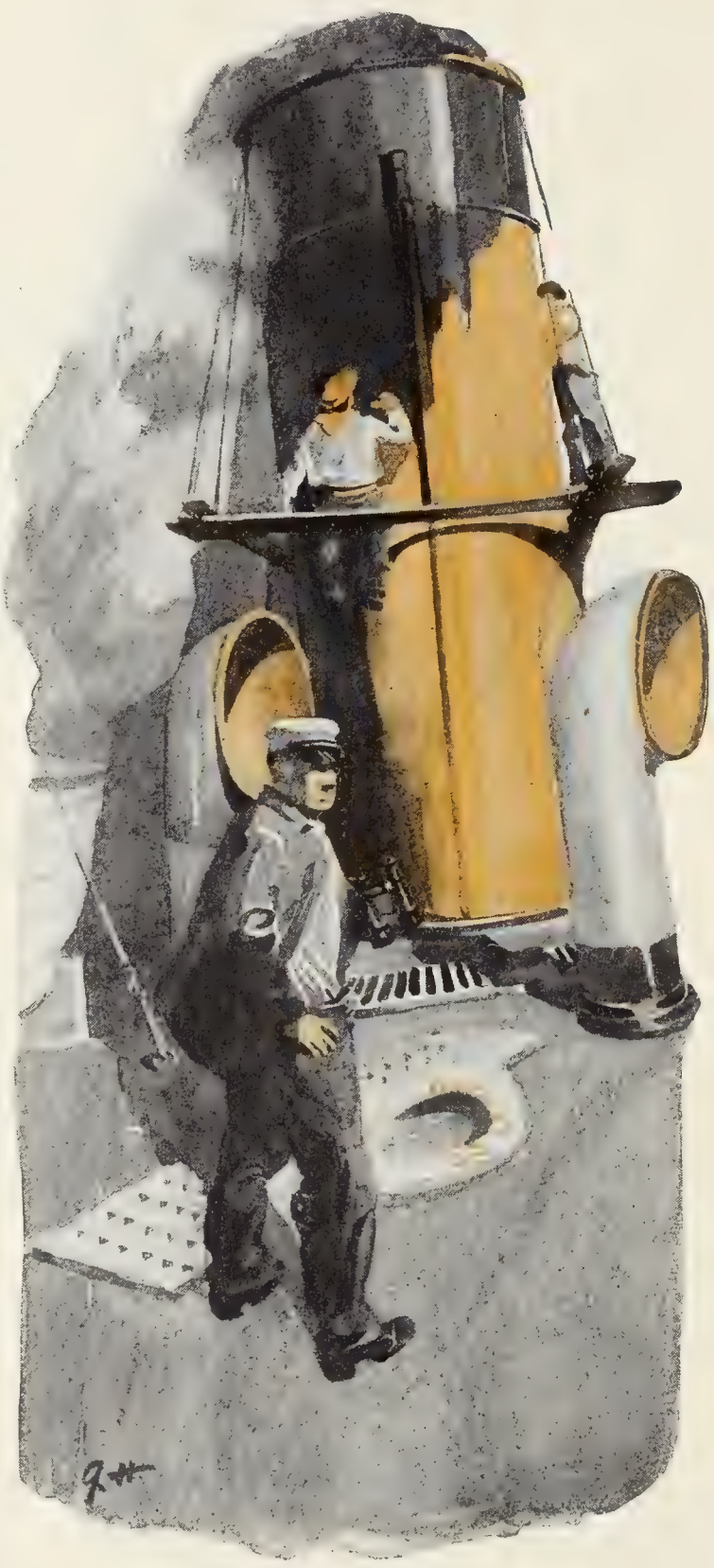
The bark sailed from Tecolutla the last of March with her bogus cargo, and was abandoned at sea by her crew off Cape Hatteras. After two days spent in open boats the crew was picked up and landed in Norfolk, where they separated.



A Series of capable Auger-holes in the Hull

A short time afterward the *Cann* was reported still afloat by a passing steamer, and a tug put to sea in search of her. Eventually picked up, with her decks level with the water, she was towed into Norfolk, where she sank to the bottom. The underwriters refloated her; whereupon it was discovered that the bottom of the ship, from stem to stern, had been bored full of holes. When the hatches were opened, the fraudulent character of the cargo was discovered. In one of the spaces, cleared of bags to enable the conspirators to reach the ship's planking and bore the holes, was found a three-inch auger, still fast in an uncompleted hole.

This auger is the "*Cann* opener" of the National Board.



THE FUNNEL WAS REPAINTED

Another case in which a scuttled ship returned like a ghost to accuse her skipper was that of the French schooner *Amélie,* which had been reported lost in a gale of wind off St. Pierre-Miquelon. Her return to port, when skipper and crew were just about to enjoy the fruits of rascality in the wine-shops of those French islands, was as singular an affair as maritime reports disclose. The schooner was in salt, outbound from France to the Banks fishing-grounds, and she was scuttled in the familiar way, by means of the handy auger. She sank: there was not a sign of her above water when the crew headed for St. Pierre in the dories. There had been wind—gale enough to excuse misfortune; and when the skipper of the *Amélie* reported his loss, not only was no suspicion aroused against him, but he was dealt with in the cafés of the quay in such a way as to relieve his melancholy. It so chanced, however, that when the skipper's distress was thus being alleviated, his schooner came to the surface and was sighted by a Newfoundland tug, bound across from Placentia to Miquelon; and she was thence towed into the harbor of St. Pierre. The skipper was congratulated upon the recovery of the craft—until it was discovered that a series of capable auger-holes in the hull had let in the water by which she had been sunk. The cargo of salt had dissolved and escaped; whereupon, as a matter of course, the schooner had come to the surface.

But the skipper was not abashed. "True," said he; "those are my auger-holes. My ship was derelict. It is the custom, is it not, to sink a derelict?"

And nothing could be proved against him.

It is frequently to the advantage of the owners of a vessel to have her cast away. No positive directions are needed to inform a wise skipper of the business to be expected of him. A tip is enough: if he fails to take it he can be discharged; if he acts upon it no awkward investigation is allowed to embarrass him if the

owner can help it. The following more or less direct intimation was written by an owner to the captain of a small steamer in the Mediterranean trade: "The freight-market is absolutely rotten. We have £875 due December 21st, and a Lloyds' survey, a £1,000 job, staring us in the face. As I have already advised you, the steamer's insurance for total loss totals £13,500 on ship and freight. This would save us and give us a good start if we should be lucky enough. I trust you to treat this letter as strictly private and confidential." They were "lucky enough." Down went the ship. Unfortunately, however, in the trial of the case the suspicious underwriters, in some fashion or other, gained possession of the owner's gentle hint and read it to the court. No insurance was paid; whether or not the ingenious owner "was saved" and "got a good start" concerned neither the underwriters nor an unsympathetic court. Whether or not his prospects improved is not recorded; there is no limit as to his future—after an interval of closely secluded retirement, of course.



THE SHIP'S NAME WAS FILED FROM THE BELL

A bungling attempt, made by an owner in person without taking anybody whomsoever into his confidence, was the effort to destroy the *S. S. Mulgrave,* carrying freight and passengers from London to Tyne. Just before the ship sailed on her regular voyage, the owner, as it was later disclosed, came aboard disguised as a deaf mute. He had rather more luggage, it was noted, than passengers usually crowded into their quarters; but otherwise he was not remarked, nor was he at all regarded as a suspicious person. The voyage was inshore, and the weather was good; should anything befall—should the ship take fire, for example—neither passengers nor crew would be in considerable danger of their lives. It would be awkward for the boat; but the boat was insured. And the boat did take fire. But the incendiary attempt was made in haste and trepidation, and only half-accomplished. The fire was extinguished. It was discovered that kerosene and waste had been the means employed to start it; and when the ship made port the deaf mute vanished all of a sudden, leaving ample evidence behind to indicate that his luggage was the source of the kerosene. Coincident with the deaf mute's disappearance came also the announcement of the disappearance of the part owner of the ves-



LOADED WITH PUNCHEONS OF WATER INSTEAD OF MOLASSES



Drawn by George Harding

NO TIME WAS LOST IN TRANSFERRING THE CASES FROM ONE SCHOONER TO THE OTHER

sel. Five years later the man returned to England, being too homesick to remain any longer away, was arrested, tried, and convicted.

In illustration of the difficulty of proving the crime, however strong the circumstantial evidence may be, the case of the *Somis* will do very well. When the Board of Trade inquired into her loss, the testimony given by the officers as to the circumstances attending her sinking, two hours after leaving a Spanish ore port, was such as to arouse suspicion. It was testified by the captain that when the order was given to abandon ship the water was lapping the deck. An engineer testified, however, that he saw the circulating water from the engines discharging above the water-line at the time the order was given. There was in the two statements a discrepancy of twelve feet or more in the height of the deck above water. Subsequently others of the crew testified that no effort had been made to start the pumps, and that the life-boats, after having been lowered, lay by for more than an hour before the ship foundered. What at first looked like an ordinary case of a ship lost at sea developed into one of premature abandonment; and when witnesses were produced who testified to overhearing the owner of the *Somis* remark that the ship was far from "paying expenses" and was "ripe for loss," the first clue to possible knavery was uncovered. The owner was placed on the stand and questioned as to "the selling value of the ship" and as to the amount of insurance carried. He was forced to admit that the steamer was worth, afloat, some £12,000, though when at the bottom of the sea her value, as assessed upon the insurance underwriters, was £24,000. This testimony was given before a court of inquiry whose jurisdiction was to deal with the captain's certificate. And this the court did in a most severe way, depriving him of his papers for two years; afterward calling the public prosecutor's attention to what was considered a possible case of barratry. It is not recorded, however, that the captain went to jail; stupidity and negligence are sufficient excuses to cover many crimes at sea.

Curiously enough, it is often the landsmen who plan these romantic crimes. They are no navigators themselves; consequently they must take into the conspiracy some stray old sea-dog, out of a berth, at odds with life, and ready for any sort of remunerative villainy. They pick these fellows up in the sailors' lodging-houses and waterside drinking-places such as all piratical romances describe. A dim back room, closed doors, a bottle of red rum, and a hairy old fellow in a pea-jacket are the ingredients wherewith more real romances of the sea are brewed than the matter-of-fact reader supposes: the rascals and places still exist in South Street, New York, on the Barbary coast of San Francisco, on the waterside of all the remotest harbors. When the two landsmen who stole the *Leopard* picked up their navigator, they must have found him in some such seaman's port ashore. At any rate, they chartered that iron screw steamship, enlisted the navigator in the mystery, manned the boat with a pliable crew, cleared for the Mediterranean in ballast, and put out from Cardiff on the big adventure. They conformed to the good manners of the sea until they passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, reporting themselves, of course, in the regular way. And then the romance went forward.

They had planned to steal the ship: a comparatively easy operation, all being said and done. In the first place, the landsmen chartered the *Leopard* for a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean, put the stranded captain of their choice in command, and started on the adventure. Once through the Strait of Gibraltar, the crew was put to work changing the outward appearance of the ship. The funnel was repainted from a red to a black color, bridge and wheelhouse and all the life-boats save two were also repainted. The ship's name was then changed: to do this was a considerable task, necessitating the removal of the builders' plates with the ship's name from above decks as well as below in the engine-room; repainting the name on both bows and astern, and finally filing it from the ship's bell. It will be observed from these small circumstances that the difficult task of changing the ship's identity was, apparently, complete-

ly accomplished. Under cover of night the steamer was put about; the two unchanged life-boats, a life-belt or two, and some deck rubbish were thrown overboard to furnish a clue to passing shipping as to the mystery of the fate of the *Leopard.* With all lights screened, the ship then stole westward through the strait, unobserved by the signal station, which had so recently reported the *Leopard* as passing eastward. After provisioning at the Cape Verde Islands, the *Leopard,* under her new name, steamed across the Atlantic, appeared at Santos, Brazil, with forged clearance papers, and obtained from unsuspecting shippers a cargo of nearly four thousand bags of coffee, valued at sixty thousand dollars, and consigned to Marseilles.

The two landsmen were taking no chances: they were not at all sure that the life-boats left adrift had tricked the shipping world into listing the *Leopard* as missing. It was within the realm of reason that they had not even been sighted, in which case the owners, receiving no word from the charterers or news in current shipping reports, would seek the assistance of the Board of Trade and Lloyds in locating the ship. They prepared for this, immediately on sailing from Santos, by again changing the color of the funnel and the ship's name, thus ending the trail of the *Leopard* if they should be traced to Santos. But the landsmen had no intention of appearing so near England as Marseilles. Moreover, they were adventurers seeking larger reward than mere freight - charges; their plan was to dispose of the cargo for their own benefit. To do this successfully, however, they must confine their operations to out-of-the-way ports. The ship was headed for Cape Town, where, by means of cleverly counterfeited invoices and receipts, and stamps secured beforehand, the ship reported to the customs as hailing from a small Central-American coffee port. The two landsmen, posing, no doubt, as coffee-growers seeking new markets for their crops, found little trouble in selling the cargo of coffee, and then gleefully pocketed the receipts. Unable to obtain another cargo immediately, and fearing to risk the danger of an extended stay in Cape Town, the adventurers set sail, with regular clearance papers, for a port they had no intention of entering. With slight counterfeited alterations, however, the papers were good for any port. The steamer next appeared at Mauritius, and failing to secure a cargo in reasonable time, sailed, and eventually arrived at Melbourne. She was now known as the *Indian,* and was put up for sale by the landsmen, who were anxious to end the adventure with the added profits secured by disposal of the ship, before the original owners, or the swindled coffee merchants of Santos, succeeded in finding either ship or landsmen. It was the first intention of the landsmen, failing to dispose of the ship, to scuttle her; but they changed their minds.

Again had it not been for the seafaring element in the adventure, all might have turned out well. This time it was not an indiscreet captain who failed to play the part expected of him; rather it was the number of conspirators who had to be taken into confidence. There was the crew: they had been informed of the purpose of the cruise soon after sailing from Gibraltar; some of them had not fallen in with the scheme, but, being at sea, they were practically at the mercy of the conspirators. The adventurous landsmen would not trust the seamen ashore while in port; for once a seaman is comfortably stowed away in a grog-shop, he may relieve his conscience of all his troubles at sea. At Melbourne, customs officers observed that the crew of the *Indian* was never allowed ashore. In fact, the only persons leaving her were the two landsmen. Another suspicious circumstance noted was that the fires were always banked aboard ship. This is not customary aboard tramp steamers; it is unusual for a ship, posted as for sale, to be ready to put to sea on short notice; neither are crews kept aboard such ships. The *Indian* was looked up in Lloyds' Register of shipping by customs officials, and the real ship of that name was found to be a much larger craft of entirely different rig and appearance. Suspicion once aroused, it did not take long to connect the mysterious craft with the missing *Leopard,* notice of whose disappearance had been received some time before.

The adventure, so nearly successful,



A DIM BACK ROOM WHERE REAL ROMANCES OF THE SEA ARE BREWED

was up. The steamer was seized; the landsmen and seafaring adventurers arrested. Carefully as they had removed all marks of the original *Leopard,* even to changing her register number, the two landsmen had failed to remove from the log-book a seaman's advance note with the name *Leopard* on it. The case was complete against them.

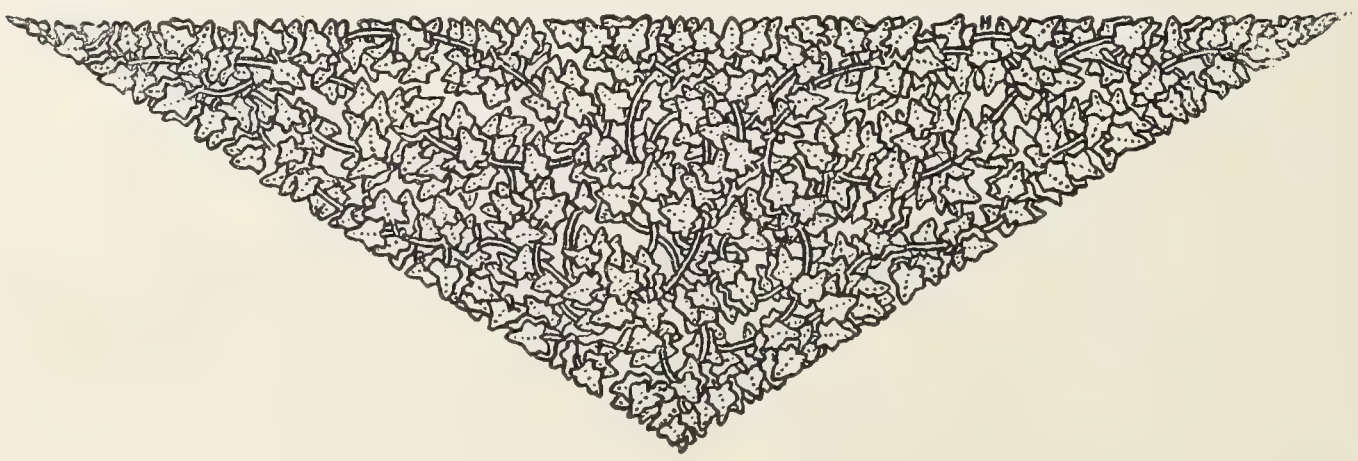
Some years ago the schooner *Jupiter* sailed from Whitehead, Nova Scotia, manned by sly Blue-noses who had conspired villainy while seated on the cracker-boxes of shore-town stores. It was never intended that the *Jupiter* should reach port, and she never did. Her cargo was of lobsters, designed for Canadian consumption by way of the port of Halifax. When she was well out to sea, however, the *Jupiter* was hove to, and preparations were at once begun to scuttle the ship. The hatches were opened, and the entire crew were soon busily engaged in passing cases of lobsters from the hold to the deck. A careful lookout was kept for sight of another sail—not only for possible inquisitive passing craft, but particularly for another schooner, of about the same tonnage, and easily to be identified by those aboard the *Jupiter* by two lowered topsails and a pennant flying from each topmast. Once the craft with the pennants appeared over the horizon, all the boats were put over the side, and into these were hastily loaded from the deck as many cases as the boats would safely carry. The approaching schooner, the *Thomas,* hove to close by the *Jupiter,* and without waste of valuable time she also lowered her boats.

The scheme as brewed was not only to collect the insurance on both cargo and the *Jupiter,* but also to save the lobsters and dispose of them at the French port of St. Pierre-Miquelon, where a ready sale awaited. To this end the *Thomas* had lawfully cleared from a Nova-Scotian port in ballast for St. Pierre, the only alterations necessary in her papers being to change the cargo-entry from "ballast" to "a thousand cases of lobsters." No time was lost in transferring the cases from the one schooner to the other; haste was imperative, as this section of the ocean is frequented by numerous fishing-craft. Awkward questions would arise if such a craft sighted the transfer of cargo; besides, there remained the far more hazardous operation of scuttling the *Jupiter.* This accomplished, the *Thomas* stood by long enough to see the *Jupiter* disappear for good and all, after which she headed for St. Pierre, while the crew of the *Jupiter* manned their boats and headed for the

Nova-Scotian coast, where they reported her as lost at sea.

The adventure was entirely successful. The underwriters paid a total loss on the *Jupiter*. They paid also the full value of the lobsters—as did the buyer in St. Pierre. The well-paid conspirators on the *Thomas* remained for some time in St. Pierre, celebrating the profitable outcome of the adventure. Elated with the ease of the deceit, they decided to scuttle the *Thomas* on the voyage home. It is reasonably certain that had the conspirators let well enough alone, the fraud would never have been discovered. The *Thomas* sailed from St. Pierre for a Nova-Scotian port, and was scuttled at sea. After the second loss the underwriters became suspicious. They inquired into the case of the *Thomas*, and learned that though she had sailed from Nova Scotia in ballast, St. Pierre had reported her arriving with a cargo of lobsters in cases. This fact once established, the whole fraud was unearthed.

Of successful attempts at barratry it is impossible to obtain a record; there must be any number of such—the tales, of course, are unknown to all but the conspirators; they could vary but little, however, from the cases mentioned, which are typical of both the adventurers and the trickery practised. Sailing-craft, driven out of the oversea trade of the North Atlantic by the increasing number of tramp steamers, presented the greatest opportunity; and it is of such that the largest number of cases are known. These worn-out vessels were frequently despatched to the West Indies for cargoes of molasses; they sailed, however, loaded with puncheons of water, upon which fraudulent insurance was collected after the ship had been scuttled. To-day barratry is a lessening crime, carried on largely by adventurous landsmen who seek to profit at the expense of the marine underwriters by casting away yachts or burning automobiles. (It is a curious fact that some of the marine underwriting firms are the largest insurers of automobiles.) It takes a daring and artful seaman to undertake the knavery, for a system of marine intelligence keeps underwriters accurately posted as to the position of the steamers, and every smallest detail of their movements which has the slightest appearance of being out of the ordinary. Moreover, to-day careful tab is kept upon a captain's record; and an underwriter's suspicion once aroused, a captain finds it very difficult to secure another command. There is, of course, a very rigorous investigation into the captain's culpability when ship and crew can be got at; but when the ship is cast away on some remote reef, or is scuttled on the high seas, the hazard of gathering evidence is often both too large and too expensive to be undertaken. It is well known, too, that a shipwreck crew, having survived the somewhat superficial examination of the first Lloyd agent, scatters to the four winds of heaven: there is nothing so elusive as an able seaman, and nothing quite so close-mouthed as a first or second officer when the conduct of captain and crew is called in question. The captain who makes away with a steel ship leaves no telltale auger-holes to prove his crime; nevertheless, there are plenty of captains under suspicion for having lost their ships under mysterious circumstances.



Wild Oats

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

OLD Mr. Piper lay in bed wishing. He wished that it was time for him to get up. He wished that he might get up and dress and go out to the dining-room and have breakfast with Myra and her husband. He could hear the faint click of cup against saucer, and the sound of subdued talking, and now and again laughter.

Perhaps Myra was right—old people do need a great deal of sleep; but when one has nothing to do all day and goes to bed so early, one wakes early in the morning, and after five months one gets pretty well rested up.

Once, just after he came, he had thought it would make a good joke to surprise Myra and her husband by getting up early and appearing in the dining-room just as they were sitting down to breakfast, but of course they were not expecting him, and somehow it had seemed to upset things so that he had not tried it again. He was afraid Myra thought him very ungrateful for the trouble she took to bring him his breakfast in bed every morning.

And he owed a great deal to Myra; she had been a good daughter. Many children forget their parents in their old age, but Myra was not like that. Had she not insisted that he sell out his interest in the dry-goods store up-State and come to the city to live with her, so that, as she herself said, she could see to it that father ended his days in peace and comfort? She had even not wanted to take the money for his board until he made it plain that he shouldn't feel right unless he paid.

It seemed longer than usual to wait this morning. But at last he heard them saying good-by in the hall, and he knew that she would soon come now. Myra went back to the kitchen, and he could hear her talking with Jenny, the maid. After a little he heard her coming down the hall, and he began propping himself up on the pillows.

Myra came in energetically, carrying the breakfast-tray.

"Well, father," she said, briskly, "awake already?" Then she put down the tray on the little table at the side of the bed, and, bending over, kissed him lightly on the forehead and gave his cheek a little pat, as a mother preoccupied with her duties may pause abstractedly to caress her child.

"It's a lovely morning, father; you will enjoy sitting in the park to-day," she went on as she spread out his napkin for him. "Now, there you are. If you need anything more, just call Jenny. I've a luncheon engagement, so I'm going to be busy this morning." She went out, humming a little air she had heard at the theater the night before.

He sipped his coffee and ate half a roll. Then he took up the paper—it was lying folded on the tray each morning. Myra did not forget anything for his comfort. At home he used to have to go out to the front porch for it the first thing after he was dressed. But there was nothing in the paper this morning, though he looked it through; so he put it to one side and got up.

He dressed with much puttering about and careful brushing of his neat gray suit, much lingering over the selection of a tie, so that one would have thought he must be going some place where he wished to appear at his very best; but the truth was that he was only trying to take as much time as possible. It was so hard to find enough to fill the days; and they had grown so long of late.

He could hear Myra moving about in the front rooms of the apartment. She went briskly, as if there were a great many things to be done in a very short time. It reminded him of when he used to open the store in the mornings, and take the covers off the goods, and dust the show-cases, and get things in shape for business. Then there had been plenty to do.

He got down his gray hat from the shelf in the closet, brushed and creased it carefully, and then went out into the hall, where he stood a moment polishing the silver handle of his walking-stick. He decided that he would not disturb Myra, and went on down the hall to the kitchen door.

"I'm going out for a while, Jenny," he said, "if she asks where I am."

Outside in the street he hesitated again, looking first up and then down, squinting. The glare of the sun made his eyes water. Then he decided, and began walking slowly toward the park. He always hesitated, and always came to the same decision.

Turning in at the first entrance, he went slowly along a leafy walk, down some stone steps, and sat down on the first bench. There was no need to go farther; it was all alike; he knew every foot of it. The park faced the river, and it was shady there, and cool and very peaceful. A good place for dreaming over the reckless deeds of one's youth; only there are not so many reckless deeds connected with keeping a dry-goods store since one was sixteen. Old Mr. Piper's faded gray eyes grew lack-luster and drowsy, and his shoulders drooped listlessly as he watched the river craft appear and disappear with monotonous, regular rhythm on the strip of placid silver water below.

And so he was almost asleep when Dan the Rover came, crunching the gravel heavily beneath his hobnailed boots as he emerged suddenly round a curve in the path. He was looking intently toward the river, and gave only the merest glance toward old Mr. Piper before he turned abruptly and sat down on the other end of the bench, hunched forward, and continued watching something on the river.

Old Mr. Piper straightened up. The Rover commanded his interest immediately. A short, stocky little man he was, and weather-beaten to an almost incredible degree; and he seemed curiously energetic even in repose. His old brown jacket was dusty and shiny across the shoulders. There was a long, deep scar across his left cheek, and a short ugly one slashed his chin.

Old Mr. Piper began to wonder about him. He was about his own age—yet no one would have thought for a moment of calling him "old Mr." anybody.

Mr. Piper wondered where he had come from and where he was going and what he was doing here. One knew that he had come from somewhere and was going somewhere else, that he was not just sitting in the park for the sake of sitting there, and because he had nothing better to do, as old Mr. Piper was. He wondered what the man could be watching so steadily out there on the river. How should Mr. Piper know that the river, lying peace-



OUTSIDE IN THE STREET HE HESITATED



"Do ye think if I'd be a Sea-captain I'd be settin' in a Park?"

ful in the sun, bordering the green park, ran out to glorious seas that spread away and away to countries that lie at the ends of earth?

Presently the Rover left off looking toward the river, and turned his head toward Mr. Piper. His bright eyes were like topazes set in brown leather.

"How long's she been in?" There was just the trace of a rich Scottish burr in his speech, and he accompanied the question with a jerk of his head toward the river.

It was so sudden that Mr. Piper was not quite sure for a moment that he had been spoken to. Then he looked out at the river and back again at the stranger.

"Who?" he asked, a bit bewildered.

The topaz eyes widened. "W'y, th' old pirate yonder. I thought you'd been watchin' 'er, too."

"Pirate?" Old Mr. Piper was more bewildered than ever. "Where?"

The Rover squared about toward him, one stubby hand pointing out to where a hulking old windjammer swung in midstream.

"Ye've never been here all that time and not seen 'er?"

Old Mr. Piper felt properly rebuked. "I just didn't notice it," he said, and then by way of vindication added, "But then I'm not a seafaring man, and maybe—"

The Rover gave a short, contemptuous snort. "Ho! An' would it take a college professor to notice a Fiji-Islander walkin' up Fifth Avenoo on a Sunday afternoon?" He wagged his head as if completely overcome by any such blindness. "Does she look *right* to ye, mon? Does she look like she *belonged* on a civilized river like that? Did ye ever see the likes o' her ony place afore outside o' the South Seas?"

"No," said old Mr. Piper, truthfully, "I never did." He felt woefully ignorant before this stranger who could tell just by looking at a ship from what part of the world she had come. He saw the remembering light kindle in the topaz eyes. The Rover smiled at his memories, a smile that broke the leather of his face into a network of little wrinkles, but made him look no older.

"'Twas there they had ships and seafarin' men for sure. Ye mind the likes o' her that used to be outlaws off the coast o' Peru—say fifteen year ago?"

"I've never been in Peru," said old

Mr. Piper, wondering if the Rover took him for a seaman too.

"Ah, well, I don't say ye couldn't mind 'em from plenty o' places, say over by China, or maybe the Red Sea, for sure 'tis th' last place in the world I'd 'a' looked, here on th' Hudson." He nodded his incredulity again.

"I've never been on a sea voyage." Somehow old Mr. Piper knew that he was making a shameful confession, but he felt impelled to make it. The Rover looked him over from head to foot. Here old Mr. Piper commanded *his* interest. A man who had never been to sea!

"Why not?" he asked.

"I've been in the dry-goods business," Mr. Piper told him. To be sure, he had never had the least intention or desire to go to sea, but it occurred to him just now that he had had some pretty good reasons for not going if he *had* wanted to. "And then I married young."

At that the Rover nodded emphatically. "So," he said, "I see; if a man's got a wife there's no doin' as he pleases. It's as good as cuttin' off both his legs, gettin' married, as far as goin' where he wants to go."

"You're single?"

The Rover smiled a contented sort of smile and nodded as much as to say, "I have that honor."

"Sea-captain?" ventured old Mr. Piper.

"Me?" The Rover burst out laughing, a rollicking sudden laugh that startled the other. "Me? An' do ye think if I'd be a sea-captain I'd be settin' in a park? Wouldn't I be on my ship if I'd be a sea-captain?"

"But you know about ships—"

"I've been on 'em enough. There's no goin' round the world eight times and over it seven without knowin' somewhat of ships. An' there was once, too—your askin' me makes me think of it—that f'r two days and over I *was* captain of a vessel and never so much as a bo's'n's papers to show; but 'twas near the last o' me that come to bein'." He paused, musing.

"How was that?" old Mr. Piper asked, eagerly.

At one o'clock they still sat together on the bench—the slight little man who had spent his life in a dry-goods store, and the other who had been round the world eight times and over it seven.

They had drawn a bit closer together on the bench, and old Mr. Piper's hat was pushed back on his head so that the breeze stirred the gray hair on his temples; the faded gray eyes had caught a reflection of blue from the sky. The Rover's old brown felt was fitted over his knee, and he kept smoothing it as he talked. He had just finished telling the story of how he came by the *kris* cut on his chin—a devil's fight that was, and a narrow escape—when Mr. Piper was suddenly erect.

"What time is it?" he almost shouted, fumbling for his watch. "Why, it's way after lunch-time! I'd no idea it was so late." Then half to himself while the blue faded out of his eyes, "What 'll Myra say?"

"What 'll who say?" asked the Rover.

"My daughter—my married daughter I live with. She has lunch at half-past twelve."

"Well, ye've done nothin' to keep 'er from it, have ye?"

"N-no, but—" Then he caught the look on the Rover's face, and a sudden fierce rebellion seized him—a rebellion against Myra and all the little rules she had set up for him. What right had she, a woman and his own child, to tell him what he should do? Besides, did he not pay for his board, and was there not the money in the bank from the sale of the store, all for her when he should no longer need it? All his thoughts suddenly turned rebel and clattered treason against Myra. He turned to the Rover.

"Let's go and have lunch somewhere. Do you know a good place we could go?"

The Rover knew, and was willing and hungry and, though it bothered him little, very low in funds.

On their way to the car, for the place the Rover recommended was away down in the lower end of town, Mr. Piper asked:

"Are you going to keep on—just traveling round all your life?"

"I s'pose so, till I get too old; then I've got it all planned what I'll do."

"What's that?" It would be vastly interesting to know what the Rover intended to do then.

"Well, ye've never heard o' the old Sammy Barlow House—down Long Island way?"



"So ye liked the Place?" he greeted him

"No," acknowledged Mr. Piper.

"Well, most everybody's stayed there. It must 'a' been thirty er forty year since I come there first; an' some o' these days I'm goin' to get a job and go to work long enough to buy ol' Sammy Barlow out o' that place, an' I'm goin' t' settle down an' run it. I've had my eye on it more'n five years back. 'Twon't never be lonesome; there's always the boys, some of 'em, comin' an' goin', settin' round the fire at night tellin' their yarns—"

"Friends of yours?" Old Mr. Piper said it softly, almost reverentially, as if he had asked, "Emperors and kings?"

When old Mr. Piper let himself into the hall his daughter came to meet him.

"Oh, it's you, is it, father? Your step sounded just like John's."

At dinner they remarked that he looked better than he had since he had been with them. Myra said he was getting younger every day; when they were leaving the table, John declared that father was such good company that he was sorry they were going out.

But Mr. Piper was not sorry. He was not lonely to-night nor tired nor the least bit sleepy. Instead he was filled with a vast excitement, a great exhilaration, such as he had never felt in his whole life before. In one day the color of the world had changed. From dullest gray to the gorgeous patchwork of brave deeds! It was as if his belated youth had overtaken him just at the end of the race. Had he not dined in company with such bold adventurers as keep the world perpetually young? And had they not



Drawn by Worth Brehm

"ONCE IN A WHILE," SAID THE ROVER, "THEY DO GET A PRETTY GOOD JOKE IN THE PAPERS"

treated him as one of them because he was a friend to the Rover? Ah, the tales they had told! There was plenty to keep him awake to-night; plenty to dream of afterward. Why, he was not old! He was young compared to Barbe, the skipper—seventy-four and starting to-morrow for the other side of the world in quest of his fortune! There had been talk of Sammy Barlow's place; merry times there had been under its roof in days gone by, if one could guess by the hints they dropped. There was no twaddle of women-folk; men were men, and the world was made for men!

It was long past midnight when he finally fell asleep. Yet when he left the house the next morning at the accustomed time, the listless droop had gone out of his shoulders, and his stick tapped smartly on the pavement as he walked. As he neared the entrance to the park, he half stopped and gave a furtive glance back over his shoulder in the direction of the apartment-house. Then he went on past the entrance, walking with evident purpose until, two blocks farther on, he came to the car-line. There he stopped, and when the first car came along he boarded it. It was three-quarters of an hour before he alighted in the most congested district of the city. He stood a moment on the corner, looking uncertainly about, then, seeming to recognize some familiar sign, turned into a side street. Half-way up the block he entered a door.

Yes, there they were: the one they called "Stumpy," the grizzled old skipper, and the Rover himself gathered about a table near the door.

Old Mr. Piper walked straight up to them and touched the Rover on the shoulder. The topaz eyes lighted into a welcome.

"So ye liked th' place?" he greeted, turning round.

"Yes," said Mr. Piper, "but I was looking for you. Are you busy now?"

"Not so's I couldn't stop to talk to my friends," said the Rover.

"Could I see you, then, for a few minutes?" Mr. Piper's tone was anxious, as if he were afraid he might be refused. The Rover got up without a word and led the way to a table at the back of the room. Mr. Piper plunged at once into the business he had come on.

"You said you intended to buy that place down on Long Island," he began.

"When I've got th' money, some day," assented the Rover.

"Would you want it all yourself?"

"Would I what?"

"I mean would you go in with anybody if they had the money to buy it?"

"That's accordin'," said the Rover, judiciously, "to who it might be."

"I was thinking"—and old Mr. Piper tipped back his chair and pushed his hat up on his forehead—"that that's about the kind of a place I'd like—only I don't know anything about running it—and if, for instance, you would agree to run it for half, I've got some money saved up that I've been wantin' to invest."

The Rover stared his astonishment.

"I guess, though," Mr. Piper went on, after he had waited a moment for the other to speak, fear creeping into his voice, "that you're not thinking of settling down yet. Maybe you'll be wanting to go round the world again?"

The Rover's gnarled old hands lay outspread on the table. Into the topaz eyes came a shadow. The Rover looked almost old.

"Go round the world?" He spoke as one in a dream. "When I could run Sammy Barlow's place? But ye didn't mean what ye said about buyin' it—ye've not got the money *already?*"

"Wait here," said old Mr. Piper. "I'll be back in an hour."

The proprietors of Sammy Barlow's old place sat before the great crackling fire in the public room. Outside the window the trees were scarlet and gold.

The stocky old man held a grimy cloth-bound book on his knees and struggled with the week's accounts. The slight old man with the thin gray hair was engrossed in a two-days'-old newspaper. The last paragraph of a passing item he read through twice:

"The man's daughter says that there is absolutely no reason for his wishing to leave her, as he had a good home and everything he desired."

Old Mr. Piper's head went back and he gave a low, clucking laugh.

The other looked up expectantly. "Once in a while," said the Rover, "they *do* get a pretty good joke in the papers."

Portrait of Helen, by Lydia Field Emmet

MISS EMMET is not a phenomenon in American art, but the direct outcome of a progressive school of portrait-painting which extends back little more than a generation. She is far removed from those dull but honest painters of Colonial times — men devoid of style and originality. Modern painters approach their subjects in a different spirit and express different tastes and ideals. The spirit shown in this portrait of the daughter of Mr. John Sherman Hoyt conforms to the view of childhood which fills contemporary minds. As usual in Miss Emmet's work, the sense of healthful, natural childhood, its innocence and charm, are manifest in this canvas. There is something more than mere external likeness, for she is concerned with the inner significance, the spiritual essence of child life, which she conveys with intimate knowledge born of long observation, and free from stolidity. The charm lies quite as much in the manner of painting as in the subject itself; indeed, the manner or art of any picture, and not its subject, must be its lasting quality. Her color is resourceful, though not brilliant, and she makes it serve her purpose. There is never visible the hand of a mannerist, nor is her arrangement purely mechanical. She is inventive in composition, even audacious and unconventional, and her portraits stir the imagination, because they are based on knowledge of life; furthermore, she shows us that poetic sentiment is not inconsistent with modernity, for her pictures sink quietly into our affections.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



PORTRAIT OF HELEN, BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

From the collection of John Sherman Hoyt, Esq.

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

THIRD PAPER

OUR first day among the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimos was the day of all my life to which I had looked forward with the most vivid anticipations, and to which I now look back with equally vivid memories, for it introduced me, a student of mankind and of primitive men especially, to a people of a bygone age. Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee went to sleep in the nineteenth century and woke up in King Arthur's time among knights who rode in clinking mail to the rescue of fair ladies; we, without going to sleep at all, had walked out of the twentieth century into the country of the intellectual and cultural contemporaries of a far earlier age than King Arthur's. These were not such men as Cæsar found in Gaul or in Britain; they were more nearly like the still earlier hunting tribes of Britain and of Gaul living oblivious to the building of the first pyramid in Egypt. Their existence on the same continent with our populous cities was an anachronism of ten thousand years in intelligence and material development. They gathered their food with the weapons of the men of the Stone Age, they thought their simple, primitive thoughts and lived their insecure and tense lives. Their lives were to me the mirrors of the lives of our far ancestors whose bones and crude handiwork we now and then discover in river gravels or in prehistoric caves. Such archæological remains found in various parts of the world, of the men who antedated the knowledge of the smelting of metals, tell a fascinating story to him whose scientific imagination can piece it together and fill in the wide gaps, but far better than such dreaming was my present opportunity. I had nothing to imagine; I had merely to look and listen; for here were not remains of the Stone Age, but the Stone Age itself, men and women, very human, entirely friendly, who welcomed us to their homes and bade us stay.



CARRYING A GIFT OF FOOD TO A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

The dialect they spoke differed so little from the Mackenzie River speech which I had acquired in three years of living in the houses and traveling-camps of the western Eskimos that we could make ourselves understood from the first. It cannot have happened often in the history of the world that the first white man to visit a primitive people was one who spoke their language. My opportunities were therefore unusual. Long before the year was over I



A Group of Coronation Gulf Eskimos

Mr. Stefansson is in the rear line at center

was destined to become as one of them, and even from the first hour we were able to converse sympathetically on subjects of common concern. Nothing that I have to tell from the arctic is of greater intrinsic interest or more likely to be considered a contribution to knowledge than the story of our first day with these people who had not, either they or their ancestors, seen a white man until they saw me. I shall therefore tell that story.

Like our distant ancestors, no doubt, these people fear most of all things the evil spirits that are likely to appear to them at any time in any guise, and next to that they fear strangers. Our first meeting had been a bit doubtful and dramatic through our being mistaken for spirits, but now they had felt of us and talked with us, and knew we were but common men. Strangers we were, it is true, but we were only three among forty of them, and were, therefore, not to be feared. Besides, they told us, they knew we could harbor no guile from the freedom and frankness with which we came among them; for, they said, a man who plots treachery never turns his back to those whom he intends to stab from behind.

Before the house which they immediately built for us was quite ready for our occupancy children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner ready. The houses were so small that it was not convenient to invite all three of us into the same one to eat; besides, it was not etiquette to do so, as we now know. Each of us was, therefore, taken to a different place. My host was the seal-hunter whom we had first approached on the ice. His house would, he said, be a fitting one in which to offer me my first meal among them, for his wife had been born farther west on the mainland coast than any one else in their village, and it was even said that her ancestors had not belonged originally to their people, but were immigrants from the westward. She would, therefore, like to ask me questions.

It turned out, however, that his wife was not a talkative person, but motherly, kindly, and hospitable, like all her countrywomen. Her first questions were not of the land from which I came, but of my footgear. Weren't my feet just a little damp, and might she not pull my boots off for me and dry them over the lamp? Would I not put on a pair of her

husband's dry socks, and was there no little hole in my mittens or coat that she could mend for me? She had boiled some seal-meat for me, but she had not boiled any fat, for she did not know whether I preferred the blubber boiled or raw. They always cut it in small pieces and ate it raw themselves; but the pot still hung over the lamp, and anything she put into it would be cooked in a moment.

When I told her that my tastes quite coincided with theirs—as, in fact, they did — she was delighted. People were much alike, then, after all, though they came from a great distance. She would, accordingly, treat me exactly as if I were one of their own people come to visit them from afar—and, in fact, I *was* one of their own people, for she had heard that the wicked Indians to the south spoke a language no man could understand, and I spoke with but a slight flavor of strangeness.

When we had entered the house the boiled pieces of seal-meat had already been taken out of the pot and lay steaming on a sideboard. On being assured that my tastes in food were not likely to differ from theirs, my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's fore-leg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper-bladed knife; the next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. When this had been done, one extra piece was set aside in case I should want a second helping, and the rest of the boiled meat was divided into four portions, with the explanation to me that there were four families in the village who had no fresh seal-meat. The little adopted daughter of the house, a girl of seven or eight, had not begun to eat with the rest of us, for it was her task to take a small wooden platter and carry the four pieces of boiled meat to the four families who had none of their own to cook. I thought to myself that the pieces sent out were a good deal smaller than the individual portions we were eating, and that the recipients would not get quite a square meal; but I learned later that night from my two companions that four similar presents had been sent out from each of the houses where they were eating, and I know now that every house in the village in which any cooking was done had likewise sent four portions, so that the aggregate must have been a good deal more than the recipients could eat at one time. During our meal presents of food



THE ESKIMOS WHO ACCOMPANIED STEFANSSON ON HIS EXPEDITION

were also brought us from other houses; each housewife apparently knew exactly what the others had put in their pots, and whoever had anything to offer that was a little bit different would send some of that to the others, so that every minute or two a small girl messenger appeared in our door with a platter of something to contribute to our meal. Some of the gifts were especially designated as for me — mother had said that, however they divided the rest of what she was sending, the boiled kidney was for me; or mother had sent this small piece of boiled seal-flipper to me, with the message that if I would take breakfast at their house tomorrow I should have a whole flipper, for one of my companions was over at their house now, and had told them that I considered the flipper the best part of a seal.



ESKIMO BOYS
The younger holds an iron knife obtained from Stefansson by the boy's father

As we ate we sat on the front edge of the bed-platform, holding each his piece of meat in the left hand and the knife in the right. This was my first experience with a knife of native copper; I found it more than sharp enough and very serviceable. The piece of copper (float) from which the blade had been hammered out had been found, they told me, on Victoria Island to the north, in the territory of another tribe, from whom they had bought it for some good driftwood from the mainland coast. My hostess sat on my right in front of the cooking-lamp, her husband on my left. As the house was only the ordinary oval snow dome, about seven by nine feet in inside dimensions, there was only free room for the three of us on the front edge of the two-foot-high snow platform, over which reindeer, bear, and musk-ox skins had been spread to make the bed. The children, therefore, ate standing up on the small, open floor space to the right of the door as one enters; the lamp and cooking-gear and frames for drying clothing over the lamp took up all the space to the left of the door. In the horseshoe-shaped, three-foot-high doorway stood the three dogs of my host, side by side, waiting for some one to finish the picking of a bone. As each of us in turn finished a bone we would toss it to one of the dogs, who retired with it to the alleyway, and returned to his position in line again as soon as he had finished it. When the meal was over they all went away unbidden, to curl up and sleep in the alleyway or out-of-doors.

Our meal was of two courses: the first, meat; the second, soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot, and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly (but never quite) to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our English pea-soups, but if the pot be allowed to come to a boil, the blood will coagulate and settle to the bottom. When the pot lacks a few degrees of boiling, the lamp above which it is swung is extinguished and a few hand-

fuls of snow are stirred into the soup to bring it to a temperature at which it can be freely drunk. By means of a small dipper the housewife then fills the large musk-ox-horn drinking-cups and assigns one to each person; if the number of cups is short, two or more persons may share the contents of one cup, or a cup may be refilled when one is through with it and passed to another.

After I had eaten my fill of fresh seal-meat and drunk two pint cupfuls of blood soup, my host and I moved farther back on the bed platform, where we could sit comfortably, propped up against bundles of soft caribou-skins, while we talked of various things. He and his wife asked but few questions, and only such as could not be considered intrusive, either according to their standards as I learned them later or according to ours. They understood perfectly, they said, why we had left behind the woman of our party when we came upon their trail, for it is always safest to assume that strangers are going to prove hostile; but now that we knew them to be harmless and friendly, would we not allow them to send a sled in the morning to bring her to the village? They had often heard that their ancestors used to come in contact with people to the west, and now it was their good fortune to have with them some men from the west, and they would like to see a western woman, too. It must be a very long way to the land from which we came; were we not satiated with traveling, and did we not think of spending the summer with them? Of course, the tribes who lived farther east would also be glad to see us, and would treat us well, unless we went too far to the east and fell in with the Netsilik Eskimos (King William Island), who are wicked, treacherous people who—strange to say—have no chins. Beyond them, they had heard, lived the white men (Kablunat), of whom, no doubt, we had never heard, seeing we came from the west, and the white men are farthest of all people to the east. They are said to have various physical deformities; they had heard that some of them had one eye in the middle of the forehead, but of this they were not sure, because stories that come from afar are always doubtful. The white men were said to be of a strangely eccentric disposition; when they gave anything to an Eskimo they would take no pay for it, and they would not eat good, ordinary food, but subsisted on various things which a normal person could not think of forcing himself to swallow except in case of starvation. And this in spite of the fact that the white men could have better things to eat if they wanted to, for seals, whales, fish, and even caribou abound in their country.



ESKIMO COSTUME

These and a great many other things I was told with friendly readiness; I had only to give them a hint as to what interested me, and they put all their information on that subject at my disposal; but on their own part they showed the greatest delicacy in asking questions. Were

they not interested, I asked them, to know why I had come and where I was going? Yes, they were interested, but they knew that if I wanted them to know I would tell. Asking many questions of strangers was not their custom, but they considered that I asked many because that was no doubt the manner of my people; it was to be expected that men coming from so great a distance would have customs different from theirs, and as for them, they were glad to answer my questions, and I would have to stay many days before they got tired of doing whatever they could to show they were glad I had come.



THE HOOD IS MADE FROM THE HEAD-SKIN OF A CARIBOU

After the meal was finished we sat and talked perhaps an hour, until a messenger came (it was always the children who carried messages) to say that my companions had gone to the house that had been built for us, and that the people hoped I would come there, too, for it was a big house, and many could sit in there at once and talk with us. On arriving home I found that, although over half the village were already there, still we had plenty of room within-doors for the four or five who had come along with me to see me home. The floor of the inner half of the house had been raised into the usual two-foot-high snow sleeping-platform, covered with skins, partly ours and partly others' contributed by various households for our comfort; a seal-oil lamp for heating and lighting purposes had been installed. It was a cozy place, heated by the lamp to a temperature of 60° Fahr. in spite of the fact that it was well ventilated by a door that was never closed day or night, and a hole in the roof that was also always open. On the bed platform there was room for twelve or fifteen persons to sit Turkish fashion, and on the floor in front another fifteen could easily stand.

Although the house was full of guests at my home - coming, they merely stayed a few minutes, for some one suggested that we were no doubt tired and sleepy and would like to be left alone. In the morning, they said, we should have plenty of time for talking. When they were all gone, however, we did not go to sleep, but sat up fully half the night discussing the strange things we had seen. My Eskimos were considerably more excited over it all than I. It was, they said, as if we were living through a story such as the old men tell in the assembly-house when the sun is away in winter. What kindly, inoffensive-looking people these were, but no doubt they were powerful and dangerous magicians such as the stories tell about and such as my companions' fathers had known in their youth. My Mackenzie man, Tannaumirk, had, in fact, heard something to make this clear, for he had eaten supper in the house of a man who last winter had dropped his knife into a seal-hole through the ice where the sea was very deep, but so powerful was the spell he pronounced that when he reached into the water afterward the water came only to his elbow and he picked the knife off the ocean bottom.

And this, Tannaumirk commented, in spite of the fact that the ice alone was at least a fathom thick and the water so deep that a stone dropped into it would no doubt take a long time to sink to the bottom. Did they believe all this? I asked my men, though I knew what answer I would get. Of course they did. Why should I ask? Had they not often told me that their own people were able to do such things until a few years ago, when they abjured their familiar spirits on learning from the missionary of the existence of heaven and hell, and of the fact that no one can attain salvation who employs spirits to do his bidding? It was too bad that salvation and the practice of magic were incompatible; not that such trivial things as the recovery of lost articles were of moment, but in the cure of sickness and the control of weather and ice conditions, prayers seemed so much less efficient than the old charms. Still, of course, they did not really regret the loss of the old knowledge and power, for did they not have the inestimable prospect of salvation which had been denied their forefathers through the unfortunate lateness of the coming of the missionaries? It was mere shortsightedness to regret having renounced the miraculous ability to cure disease, for God knows best when one should die, and to him who prays faithfully and never works on Sunday, death is but the entrance to a happier life.

We did not know, the next morning, when we woke up and began to stir about within-doors, that some one had been for a long time listening outside our snow-house, waiting for signs of our being awake. From familiarity with their customs I now know that it was a signal from him that brought us our earliest visitors of the morning, the hunter whom we had first encountered the previous evening. He came from the village, walking slowly and singing at the top of his voice so that we might have ample warning of his approach. When he came to the outer door of our twenty-foot alley-way he stopped and announced himself: "I am So-and-so; my intentions are friendly; I have no knife. May I come in?" This was the invariable formula in our case; among themselves they would merely announce as they were about to enter a house: "I am So-and-so; I am coming in."



A Platform Cache above the Reach of Foxes and Dogs

The talk that morning turned on various things. Who were their neighbors to the east and to the north? Had



A Group of Eskimo Women gathered to watch a Departure

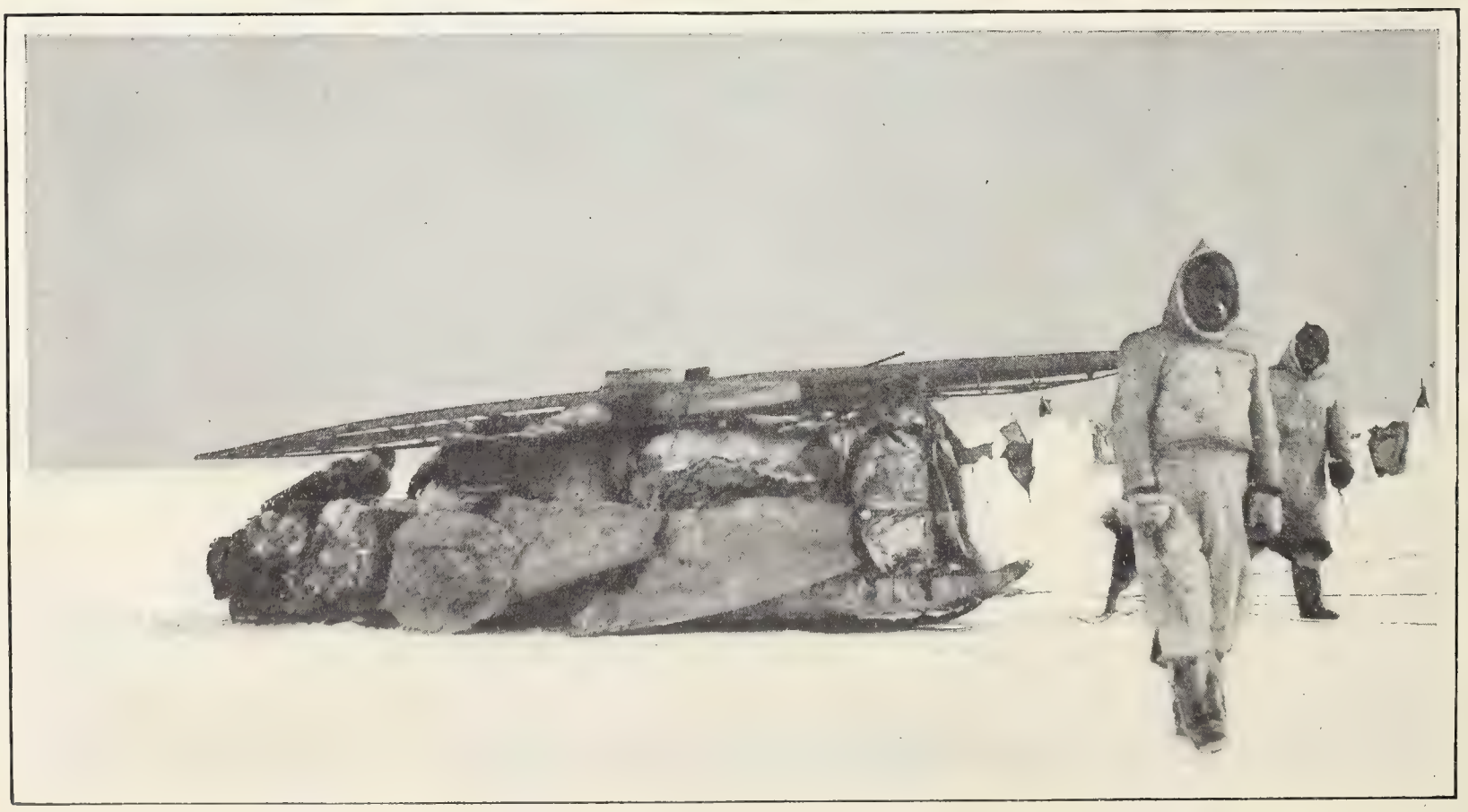
they ever come in contact with the Indians to the south? Had they any knowledge of white men visiting their country (for I considered it possible, though not likely, that some survivors of Franklin's luckless ships, wrecked more than half a century ago near the east coast of Victoria Island, might have lived for a time among these people). Although they were doubtless as curious concerning us as I was about them, still they asked few questions, even after I had given them an opening by asking many questions of them. Their admirable reticence and good breeding made me feel more nearly ashamed of my calling than I had ever been before, for an ethnologist must make inquiries, and impertinent ones at times; but they answered with greatest good humor. They had never seen white men, although they had heard about them the things they had told me last night; the Indians they had never seen, but they had seen traces of them on the mainland to the south where the musk-oxen are, and they knew by hearsay from the Coppermine River Eskimos that the Indians are treacherous, bloodthirsty people, wicked and great magicians—no greater magicians, it was said, than the white men, but more prone to use their power for evil purposes. To the east lived various Eskimo tribes (of whom they named over a dozen), all of whom were friendly. To the north, on Victoria Island, lived two tribes, their nearest neighbors and best friends.

And what did they think of me—to what people did they suppose I belonged? Oh, but they did not have to guess; they knew; for Tannaumirk had told them he belonged to the Kupagmiut, of whom they had heard many stories from their fathers, and my accent made it plain I belonged to the Kupagmiut also, and not to that more distant people to whom my other companion, Natkusiak, belonged, whose language was more strange than ours, and of whom they had never heard the name till told of them last night. But didn't they consider strange my eyes (which are blue), and my beard (which was light brown), and suppose that for that reason I belonged to a different people? Their answer was decisive: "We have no reason to think you belong to a different people. Your speech differs only a little more from ours than does that of some tribes with whom we trade every year; and as for your eyes and beard, they are much like those of some of our neighbors to the north, whom you must visit. They are our best friends, and they will never cease being sorry if you pass on to the east without seeing them." So it was arranged that on the morrow we should pay a visit to the

people of Victoria Island, who were described to me in a way to make me think that likely I had found the descendants of some of the lost men of the Franklin expedition. We know now that the facts call for another interpretation.

One of the things that interested me was to see some shooting with the strong-looking bows and long copper-tipped arrows that we found in the possession of every man of the tribe. I therefore said that I would like to have them illustrate to me the manner in which they killed caribou, and I would in turn show them the weapons and method used by us. Half a dozen of the men at once sent home for their bows, and a block of snow to serve as a target was set up in front of our house. The range at which a target a foot square could be hit with fair regularity turned out to be about thirty or thirty-five yards, and the extreme range of the bow was a bit over one hundred yards, while the range at which caribou are ordinarily shot was shown to be about seventy-five yards. When the exhibition was over I set up a stick at about two hundred yards and fired at it. The people—men, women, and children—who stood around had no idea as to the character of the thing I was about to do, and when they heard the loud report of my gun all the women and children made a scramble for the houses, while the men ran back about fifteen or twenty yards and stood talking together excitedly behind a snow wall. I at once went to them and asked them to come with me to the stick and see what had happened to it. After some persuasion three of them complied, but unfortunately for me it turned out that I had failed to score. At this they seemed much relieved, but when I told them I would try again they protested earnestly, saying that so loud a noise would scare all the seals away from their hunting-grounds, and the people would therefore starve.

It seemed to me imperative, however, to show them I could keep my word and perforate the stick at two hundred yards, and in spite of their protests I got ready to shoot again, telling them that we used these weapons in the west for seal-hunting, and that the noise was found not to scare seals away. The second shot happened to hit, but on the whole the mark of the bullet on the stick impressed them far less than the noise. In fact, they did not seem to marvel at it at all. When I explained to them that I could kill a polar bear or a caribou at even twice the distance the stick had been from me they exhibited no surprise, but asked me if I could with my rifle kill a caribou on the other side of a mountain. When I said that I could not,



MOVING CAMP
A load of nearly a ton, with a kayak frame on top



ESKIMOS TRAVELING ACROSS THE ICE OF CORONATION GULF

they told me that a great shaman in a neighboring tribe had a magic arrow by which he could kill caribou on the other side of no matter how big a mountain. In other words, much to my surprise, they considered the performance of my rifle nothing wonderful.

I understand the point of view better now than I did then. It is simply this: if you were to show an Eskimo a bow that would in the ordinary way shoot fifty yards farther than any bow he ever saw, the man would never cease marveling, and he would tell of that bow as long as he lived; he would understand exactly the principle on which it works, would judge it by the standards of the natural, and would find it to excel marvelously. But show him the work of the rifle, which he does not in the least understand, and he is face to face with a miracle; he judges it by the standards of the supernatural instead of by the standards of the natural; he compares it with other miraculous things of which he has heard and which he may even think he has himself seen, and he finds it not at all beyond the average of miracles: for the wonders of our science and the wildest tales of our own mythologies pale beside the marvels which the Eskimos suppose to be happening all around them every day at the behest of their magicians.

Perhaps I might here digress from the chronological order of my story to point out that the Eskimos' refusal to be astonished by the killing at a great distance of caribou or a bear by a rifle bullet whose flight was unerring and invisible was not an isolated case. When I showed them later my binoculars that made far-away things seem near and clear, they were of course interested; when I looked to the south or east and saw bands of caribou that were to them invisible they applauded, and then followed the suggestion: "Now that you have looked for the caribou that are here to-day and found them, will you not also look for the caribou that are coming to-morrow, so that we can tell where to lie in ambush for them?" When they heard that my glasses could not see into the future they were disappointed and naturally the reverse of well impressed with our powers, for they knew that their own medicine-men had charms and magic paraphernalia that enabled them to see things the morrow was to bring forth.

At another time, in describing to them the skill of our surgeons, I told that they could put a man to sleep and while he slept take out a section of his intestines or one of his kidneys, and the man when he woke up would not even know what had been done to him, except as he was told and as he could see the sewed-up opening through which the part had been removed. Our doctors could even transplant the organs of one man into the body of another. These things I had actually never seen done, but that they were done was a matter of common knowledge in my country. It was similar in their country, one of my listeners told me. He himself had a friend who suffered continually from backache until a

great medicine-man undertook to treat him. The next night, while the patient slept, the medicine-man removed the entire spinal column, which had become diseased, and replaced it with a complete new set of vertebræ, and—what was most wonderful—there was not a scratch on the patient's skin or anything to show that the exchange had been made. This thing the narrator had not seen done, but the truth of it was a matter of common knowledge among his people. Another man had had his diseased heart replaced with a new and sound one. In other words, the Eskimo believed as thoroughly as I in the truth of what he told; neither of us had seen the things actually done, but that they were done was a matter of common belief among our respective countrymen; and the things he told of his medicine-men were more marvelous than the things I could tell of mine. In fact, I had to admit that the transplanting of spinal columns and hearts was beyond the skill of my countrymen; and as they had the good breeding not to openly doubt any of my stories, it would have been ill-mannered of me to question theirs. Besides, questioning them would have done no good; I could not have changed by an iota their rock-founded faith in their medicine-men and spirit-compelling charms. In spite of any arguments I could have put forth, the net result of our exchange of stories would have been just what it was, anyway — that they considered they had learned from my own lips that in point of skill our doctors are not the equals of theirs.



Beating the Eskimo Drum

It was near noon of our first day when some one asked me if there were not some way in which the western people celebrated the coming of visitors. I replied that usually all the village gathered in a great dance. That was just their way, my hosts told me, and, seeing that our customs coincided, they would make to-day a dance-house as large as if two large tribes had met to trade; we should see how they danced, and possibly we might dance for them, too. The idea was no sooner broached than a dozen young men ran off to their various houses to don their house-building coats and mittens and get their snow-knives. By mid-afternoon the dance-house was up, a snow dome nine feet high, and large enough to accommodate forty people standing in a circle around a five-foot open space in the center reserved for the dancers.

The conditions of life had for many years been hard in the tribe, I was told, and while their ancestors had danced often and had had many drums (the only musical instrument of the Eskimos), they themselves had of late years danced but seldom, and there was only one drum left among them. It was a sunshiny, warm day, and while the men were building the dance-house some one fetched the drum, and a young woman sang for us to its accompaniment. She handled it like a tambourine, and played

it in a manner entirely different from that of the western Eskimos. The songs were different, too, and they sang them charmingly. One song had a rhythm resembling that of the ancient Norse scaldic poems. The girl who sang it was herself very fair for an Eskimo, and had the long, slim fingers I have seen only among half-bloods in Alaska. It was here I got the first definite suggestion that the blond traits which were observable in this tribe (though not to such a degree as among other tribes later visited) might have some direct connection with the lost Scandinavian colonists of Greenland.

The dance, which began as soon as the dance-house was built, continued the rest of the afternoon. None of the dances were identical with any known to my companions from Alaska or the Mackenzie, but there was a general similarity. The performers differed in some cases markedly among themselves; those especially whose ancestors were said to have come from the mainland coast to the west differed strongly from the rest. Many of the dances were performed without moving the feet at all, but by swaying the body and gesticulating with the arms. In some cases the performer sang, recited, or uttered a series of exclamations, in others he was silent; but all the dances were done to the accompaniment of the singing of all those present, who knew the song appropriate to each dance. Some dances known to individuals could not be shown because no one was found who could sing the accompaniment.

At this time of year (the middle of May) there was no darkness at midnight, for summer was approaching. Nevertheless, the people took three meals a day with fair regularity, and our dance ended about eight o'clock in the evening, when the women announced supper. After supper I sat awhile and talked with my host and hostess and one or two visitors, and then all of them walked home with me to our house, where about half the village was gathered as on the evening before. They stayed only a short while, and by eleven o'clock the last visitor had wished us a friendly good night and our first day among the Victoria Land Eskimos had come to an end.

Moonshine

BY GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

WAS it I or the moon or the laced elm-trees
That danced till the night was gone?
And was it the hum of the pine-boughs' breeze
That fiddled my fancy on?

Was it I or the stars or the breath of the dark
That sang in the magic air?
Was the wind my sail, and a cloud my bark
On the milky thoroughfare?

Was it life, was it love, that awoke at the dawn
My eyes to a vain desire?
Or was life on its wings with the dark and gone,
And love was the moon's white fire?

The Intruder

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

AS she stood on the threshold of the home that was his and would soon (so soon!) be hers, her heart was filled with a noble happiness.

She paused, with a delicate hesitation, delaying a moment of yet deeper joy that she might dwell on it with a longer delight, beside the ancient cypress that hugely overshadowed the long terrace, and looked at the beautiful outlines of Fordyce Hall. Turrets and gables, the work of different builders in different ages, showed dark and clear against an autumn sky of golden gray, and beyond the house miles of hushed wood and parkland swept to the misty horizon.

Below the terrace where Ann Vereker stood, the gardens dipped in old and perfect arrangement of walk and fountain, rosary and quidnunc, arbor and bowling-green. The bright, large flowers of the late year glowed against the worn stone and the rich lawns; there was nothing to disturb the ordered loveliness that had been so wisely planned and so long-enduring. "And in this place I shall be his wife," thought Ann.

She looked at him as he paused a few paces away from her; he stood in the shadow of the cypress, and was gazing past the gardens to the fair, open prospect beyond. She had never seen him in these surroundings before; always their background had been a town — London, Bath, the Wells, a fashionable world, gaiety, a crowd—the proper natural setting for those born to aristocratic ease. A country life was not the mode, and it had not seemed strange to Ann that Sir Richard made no suggestion of showing her his home until their betrothal was nearly at an end.

Yet she had always longed for this moment, always wished to see him in the place where he belonged, where he was master—the place where he was born, and his fathers born before him back to the time of the first Norman king.

It was more beautiful than she had expected, he was more completely one with this setting than she had pictured. Suddenly all the time they had spent together in London seemed wasted; she thought coldly of the town mansion that was being refurnished.

"We will live here," she decided.

She looked at the open door through which she had not yet passed, and then again at him.

"Dick," she said, and her voice was low, "how long is it since you were here?"

"Three years," he answered, quietly.

"Why did you never bring me before?" asked Ann.

He looked at her and seemed to brace himself.

"Oh, my dear," he said—"my dear!" He raised his hand and let it fall as if dismissing a subject impossible of expression.

She noticed then that he was unusually grave—she remembered that he had been grave ever since they had left her brother in the coach in obedience to her wish to see the place alone with him, and they entered the grounds together.

"Did you think I would not care?" she asked. It occurred to her that perhaps he thought her frivolous—that perhaps he had not read her intense desire to take her position and future responsibilities seriously. Her sensitive, mobile face flushed; she leaned her slender figure against the warm, hard stone of the terrace and fixed her eyes on the house; she trembled with the desire to convey to him what she felt for this house of his and all the tradition it stood for. His race had bred fine, useful men and women; she wanted to tell him that she would be worthy of them.

But he was so silent that her delicate desires were abashed. "Shall we go into the house?" she said.

"Ah yes," he answered. "I hope, Ann, that you will like it," he added; and she smiled, for it seemed to her that

his tone was a very formal one to be used between such complete friends and lovers as they were; but it did not displease her; she liked the surprises his moods afforded, she was even glad of his present gravity; she felt reserved herself in her own deep happiness.

They walked along the terrace to the side door that stood open; the sunlight had parted the gray veil of clouds and lay lightly over the steps as Ann Vereker ascended them and entered Fordyce Hall.

In accordance with her wish there were no servants to welcome them. "Let me be quite alone with you for the first time," she had said, and he had acceded to her whim without comment.

She had always been exquisite in her observation and keen in her perceptions, and since she had met Richard Fordyce she had known the great sharpening of the senses a strong passion brings; colors, sounds, light, and perfume were now to her so many ecstasies, almost unbearable in their poignancy. And all that he now revealed to her—the fine corridors, the great dining-room, the ball-room, the old carving, the old painted ceilings, the old tapestries, the old furniture—gave her a pleasure that deepened to pain.

In the deep oriel window his quarterings showed, and the bearings of the various heiresses who had at one time or another graced the name of Fordyce. In the dining-room hung the portraits of his ancestors, men and women who seemed strangely remote and aloof, and who yet shared his dear traits in their dark, masterful features. An atmosphere of loneliness and desertion hung heavy in these rooms, but that did not sadden Ann; she felt the place was stately with memories—chambers where so many had lived and died must convey this air of regret. She hushed her footsteps and her voice, and thought that this house peopled with shadows of past achievements would make a worthy background for a warm and living love.

They had not gone above the ground floor when he led her to the great hall and state entrance, and, opening the portals that were stiff on their hinges, showed her the famous view across the woodland and river, that embraced three counties.

She stood, with the soft airs blowing her nut-brown curls beneath the wide brim of her Leghorn hat, and gazed on the entrancing prospect. Directly before her, half concealed by a little belt of elm-trees, was a squat Norman church.

"Your church?" she questioned.

"Yes," said Sir Richard, "but it is the only church for the village, too—they come here on Sunday, but they marry and bury at Earl's Stanton, ten miles away."

She touched his arm half timidly; he did not look at her, and a faint sensation of coldness on his part tinged her happiness with apprehension.

"May I see the church now?" she asked, on a sudden impulse.

"Whatever you wish, Ann," he answered.

They crossed the open lawn and the broad drive and entered a green gate in a red wall which admitted them, not, as she expected, into the churchyard, but into a fruit garden that sloped down the side of a little hill.

The fully ripe peaches and apricots hung amid the curling leaves on the sun-burnt walls, and some had escaped the nets that held them and lay on the freshly turned earth, and clusters of St. Michael's daisies and sunflowers grew amid the plum and pear trees. Sir Richard crossed the end of the garden and opened another door in the farther wall; as he held it aside for Ann, she stepped past him and found herself among the graves.

A few yew-trees rose in still darkness from the even grass that was scattered with the scarlet berries that fell from the somber boughs. The flat, discolored grave-stones were mostly in shade, but over those upright against the wall the misty sunshine fell in a dreamy radiance; above the wall the fruit-trees showed, and Ann noticed how the fruit had fallen and lay among the graves.

An old man was trimming the grass; at sight of Sir Richard he took off his hat and stood respectfully at attention. Ann smiled at him; this place was sacred but not sad to her; she wondered why Sir Richard had arranged their marriage for a London church—she would like to have been married here where some day she would be buried—a Fordyce among her kin.

They entered the church; it was small, old, sunken, and dedicated to a forgotten saint—Vedust. The painted glass in the windows was ancient and beautiful, the worn rood-screen had guarded the altar for two hundred years; there were some beautiful brasses in the chancel, and in the Lady Chapel a tomb in fair painted marble.

One name was repeated on brasses and marble, the name of Fordyce; as Ann Vereker stood in a reverent attitude behind the altar she saw this word again and again on tomb and tablet with varying inscriptions and titles of honor.

Among the newer mural tablets which showed white among the time-stained stones were those of his father, his mother, his sister. And, newest of all, one that made Ann catch her breath with a sense of shock.

It was the small square of alabaster dedicated to the memory of his first wife.

His first wife. Ann read the inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of Margaret, Daughter of John Basinghall of Salop and Wife of Richard Fordyce, Baronet of Fordyce, Hampshire, who died May 1725, æt. 23.

Nothing else; no word of love or regret. Ann was glad that there was no parade of mock sentiment; she had been little in his life, Ann was convinced—he never spoke of her, and Ann had tried to forget her existence, had succeeded indeed in closing her mind to all thoughts of her—what was she but an incident to be forgotten?—the wife of two years who had died without children. Yet standing here in the somber silence, Ann found herself forced to consider this woman. Somewhere near she was actually lying in her coffin. "Perhaps," thought Ann, "I am standing over her now."

She turned to Sir Richard; his face was inscrutable, his figure dark in the shadows. "Were you—" she broke off, unable to form the words: she had wanted to ask him if he had been married in this church.

It was suddenly horrible that he had ever been married before.

She glanced at their pew, and saw that to sit there would be to sit in full view of this white tablet—"Sacred to the Memory of Margaret . . . Wife of Richard Fordyce—"

"How close the air is!" she said. "Shall we not go?"

He moved away in silence, and they came together out of the hushed church into the hushed graveyard. The sun had withdrawn behind the increasing gray vapors and would be seen no more that day; the elms that half concealed the house were shaking in a little breeze, and the yellow leaves were drifting steadily down. The place *was* sad—sad with an atmosphere her happiness could not defy; the air had become chill, and she shivered in her silk coat.

In the distance the old man was cleaning the moss from a headstone. It occurred to Ann that he had seen (many times!) this Margaret; she wished to stop and question him, for a great curiosity now pressed her about the woman whose existence she had hitherto been content to ignore—had this dead wife of his been dark or fair, sad or gay, beautiful or lovable?

She had heard nothing of her, she was sure that she had been an insignificant personality, but she wanted to ask the old gardener and be certain.

"How silent you are, Ann!" said Sir Richard.

She looked up at him with a little start. "So are you," she smiled.

"The day is overcast," he answered, "and a gloomy one in which to overlook an empty house."

"But I will see the rest," she interrupted—"an empty house! Your home, Dick, and mine to be."

"You like the place?" he asked.

She wanted to say so much and words were so inadequate—she wished he would look at her. "I love every stone," she said, passionately.

"We shall not be here much," replied Sir Richard, opening the gate.

"Why not?—the place lacks a master."

"Oh, it is old—and dreary—and in need of repair—"

"That can be altered," she smiled; in her heart she was wondering if he had trodden these churchyard grasses, or crossed the end of this fruit garden, since his first wife had died.

She was sure he had not; no, nor entered the house. Were old memories



Drawn by Armand Both

HER EYES WERE STRAINING, HALF GUILTILY, FOR A PORTRAIT OF MARGARET FORDYCE

holding him silent?—the thought tortured her; yet she tried to reason it away and to dispel this shadowy menace of Margaret Fordyce. She had always known that he had been married, and always been able to ignore it; in no way had it come between them. Why should it now?

Yet the old perfect happiness did not return even when they had entered the house again together; the solemn atmosphere of the ancient church seemed to lurk in the quiet rooms; she could not people them with the sweet visions of her own future and his—it was the past that seemed to fill them, and when she mounted the wide, dark stairs she pictured Margaret Fordyce going up them in her bridal dress and being carried down them in her coffin.

He took her to the armory, and she stood pale and thoughtful among the beautiful weapons with which the walls were lined; he showed her his father's sword, his own favorite weapon, and a light French rapier water-waved in gold.

"Do you fence?" he asked, as he hung the rapier back next another of the same weight and length.

"No," said Ann. He made no comment, but she knew now that his first wife had fenced with him—with those two rapiers, in this very room.

They went into the picture-gallery, and she was blind to the beauty of painting and carving, for her eyes were straining, half guiltily, half fearfully, for a portrait of Margaret Fordyce.

He showed her one after another of his ancestors, explaining their lives and actions, and when he came to the great picture of his father on horseback, with the taking of Namur in the distance, her heart was beating fast and her eyes searching furtively for a woman's face. But Margaret Fordyce was not there; yet Ann detected a bare space next to the likeness of Sir Richard's sister—as if, she thought, a painting had been hung there and removed.

It seemed that it would have only been natural for her to ask for his first wife, but she could not, though she was aware that her remarks were vague and forced; he, too, seemed absorbed in some inner thought, and did not notice her distraction.

As they came out from the picture-gallery on to the great stairs again she was struck anew by the chill and ominous atmosphere of the house. She regretted now her desire to have the house empty on her first visit; some servant or kinsman would have been a relief, some one who could have spoken casually and naturally of Margaret Fordyce.

He showed her the paintings on the stairway, and they mounted higher into a region of silence and shadows. The windows were shuttered, the blinds drawn, and the furniture in linen covers.

Without waiting for Sir Richard, Ann hurried through the first suite of rooms; she was looking still for some sign of Margaret, some portrait. These were—had been—a woman's rooms. Would she have to live in them?—to use this furniture, to gaze at herself in these mirrors?

At the end of the suite was a locked door; she tried the handle with a sudden desperation, as if she expected to find the solution of some mystery.

Sir Richard was quickly beside her. "There is nothing of interest there," he said, quietly.

She turned, and they looked at each other for the first time since they had entered the house together.

"Why may I not go in?" asked Ann.

"I did not forbid you," he said. He was pale but smiling; the expression of his face was so different from any that she had ever seen there before that he seemed to her for the moment a stranger.

"I want to go in," she said, trying to smile too, but with a bitter sensation that everything was becoming ghastly and unnatural; she endeavored to struggle against this; she had been perfectly happy a few moments ago—and nothing had happened, she told herself; *nothing had happened.*

"May I not see this room?" she asked, not knowing what impulse goaded her to insist.

Without answering, he took a key from the pocket of his brocade waistcoat. He carried the key with him, then—perhaps all the while, ever since she had known him, he had had this key to the past next his heart.

In silence he unlocked the door and in silence she entered. The chamber was

small, the air close and oppressive; the first glance showed Ann that it was a lady's apartment, and that it had been locked away hastily, with every article untouched as the former occupant had left it. Beyond was another room, the door of which was half open; Ann could see a bed, with curtains of fine needlework, and a mirror covered with a white cloth.

Dust was over everything; Ann could hardly fetch her breath; she unlatched one of the shutters, and the sad autumn light revealed the ruin wrought by time and neglect. Cobwebs clung round the windows, the gilt chairs were tarnished, dust lay gray and heavy in the folds of the curtains. On a side table was a bunch of flowers — changed to a little powder among the wired and faded ribbons of the bouquet; near it was a box of gloves half opened, the string and wrappings thrown carelessly down, the yellow, shriveled gloves unworn.

In one corner of the room stood a harpsichord, open and covered with sheets of music, some of which had fallen to the floor. Beside this, standing against the wall, was a large picture in a dark frame, concealed by a red cloak flung over it.

Ann was drawn by this picture to a forgetfulness of everything else, even to a forgetfulness of Sir Richard, who stood motionless on the threshold. She crossed the floor, and the boards creaked beneath her feet, a startled mouse sprang across her path and disappeared into the dark bedroom.

She stooped and lifted the red cloak. A woman's face looked at her from the glowing canvas.

A beautiful face, alive, alert, fair, and proud, with a peculiar triumphant smile on the lips. She was painted against a dark curtain and a glimpse of summer trees; her unpowdered hair was bound with a purple ribbon, and her brocaded dress was cut low over her jeweled bosom. The painting was stiff and precise, but marvelously lifelike and glowing in color.

In the left-hand corner was written in white letters, "Margaret Fordyce, May, 1725"—the year, the month she died.

Ann stepped back from the painting; her heart was beating thickly and the world was rapidly changing about her; she put out her hand and touched by chance the keyboard of the harpsichord, that gave forth a dismal and jangled sound that she echoed with a low and horrified cry. Sir Richard stepped into the room.

"After three years," he said, looking round—"after three years—"

"What has happened?" murmured Ann. "What has happened?" She leaned weakly against the corner of the harpsichord and gazed still at that third presence in the room — the portrait of Margaret Fordyce.

"Why did you not tell me?" she asked, faintly. He made no defense.

"We are quite strangers," continued Ann.

He turned his eyes on her, but still did not speak.

"How did she die?" asked Ann.

"She was flung from her horse . . . on her birthday—she was wearing that cloak."

"Why did you not tell me?" repeated Ann Vereker.

"I thought—I hoped—" he broke off.

"You loved her," said Ann.

He stumbled to the bouquet and fingered the ruins of the roses.

"This is as she left it," said Ann. "You shut it away as she left it—but she is still here. In this room. In this house. In the church. How she must laugh at me!" He stared at her.

"She called you. You could not help coming here — even though it meant bringing me. I was to help you forget."

The triumphant face on the canvas seemed to deepen its disdainful smile.

"You will never forget," continued Ann. "You love her."

"She is dead," said Sir Richard, and he braced his shoulders with the action of a man who endeavors to shake off the oppression of a hideous dream. "Dead. Dead."

"She is here," repeated Ann.

Sir Richard turned his eyes fearfully, hungrily to the portrait. "Oh, God!" he said, sharply.

"This is tragedy," thought Ann. She seemed dull in a dull world; she looked across the harpsichord and noticed that the rain was falling aslant the dry leaves on the withered trees outside. When last the sun shone she had been supremely happy. What had happened?



Drawn by Armand Both

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"DICK," SHE SAID, IN A HOPELESS VOICE, "I AM GOING"

Nothing . . . save that she had seen the portrait of Margaret Fordyce.

She had loved him so sincerely, and he had used this love of hers as an opiate —and now the other woman triumphed.

"Dick," she said, in a hopeless voice, "I am going."

He did not answer; the painted figure seemed to step from the frame and dominate both of them. Before her beauty, her assurance, Ann felt insignificant, a creature who did not matter.

Sir Richard picked up one of the faded white gloves and sank onto the tarnished chair; he looked at the portrait, and Ann knew that the last three years had rolled away for him. He belonged to the other woman.

Ann Vereker, the intruder, left him with his wife and went away forever.

The Festa

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I HAVE seen a vision pure
  As is the sea's white foam,
Full of the divine allure
  Of beauty in her home.

With Giovan' as I was rowing
  By the lilac sea-cliff's breach,
Where the pinkish houses glowing
  Cling for foothold, each o'er each,
Came a clangor of bells blowing
  O'er the indigo-lipped beach,
From the fishers' low church flowing
  Down the brown nets' ambered reach.

Now the loud bombs quick-resounding
  Vivas to the saint declare!
How the festa is confounding,—
  Salvos to the throne of prayer!
From the sea the boys race bounding
  To the booming *strada* there;
Comes the long procession rounding
  The *marina* to the square.

Young girls, virginal and flower-like,
  Each a lily in her hand,
Walk before the image tower-like,
  Borne abroad to bless the land;
And round about the maidens, bower-like,
  Youthful bathers sun-bright stand;
Still the salt wave, shimmering shower-like,
  Beads their bodies golden-tanned.

Sweetly walked the maidens singing
  White-robed, each a lily bore;
Reverent stood the fair youth ringing
  That fair scene by that fair shore.

Vivia Climbs the Heights

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

URGED on by Vivia, we took a cottage in the air during our stay in the Savoy mountains of the Tarantaise district. She said shutting ourselves off in a chalet would make it more easy to get away from "that David Grace," in case he pursued her to this remote spot. Besides, she didn't want to live in the valley; she wished to go up in the high places and stretch her soul.

The Illustrator was not as intent upon soul-stretching as she, but was willing to consider it when he found that these high places could be reached by his faithful motor-car. I myself, being an unselfish creature, was anxious to keep David Grace away if Vivia really wished it, but was not entirely reconciled to housekeeping on a crag until I learned that happy goats brought the meat each day, and that the rural delivery had reached such a state of perfection that a telegraph-boy had been produced, under their need, with all the proclivities of a chamois.

One went to the apothecary in Brides-les-Bains for cottages. The Illustrator, upon learning this, believed our search was over as soon as we entered the pharmacy. But the chemist would compound nothing that we could carry off with us, and we spent a day going over those places that were too large, and sneering at those places that were too small, intent upon one that would have just enough bedrooms, and not a single one to spare, in case "that David Grace," who had a way with him, insisted upon visiting us.

In the end we took Mon Bijou, a flawed jewel, that lay across the bridge, high up the hill. It was a compromise. Vivia had wanted the house with the red awnings because they looked so pretty from the road, but, as I pointed out to her, it was foolish to look pretty for the road when the road didn't look pretty for us, and recommended the green-curtained effect farther along. This made her tremble silently, a fashion she had when she feared something; and, upon being pressed, she admitted that green was unlucky, and that she couldn't—she just couldn't live there.

I need not say, after touching on Vivia's desire for soul-stretching and fear of green, that she was an artist, or, to define more closely, a singer. Being slightly erratic ourselves, we bore with her superstitions, conscious that such are the weaknesses which make one mighty. But what amazed us was the way David Grace could bear with them. For David knew all her little peccadilloes, knew that she laughed and cried at once—and in the most public places; knew that she was afraid of peacock feathers, and refused to have sugar before milk in her tea; yet he loved her, and wanted her to be the wife of one who, if he didn't know opera, could buy it, and would, in his desire to please her, exploit any voice but hers. And to this Vivia, enraged that he could look upon her as a woman not wholly divine, motored away from Paris with us, and sought the peaks as high as her ambitions.

We wonder now—now that it's winter and all is over—if David was really the simpleton that we had always thought him about music, the simpleton that he craftily pretended to be when he urged Vivia to flout the lofty eyrie of the eagle, and pour his morning coffee from a less exalted perch.

The Illustrator—excellent at deductions when looking backward—declares that at no time during our stay at Mon Bijou did he find Vivia's voice what they thought it was at home. He had not cared to speak of it, he said (in the winter), for fear of troubling me, and he had not mentioned it to Vivia, at least not beyond asking her what she would do if she learned that her notes could never carry her to the snows of fame.

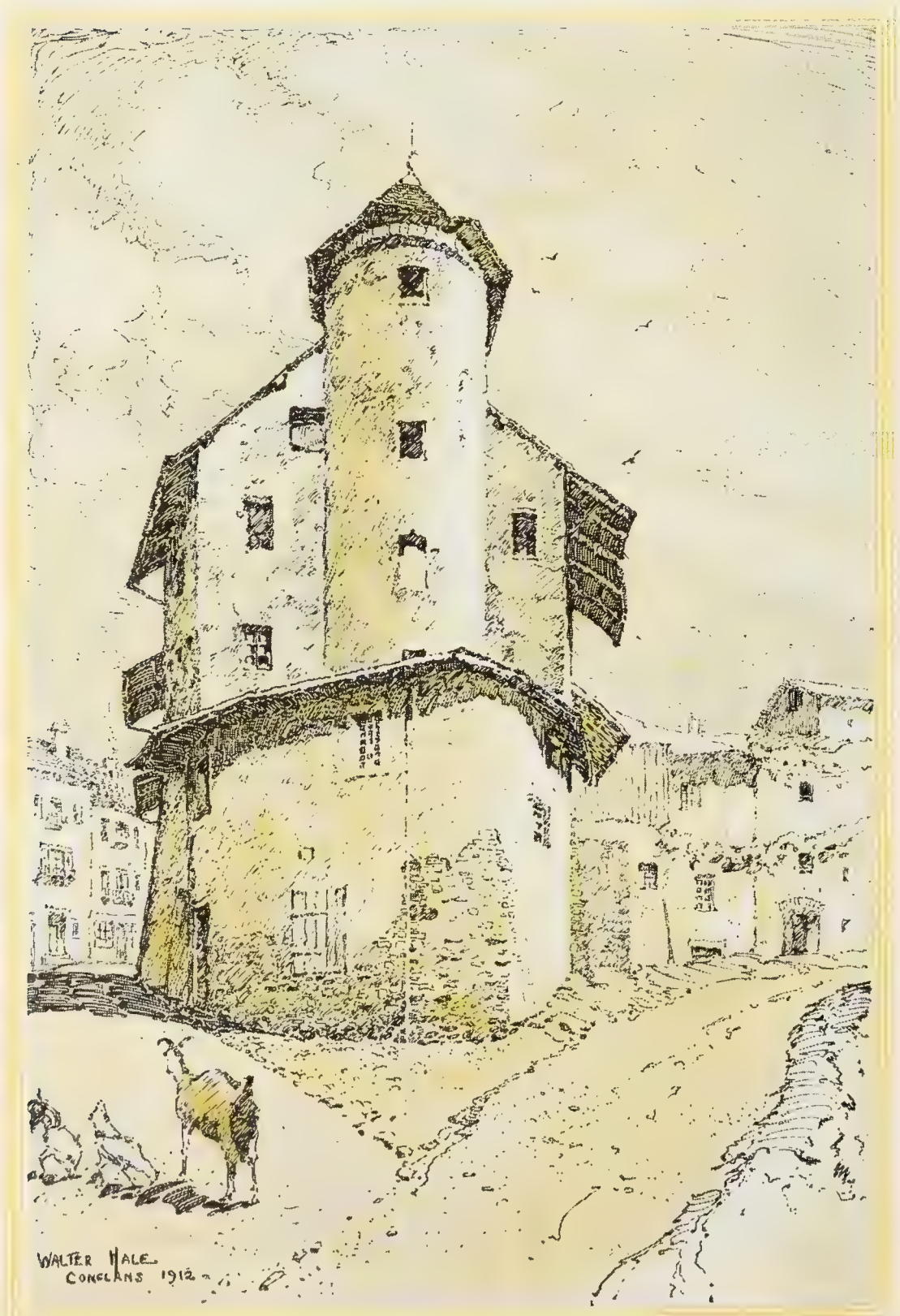
Since she had responded to this question by a burst of tears, declaring as well that she would cut her veins and bleed to death at the first hint of such a thing, it was but natural that he had not pursued the subject.

Being more honest than the Illustrator, I must admit that I believed Vivia would make the singer she told me she was going to be. If I did detect a faltering during her morning trills, I put it down to the fatigue of the winter's study in Paris, and to the severe ordeal through which she had just passed. For the girl, with others no less aspiring, had sung at the spring concours for the engaging of the artists of the French opera-houses, and was awaiting the awards with a proud certainty which, mindful of the sublime ego of the artist, carried very little weight with us. "In youth, as at the opera, all things seem possible." But the Illustrator and I, being over seven, not at the opera, and entertaining some ideas of might over right, were plainly anxious as to the result.

Owing to the sudden illness of one of the committee who chose the singers, the announcement of the victors was greatly delayed, and in spite of the unwelcome importunities of David Grace I doubt if Vivia would have consented to fly so far from the judgment-seat had not special stress been laid upon the excellence of the telegraph system, and the reliability of a friend in Paris, who was holding herself in readiness to flash to the prima donna the name of her opera-house as soon as it was proclaimed by the press. "Her opera-house" was the expression, so sure was she of getting one.

"And with a telegraph-boy to deliver the message right at the door—" said Vivia, on the second night, as we sat humped upon the front steps looking out over the valley.

The scene was worth the discomfort. While impressive, it was human, for there were lights in the hotels of the valley, and a sound of music came up intermittently whenever the Alpine torrent, roaring far below us, allowed it to be heard. The mountains on either side were very black up to the timber-line, where they showed pallid but



THE OLD TOWER—CONFLANS



MON BIJOU—ON THE OLD ROAD THROUGH THE VALLEY

menacing, outlined by the light of an assertive young moon and all the stars that could crowd themselves in between the opposing ranges.

It was one of Vivia's triumphant evenings. She had seen this new moon over her right shoulder, and that had counteracted my effort of the morning to take a stitch in the gown she was wearing. To be sure, she had stopped me before I had drawn the cotton through a second time, and thereby escaped with but one disappointment. "Yet one would be enough to crush me," she had exclaimed, reproachfully, and had refused to be comforted, although I pulled the thread out entirely, thus removing the unlucky omen. "Never, never sew a rip in a dress that one has on—pin it," she had completed. And it was but natural that I felt relieved when the new moon was rightly discovered.

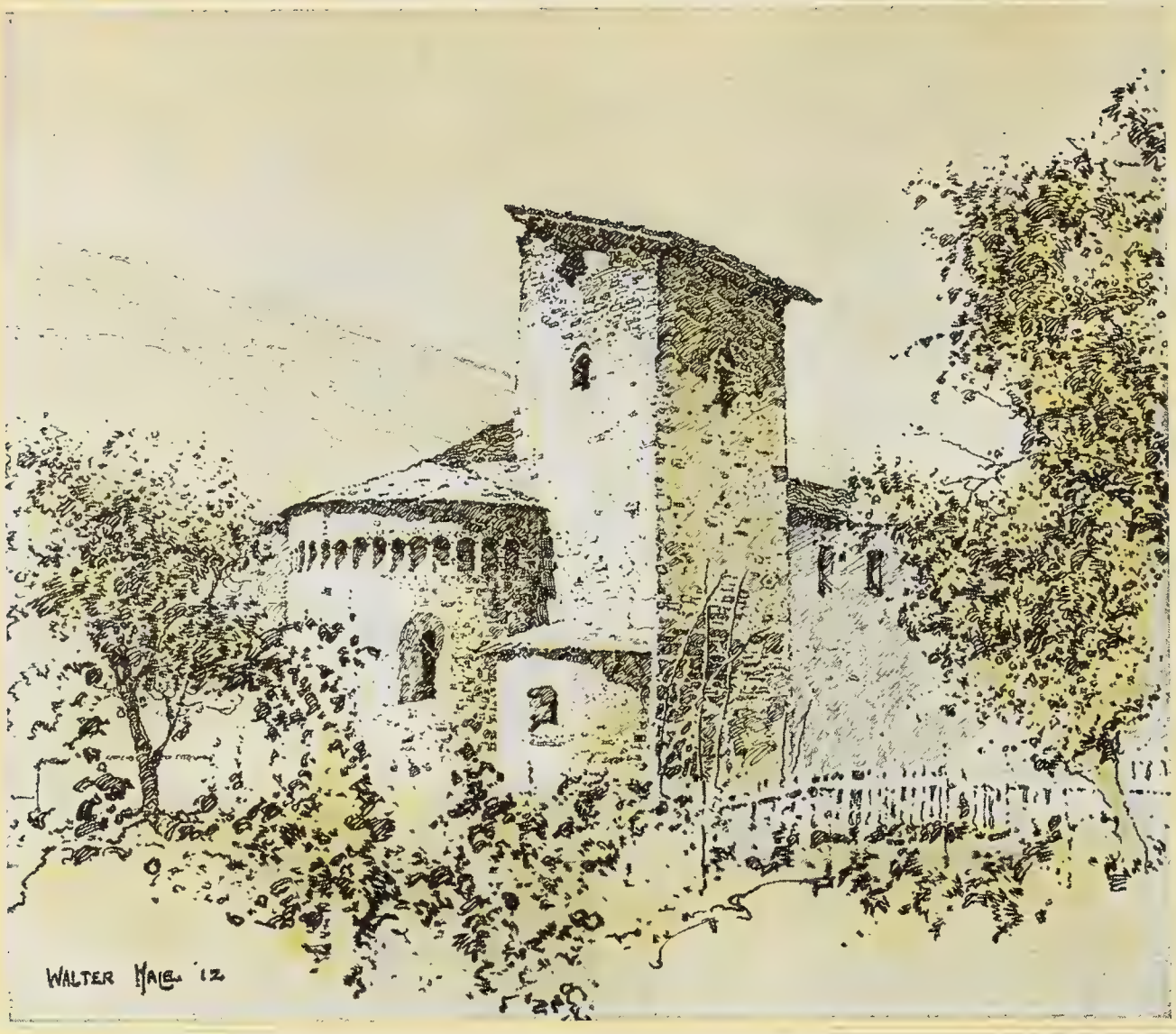
For an instant after Vivia's incomplete sentence the Illustrator drew at his pipe with those lengthy whiffs that a man permits himself when he is about to make an unpleasant announcement. "Have you seen the telegraph-boy?" he finally emitted, in volumes of smoke.

We had not seen him, and the Illustrator found this an excellent excuse to lead us down to the Casino in the possibility of meeting the Mercury of the hills in transit. "He is always going up and down," he explained, as we entered the gay world of the sober bourgeois. "Yes, by George! he is coming now."

We peered through the gloom of the village street, but Vivia, who had the best eyes, flouted him. "No, it's an old man. He must be eighty."

"That's the telegraph-boy," contended the Illustrator, serenely, and waited for his reward of appreciation.

It did not come as he had expected.



Yet the moment held a surprise. While the aged messenger was in the nature of a shock, he was nothing as compared to our singer's way of taking him. For Vivia sat down on a stone and began to cry. We hung about her to urge an explanation, and the telegraph-boy, with the tendencies of his kind, lingered also. But she did not explain, beyond clutching the messenger while she bedewed him with tears and demanding of him his prowess. "Can you walk up hills, can you go as high as Mon Bijou?" she sobbed out.

It was most embarrassing to such conservative people as the Illustrator and myself. Hitherto we had proudly claimed to be bohemians, but with Vivia sobbing on the telegraph-boy's shoulder we denied any association with such unconventional creatures. The octogenarian was not abashed by her tears; he lived among people who wept as easily as they laughed, but he was distinctly annoyed in that Vivia doubted his ability to scale peaks with ease.

"I go up and up; that is my life, mademoiselle," he reproved. "Mon Bijou is only the first flight; Mont Blanc is my attic."

"Excelsior!" breathed the Illustrator.

"'A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,'" I chanted.

"Of course," said Vivia, who was as shining as a new tin pan by now, "he's a regular Upidee-Upida! And such a good sign!"

And, indeed, we grew to call him old Upidee-Upida as time went on and we saw him sturdily climbing through the day with blue missives in his hand—"the banner with the strange device,"—the banner that would some day come to our villa, and by its cabalistics properly license Vivia's sureness. He thawed to us when he learned that in his hand lay the future happiness of the beautiful young lady, for Vivia had explained the entire situation to him, and just what opera-house she preferred. From that moment he began reading the messages that were sent into the office—he told us—that he might get the news as soon as possible, and he arranged a set of signals

to be used whenever he started up our hill with a despatch for some other than her, that she might be spared any waiting agitation. His hat was to stay on his head if the message was not for Mon Bijou, but was to wave joyously up and down if for us.

Days passed, and it would seem that the rakish cap was to remain forever planted on his white crown, for we saw by the Paris papers that the judge continued ill, and no message came to our hiding-place. I shall always contend that it was this nerve-racking delay which first shook the confidence of our dear aspirant and enveloped her in a chilling fear as vague as the white mists that stole up from the valley. At first we noticed it only by a sort of bewilderment which swept across her proud face now and then. But on the day that she tripped over the rug twice she was heard to tell old Upidee-Upida that of course all the singers expected to win a place, and of course all couldn't.

"All of them can't," she had said at first, compassionately, mindful of those others. Then her hands went up to her throat as the terror of the thought grew. "All of them can't," she repeated. But she was not trembling for the rest.

Upidee-Upida was soothing. He assured mademoiselle that with her beauty she could do many other things besides singing before camels and red cabbages.

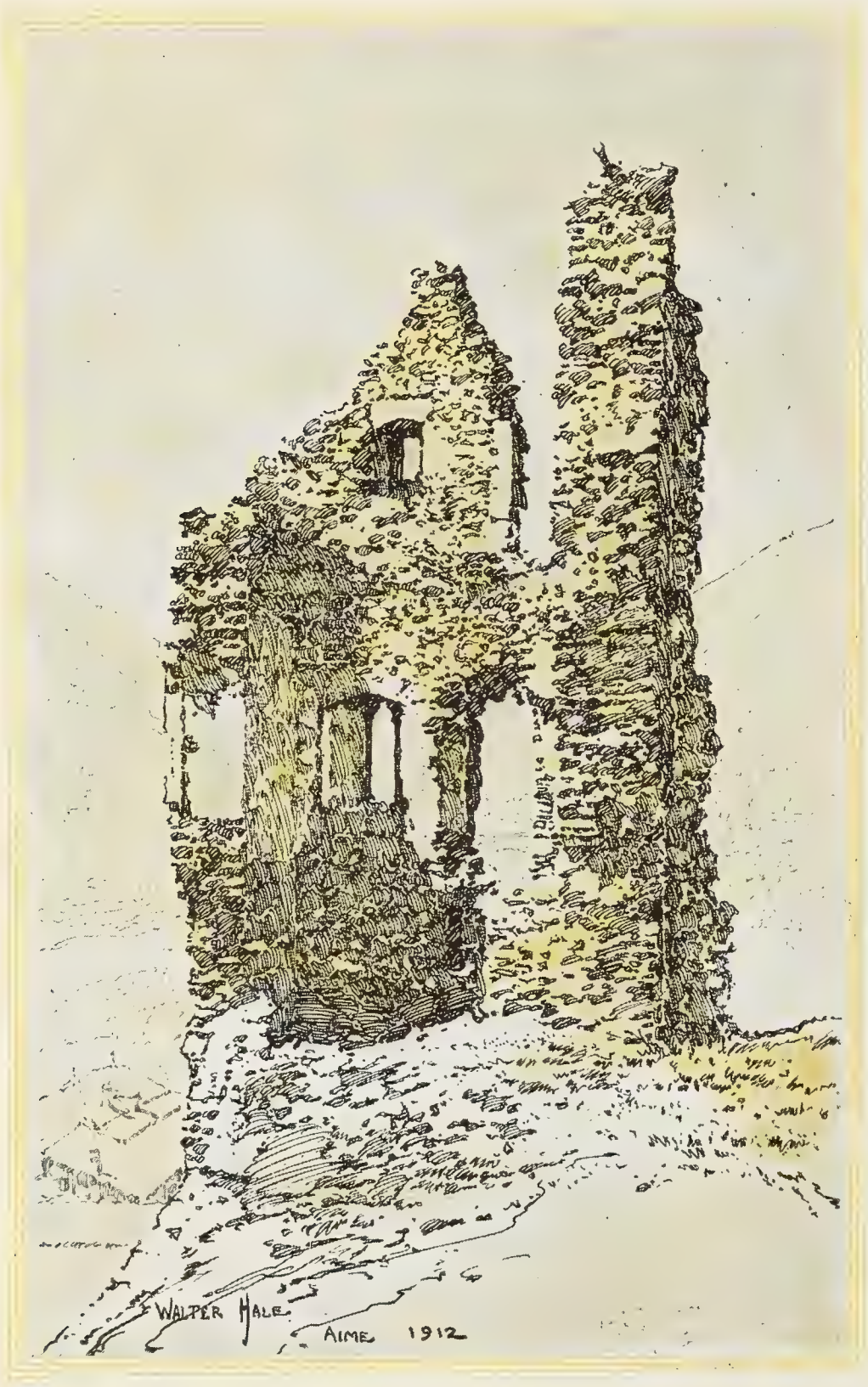
"But there aren't any other things!" she exclaimed, passionately.

The telegraph-boy begged pardon, yet reminded her that for the well-favored there was always a good marriage—even without the *dot*. And at that she rushed into the house, leaving me to extend to him the usual thimbleful of cognac, which was his privilege when passing the



NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE LITTLE SAINT BERNARD

villa. He received the offering with a manner that could well be emulated by our district messengers. "I must look after my old hairs," he explained, as he disposed of the cognac and a chance sou with equal expedition. "I, too, was careless in my youth," nodding toward the bedroom of the heedless young lady. "I, too, yielded and did not conserve."



THE RUINED CHÂTEAU SAINT JACQUE—AIME

We could go no further in the matter, for Vivia suddenly suspended herself from her window under the eaves. "I wonder where David Grace is, anyway," she called, irrelevantly; and hearing this, the Illustrator winked at me so broadly that I intuitively hushed him, as though such a dropping of the eyelids must echo down the valley like the sunset gun at the fort.

The action was all the more vulgar in that it was triumphant. The winker was a kind man, yet he was inclined to boast, when we were alone, that it was not the agonizing delay, but he himself that was shaking the smug security of Vivia. Not by scoffing at her singleness of purpose was he reducing her pride, but rather by the steady insistence on a number of other purposes equally important in life and a deal more peaceful.

The girl made it her custom to accompany him on his sketching expeditions, even to incite him to them, and frequently she chose the spots to be drawn. In pursuance of her ambitions she selected only villages on mountainsides that could not be reached by motor, châteaux pendent from peaks, and streets that had an upward tendency. The artist pantingly endured it so long as he could moralize on life to her while he drew. He is said to be very good at this when I am not around.

"Don't look at the shell of what I'm drawing," he advised her. "Get behind the town, and the houses, and the streets."

And Vivia, upon investigation, found that there were plots and quarrels, heartaches and happy lovers, and all the things that one sings across the footlights to the men and women out in front. "Every family has its story, and without an end to it," the Illustrator said. "It doesn't stop at eleven, and will never grow tiresome."

"It's restful to watch," admitted Vivia, a little wearily, "and it's nice not to be mixed up in the struggle."



Drawn by Walter Hale

LOOKING UP THE VALLEY TOWARD THE GLACIER OF THE VANOISE

"Well," he replied, temporizing, "life's a struggle, but at least it is actual, and something actually to struggle about. The trouble with you people of the theater is you take a back drop, painted as a village street, as seriously as you would the village itself. Think of the absurdity of really quarreling over the right to stand in front of an unreal canvas town."



THE MAIN STREET OF MOUTIERS, FROM THE CATHEDRAL ARCHWAY

But this was unfortunate, as it reminded her that her own personal struggle might be settled by now, and that the wire might have come while she was away. So she ran ahead of him, beginning mildly, but ending in a riot of leaps and dashes, and arriving at the villa white-lipped and breathless. "Has it—is it come?" she questioned. And when I shook my head she sank down upon the steps, covering her eyes with her hands. "It's horrible—this waiting," she groaned, "and a lifetime of it—a lifetime!"

The Illustrator came along a little later, dissatisfied, on the whole, with his philosophic attack, as he had not introduced the name of David Grace as often as he had planned. It was his custom to speak of David whenever Vivia was especially rebellious over the long delay. He had an oily way of mouthing the name which he thought suggestive of serenity of spirit and security from mental and physical miseries. I had not thought him especially successful in these tactics up to the time he found Vivia on the front steps with her face crushed into her palms.

"Just to think what a lot of good a rich man could do in this valley if—well, if he assisted in the cure of goiter," he began, cheerfully. "Did you notice the dear old lady in that house I've just sketched, Vivia? By Jove! If you were to show David Grace that—"

The girl sprang to her feet. "David Grace! David Grace!" she mimicked, oilily. "I wish you'd stop harping on that man. I simply detest him. And how would he ever know about this woman—is he coming here to hunt her out? Why, he hasn't even hunted *us* out! He hasn't tried, so far as I can see. Oh, these fair-weather friends! He

was glad enough to attend the concours, and hear me applauded by all the Americans. But when I'm alone—and suffering—" Her voice broke from that very human cause of self-pity, and, evading my arms, she started around the house, to dash into the side door. Yet she returned, for it was unlucky to enter by other than the door through which you had passed out, and bounding through the front way, she fled out of earshot.

The Illustrator was looking after her dubiously. He was never a prideful man at the right time. "Grace hasn't a chance, has he?" he whispered, gloomily.

I laughed with scorn. "You goose! Why, he's second choice, anyway. That's plain now."

Confidence returned. "Don't you think I'd better send for him, then, and complete my job?" he inquired.

But I would not hear to that. "Besides, he's only second choice. She'll take the opera first," I reminded, then caught my breath, fearful of being sure. "If she gets it, I mean."

"*If* she gets it," he reiterated, ominously.

Vivia called from her window: "Upidee-Upida is starting up the hill, but I can't see whether his hat is on his head or swinging."

"Wait; I'll get the glasses," commanded our man, storming into the house. "Wait!"

We waited, but the telegraph-boy was wearing his hat.

The seven days that followed we shall class among the worst in our lives, for the reason that waiting became a game at which no one won. We all had field-glasses by that time—rented from the hotel below—and we carried them around with us if we permitted ourselves to stray from the villa. They had never been focused before upon anything lower than a chain of Alpine climbers, black against the high snows, and they squeaked rebelliously when we rotated the lens until we could accommodate it to a mild little man (quite as aspiring but making less fuss about it than the climbers) who emerged from the valley, and who did or did not wear his hat. On the fifth day I saw him distinctly without it as he was stumping across the bridge. I was alone at the time, and I plunged down to meet him; but he carried no message to us. And who could be cross with a gentle old person on a hot day, who had inadvertently removed his cap to mop his brow?

"But for safety's sake wear it the rest of the way," I urged. Vivia was roaming aloft, and I momentarily expected her to land on our necks from the precipice. Indeed, I saw her, through my glasses, looking down on him through hers. She was unconscious of my espionage, however; and I also saw her throw herself upon the ground in an abandonment of despair that she had grown too proud to manifest before us.

Of late it had been her wish to slip away from the villa, and it was all the more touching in that she bravely assumed a lightness of tone when she made her excuses for prowling alone. Sometimes, she claimed, she went after four-leaves; sometimes searching for a load of hay to wish upon, or a mullen-stalk to bend down; and once she admitted seeking out a calico horse that was sure to bring her luck. But always upon her return there was the stare of added consternation in her brown eyes, and on her lovely face there were traces of the dark hour among the hills, where doubt stalked with her as grim companion.

We never left Mon Bijou entirely alone when these tense days came on, not only that we might be in readiness to meet Upidee-Upida, but also that Vivia might find herself with a companion when she wished one. In her presence we carried ourselves as lightly as possible, and concocted hollow jokes, over which we laughed with that lack of immoderation generally accorded amateur theatricals. They were amateur jests. In our movements we were even more restricted, for it was seemingly impossible to do anything that was not a bad sign. The Illustrator sometimes sadly wondered why he didn't "commit" a good sign now and then.

It was rather pitiful to see him eying his silent motor-car, for we dared not travel any distance. During the early part of our stay we had motored even as high and as far as the pass of the Little Saint Bernard in the effort to whet Vivia's appetite for the upward trend. But her soul-stretching, along with the Illustrator's sketching, had shrunk to little

towns scattered through the Tarantaise, and toward the end the excursions were confined to leaping distances from Mon Bijou. After this review of his beloved car it was his custom to sigh heavily, then draw from his pocket his little note-book full of Don'ts, and set to studying it. I have heard him whispering them out:

"Don't hang your coat on the door-knob—result: brings trouble to family of knob.

"Don't pick up Vivia's side-comb if it drops from hair until wife or other third party, preferably a friend, has put foot on it (gently). Otherwise disappointment and sometimes death to Vivia.

"Don't—" but one might go on forever, and the note-book might have resolved itself into a tome, had not Vivia grown sick of signs herself. She threw off the yoke shortly after she had seen the evening star through glass, the while we were assuring her that it did not necessarily imply calamity. Then she walked to the open door and watched the night creep into our side of the world.

"We're up awfully high, aren't we?" she said. "Funny! When we first came I didn't feel any difference between that mountain and myself. I seemed to be in my natural environment. Now I know that I haven't been stretching up as I've gone through life, but stooping down. One can't be as miserable as I have been with a face upturned to the sun."

We muttered incoherent kindlinesses, and the Illustrator morally advised her to hitch her wagon to a star, in the effort to disguise his emotions.

"I thought it was hitched to a star," she replied, "but my star is mirrored in a mud-puddle, I fear."

"It wasn't—it isn't," I exclaimed, incoherently. "You will get one of the awards, of course."

She raised her eyes to the soft pink of the Glacier de la Vanoise. Although our valley was gray with the dusk, her features were tinged with the after-glow. "But is it an award, after all?" she asked. "Do I not lose my peaks of glory in the gaining of these things?" She caught her trembling lower lip and endeavored to be stern with it; but, as she bent over, the tears fell from her eyes and the storm broke. "What *are* my peaks of glory?" she cried in a great burst, and rushed from us.

"Stop!" called the Illustrator. "You are going out the wrong door!"

"I hate all those silly signs," came back to us from the mountain-patch. "I'm through with them forever."

"It's David Grace," I immediately declared upon her flight.

"It's David Grace," he answered, assertively, as though he had thought of it first.

But it was he who thought first of going to the telegraph-office the minute it was opened in the morning and summoning David. I did not think of it, as it was a dishonorable proceeding; yet I went with him, and Vivia, her face still blurred from tears, slept on.

At five in Savoy the world is for the peasantry. It is their rich privilege to drink the best of the day with their morning meal—at seven the wine of the air is gone, never to come in the same way again. We were bemoaning that we must make so practical this most perfect hour, yet, even as we wailed, a beautiful use of this most perfect hour began.

The beginning was David Grace himself, not reached by wire, but brought into instant communication with us as he descended from the hotel 'bus in the village street. David was tired, yet in spite of the night's trip down he had something about him which made us mentally uneasy. He suggested a war-horse. Short work was made of our greetings, and he crystallized his sentences that proclaimed us false friends for hiding her away and forcing him to snooping.

The Illustrator sought to curb his champings. We had not touched upon the wire that we were about to send him—we held this back—feeling that our unfeigned joy at seeing him was quite sufficient welcome for the moment. Yet he was untouched at our delight. He went on to other things.

"Does she know?"

"That you are coming? Not a word."

He shook his head. "No, no; of the decision."

"Oh, has it, has it—?" I asked, oracularly.

He breathed more easily. "Then she doesn't know. It will be announced to-

day. The wire will come soon. That idiotic friend of hers walks in the grass at the crack of dawn. She'll get the papers early."

Up till then we had been standing with waiting porters around us. Now David became conscious of them and, disregarding his luggage, if indeed he possessed any, moved away. "Where is she? I'm going to her."

We started up the hill because he—for the moment—was stronger than we were. Yet we were pretty strong.

"Grace," said the Illustrator, striding along with him as I ran, "you have discovered what the decision will be? Tell us now."

David halted to gaze at us in astonishment. "Yes, I heard—from a French journalist—last night—before the papers went to press. But, even so, do you mean to say that you, knowing her, hearing her sing, haven't guessed the end already?"

We hesitated and cleared our throats. We wished to be loyal to Vivia's voice; but why, if Vivia had won, was David Grace, worn by all-night travel, climbing our hill to claim what the French government had already appropriated?

And in that moment, as he quizzed us with his shrewd Yankee eyes, a curious change came over the young lover's face. The Illustrator afterward described it as a look of cunning; but I put it down as a mask to hide a deep resolve. Certainly we were agreed that Grace, for his own purposes, assumed this stony countenance.

"No, we don't know," replied the Illustrator, when the pause had become foolish. "But we've waited about as long as we're going to if you have the news."

David pressed his lips together and strode on silently.

"Tell us, tell us," I pleaded, trotting after him.

The Illustrator kept abreast. "If you think we've been enjoying ourselves sitting up on these fool peaks—" he roared.

The lover halted again. "I'll tell you this much. I'm going to reach that girl and make her promise to marry me before she receives the despatch if—if I have to walk to heaven to get her." His jaws shut like a snapping-turtle's, and on he went. This time we lingered.

"She's won," said the Illustrator.

"And he wants to get her first," said I, starting after the climbing youth.

"But don't you see," panted my companion, "she showed last night that she wants him. So it's all right, though he doesn't know it."

I kept going on up. "She has to learn first of her success. It's been her dream for years. All her ambitions will return to her after she finds out that she has won. Yet he will hold her to her promise. That jaw of his—mercy! And she an artist!"

My companion passed me. "I'll catch him; I'll let him know that if he doesn't tell her then we will."

I had not caught up myself before the bomb was thrown, but I heard the explosion. They were standing still again, facing each other, and both had a good deal to say, but Grace was ceaseless. "Give me this chance—I deserve one—you'll never understand, but give me this chance— I'm not throwing bouquets at myself—but trust me now—why, good Lord, we're pals—you ought to know me pretty well—it's for her good—you'll never understand, perhaps—but you'll see her happy—remember, you two are happy—I don't butt in—I promise if the wire gets in there ahead of me I'll let her choose."

There was a quivering honesty about him as he glared into the eyes of his friend that made us weaken, even though he still wore his impenetrable mask. The Illustrator stepped back and pointed up the road. "Go on; it's Mon Bijou; go on; you—" Even if he thought him a sneak, and even if he said it, Grace had passed from his hearing, but I think the sentence ended in a sob.

He was waiting in the little arbor away from the road when I went to Vivia's room; but she had seen him when he came in, so that I had no surprise for her. She was very white, but she betrayed no other agitation beyond leaving her hat on the bed when she went down to see him. A hat on the bed is very bad luck, and with her unobservance of this omen I felt that a new Vivia descended to greet her lover.

The Illustrator and I sat on the front steps as being as far away from them as possible. Our breakfast was set in the arbor and we could smell the coffee, but

we were too wretched to care. David had failed us in fineness, and our Vivia was going over to him. Yet she did not go easily. We could hear her rich, sonorous voice ring out in occasional fragments above the steady stream of his pleading: "But it has been my life, David—how can I change so quickly?—and I might win yet, then I would have to—" and once, with anguish, "Yes, I *am* sick of it," and once again, "No, I'm not a fighter. I've found that out—I'm just an ordinary girl."

"He's winning," I whispered.

The Illustrator lifted his head, chin in his collar, that he might somberly nod. But as his eyes met the level of the lower road they dilated so suddenly that I followed them anxiously with my own. And there came the deliverer, old Upidee-Upida, just on the hairpin turn below—and his hat was in his hand! Even as we saw him Grace's voice rose for an instant, not entirely triumphant, yet full, assured.

"He's got her," said my companion, grimly.

"She's got it," I replied, torn between joy and rage.

"Now if Upidee can make it—" We leaned forward with our glasses trained upon him, and our spines strained as one lifts a horse over a water-gap. Our next discovery was simultaneous, which unity of understanding is the easing of the connubial yoke. We put down our glasses to look at each other, put them up again to make sure, put them down once more to read a further meaning in each other's eyes. For the telegraph-boy came *not* as victor! To be sure, his hat was in his hand, and now and then, according to agreement, he lifted it in lieu of waving, and dropped it heavily at his side. Once, twice, three times he hesitated as the brave man flinches to do hurt to another. And many times he shook his head.

"You think it?"

"I do."

"She's failed, by gracious!"

"Poor Upidee! He knows."

The old man came on with his heavy burden of grief—the grief that he had learned ahead of us—confined in the foolish envelope of blue. But our concentration on him lessened for the moment, and together we pieced out the machinations of David. Yes, David had known the night before in Paris that she had failed, but he so loved the child that he still hoped to keep it from her—and from her friends as well. He had put on the mask as his deceit grew deeper. For it was in the stern pride of the Yankee to shield his own.

The telegraph-boy grew nearer. We could discern his tremulous lips, his anxious eyes, his shaking hands. We went to meet him. He extended the despatch. "Oh, madame! Oh, monsieur!" he stumbled. "Ah, the *dommage!*"

From the arbor rang Vivia's laugh as Upidee had heard it when "Excelsior" was her watchword, and chiming in with her sounded the victorious note of David, David the able, the wise. We put instant faith in him for this next crisis.

"Smile, dear Upidee," we commanded. "Smile as you offer the telegram, and wave your hat, for that is the future husband of mademoiselle whom you hear with her, and somehow he will find a way."

And as they came around the little house they found the old telegraph-boy smiling and working his hat like a mad semaphore, up and down, and down and up. The girl stopped to stare at him. But David moved on.

"It has come, Vivia, and it is good news," he said, gently. He brought the message to her. "Read it if you wish, and if you wish it—I'll release you."

But Vivia, true to her type, was not to be outclassed in fine heroics. "It doesn't matter any more, but I'm glad my exit is so lovely. Yes, this is the better way," and, so saying, she tore the paper twice across and, unread, sent the "banner with the strange device" floating out upon the morning.

"Now I'll never know what opera-house I drew," she said to him, "and I don't care. But you must send them word that I've withdrawn—and tell them, too, of our engagement."

"I have. I announced you were to marry me last night. It's in all the morning papers," said David, calmly.

Then Upidee-Upida, an old man suddenly made rich, stumped back to the village, but the lovers climbed the heights together—and we went in to breakfast.

Miss Dalrymple's Hour

BY MARIE MANNING

THE letter had come at breakfast, and Lydia, having read it between sips of her fragrant coffee, had not been in the least aware that her expression harbored a suggestion of resignation as she went to her mother's room for the first of those conferences that, with interruptions for naps, rests, and the advent of the masseuse, pretty well took up the whole forenoon. It had grown increasingly difficult, as the years crept on, to keep things from the invalid, whose powers of divination had intensified till they amounted to a species of clairvoyance. The huge four-poster with its pillows, great and small, was like a billowing sea that all but engulfed the little shriveled woman with the glittering black eyes and pink-ribboned cap who lay there, marooned. In a jiffy old Mrs. Dalrymple had the history of her daughter's letter, and surmised the little drama of temptation and renunciation. The old lady had the trick of "catching" with the relentlessness of a trap every glance, gesture, or attempted reservation that found its way into her presence-chamber, and she had not been misled that morning by Lydia's high note of cheerfulness.

It seemed that Mrs. Carey wanted Lydia to chaperon her daughter in Washington during some sort of expedition that had been got up by a church organization of which the girl was a member. There would be an official chaperon, of course, but Mrs. Carey did not care to intrust her young daughter to so general a social custodian, and the trip would be out of the question, as far as Elizabeth was concerned, unless Miss Dalrymple would consent to go with her.

A proposition so monstrous could have come only from a new acquaintance; one ignorant of the duties involved in constant attendance on a lady whose sole profession was that of being ill. It was, however, but another illustration of the crass success of those who rush in with a greater courage than the angels. Old Mrs. Dalrymple, lightly brushing aside the devotion of her daughter for the past twenty-five years as a trifle easily replaced, ordered her to go. The pink ribbon bow on the lace cap bobbed intermittently as she issued orders from the four-poster with the authority of a captain from the bridge.

"You are to go, Lydia; I positively desire it. Send for Sister Clara to take charge of me—I shall enjoy hearing about St. Faith's, and if they've decided to let them have candles at the services and instal confessionals in the new church."

"But mamma dear, can you spare me—?"

"My dear Lydia, I need a change—every one needs a change—and I'm getting a little tired of your French court ladies and their everlasting memoirs. Sister Clara and her delightful high-church ways will be so refreshing."

If her mother had declared an intention of going in her place, she could not have more thoroughly astonished her daughter or set her wondering if this placid perversity did not mask some grim secrecy of purpose. At all events, it warranted the doctor's immediate presence. It appeared that the casual dismissal of her daughter's services was not indicative of a single bad symptom, and on the invalid's responding valiantly to both pulse and thermometer tests, there was really nothing for Miss Dalrymple to do but to pack her trunk. She was to go to Washington, she who had never been a hundred miles from the little Indiana village where she had been born. It was too wonderful.

It had been the secret ambition of Miss Dalrymple's life, as furtively set forth in her diary, "to exert an influence"—a deeply penetrant influence—on affairs that should have their inception in her little faded drawing-room, and their profoundly significant results at the ends of the earth. She had made a study of politics—but, for that matter, of what had

she not made a study? Her energies were volcanic, she rode at life as if it had been an obstacle-race, and if she sometimes fell, her spirit always landed her again in the saddle, pressing forward gallantly. There is no telling where this unquenchable force, allied to an industry equally remarkable, might not have landed her had not Miss Dalrymple ridden her race encumbered by a handicap that practically settled matters in advance.

Her mother belonged to that old school of invalidism, now happily all but extinct, that "enjoyed poor health" with rapture. She was charmingly decorative; her faded aspect of perfect distinction had a household value equal to that of a bit of priceless porcelain. She had swooned dutifully on all the proper occasions in her youth, and when swooning was no longer compatible with the best feminine ideals, she had taken to becoming negligées at an age when most women are still resolutely girlish. Perhaps the one subject on which Miss Dalrymple's busy mind had never speculated was her mother. She had accepted her, at her father's death, as an inviolable trust; she had renounced the lover whose attitude toward the maternal vocation was not wholly sympathetic, and had adjusted her life to that grim daily phrase, "Mother's health."

It was the little case of books in Miss Dalrymple's private sitting-room that held her tremendous secrets. From this bit of excellent Sheraton, with its delicately latticed panes, she lived on the amplest terms with life, rejecting intercourse with any but the very greatest. Memoirs, lives, letters, were so many straws, all blowing the same way. The little spinster's choice of literature was a naïve confession of her choice of life, if election had been remotely possible, but since her doom might be said to have been sealed in advance of her birth, she lived a splendidly vicarious existence in the world of letters. To be a magnificent figurehead, lashed to the ship of state for the world to gaze at, would have been an irksome rôle to Lydia Dalrymple; but to have to tea a Cabinet minister, one who, trusting implicitly in her powers of discretion, would have confided in her a "state secret"—that would have been a destiny for which she would have gone cheerfully to the stake. And exemplary as her own life had been, she could never find it in her heart to be anything but lenient to those frail ladies who, giving a deft turn to the steering-gear of state, had made history obliquely.

At forty-five, the year in which her hour finally struck, Lydia Dalrymple was a little woman with a well-modeled face that across the breadth of the room looked almost youthful, but on closer inspection proved to be etched all over with a multitude of fine lines, each drawn with the free dexterity of a master. It was the old case of the prophet being without honor in his own country; but what could have been expected of a town that unblushingly called itself Pygmalionville, and accorded her, as a sole claim to distinction, the doubtful one of having rejected a lover who had since made a substantial place for himself in politics.

The journey eastward—swift, plushy, and full of the heavy Sunday-dinner cheer of modern travel—was a revelation to the little lady whose limit of adventure up to the present had consisted of a day trip to her State's capital. She was disappointed that the claims of preparation, cropping up as they did at the eleventh hour, should have prevented her young charge and herself from making the magnificent composite start with the organization which set forth from one of the larger towns with the air of being incorrigibly on pleasure bent. Miss Dalrymple, whose knowledge of "trips" was vague and acquired wholly through the medium of literature, persisted in regarding the undertaking as a classic enterprise—a latter-day setting forth of the Canterbury pilgrims, as it were, with the advantage of modern conveniences. It was to be a progress duly arranged in advance, by proper authority, vouched for by letters of introduction, signed and sealed by the best tradition.

The shock of the reality, encountered in all its chattering gregariousness, at a third-rate hotel—a model of sprightly shoddiness in its way—was staggering. In the seclusion of Pygmalionville, where refinement was carried to such heights of rarefaction as almost to defy the powers of human respiration, she had never encountered the type — genial, haphazard, plunging into intimacy before the for-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'M DELIGHTED YOU'RE GOING TO THE SUPREME COURT"

malities of introduction were over. At the end of twenty-four hours her place in the expedition seemed to have settled into the rôle of middle-aged lady who could be called upon at any time to fasten or unfasten dresses that buttoned up the back. It was the tourists' sole occupation, apparently, within-doors, to button and unbutton these inconveniently devised gowns, and to eat candy out of boxes. They had no reserves, no conversation beyond loose personalities; worse, no knowledge of French history or sprightly court memoir. Such mental laxity, to a lady who had burned her midnight oil in and out of season against a potential mental eclipse, seemed little short of criminal.

In Washington she realized for the first time that there was no demand for her immense "preparation." In fact, her co-travelers, who had had no preparation at all, seemed to enjoy themselves riotously in their way, which was simply to drop a jaw at everything, and, like the heathen of the Hymnal, bow down to wood and stone. They hadn't an aspiration beyond the municipal pile, if the statistics that accompanied it were sufficiently spectacular. The young man with the megaphone thrilled them delightfully with the number of government clerks that worked in each building daily, or the sum it cost, or the number of pounds of mortar used in its construction, data which seemed to fill some long-felt craving of their innermost being. This was the Washington they had dreamed of—a city of public buildings, of bronze heroes restraining madly curveting bronze horses, of innocently sportive fountains; while to Miss Dalrymple's more acute sensibilities there was in these snatched glances from the tops of sight-seeing wagons a confession of social outlawry analogous to pressing a hungry face to a dining-room window.

In the seclusion of Pygmalionville she had not questioned the social integrity of the organization under whose auspices she was "seeing Washington." Frankly, she knew nothing of such things; they were beyond her world of memoir. It was unthinkable, however, that an association engaged in such an enterprise should lack credentials that would have made this frank peep-show scrutiny as repellent to them as it was to her. Only a sense of duty to her friend's daughter kept her aloft on the unspeakable car; but before each upward flight she would remove embroidered initials and similar marks of identification, so that in case of accident Miss Dalrymple of Pygmalionville, Indiana, might, by the grace of God, escape recognition.

The reward that came to her, in the last throes of her immolation, when for the better part of a week she had sat aloft, a dutiful but rebellious target for the megaphone-marksman's broadside of desiccated facts, would have been impossible in any city but Washington, which, despite its latter-day influx of millionaires, diplomats, and official conventions, has not wholly lost its Southern sense of hospitality. The young megaphone-man had too lately come from Virginia to have acquired an "r" in his vocabulary, or that glacial indifference to the wants of lady passengers characteristic of those who have to do with public vehicles. The secret chivalric motto he had assumed on leaving his native Culpeper Courthouse and taking his place behind the verbal horn of plenty was, "We aim to please"—pronouncing the preposition in good Virginia style, as if it were part of the foot. And the young man, despite the callousing effects of professional didacticism, tried like a knight of old to live up to the device.

His jolting discourse culminated at the house of a lady, long the *pièce de résistance* of the Capital City, the fairy godmother, so to speak, of this lusty national hobbledehoy. Madame von Erichsen was an American of European birth and education who discovered the town after her marriage to a young attaché ordered there from Madrid. It was not, at that remote period, as it is to-day. Then young people, as is their habit, had been addicted to munching queer things at queer times. And their comedy of manners was a heartier affair than the present generation wots of. Madame von Erichsen sailed away with her husband, to return only when widowhood had made her choice of a permanent home optional. It is safe to say that hers was the house in which "culture" first came to the rescue of afternoon calls, and it was here, too, that a good many of the national elbows learned

to conceal themselves beneath becoming drapery. She had an eye for pictures, and kindly but firmly led the town from the anecdotal art of the Corcoran Gallery; and lastly, she taught it the value of "atmosphere." Her studio had become a sort of national academy of leisure where, it is to be feared, more posing was done than pictures painted.

At this house Lydia Dalrymple found herself looking with intense interest, the first that Washington had evoked. Here was a home in which were at work those magically subtle influences that made up the nectar and ambrosia of life. Here—and Lydia was swept with the pious emotion that she might have felt before the doors of the Hôtel Rambouillet — began those imperceptible eddies that grew and grew, and whirled up "history"—Heaven only knows what was not whirled up, in the excited imagination of Miss Dalrymple! It was the real thing at last! For Madame von Erichsen's name was not wholly unsung, even in Pygmalionville. She furnished an amazing amount of copy for the lorgnette school of journalism, columns of which had to be read to the arch-invalid in the four-poster at home. Furthermore, from out the mists of family tradition it appeared that Madame von Erichsen and Lydia's mother had had one and the same ancestress.

"Wasn't her great-grandmother a Miss Sarah Spencer, of Pygmalionville, Indiana?" inquired Miss Dalrymple. It was her first remark that morning.

"Can't say, I'm sho' — but hit's no trouble to find out." And to her petrified amazement she saw the young man from Culpeper Court-house leap from the car, mount the steps, press the bell. His device, "We aim to please," being wholly figurative, did not float on his banner, like a knight's of old, but it ought to have done so. Miss Dalrymple, lashed to her post, prayed for a reversal of Litany clemencies; she prayed for "battle, murder, and sudden death," or, as a second choice, an earthquake that would engulf her on the box-seat of this recreation-car, falsely so called.

And then happened one of those wholly unaccountable things that, despite a lessening of the national appetite for platitude, will always preserve such "ready-to-wear" styles of speech as "Truth is stranger than fiction." Madame von Erichsen, on her way to the studio to show some people her new Monet, heard the young man from Culpeper Court-house inquire about her great-grandmother from Pygmalionville, Indiana.

Pygmalionville—? Could anything be more deliciously American? No. not even the Monroe doctrine itself. She had not thought of the name in years. A glance beyond the young man revealed the devouring eyes in the sight-seeing car, tier on tier of them, each turned toward her door with the palpitating expectancy of a child of the last generation awaiting the flight of the mythical bird from the eye of the camera.

Madame von Erichsen's practised eye, long schooled in social appraisement, sized the situation: "Some venturesome soul from the old Indiana town seeing the capital under the wing of a church society. It would be delightful—" And the lady, who years before had taken the advice of Emerson and written "whim" upon the lintel of her door, made up her mind. Moreover, the episode would illustrate beautifully a point she had been making to the ambassador in their discussion of socialism—drawing-room socialism, socialism from the big end of the opera-glass.

"Invite them in," she said to the megaphone soloist — "yes, all of them, and especially the lady from Pygmalionville."

They needed no second invitation—not even Miss Dalrymple. They were on their feet, out on the pavement, up the steps, into the hall, with an alacrity that hinted at a run on a bank the doors of which might be closed at any moment. The rush, successfully accomplished, showed an uneasy tendency to huddle about the skirts of Miss Dalrymple, who, crisp of outline, alert, sure of herself, stood out from them as detached as a well-bred collie that brings the sheep to pasture. They heard to the right and left of them potent names, names that conveyed a curiously heady sense of being in the thick of things important—even national. "To look about the drawing-room was like turning over a book of political cartoons," one young lady, without conscious satire, wrote to her mother that night. It was a delightful and awful quarter of an hour, complicated by such



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

DELAYING HER FOR A PRECIOUS MOMENT WHILE HER LATE COMPANIONS DEFILED PAST

weakly human emotions as regret at not having worn best hats.

A similar modeling of profile and sweep of eyebrow in both Lydia and her hostess hinted at the likelihood of some remote Indian forebear, some primitive philosopher who had given to each the secret of wresting a generous measure of life and serenity of mind from wherever the tribal gods elected to pitch their individual tepees. They clasped hands as friends who have long waited for each other, and the freemasonry of the spirit shone from the eyes of each.

It was only the reassuring cordiality of Madame von Erichsen that accomplished the disintegration of that perturbed covert of sight-seers, abetted, doubtless, by that unwritten law of the national capital, that "the queerer the caller the more important the constituent." At least their hostess was mingling the diverse social elements with an art little short of chemical. She was more than repaid for her whimsical little adventure by the discovery of Miss Dalrymple, no fiber of whose personality escaped her. The old-young face with its interesting wrinkles, the flavor of youth without its immaturity — how had Pygmalionville produced her, or kept her, and, accomplishing these marvels, why had it not quenched her incandescent spark? By every law of social calculation she belonged to larger and more cosmopolitan orbits. She ought to have sat in a time-mellowed drawing-room in the Faubourg St.-Germain, with portraits in pedantically tarnished frames, looking down while she chatted with a minister of state or a worldly-wise old abbé. But here she was, "seeing Washington," under the auspices of Heaven only knew what queerness.

"London would have recognized her, and put her thankfully on its dinner-list," speculated Madame von Erichsen, recalling certain heroic amazons of the mahogany, mighty pot-hunters in the wide world of culture who nightly retrieve and bring to board the most remotely precious of verse, the most pathological of plays, the momentary equivalent of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and mad Old World religions, even before they are brought to Boston. But Madame von Erichsen apparently was not alone in her discovery; the ambassador was discussing his new book with Miss Dalrymple, and he did not do that with every one. He was unsparingly adept in evading lovely ladies who would be "intellectual" at any price, his blandness and firmness beautifully conveying regret at having left his purse at home, and deprecatingly offering a box of sweets as a substitute. So if Lydia was getting fact instead of flattery from the great man, she might be accredited, at least, with potential arrival.

The rooms were filling rapidly, thickening into a crush. Lydia had completely forgotten her fellow-tourists, who had decided to make the most of it and inspect the whole house. The guest who was talking directly behind her was apparently swept off her feet by the news she had to tell her friend; her voice rose above the hum high and nervous. "And to think, my dear, we're not going to get into the Supreme Court, after all; it's too dreadful of the President, after he held out such hopes—and our term expires the 4th of March, and there's nothing but to go back to Idaho and leave that lovely Massachusetts Avenue house, where the rugs all fit the rooms and the curtains match, and they'll all be too big for the Boise City house, and I just can't stand it. I've been with a mental healer all afternoon and I don't feel a bit better."

"Who's to get it—the Supreme Court, I mean?" inquired the confidante, waving aside the wealth of detail.

"Senator Prime. Did you ever hear of such a thing? The Supreme Court is no place for a bachelor; it ought to go to a family man."

Lydia fell back from the pair. She had not meant to hear, yet the knowledge gave her an odd throb of triumph. Prime had gone far, farther than she had expected when, pointing out to her the numbing influence of Pygmalionville, she had made her choice between him and her mother. Here was her "state secret" at last, one intimate, close, out of the beautiful perspective of her early youth. The knowledge of these great happenings, touching her own life even remotely, thrilled her with a divine fire. At this moment of consecration her young friend, Elizabeth Carey, inquired "if it wasn't

almost time for the obliging young man with the sight-seeing car to return."

Unconsciously, Miss Dalrymple's hand sought the back of the chair near which she was standing. The question set her falling, falling through abysses, down to a nightmare bottomless pit. The sight-seeing wagon, the tourists, the silly league they belonged to, had been wiped from her consciousness as completely as though they had never been. It was the midnight hour beginning to strike for Cinderella — even as she parleyed she could see in imagination her coach and six change into the unspeakable sight-seeing car at the door. She turned for a word of farewell to her hostess—at least she demonstrated she was not a bungling amateur in the social orchestra; she had touched with steady, capable fingers the fine instrument set before her for the first time; she had been witty, varied, vivid, her range many-octaved; the years of her immense preparation had not been unavailing, even if the occasion to play well never came again. She had proved herself an acceptable candidate for the little republic of the elect. In future Pygmalionville should occupy its proper geographical position in her life—a land of chance exile.

The glow in her cheeks and eyes had burned away a decade of dull, gray years. She was not very unlike the Lydia Dalrymple that had refused her lover and courageously accepted her mother's invalidism as she and Madame von Erichsen exchanged a smile of appreciation at the adventure of the afternoon.

"I want you to meet a man from your own State—Senator Prime."

In a sharpened flash of consciousness Lydia discerned this wraith of her youth, large, bland, poured to overflowing into the mold that convention has decreed shall hold the successful "statesman." A pulse in her bosom rose at sight of him—even as her unquenchable spirit of comedy presented him, the lean, towering George Prime of yesterday, reflected, as it were, on the surface of a convex mirror.

"We are friends, old friends," was his acknowledgment of the introduction. He said it as if charging legions and legions of opposing counsel to deny it. He talked to her as if he were addressing gentlemen of the jury; his frock-coat hung ample as if at any moment it might metamorphose into the silk gown awaiting him; he was of the very essence of the law.

She heaped together these magnificences — manner, gesture, diction, and impending gown—and fired at them her shot: "I'm delighted you're going to the Supreme Court."

His dumfounded look, that answered her hitting of the bull's-eye, gave her the reins of the situation; to the best of his belief, no one knew but the President, his unsuccessful rival, and himself.

"I didn't know—I didn't know—" he floundered. Something of the majesty of the law seemed to have departed.

"That the tip was so general?" She presented it neat and colloquial. "Rest assured, *I'm* not general. This — this sort of thing has always interested me. I make a point of keeping up with it."

He had no reply for this audacity; she was too amazing. "If she could manage this sort of thing in Pygmalionville, what might she not have done with him!" Then he noticed the quick, the painful change that had come over her, but he did not see, as she saw, the shambling, inchoate mass, waiting to pay its social toll in phrase of stenciled amiability. The thought of fusing herself with these before George Prime was intolerable. She had counted on herself all these years for anything but his pity, and yet it apparently was going to crown the most delightful hour of her life. But again Madame von Erichsen interposed, laying a detaining hand on Lydia, and delaying her for a precious supplementary moment, while her late companions ignobly defiled past her. Then, alone, Miss Dalrymple made her exit with the dignity that had inspired every action of her life.

Industrial Research

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INDUSTRIAL research is as many-faceted as a diamond. I might present its effect upon specific industries, its influence upon agriculture, its triumphs in the conservation of waste, its relation to the tariff, its opportunities for young men, its trials and its difficulties, or any one of many other phases that we might examine by the hour. Mainly, however, I wish to present something of its fascination and of its romance.

There is a never-to-be-forgotten book that tells us how, away back in the Middle Ages, a youthful Messer Marco Polo, with his father and his uncle, traveled through years of crimson sunsets and amber sunrises to the regions of far Cathay, and he who reads this book, whether man or boy, lays it down with a gulp of sorrow that such days are no more to be. Those days are gone. Gone are Kublai Khan and Prester John, with all the fret and business of the millions of lives that accompanied them in their strenuous and, I am afraid, destructive march across the world of their day; gone with them, too, are the practices of their time and their fancies, customs, and beliefs. So far, indeed, are they mellowed by the distance of a thousand years that we look at them as enveloped in a golden haze of romance—and as a corollary our sigh confesses that now, in these gray days, romance is dead. But alas for our judgment! the golden haze of the years has given us but a Turner's landscape of that old day. The romance was there, shining, vivid, real, but not the romance of the obliterating veil of time; it was as it is and ever will be, the romance of untrodden ways, the romance of an unguessed to-morrow.

Whoever will but follow Messer Marco in his wanderings will discover that what beyond all things else interested his discerning and discriminating young eyes and ears was not the myths and fancies that he chronicles, but all matters of new and curious and useful fact. Notice his genuine pleasure in killing the myth of the Salamander, which, he tells us, "is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but a substance found in the earth," which is taken and pounded and washed until it divides "as it were into fibers of wool," and is then spun into fire-resisting napkins—in other words, asbestos. He tells us of camphor and the growing thereof, but we may be sure that he would have been actively, vividly interested in the way in which we now control the monopoly of this same camphor through our ability to conjure it up out of turpentine by juggling the very atoms of matter. In words that might be used to-day, he describes in detail the manufacture of indigo from the indigo plant, but would his interest not have intensified into admiration and respect could he but have divined how the Germans (the *Tedeschi* of his day) would implacably in our day threaten the very existence of this product of the East, by synthesizing it, genuine, pure, and blue, out of the mere material of moth-balls? He loves the ruby, and he tells us curious stories of the ruby-mines and of the miners, but I can imagine him standing by the furnace of M. Paquier, of Paris, watching fascinated as the molten ruby builds itself up out of material from the common alum of the druggist — rubies just as veritable in their composition, just as generous in their fire, as any of which he tells us from Burma or from Samarcand.

Industrial research has to-day all the glamour that ever obtained in any age of romantic interest — the daily travel along untrodden and always difficult and sometimes dangerous ways, the formulation of myths and fancies of visions that

lurk in the gloomy background of our ignorance, the daily encounter of a strange flora and fauna of new and useful facts, and at the journey's end the possible pot of gold. In order to show this, I wish, first and very briefly, to review a few of the activities of the great International Congress of Applied Chemistry which recently concluded its sessions in New York.

We all know rubber, and some of us can make rueful acknowledgment of its necessity and of its cost. The fact that the very dust of the streets of New York contains a notable quantity of rubber. is merely an alternative way of saying that, the world over, rubber has a yearly utilization worth two hundred and fifty million dollars. The continuous acceleration in the demand for motor-vehicles, an acceleration which in our day we have not even imagination enough to limit, has been met so far by the manufacturer of rubber out of the milky sap of various trees and shrubs, by the establishment of enormous rubber plantations over the tropical belt, and by the forcing of rubber production in the countries of its origin through the perpetration of atrocities from which even a Cortés or a Pizarro would turn his face in shame. The discussion, therefore, in the International Congress of this great contemporary triumph of the commercial synthesis of rubber has had to every one a transcendent interest.

The fact that to-day rubber may be made synthetically, and that the synthetic product is in every way strictly comparable with natural rubbers, and that it may be made commercially into automobile-tires and into all the multiform objects of rubber manufacture, has been verified by many chemists working independently, and is positively beyond dispute. Our interest in this wonderful achievement is enhanced by the fact that it required the labors of many men, of many kinds of men, and of different races of men.

Let us contrast synthetic rubber with synthetic indigo. The commercial synthesis of indigo was accomplished after a Kitchener-like advance, in which each step at a time was buttressed and battlemented by co-ordinated facts until the summit was attained and the fortress was won—it was an irresistible march of the horse, foot, and artillery of scientific endeavor. The attack upon rubber, on the other hand, recalls nothing so much as the raid of the adventurers accompanying Cortés into the wilds of Mexico. Ludicrously few in number and ill-equipped save with a dauntless spirit, they plunged desperately into a wilderness absolutely unknown and denizened by countless thousands of a malignant and disciplined enemy; yet they conquered Mexico. The conquest of Mexico was incredible, it was *unreasonable,* to the military tactician; so is the conquest of rubber incredible to the tactician of scientific research.

The significance of this may be made plain when it is said that even to-day *we do not know what rubber is.* It is true that Professor Harries has proposed a constitutional formula which expresses with fair consistency some of the facts of rubber, but it leaves other facts still unexplained, and it leaves still unaccounted for the existence, not of rubber, but of rubbers—Para rubber alone exists in three forms. The attack upon rubber succeeded because of the accidental discovery by the attacking party of a fortalice which had been left open for fifty years.

In 1860 an Englishman, Greville Williams, isolated from the destructive distillation of rubber a colorless liquid now named *isoprene.* He discovered that this liquid on standing became viscid, and that on subsequent distillation it became hardened to a white, spongy mass. We know now that in that mass was rubber. In 1875 a Frenchman, G. Bourchardat, believed, but could not prove, that the molecules of isoprene polymerized—*i. e.,* intercombined through rearrangement—into rubber. In 1882 Sir William Tilden actually prepared rubber from isoprene by treating it with hydrochloric acid, *but he could not repeat his experiments;* while in 1892 he discovered that some old specimens of isoprene, obtained from turpentine, had converted themselves into rubber without his help! In 1907 a German, Fritz Hofmann, converted isoprene into rubber by methods which anybody could repeat, and in 1910, and with a dramatic coincidence, Harries, of Holland, and Matthews, an Englishman,

independently discovered, and for no legitimate reason except that they were "just trying everything," that a small quantity of metallic sodium by its mere presence could carry isoprene over into rubber in quantitative proportions. About the same time it was discovered that other substances, analogous to isoprene, *homologues* as they are called, derivatives of *butadiene,* were capable of a similar metamorphosis.

In 1910, then, in consequence of these decades of work and happy chance, scientific freebooters that could get to isoprene, or its like, could go to rubber, and they have rapidly been arriving by different routes. The necessity of the situation is, of course, a cheap raw material. Some start from turpentine, others from fusel-oil, still others from starch, and much may be said as a starting-point in rubber synthesis for petroleum. As the upshot, it may certainly be said that synthetic rubber will soon be on the market in competition for the rubber demand, at first timidly and tentatively, but ultimately, we may be sure, it will play with natural rubber in the markets of the world an equal rôle.

Another phase of the methods of industrial research, equally interesting but widely different, appears in the successful commercial synthesis of ammonia as presented before the same congress by Professor Bernthsen. All the world now knows that we are able to draw upon the infinite reservoir of atmospheric nitrogen that envelops us, and to transform it into the fertilizing substances of agriculture and into the many manufactured substances of nitrogenous character necessary to our civilization.

Through the manufacture from atmospheric nitrogen of cyanamides by Frank and Caro, of nitrates and nitrites by Birkeland and Eyde, and of the nitrides by Serpek and others, the world has unquestionably been saved from a gradual but inevitable famine through the approaching exhaustion of the niter-beds of Chili. This work has been accomplished during the present century, but it is already history. Most people, however, have no appreciation of the enormous yearly acceleration of demand for nitrogenous material for its uses in agriculture. Notwithstanding the present utilization of 500,000 horse-power in the production of Norwegian nitrates, of 2,500,000 tons of niter removed this year from Chili, of 1,181,000 tons of ammonium sulphate produced in industry, and of the unknown but large quantities of cyanamide manufactured, the ever-increasing demand for fixed nitrogen is rising on the steepest gradient. Consequently, then, this new discovery, signalized by Professor Bernthsen, the commercial synthesis of ammonia from its elements nitrogen and hydrogen, is of grateful acceptance to a needy world. I cite this discovery, for the practice of which suitable factories are now rising on the banks of the Rhine, for the purpose of contrasting it with the synthesis of rubber. If the conquest of rubber was due to sheer audacity, the conquest of ammonia is due to what can hardly be otherwise called than the folly of the wise.

In 1908, if there was any fact that seemed ascertained as indubitable, it was that nitrogen and hydrogen positively would not and could not combine in any industrial sense to form ammonia. The fact that *a priori* they might presumably be supposed to form this combination had led to some thirty years of fruitless endeavor characterized by the utmost accuracy and subtlety of investigation. In 1905 Professor Haber, armed with all the weapons of modern physico-chemical research, was able to obtain only 0.02 parts of ammonia from a mixture of nitrogen and hydrogen that corresponded to 100 parts. As this discouraging fact happened to collide with a favorite theorem of Nernst, this great master of research himself exhaustively reinvestigated the problem with results still lower than Haber's, a fact which Nernst solemnly said was very regrettable, for otherwise one might really have thought of a commercial synthesis of the two elements. With this final investigation, then, it was "thumbs down" for the subject; it was finished, exhausted, dead. Still, Haber had a "feeling" that the technical synthesis of ammonia from its elements could be rendered possible, and this mere "feeling" led him to the great manufacturing firm of the "Badische," which supported it with its vast resources for experimentation—a fact over which American manufacturers might well pon-

der. It is to be understood that this "feeling" which possessed Haber was not the obsession of an ignorant dreamer, but was actually the expression of a faith that lay deeper than reason on the part of one who knew, possibly better than any one else from the standpoint of reason, its folly. His success, for of course he won, illustrates most appositely the history of many an important discovery that found its realization through a faith expressed in "works," the result of intensity and persistence.

The industrial results of his work are briefly these: Dry, pure nitrogen and hydrogen *will* combine to ammonia under a pressure of 200 atmospheres and a temperature of about 500° C., if the resulting ammonia is absorbed in the cycle of reaction and if the gas-mixture is passed over suitable contact substances. The requisites of success were discovered to be the finding of certain contact-agents, the discovery of certain substances which in minute quantities accelerated the action of these contact-agents—"promoters," as they are called—and the stern elimination of certain other substances that acted as "poisoners" to the reaction. It seems to be fairly well ascertained that at a height of about forty-three miles the atmosphere consists of nitrogen and hydrogen (with a minute trace of oxygen) in just the proportions to form ammonia. We are, however, saved from any romantic undertaking to draw these upper airs down to us by the fact that nitrogen everywhere envelops us, hydrogen is year by year cheaper owing to the evolution of new commercial processes, and the cost of their union has been demonstrated to be wholly within the limits of commercial practicability.

Another fascinating phase of research lies in the sudden emergence into discovery of valuable results unguessed and unexpected. In this connection let me cite a paper by Dr. Weintraub, of the General Electric Company, reviewing his work on elemental boron. It will serve as well to illustrate how the properties of an elemental substance depend to an astonishing degree upon its purity—that an element is like a plate of glass, the merest smudge on which utterly destroys its quality. When Weintraub had prepared boron, not merely pure, but *pure,* there emerged a wholly unexpected relation between temperature and its electrical resistance. To become specific and concrete, a certain strip of boron was discovered to show a resistance of 775,000 ohms at 27° C., of 7 ohms at 520° C., and a small fraction of an ohm at 1,000° C.; this means simply that a minute change in temperature is registered by boron in an enormous change in its electrical resistance. The ultimate use of this fact is not yet apparent, but it will be of increasing and valuable application.

As with boron, so with iron; when it is pure, sublimately pure, it shows a temperament hitherto unrecognized; it shows, in fact, among other curious qualities, that it can respond with amazing rapidity to changes in magnetism. One consequence of this fact was shown in concrete form before the congress by Professor Duisberg, in a motor which, if made of regulation iron, would have yielded 0.5 horse-power, but which made of iron perfectly pure yielded a horse-power two and a half times as much.

Other unguessable discoveries appear in the new alloys—combinations of steel with chromium and molybdenum that will withstand the action of acids, even of aqua regia, and capable, of course, of enormous industrial application; others of steel with chromium, tungsten, and vanadium, or with silicon, or with manganese, out of which emerge properties most valuable for all kinds of specific purposes, and finally the latest alloy of all, a steel that can positively neither be drilled nor exploded nor cut with an oxy-hydrogen flame—a steel, in fact, from which the scientific safe-burglar can only turn in despair.

As we are dealing with the unguessed properties of the elements, consider the metal tungsten as reviewed by Fink, of the General Electric Company. This metal after years of intensive research is now being drawn daily into large quantities of wire, flexible and strong; but notice the sequence of its hitherto unguessed use. It turns out to be altogether superior to platinum as contact-points for spark-coils in automobiles, telegraph relays, and other devices; it may be used as tungsten gauze in acid liquids, as tungsten targets for improved

results in X-ray tubes, and one can see in the future tungsten pen-points, tungsten watch-springs, tungsten knife-blades, and so on, through innumerable uses. All such discoveries mentioned in this connection represent the placer-mining of research—the discovery of diamonds in the "blue-clay" of every-day endeavor.

Occasionally it happens in science that discovery lies not in secret places at the end of weary pilgrimages, but, like the gem which for years lay the plaything of a child on that South-African farm, actually and constantly presents itself unrecognized before our eyes.

Of such a character was the industrial importance of surface combustion that this year, through the visit of Professor Bone, received its American presentation. That hot surfaces promoted combustion of gases has been for years within the knowledge of everybody. It remained, however, for Professor Bone to demonstrate that by passing through a porous diaphragm a combustible gas mixed with its requisite amount of air, the gas could and would burn without flame at the surface of that diaphragm, with a large increase in its available temperature and with other and large advantages; or that such a mixture of gas and air injected up through fragments of refractory material would burn at the surface of such fragments, again without flame, and again with a largely increased temperature; and finally, that his process was capable of large-scale utilization in raising steam in multitubular boilers. In fact, it appears through this discovery of the obvious that for many years we have been grossly wasting, both in domestic and manufacturing operations, the available temperature of combustion.

Professor Bertrand, the representative of France in the congress, spoke of the rôle played by infinitely small quantities of chemical substances in biological chemistry. We have for many years accepted the idea that plants consist of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and we have grown to accept as well the idea that the only requisite plant-foods are nitrogen, potassium, and phosphorus. We have been supporting this idea for years, and in our very practical fashion, by contributing in an ever-increasing amount millions of dollars for fertilizing material containing these substances. It is true that revolt has recently been rampant. The Bureau of Soils at Washington has been contending that "fertilizer" has been in large measure merely a shibboleth of agricultural colleges and fertilizer companies, and that many other factors related to soils have an immense and even preponderating effect on plant growth—such as the physical properties of soils, or the existence or building-up in the soils of substances toxic to plant growth or of the presence there of toxic bacteria. Professor Bertrand's communication falls neatly in between the views of the contending parties. He shows, in fact, that in addition to the three or four elements ordinarily regarded as constituting the substance of a plant, there may be even thirty more elements out of the eighty-and-odd that we know; that these elements may exist in the plant in minute proportions, even to less than 1/100,000 of the plant's weight, but that nevertheless they play an important and necessary rôle in the plant's life or development.

As an example of this fact, Professor Bertrand found remarkable effects upon plant growth which followed the adding or withholding of minute quantities of manganese to the plant-food, and he was able to trace this element to the cause of its action. He found, in fact, that plants contain a certain organic substance, *laccase,* which through its mere presence in minute proportions causes in the plant the fixation of atmospheric oxygen. This *laccase,* however, is active only through its combination with minute quantities of manganese; hence manganese, in quantities however small, is a necessary physiological agent in plant life. But as with manganese, so with other elements; and as a consequence we see coming into immediate use a new form of fertilizer, "catalytic manures," which, added to the land in infinitesimal proportions, may reasonably be expected to increase materially the world's wealth through agriculture. Is not this "idol-breaking" of an old idea just as interesting to us as was the killing of the Salamander myth to Marco Polo? The extraordinary fashion in which science is dealing with plant life will certainly

in future years place in a parlous position the agriculturist of our traditions. Consider, for example, the lecture of Ciamician, in which he tells of his success in forcing plants to produce glucocides, which normally do no such thing; of forcing Indian corn to produce salicine; or, again, of his success in modifying the production of nicotine in the tobacco plant so as to obtain either an increase or a decrease of this alkaloid.

Consider the results which I have just obtained in a private communication from the experimental station at Rothamstead, of the power of common *toluene* to so sterilize soils of toxity that its application to the land results in a large increase of yield. It leads us to hope that we shall soon be able to obtain similar sterilizing substances from crude petroleum. Or consider the recently noted favorable action on soils of *creatinine* (the substance contained in muscle); or, again, the similar favorable effect from the introduction into soils of tartaric, citric, and other acids.

The foregoing paragraphs constitute a very few significances taken almost haphazard out of the numerous transactions of this great congress. One has but to "put in his thumb" anywhere to produce the fruit of some noble thought embodied in accurate experimentation and presented for the use of mankind. To demonstrate this, one finds Cottrell's beautiful development of a process for precipitating the noxious smelter-smoke of the ore-smelters of the West, and of the almost equally noxious cement-dust; and, again, Professor Perkins's benevolent research into the permanent fireproofing of cotton goods, without injury to fabric or color, through the utilization of salts of tin—a research which will in the future save the lives of numberless little children and the periodical recurrence of the holocaust of the theater. But out of the few significances that I have chosen have I not proved my thesis—that there are in industrial research matters of new and curious and useful import that arise from travel along untrodden ways, the fascinating results of an unguessed to-morrow, and at the journey's end not only the possible pot of gold, but, altogether more worthy than this, a valid excuse for living?—all, in truth, that that ancient traveler ever found in far Cathay, but a thousandfold intensified?

Of course, I have forgotten something. I have forgotten the afternoon tire in the garish light of the laboratories, the hard cot at night by the laboratory table, the broken experiments, and the heart-breaking disappointments to endeavor. But so did Marco Polo, for you will look in vain through all his glowing pages for the bitter cold of the morning camp, or the intolerable heat of the desert, or of the pain of insect pests, or of his sorrow at the loss of his goods—all forgotten in the retrospect of his wonderful journey.

I have written these few pages really for the student whose life work has not yet struck him with the bolt of conviction. If he is not afraid of the day's adventures, let him take his staff of courage and his scrip of knowledge and venture forth into these untrodden ways. If he feels that there remain no more worlds to conquer, let him begin by making lubricating oils that will not carbonize, or by saving the enormous waste of heat in the manufacture of cement, or by finding new uses for cobalt from the enormous cobalt residues of the far North, or for arsenic and sulphur which to-day are or could be produced in enormous quantities, or for stale bread; or let him find a really valid method of extracting copper from low-grade copper ores or tailings; let him make good soap from petroleum, or alcohol from natural gas; and when all these are accomplished, there are still a million more.

Memory Plays Us Tricks

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

"TELL it to me over again," Simon Rance said.

Old Asa Cruzan very deliberately rose from his chair, crossed the room to the stove, threw in the remaining sticks of fire-wood, then, even more deliberately, recrossed to his place at the table and sat down again. Simon Rance, the only man who had not, years since, accepted Asa's deliberation, drummed impatiently with sharp tickings of his nails upon the table-top. Until a month ago he had not seen Asa or the others for nearly fifty years.

Asa Cruzan cleared his throat. "Well, Simon," he said, "as I jest got through tellin' you—" The six heads bent closer together over the table. Though the story had been but just told, its repetition evidently was of import. "Well, Simon, it was about a quarter to three o'clock on the afternoon of July 3d, '63, that I seen you. That, you mind, was the third day of the battle of Gettysburg—"

At that moment the door was flung open and the proprietor of the Greenwood House entered. "Couldn't knock, boys—hands full," he puffed. He could not turn his head, but as he passed the table he rolled his black, twinkling eyes at the group, half in curiosity, half in amusement. To him this monthly meeting of the G. A. R. Post, from which he and all other outsiders were excluded, was half mystery and half joke. Alonzo Greenwood was only forty; to him the Civil War had never been more than a tough place in school-book history. He let fall his armful of stove-wood with a great clatter into the wood-box. At the table the group sat back in their chairs and waited in frowning silence for the intruder to have done. The innkeeper was quick to detect the unfriendly silence.

"Ole Mose's rheumatiz's worse, so I brought in the wood m'self," he explained. "Still meetin', boys?"—as though just observant of the proceedings. "All right; all right—wouldn't disturb for worlds. Goin' right out. Got to get warm first. Terrible night. Terrible night. Snowin' harder. Six above zero now, an' nobody knows where she'll be by mornin'."

William Garrett banged his fist on the table. "That settles it, George! I don't drive any horse o' mine up that mountain and back again to-night. You got t' stay the night with me." The toll-gate-keeper from the top of the mountain cheerily acquiesced. If George Peck had ever responded otherwise than with cheery acquiescence to any proposal of William Garrett's, the whole town would have known of it and marveled.

"Certainly I'll stay the night with you," George Peck said. "But I must telyphone Martha. Can I use the telyphone. 'Lon?" he asked.

"Sure, George," said Proprietor Greenwood; "come on, an' I'll make a light. Go on with your meetin', boys. Call Rosy when you want your cider an' apples."

At this, George Peck popped his head around the door-jamb to call, anxiously: "No, don't go on, comrades! Asa, don't you tell Simon till I get back."

Captain Devendorp took his meerschaum from under his prodigious mustache and said, "Ve'll vait mitt you, Gomrade Peck, but dooble quick, dooble quick!"

A great gust of wind tore at the bare maples in front, and set a-clattering all the windows of Greenwood House. Little spurts of powdery, silvery snow blew in from a dozen places around the window-sashes. A silence fell upon the five left at the table. Rance let his eyes wander over the room—at the roaring stove in the corner, the two uncurtained, rattling windows, their small panes opaquely frosted, the monotonous expanses of the walls, slick and glittering with a recent coat of paint, a pea-green in

color and painful to the sight. From the center of each wall projected a bracket in which was a kerosene-lamp; the four tin reflectors were turned so as to focus upon the table. A framed lithograph from a steamship company depicting a transatlantic packet of the year 1875, and a huge map of Pennsylvania—"Compliments of the Harrisburg *Courier*"—were the room's decorations.

The door had been left ajar, and they could hear George Peck's voice, shrill and excited, explaining over the telephone to Martha that "William—" Only an occasional high note was intelligible. The communication grew to be a conversation. "Bag o' *what?*" they overheard. Simon Rance smoked nervously, and his usually benign old face expressed trouble and puzzlement. He sat staring abstractedly at the row of great-coats hanging along the wall; five of them, overtopped each by a broad-brimmed, black felt hat encircled by a gold-betasseled cord; at the end of the row hung his own — a derby. He glanced from one to another of his companions; at their brass-buttoned, blue coats, then at his own Sunday black, and sighed, and his old face took on greater worry and deeper thought.

George Peck trotted into the room. William Garrett shot his spectacles up onto his eyebrows and glowered. Any one not knowing William would have thought him convulsed with rage. "Does 't take y' all night to tell Martha that you won't be home?" he stormed.

"Of course not, William," the culprit answered, cheerily. "But Martha was tellin' me about an old man with a great black bag who was a-strugglin' through the storm past the toll-gate, an' she called him in, an' he was half froze. He's comin' to town—asked about the hotel — what was charged for a night. Martha made him coffee, an' he drunk three cups."

There came a gust of wind that made the solid old stone building quiver; above the uproar could be heard the dry, steady peppering of the snow like so many steel particles against the window-panes. Simon Rance listened with new anxiety. "If he doesn't come soon some of us must go out and help him." The rest nodded.

"Though remember, Simon," said druggist Quigley, "that you have lived in California away from such storms for near' fifty years; 'tain't likely he really needs us."

Captain Devendorp, Post commander, laid his open-face silver watch upon the table in front of him. "In one-half an hour ve goes for him," he said, decisively. "Gomrades"—Captain Gustav Devendorp rapped with a pencil on the table —"I again calls this meetings of the Post to order. Gomrade Gruzan vill continue his report." There was an instant clatter of chairs being hitched forward.

"Well, Simon," Asa Cruzan began again, and for the time all thought of storm or stranger was forgotten. All eyes save Asa Cruzan's were fixed on Simon Rance. Asa Cruzan had slipped down low in his chair, his head far back, and his watery blue eyes dreamily staring at a crack high in the side wall. The crack was really, to him, a thin blue line of soldiers, and the pea-green wall the sunburned slope of Cemetery Ridge.

"About a quarter to three or thereabouts"—he spoke slowly in his dry, emotionless voice—"we saw that the charge was going to come any minute, and we knew we'd need baynits to stop it. My baynit—as I've told you—had got shot in two with a minié-ball, an' I was runnin' along back o' the line a-huntin' a new one. An' then I seen you, Simon! You was comin' a-runnin' up fast across the fields toward our line, an' you passed not a hundred feet from me. An' I yelled, 'Simon — Simon Rance!' an' you turned your face and looked right at me like you didn't see me, and you hollered: 'War! War!' and ran right on. You had no musket, an' your head was all tied up in hospital bandages. I hollered to you again, for I seen you was going wrong, 'Simon, *our* regiment's over *there*'—pointin' to the left, but you ran straight ahead and into the Seventy-first of our brigade. An' just then I found a baynit, and just then everybody yells, 'Here they come! here they come!' an' all the artillery let off a awful roar, an' I ran to my place in our company. Almost at the commencement of the charge I got this—" With his right hand he unpinned his turned-up, empty left sleeve and laid it

out before him on the table. "It was many a day before I thought again o' you."

No one moved or spoke. Asa Cruzan stared on with his dreamy, watery eyes, first at the crack in the wall, then at the flat, blue sleeve: the others stared at Simon Rance. Then Rance slowly shook his head.

"I wasn't there, Asa," he said, sadly. "I wish to God I had been. I wish I had fought in the battle of Gettysburg. I never fought in any battle of the war!"

"Tell him more details, Asa — more details; maybe Simon 'll remember then," little George Peck shrilly burst in. "Tell him how they came out of the woods—one line, two, three lines—Pickett's charge! Near to a third of a mile acrost their front—three lines—fifteen thousand men!" George Peck was up on his feet, at every word smashing with his bare knuckles at the table-top. "Tell him! Down the slope they come, an' down the slope—fifteen thousand men—like some wonderful parade—three waves o' silver sweepin' down the hill. And tell him how our cannons spoke at one word an' the ground rocked, an' then out there in the fields there was nothing to see but a turrible cloud o' dust an' smoke that come sweepin' on, sweepin' on, sweepin' on, like nothing in God Almighty's world could ever make it stop. And tell him how of a sudden it all dropped out of sight under the roll of the hill—only, we waitin' behind the stone fences on the hilltop, *we* knew it was still comin' at us, sweepin' on, sweepin' on. An' then like they'd burst up out of the ground right in our front—faces—faces—thousands o' faces; and we shot them away and we shot them away, an' still they come sweepin' on right in amongst us, an' they was not just faces; they was *men!* Tell him *that,* Asa Cruzan. Simon 'll remember then!"

Simon Rance half stood up, and, leaning forward across the table, shook the old man by the shoulder roughly. "What about faces?" he cried, with great sharpness. But before the other could speak, Rance had sunk back. "It was nothing," he said, "only I thought for a minute—just nothing at all!"

There was a great shuffling of feet and clearing of husky voices; these were old men; emotion pained them like an indigestion.

"'Member it, Rance?" Ross Quigley asked.

"I wasn't there," Simon answered, gently. "Asa mistook for me some more fortunate man."

Captain Gustav Devendorp, Post commander, tapped with his pencil. "Gomrade Rance vill tell us vat he remembers," he gravely said.

"I?" Rance cried. "I remember nothing! You men know more of what happened than do I. I remember marching with the regiment to go into action the morning of Thursday the 2d of July. I remember a galloping battery that suddenly changed its course and cut across our column. I'll never forget the shouts and the confusion and the scramble to get out of the way. I remember tripping and falling with the horses right upon me, and then — nothing, nothing, nothing more."

"Gorrect! You vas kicked in the head by one of them battery horses, Gomrade Rance," Captain Devendorp said.

Rance nodded: "That much I guessed." Then: "As for remembering the battle—not so much as a musket-shot! It was weeks before I came to know where I was; weeks before I even heard of the battle. I was in the hospital there in Gettysburg; the Army of the Potomac was back, long since, in Virginia. After a while I was discharged; incapacitated for further service, they said. I could not go home. I could not re-enlist. I went to California then. And — and that's all."

Gustav Devendorp spoke. "My gomrades," he said, "you haf heard the testimony. Myself, I can make nodding of it at all. Gomrade Rance"—he leaned toward Rance at the long table's farther end—"this Post of the Grand Army of the Republic a short whiles ago offered you der office of its gommander. Next July ve vill expegt our gommander to lead us—der Post—at the fifty-year reunion on der battle-field of Gettysburg. Vill you accept?"

"No," Simon Rance said.

Gustav Devendorp sat down heavily, and with fumbling fingers lighted his meerschaum pipe. Rance sat musing for a time, then rose, and, walking behind

his chair, he leaned upon its high back and looked down into the five faces turned up to him.

"Old friends," he said — his deep voice was husky, but he made no attempt to clear his throat — "for nearly fifty years I have been trying to forget the war. It cost me my father's love, my home, an honorable—perhaps a distinguished—career. But that is not why I would forget it—maybe I cannot make you understand. You knew my father, old Doctor Rance. Did you know he was stone and steel? You knew what he would have made of me?—a great surgeon. 'You shall have the chance I never had, Simon,' he would say to me. 'Germany—the greatest hospitals of Europe—you shall have them, everything, all. You have the brain, the hand, the eye, Simon; the world shall hear of you—of *my* son!' I was at college when the war came. 'I'm going,' I wrote my father. He came to me; he was angry, and he was terribly afraid—not for me—for his ideals! I stayed; one year, two years. I was home for the long vacation that summer of '63. Then you, my old playmates—you, the army that was fighting for *my* country — marched by the house, marched past my very door, on the way to Gettysburg. I told my father that I could stand it no longer, that I must go." Simon Rance seemed suddenly before their eyes to become a thousand years old. The five old men looked at him with staring eyes. "Did any other father ever kneel at his son's feet and pray to him as to his God? Mine did!" Simon Rance said. Presently he went on again: "Love of country! Hear what I was able to do for my country after the price that I had paid! I was able to march with her army for *four days.* I am a soldier who never fired a shot—a soldier four days old!

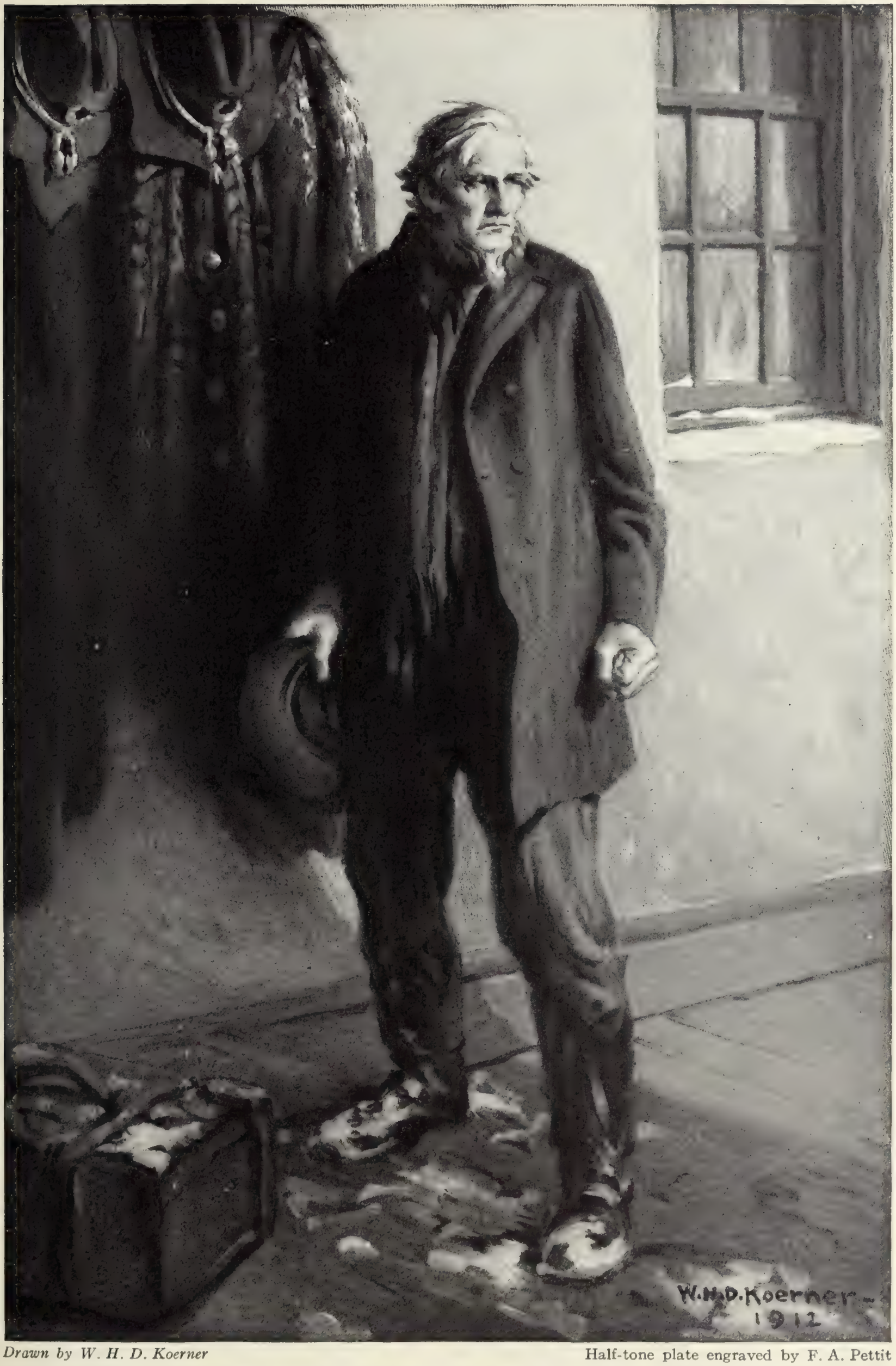
"Listen!" Rance snapped. "I was in San Francisco a year or two after the war. A man came up to me in the hotel. 'Were you in the Union army?' he asked. I answered yes. He asked me to come around to a certain hall that night; I was heart-sick with loneliness, and I went. God! I went! It was the organization of a Post of the G. A. R. They asked me of what regiment I was a member; when did I enlist? 'Four days before Gettysburg,' I said. How long did I serve? 'Four days,' I said. 'Oh, wounded at Gettysburg?' I told them that before I could go into action I had been kicked by a horse. 'Oh,' they said, 'you were a soldier for four days and got kicked by a horse *before* the battle of Gettysburg! You're a hell of a soldier! The Grand Army of the Republic is proud o' *you!*'" He seemed to choke, though there was no sound; then: "From that night to this no one has ever heard me say I was a soldier. God knows why I let you bring me here to-night. And now you would ask me to command your Post. You ask me to lead you at a reunion on the battle-field of Gettysburg—of all fields, Gettysburg! You ask *me!* You ask more than I can give, old friends!" He sat down quietly, and for a moment tremblingly played with his watch-chain, then suddenly covered his face with his hands.

Alonzo Greenwood was presently noticed standing at the open door. "Say! What's the matter with you boys?" he was saying, crossly. "I been knockin' and knockin' and no answer. Been asleep? Are you through meetin' yet?"

Captain Devendorp turned heavily in his creaking chair. "Ve haf just now adjourned," he said, with stern dignity.

"Well, then," replied Proprietor Greenwood, beckoning, "here's Rosy with your cider an' apples. She wouldn't go to bed till she'd brought 'em." Rosa Greenwood came romping in and flung herself upon her "Uncle William." They all were her uncles, so she said. Rosa was nine; she wore a perfectly new, very plaid woolen dress, and her red-white-and-blue hair-ribbons. She had a piquant little face and great brown eyes. Her conversation was mostly prattle. Rosa hugely enjoyed the meetings of the G. A. R.

When things had sufficiently quieted down for him to be heard, Proprietor Greenwood, still in the doorway, spoke again. "Say, boys, I got a favor to ask. There's an old man just come in—" (The G. A. R. gave a guilty start, and Commander Devendorp hastily picked up his silver watch from the table and put it in his pocket.) "Fact is, I've let the rest of the fires go down, an' this is the only warm room in the house. Will you mind letting him warm up in here?"



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE GOLD-CORDED HATS CAUGHT HIS EYE AND HE TURNED QUICKLY

"Send him in," Simon Rance said, authoritatively.

The stranger entered. He was old; except in years, he was the oldest man in the room. He had been tall, very tall; now he was shrunk and bent and gaunt; he was tired, cold. Little Rosa Greenwood danced over to her father, took a good look at the new-comer, and danced back again to William Garrett's protecting arms. The stranger stopped for an instant, and into his eyes there came such a look that all who saw it knew that at some time he had lost just such a child. To the polite chorus of good evenings the stranger replied only with a curt, unfriendly nod. He stumblingly crossed to the rack along the wall and hung up his rough, snow-sheeted coat. The row of gold-corded hats caught his eye, and he turned his head quickly toward the table, and for the first time surveyed the group. He stood a moment in obvious indecision, then slowly walked over to the stove, drew up a chair, and sat down with his back squarely toward the table. A black canvas telescope-bag he set down heavily on the floor at his side.

Proprietor Greenwood bustled over to him. "It's late, stranger, an' the help's all gone to bed; but if ye'll take cold victuals, I can make out to find supper—coffee, too, maybe?"

"I want nothing," the old man said.

"All right, all right—I'm just as glad. I'll get your room ready," and Alonzo bustled out again. William Garrett ponderously turned in his chair and faced the stranger's back.

"Draw up, friend," he said, in his big, genial voice. "Draw up and join us in cider an' apples an' a pipe or two."

The stranger turned in his chair. "My thanks," and his smile of malice made his thanks an ugly thing. "I'll not join any of you in anything," he said.

William Garrett turned a scarlet face to the table. "Let him alone!" he said, angrily.

Little Rosa Greenwood journeyed from lap to lap, and chattered pertly, and explored innumerable pockets; the G. A. R. listened to her with abstraction, and puffed great clouds of smoke toward the ceiling, and, except to her, spoke very few words. Their usual merry evening had become a sour, oppressive thing; yet none of them seemed to know how to bring it to an end. Only Simon Rance, at the foot of the table, turned toward the stranger. Only Rance saw him stealthily draw from his pocket the heel of a loaf of dry bread and gnaw at it until it was done; only Rance saw him draw out a corn-cob pipe, then feel in pocket after pocket, and, with a sigh, put back the pipe.

Rance leaned forward and clutched William Garrett's arm. "William," he whispered, "he's hungry—without money—without even tobacco. We got t' get behind his pride!"

William Garrett's face wrinkled into instant kindliness. "Sho, now!" he said. He beckoned Rosa, and she slid sleepily from Asa Cruzan's knee and ran to him. He put his finger to his lips, and then, handing her a little sack of tobacco, pointed to the stranger. She darted to him and laid it in his hand. He stared at it for a moment in astonishment, and then caught her about the waist with one arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said, softly. They could not see his face, but the child could, and unhesitatingly she climbed upon his knee.

"I'm not afraid—'course not!" she said. He cuddled her for a few moments, forgetful of all else, and the happy G. A. R. watched his transformation out of the corners of their eyes. Then little Rosa Greenwood spoke again:

"Why don't you smoke Uncle William's tobacco? He sent it to you. That's Uncle William over there!"

The stranger suddenly set Rosa down from his knee. "Run along now, little girl," he said, grimly. Then he stood up, stood up to his straight, full, towering height, as he had not stood up for years. He began to speak; the words came soft, drawling, but biting with contempt and scorn.

"Yankees," he said—and half the old men in blue were on their feet as at a shot—"a'n't y' ever goin' to be content with what y' done to me? My little girl—about *her* years—an' her mother, an' my home; when the war was done—all gone, all gone. Can't y' be content with what y've brought me to? Why, I've come to sellin' Bibles from door to door!

Bibles!" he snarled, and kicked the canvas telescope. In a sudden spirit of bitterness, half blasphemy, half mockery of himself, he gibed: "Bibles, misters? Bibles? The beautiful Golden Rule—'Do unto others'—and so forth and so on; teach it to the children, misters! All the beautiful texts—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want'—'Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth'—many of that kind. Bibles!" And then, furiously: "A'n't y' content yet, Yankees? Will y' houn' me to m' grave? All I want is to be let alone! All I *ever* wanted was to be let alone!" He strode to the table, and they shrank away from him. He dashed William Garrett's little sack of tobacco upon the table with a blow that was like to split the board. "Will you leave me alone *now?*" he cried. "Now will y' leave me alone?" He went back to his chair and sat down, bent and shaken—an old man again.

Post Commander Devendorp got to his feet and, looking pityingly at the seller of Bibles, said: "It is better ve goes home. Ve are adjourned now."

Little Rosa Greenwood had watched with puzzled, half-frightened eyes. She had been on a long, uncomprehending journey, but she was back on familiar ground at last; this strange G. A. R. meeting was about to close. "Why, we almost forgot our song!" she cried, shrilly, and before any one could stop her, her childish treble had lifted into, "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—" Bewildered, they let her sing the first two bars alone; then, hesitatingly, uncertainly, one by one the old voices joined the child's; they were all singing stoutly at the end: "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." The seller of Bibles had risen, and with hands clenching and unclenching was standing glowering at them.

Mild, sentimental little George Peck, watching the stranger with eyes full of pitying tears, suddenly sprang forward with outstretched hands. "It's all over—fifty years ago," he cried, passionately. "Let us forget!—North and South—one country, the *United* States; one flag, the Star-spangled Banner!"

The seller of Bibles had been heartwrung at the sight of the child; he had asked only to be let alone; this, now, was more than any man could endure.

"To hell with your United States—to hell with your Star-spangled Banner!" he screamed.

Years fell away from every man in the room; for the moment they were young men, fighting-men once more. There was a loud crash of overturning chairs. The stranger leaped back against the wall and faced once more the Blue. "The *Grand* Army of the Republic!" he scoffed. "The old odds—six to one!" The taunt checked them. Old Simon Rance swept them back with his long arms: "You all have fought!" Little Rosa Greenwood began to weep with fear. Rance turned. "Take out that child!"

"Keep her here!" Asa Cruzan growled. "We don't want 'Lon Greenwood comin' in!" One of the lamps flickered suddenly and went out. Quigley locked the door. Tall, lean, they were not unlike, those two; and they were young again. They took off their coats. William Garrett caught Rosa in his big arms and held her face pressed tight against his breast that she might not see. The old Confederate raised his fist high to strike; his eyes were two gleaming slits, his lips drawn back.

Simon Rance flung up his arms. "Wait! Wait!" he cried, in a loud voice. "Wait!" He pressed his eyes with his palms. Suddenly he caught the stranger by the shoulders. "Quick! Were you at Gettysburg?"

Half sullen, half proud, the answer came: "I charged with Pickett—I was at Armistead's side when he fell inside your lines."

Rance was sobbing with excitement. "It's come to me," he cried; "it's come to me!" He caught the other's hands and shook them and would not let them go. "Look at me, man! Did you—wait—". He deftly folded a handkerchief and swiftly bound it over his forehead down to his eyes. "Look now!"

The seller of Bibles stared a moment; then, in the shock of surprise, he slapped his thigh and laughed aloud: "Why, Yank, I thought I killed you with my musket-butt at the 'High-Tide' of Gettysburg!"

Udaipur the Unspoiled

BY F. B. R. HELLEMS

WE are winding our dusty way through an Indian desert. All night long and a morning longer we have fared from Jaipur, and weariness begins to shade off into impatience. The dainty antelope in the distance no longer detain the eye. The rising ground seems no less monotonous than the desert floor; the dwarfed shrubs are drearier than the dreary sands. Then, at a lazy curve, we happen to glance forward, a little to the left, and remotely we descry a white glad wonder which must have joyously descended from the sky rather than have been builded toilfully from the earth. It is the palace of the Maharana, rising in marble glory above the dull walls and brown dwellings of the city. Commonplace stretches may come and go, but there is no weariness now. Our eyes have beheld the vision.

At the station our thoughts are mundane enough to wonder how these swarms of natives managed to pack themselves within the twelve miniature cars. But we have gone through similar bewilderment at every terminal point in India. Howbeit, the crowding that is so profitable to the railway is also clear gain to the sight-seer, for these disgorged throngs are invariably picturesque.

But apart from the general interest of the crowd, there is often a special event to remember. Just beside the next car, for instance, stands a small scarlet tent, square in shape and wrought from heavy silk. It is provided with poles to be carried by four bearers, and the lower edges are about five inches above the ground. Very close to the steps is it drawn up, and somebody enters the folds, as we can tell from the fluttering of the silk. Then four stalwart natives carry the gold-embroidered shelter toward a carriage in waiting at the picket, while beneath the resplendent border we are aware of ten tiny tinkling tapered toes and two slender feet with heavy golden anklets, whereof not a few are richly gemmed. Very close to the carriage the silken concealment is brought, and our unseen lady enters, to be driven off under the escort of six of the finest and fiercest-looking cavalrymen I ever hope to behold. And this little experience will abide with us when the magnificence of palaces and the elaboration of temples have been forgotten. It may serve to symbolize half of India's life and two-thirds of her problems.

"Will Sir and Madam see the Mahasati before going to the hotel?" The question comes from our marvelous Mohammedan servant, Naboo the infallible, "a teetotaler," to quote his own words, "in wine and pork." Now we have read about this royal burial-ground, and are anxious to see it. The rulers of Udaipur, as all the world knows, are descended in direct lineage from the sun, and are therefore the bluest-blooded house in blue-blooded Rajputana, not to speak of less exalted parts of India. Naturally, they have a separate place of cremation and burial worthy of their original ancestor. So a little way from the city is found a walled inclosure, charmingly situated and dotted with noble trees. Into this we wander, and he who cares may ponder on the suttee (sati), which survived long in Mewar; "for where a Rajput dieth he Rajput widows burn." But as he ponders he will be walking about among hundreds of dome-covered structures, interesting to the architect, but moving our minds only to thoughts on death and burial and duty until the cicerone said, "This is the Chatri of Krishna Kuari Bai." Our eyes lighted up, for we remembered hearing the story of this hapless lady from an old teller of tales.

"A hundred years ago there was a princess of Udaipur even more than usually beautiful, for whose hand the neighboring princes waged bitter and costly strife. There seemed no hope of



THE PALACE OF THE MAHARANA

peace until the Pindari leader conceived a brilliant plan. 'The war,' he said, 'arises from the rivalry for the hand of the divinely beautiful, supremely gracious, heavenly gifted princess. If there were no rivalry there would be no war; if there were no princess there would be no rivalry. Accordingly, let a sweet cup be given to the glorious daughter of the sun, and with her slumber these deadly feuds will also sleep.'"

The obvious reasonableness of the plan insured its prompt acceptance. The poison was administered to the princess by her own aunt, with the knowledge of her father; and before us stands the tomb of the lady who was innocent of everything except the supreme crime of beauty.

Driving from the Mahasati to the hotel, we found it to be a sort of modest but enlightened dak bungalow. It was a rather home-like place, if you ever feel at home in India. One of our quartet found a triumphant hen on the arm of his reclining chair, and in the chair the evidence of her merit and cause of her vociferations. In our own large room was a cross-bar of iron, and on waking from our siesta we found two beautiful brown-and-red birds peacefully looking down upon us, quite undisturbed, unless it were by curiosity as to our nationality. When we emerged on the veranda, a French painter came down with a fine white owl he had found dozing in his room up-stairs. Sometime I should like to write a book on "An ignorant bird-lover in India," for the winged creatures are an unending joy.

But word of our arrival had been sent to the Nawab; and the carriage from the Maharana's stable was waiting in the hotel court to be at our disposal as long as we might grace Udaipur with our presence. As it was rather late, the suggestion was made that we drive through the city and take a boat to view the sunset from the lake.

"We must keep away from the East gate," said Yakub, the beautiful Mercury assigned to us.

"Plague?" I queried.

"The sickness, Sahib. As yet it is nothing. It walks in four streets only and takes but two lives each day. But the English doctor says the visitor must not pass through that gate nor the streets near by."

"And when will you call the sickness heavy, if you call it light now?"

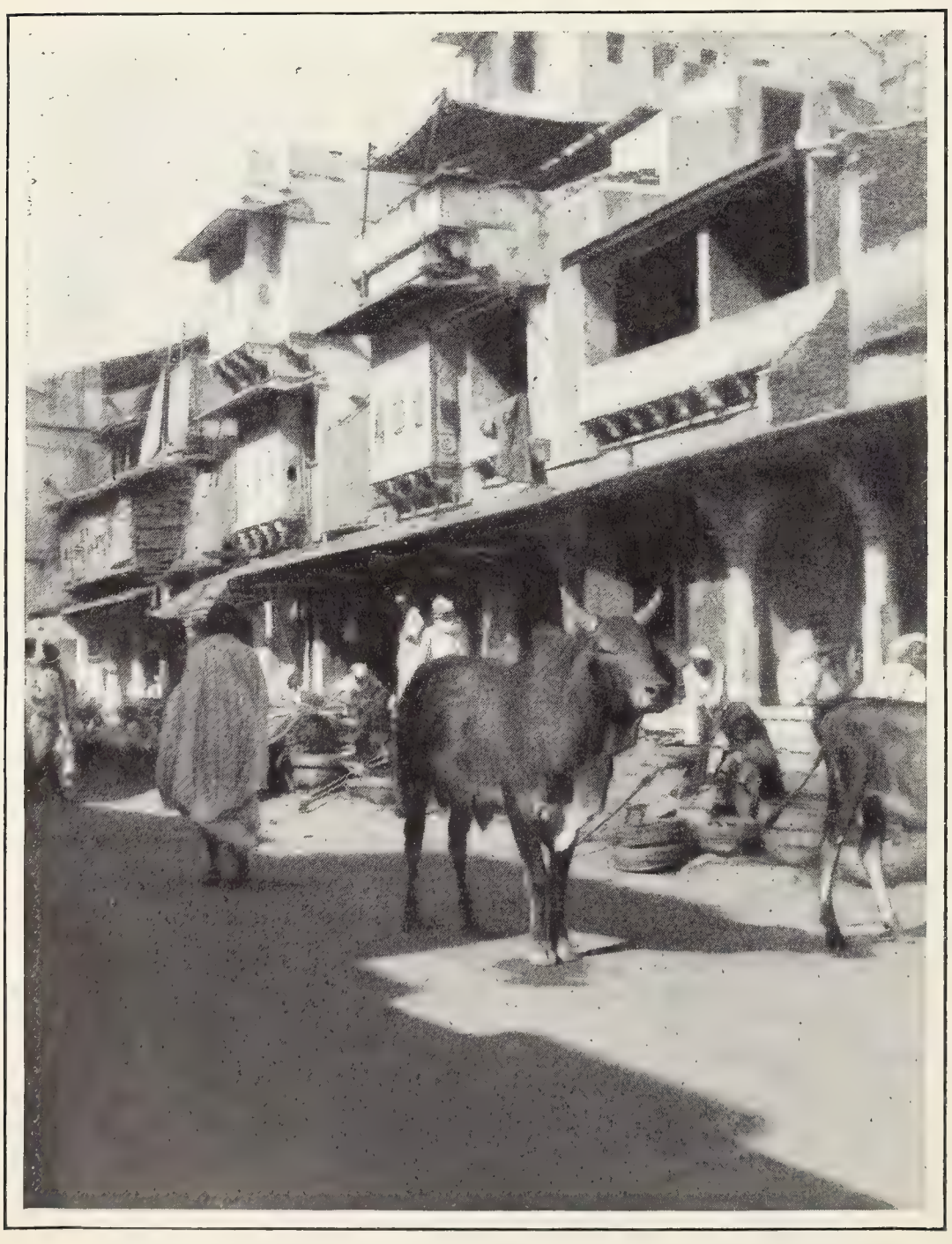
"Perhaps when it takes half a score

each day we shall look more at the earth. But we Mohammedans pray to Allah, and the Hindus to Kali, who sends the sickness, so perhaps it will go away. The English doctor would have the police take the sick people apart; but it is the time of the Muharram festival, and the policemen must keep the Hindu from fighting the Mohammedan. And the Hindus say they do not know that Kali will stay the sickness any more quickly when the son is taken from his home, where his father and mother can see him die, to the strange house where God only knows what unholy things are done to him. After the festival it may be the English doctor will give stronger advice and the police will make the people give up their sick, but it will not be easy."

So we drove not near the East gate, that day or any other. When we left, Kali was exacting a toll of three lives a day, and the English doctor was getting ready his "strong advice," which, if necessary, would take the form of very quiet and gentle pressure from the English resident. Nowhere is Great Britain's iron hand more carefully concealed under the velvet glove than in dealing with a proud native monarch like the Maharana of Udaipur, but the hand is never idle.

The drive through the city was forgotten when we embarked on the Pichiola Lake. House and wall, palace and tower, tree and shrub—all offered something new even to the traveled eye. Nor was there any lack of directly human interest, for the shore had many picturesque figures and the water near it was alive with bathers. One grows so accustomed to nudity in the East that unclad forms are merely so much living statuary. But some of the statues were particularly fine in face and limb.

After lounging as long as we would, we came to the western border of the lake and asked to be set on shore that we might see the feeding of the wild pigs. When we were marshaled on the walls of the palatial sty, the stewards began the weird call—not unlike the call to the crocodiles at Jaipur — which they say a pig will hear for miles. Over little hills, up from the hollows, through trees and shrubs, they came madly, like Gadarene swine, by scores and hundreds. Then, as they fought for the limited supply of food, the clouds of dust arose about them until in the thickened air one could imagine anything one liked. To me they kept suggesting the demonology of swine from the time of Circe onward. De-



HIS SACRED MAJESTY—THE HINDOO BULL



DETAILS OF THE CARVING—TEMPLE OF JAGANNATH

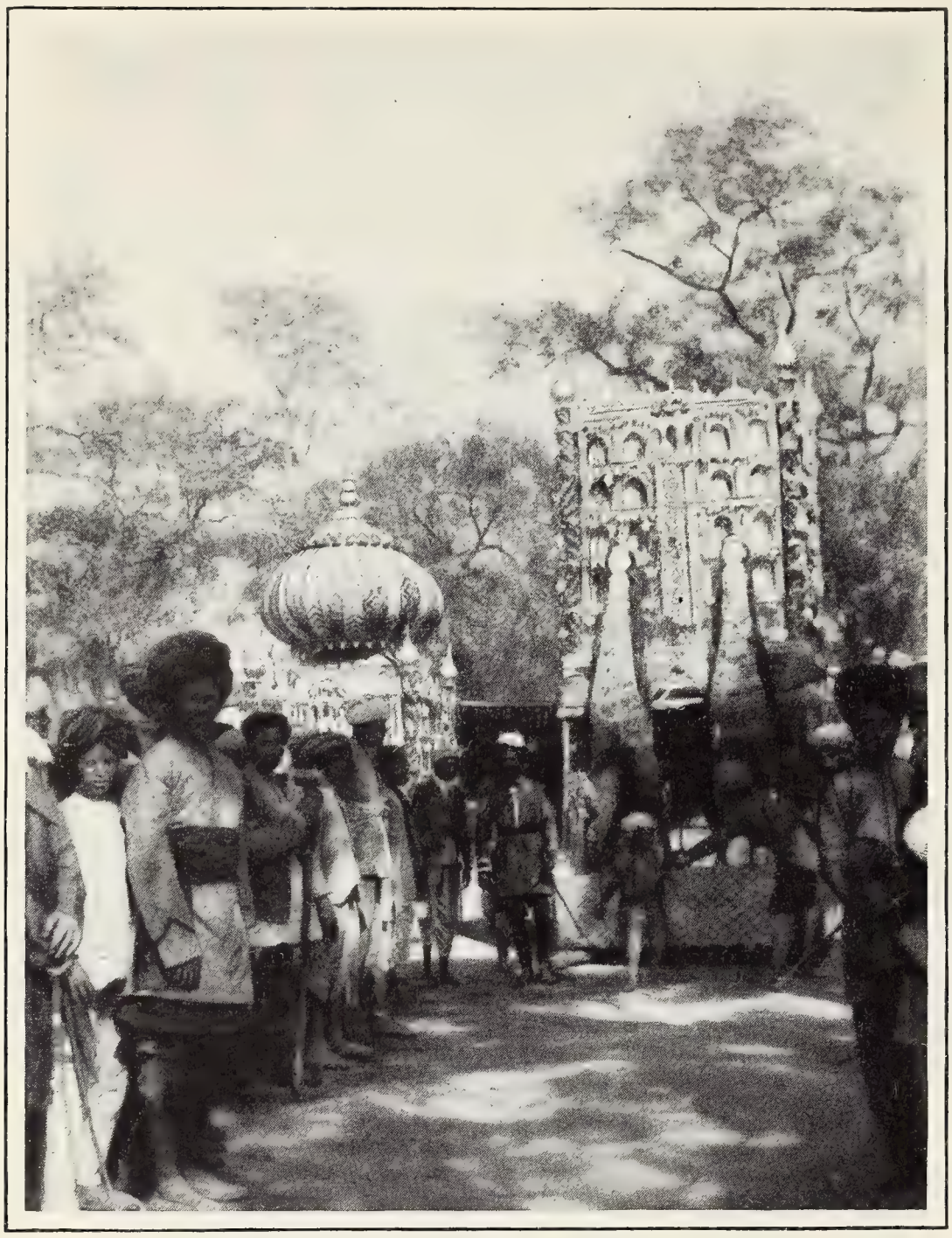
mons or not, even after the preliminary fray left them grubbing in comparative peace, they bore the stamp of a fighting stock.

From the noise and dust and bustle of the feeding-time we strolled to a corner of the structure where our eyes fell upon a most enchanting view. In the distance were the walls of the city, with the marble palace towering above. Nearer us were the islands gladdened by the exquisite water-palaces; still nearer the tiny bit of tree-covered land that we extemporaneously termed the "Isle of Birds." From the trees at our feet to the mountains on the far horizon every feature was lightened and softened by the setting sun.

Entering our boat, we rowed straight to the "Isle of Birds." It was covered with thousands of waterfowls that had come home for the night. One saw them in every variety and in every age from fledgling to patriarch. They almost seemed a strange fruit of the trees, so thick they were and so naturally did they fit the leaves and branches. But the fruit was exceedingly vocal, and our ears were not so pleased as our eyes.

From these sounds and sights we were taken to the water-palaces, which are thrice as lovely when you have known the onslaughts of an Indian sun. In the distance they seemed as cool as paradise—I mean paradise as it must be conceived by all dwellers near the equator — and when we neared them the charm was not diminished.

As the prince wandered through restful chambers, decorated with precious inlay of latticed marble so delicately carved that one can think only of lace wrought from ivory; as he caught glimpses of shore and hill; as he looked down on gardens literally built on water, it must have been easy for him to banish the cares of duty or aught else that might be burdensome. One tiny central court was especially unforgetable, for it was a sort of transcendental swimming-pool wherein the less enlightened princes used to disport themselves with the dancing-girls. In a gala mood the monarch would cause the water to be



TAZZIAS IN THE PROCESSION

of period; but withal there is unity of design and effective dignity. Although I have seen many buildings that were intrinsically finer, I have seen few that stand out in such almost challenging aggressiveness. Considerations of safety may have originally decided in favor of the site on the crest of the ridge, but considerations of beauty would have made no change. Terrace and bastion and tower, seen from lake or plain or hill, unite in leading the eye to the enjoyment of this aspiring architecture. We have forgotten the darkening shadows which are falling so fast on the water and shore, the nests of the birds and the abodes of man. To-night we shall have many things to dream about.

colored for the mirthful exercise; and one can imagine the scene when comely ruler and merry maidens went splashing and flashing through the shifting hues of the pool like gleaming jewels in a strange wine. A system of mirrors provided the last refinement for this gladsome if unspiritual recreation.

Yet chamber and hall are less attractive than the gardens, which are beautiful with the beauty of the South and the dream. If the reader will remember that our photographs were taken in January, when the foliage would be most meager, he may picture leaf and flower in the tropical luxuriance of their prime.

At the landing-place one cannot help pausing to look at the palace on the mainland. The classical eye at once notes the varied effect that might have sunk to the bizarre, while the architectural critic cannot miss the difference

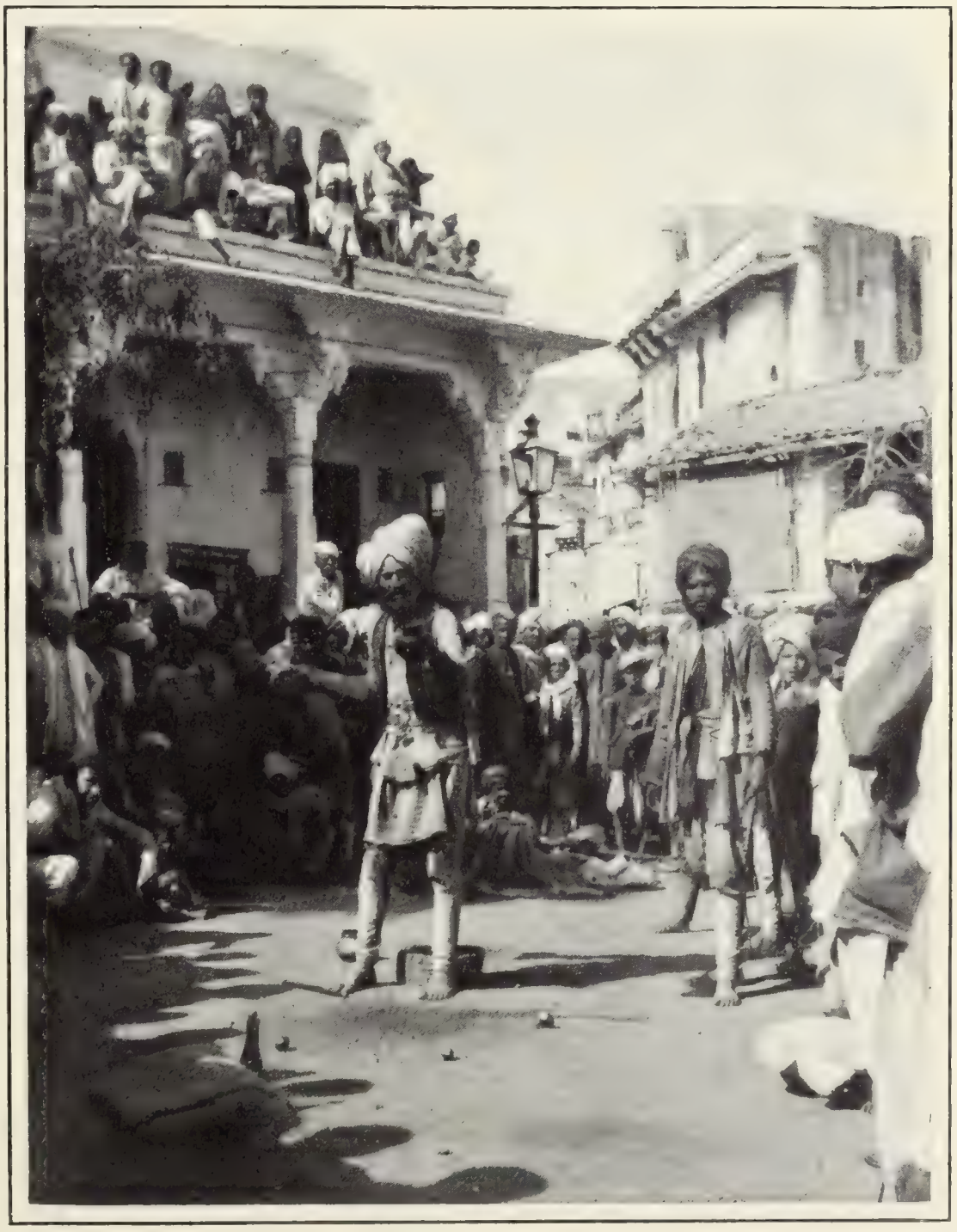
In the morning we loitered along the main street, and here we stumbled upon so many things that my remembering pen requires stern repression. To begin with, these men are tremendously fine-looking, and their martial appearance is heightened by the swords they carry. The Rajput was a warrior for many generations, "his seat of state the saddle, his robe a coat of mail." By the steel he lived and by the steel he died, and to-day the sword so proudly and insistently displayed is more than a decoration. "The dove of peace has never restful eyes in Mewar." The women, on the whole, are not so fine-looking, albeit two haunting faces remain in my memory to remind me that Aphrodite came to Greece from the Orient. The children are always dear, even when dirty; fortunately, dirt is not obtrusive on a dark background. If you tarry before some shop, a bright-eyed boy may stop

to say a respectful good morning, that he may show his progress in the Sahib's tongue; and his salute recalls the fact that many of the native rulers are making most laudable efforts to educate at least a few of their young subjects. Yet to prevent you from unduly emphasizing modern progress, after you turn the next corner you may find a father and his boy scattering white and yellow flowers in the middle of the street before a haughty sacred bull. The pampered beast lowers his stately muzzle to the odorous fodder, the child clasps his hands for joy, the father's face relaxes in pleasure; so the omen is probably good. From this significant scene your eye turns to a camel that has knelt for its load and is in brazen-throated rebellion; an angry camel is the angriest thing on earth. He alone knows the hundredth name of Allah, which gives him his contemptuous expression, and when he is aroused he vents a thousand kinds of superciliousness, mingled with his wrath, against his stupid driver. Around another corner you encounter a juggler who is performing for a circle of natives. His face and the faces of his picturesque spectators are even more attractive than his really good performance—carried out with the same simple apparatus that his forefathers may have employed three thousand years ago.

In the background are the shops, with dwellings above them, often showing artistic decoration and recalling that the Hindu craftsman has always been a master of detail. A large modern clock, surmounting a tower, offers contrast to the architecture of stall and dwelling. But it is futile to strike the hours in the City of the Sun; for time and change seem to have no place among these children of the East, who have learned the meaning of the Wheel of Life and the timelessness of mortal being.

Our movement is toward the temple of Jagannath. An elephant lumbers across our path, a sacred cow reclines in disdainful ease beside the way, and the camels of an outgoing caravan beset the steps, just as one would have arranged them to make the temple seem appropriate. About two hundred and fifty years ago they built this ambitious pile on the site of an earlier temple. In the East all old things are built on something older; one nail drives out another in a very literal sense. We ascend a broad flight of stairs, properly surmounted by elephants, and enter the inclosure.

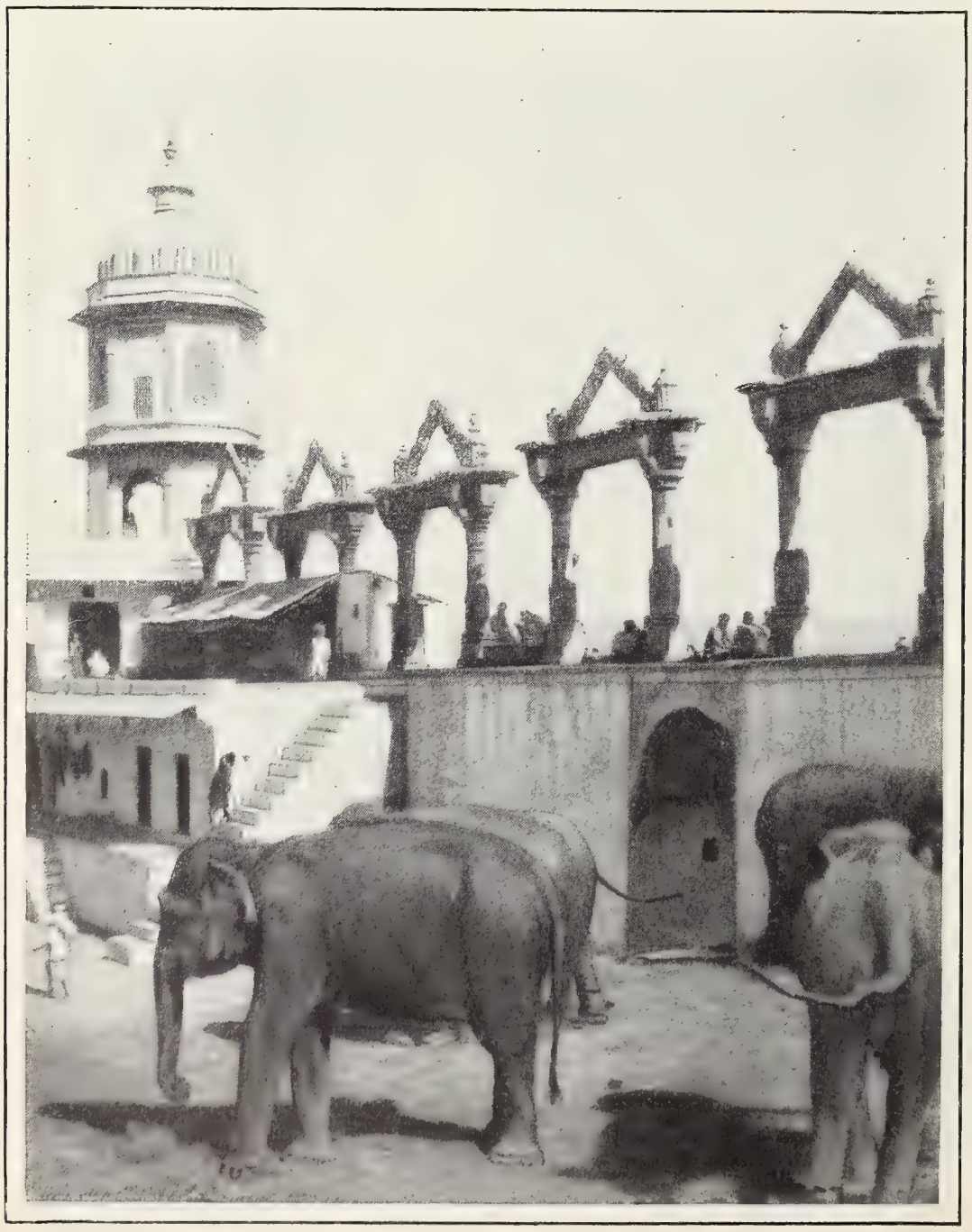
There are thousands of Hindu temples scattered about India, and in all frank-



THE CONJURER IN THE SQUARE

ness I find little esthetic pleasure in them. Naturally, they set the mind reflecting on the religion they serve, with its countless phases of esoteric doctrine and unending ritual, and I am inclined to think they offer a fair material parallel to that religion—a line of thought that would lead us too far afield. No two of the temples are quite alike, and even if the detail often threatens to grow wearisome, there is always something to repay attention. In the present instance one notes a precision of carving in the wealth of decoration that must command technical admiration; and there is a refreshing variety in the subjects, which range from lotus flowers to elephants. The main tower is worth looking at, with its miniature self-repetitions, each surmounted by an amalak and an urn.

Presently we found ourselves at the back of the court inquiring about the significance of a little spout issuing from the shrine of the god himself. Our information was most satisfactory: through this spout issues the water that has been poured over the god. This sanctified stream performs all sorts of miracles, including the removal of sterility. Throughout the Orient, one of the most significant and pathetic features is the variety of methods for avoiding barrenness. "A man child, great God, in the name of mercy," is a sort of universal prayer. At the hour of our visit one might not see the god in his shrine, for he was sleeping. The old gods of India have little need to keep awake, despite the invasion of Western religions. Their dominion is secure for many generations to come.



IN THE PALACE YARD

Another afternoon one may stroll through the fine public gardens, where endless grass-plots and tropical flora are mingled in joyous variety. There could be no more suggestive contrast in the outdoor world than is offered between such a garden and any of the Japanese gardens one happens to remember. Profusion of tree and shrub and flower as opposed to sparsity, luxuriance of foliage as opposed to poverty, brightness instead of somberness, riot instead of calm. Wheresoever one will, one may follow the thought until it leads to the national psychology of gardens, and always I recall the quiet words of a Japanese friend as we sat in his tiny garden: "Here I find contentment; but he who seeks for pleasure must range a wider, brighter field. Our gardens are only ourselves writ on the face of the soil."

As I write, I find that any attempt to describe an Indian



WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION

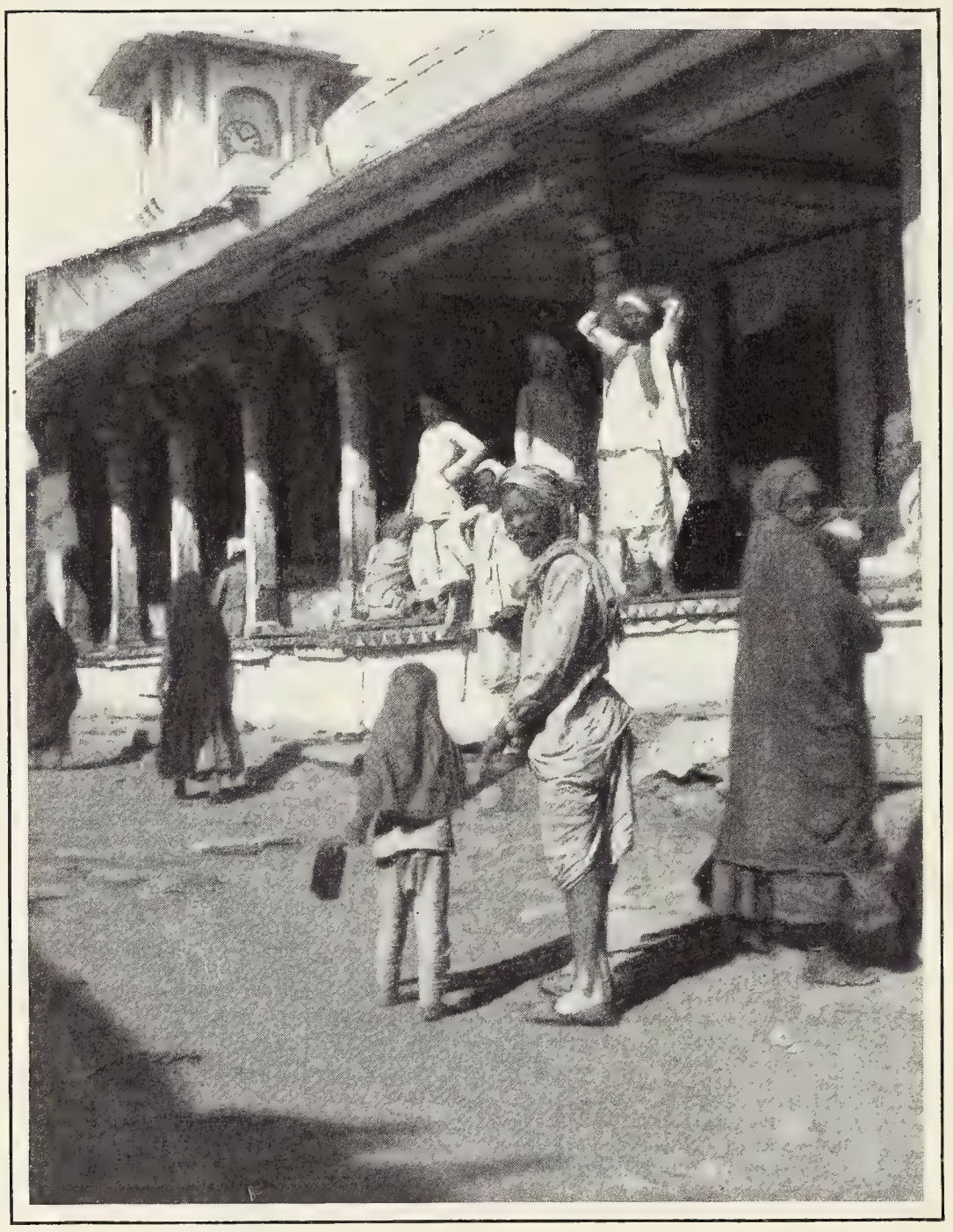
garden is idle, for my memory keeps reverting to the lines of the young Hindu poetess who died just as her pen had learned to sing of native themes; and I cannot forego the pleasure of quoting the well-known sonnet of Toru Dutt:

"A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
But not a sea of dull unvaried green—
Sharp contrasts of all colors here are seen;
The light-green, graceful tamarinds abound
Amid the mango clumps of green profound,
And palms arise, like pillars gray, between;
And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,
Red—red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.
But nothing can be lovelier than the ranges
Of bamboos to the eastward, when the moon
Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes
Into a cup of silver. One might swoon
Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
On a primeval Eden, in amaze."

In the garden is a little zoological museum containing the Friendly Tiger, and it is worth a trip around the world to make his acquaintance. All through India one may find "Stripes" in captivity, often in beautiful physical condition, and almost always so trained, or treated, as to present an appearance of unrestrained ferocity. But our Udaipur tiger, when we came close against the bars, trotted forward, fawning like a hungry kitten that has been spoiled by petting. Our understanding Mercury rubbed the captive's neck and head, evoking such smiles as I had never seen before. The most wileful actress on a Parisian stage never exhibited more ingratiating smiles and other signs of affection than were lavished upon us by the Friendly Tiger.

There is another garden a little way out from the city that is occasionally shown to visitors. It is the personal possession of the Maharana, and is known as the "Rose Garden of the Dancing-girls." This is inclosed by high walls, and has in the center a fine pavilion with numerous chambers. The garden itself has all sorts of flowers, and a few restful

trees withal, as well as the essential fountains. But perhaps the very name will serve as a description, will suggest another of the countless poetical panegyrics on Persian or Indian gardens which echoed "to the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf hands." They are all true. Everything is true in Udaipur.



THE MODERN CLOCK-TOWER

The Maharana's palace being still unvisited, one morning we summoned Yakub, who led us straight to the Bari Pol, the stately gate built three centuries ago. When we entered, what we saw was not the palace, but elephants. The elephant remains a symbol of royal dignity throughout India, and the Maharana maintains a particularly fine herd. There is nothing so regally festal as an elephant decorated for a state occasion. Visitors at the coronation Durbar of George V. at Delhi are to be envied mainly because of the elephants that figured in the event. The old-fashioned rulers cling to them desperately; and there is one hill-rajah who spends three-fifths of the income from his whole dominion on the upkeep of a single hathi. For which I, at least, vote him a real rajah. About us were all sorts of elephants: here a group of four, there of six, here a darling baby, and there the finest old tusker I have ever seen. A fighter this, for they still fight elephants in Mewar. The two males are placed on opposite sides of a low wall, and not a great deal of damage is done, but the picturesque effect is as of the ramming of battleships.

Only at this point had we time to be informed that under the carved arches of the gateway each Maharana on succeeding to the throne was weighed against gold and silver, which were distributed to his subjects as an accession gift. We permitted ourselves the sympathetic hope that all the Maharanas were fat and heavy.

Of the palace itself I must let the picture speak. And yet I must pray you to insert all sorts of picturesque human figures, to remember that marble seems to have had no price when the palace was built, that delicate workmanship must have grown on every finger-end, and that in any court you are likely to stumble on a refreshing garden.

The festival of the Muharram at Udaipur is always big with possibili-

ties of trouble. One-fourth of the population is Mohammedan, the other three-fourths are mainly Hindu, and the Mewar Hindu is distinctly of the vigorous type. The day is made a general holiday, and the scores of tall policemen have a busy time.

We were given seats on the roof of one of the lower structures connected with the temple of Jagannath, so the time of waiting was comfortably passed. In fact, it was all too short, for each moment offered its own entertainment, although one needed little besides the throng itself, filling the square and overflowing to the neighboring balconies and roofs. The color was beyond description. Among the thousands of high turbans, the observant lady told me there were scarcely two alike, and the bright sun made everything brighter.

Just beneath us was an athletic exhibition—dancing, tumbling, and what not. At one point an old Rajput warrior entered the circle, and calling three boys from the crowd, bade them lie down. When an apple had been placed on each little brown neck the swordsman, never interrupting the rhythmic dance, clove each apple with his flashing blade; and the unaffrighted youngsters ran back gleefully to their friends. Ever the crowd kept narrowing the circle, while the police kept pushing them back. Each moment you would have expected a riot if you had not learned somewhat of the vociferous moods of the East.

Just when a Western crowd might have been growing impatient we heard the beating of drums and clashing of swords mingled with the wild cries of the devotees. Soon the procession poured into the square. Surely if ever a festival was calculated to rouse men to fanatical madness, it was this. As every one knows, the Muharram commemorates the death of the grandsons of the prophet; and over all is heard the piercing cry of "Hasan! Husain!" The drums roar madly; wild-eyed priests beat their breasts; another group brandishes gleaming swords. But the tall policemen keep them from tarrying long in any one spot, and the tazzias move slowly past.

In front of the foremost bier we noticed a man rolling over and over along the rough road, while his friends fanned him in his evident distress. It was simply the fulfilment of a vow. The poor wretch had prayed that a man child be vouchsafed him, swearing to go the whole route of the procession with his hands and feet tightly bound if only his cry was heard. The baby had come, and he was paying the price. Ever the cry for the man child.

As the procession left the square we took another road to the lake to watch the sinking of the tazzias. This commemorates the agonizing thirst of the son of Ali in his final suffering, and it is a bad omen if any particular tazzia fails to sink. It is a weird sight on the darkening waters, making a most fitting conclusion to a commemoration that every year stirs the hearts of millions of the followers of the Prophet.

An Oriental city, like a fascinating woman, does not cast the same spell over two men. Never, I am sure, does she reveal her soul to any. After reading the dainty, glowing lines of Lafcadio Hearn on some spot in Japan, or the effective paragraphs of Kipling narrating his visit to an Indian city, one is prone to believe that these men have caught the final secret, the inner self, of the places they describe. But on visiting Enoshima or Udaipur, one finds it necessary in all humility to see with his own eyes and learn with his own wits. And sometimes, it would seem, in sheer feminine caprice a city will be more gracious to a humble wooer. Unfortunately, however, the man who feels the fascination most deeply is often the one who is most incapable of conveying it to others. Other writers could better present the charms of Udaipur, but in none could she have stirred a deeper joy or inspired a more abiding homage.

Night-Sentries

BY GEORGE STERLING

EVER as sinks the day on sea or land,
Called or uncalled, you take your kindred posts.
At helm and lever, wheel and switch, you stand,
On the world's wastes and melancholy coasts.
Strength to the patient hand!
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now roars the wrenching train along the dark:
How many watchers guard the barren way
In signal-towers, at stammering keys, to mark
What word the whispering horizons say!
To all that see and hark—
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

On ruthless streets, on byways sad with sin—
Half-hated by the blinded ones you guard—
Guard well, lest crime unheeded enter in!
The dark is cruel and the vigil hard,
The hours of guilt begin.
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now the surf-rumble rides the midnight wind,
And grave patrols are on the ocean edge.
Now soars the rocket where the billows grind,
Discerned too late, on sunken shoal or ledge.
To all that seek and find,
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

On lonely headlands gleam the lamps that warn,
Star-steady, or ablink like dragon-eyes.
Govern your rays, or wake the giant horn
Within the fog that welds the sea and skies!
Far distant runs the morn:
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now glow the lesser lamps in rooms of pain,
Where nurse and doctor watch the joyless breath,
Drawn in a sigh, and sighing lost again.
Who waits without the threshold, Life or Death?
Reckon you loss or gain?
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

The Woman with Yellow Gloves

BY MADGE C. JENISON

DOWN one of the cool, bright alleys of the Tiergarten a woman came slowly nearer and nearer. Her long, gray dress hung loosely about her. She carried a pair of copper-colored gloves, and under her arm a small package done up in a heavy paper. What was she? She was not a working-girl and not quite a lady. There was something wonderfully sweet and generous about her, and a heavy power as of a fiber more magnificent than flesh.

She seated herself on one end of a bench which was full in the sun. Her head dropped upon her breast. Her eyes closed. Before one could have drawn a breath she was asleep, startlingly, as if she had literally fallen, as we say, or dropped. In a quarter of an hour she started up, and clasping her package more closely under her arm, stood staring across the vista of sparkling grass and great old trees. Then she sank back upon the bench, and again fell quickly asleep. So she spent the July morning, the clouds flying above her, the sun and shade straying over her, the nurse-maids and working-men passing her with silent glances—trying occasionally to go on her way, but held by the single great Fact of Sleep. She had plainly been without sleep for several days and nights.

All morning a gentleman just beginning to be old remained on the other end of the bench from her. He was thin and student-like, and carried a volume of verse in his pocket, but his personality was too defined for that of a scholar—at once creative, humorous, and deep. He glanced at her sometimes, sometimes he fell into reverie, and sometimes he took out a note-book and made some notes on the edge of a musical score. Once he was about to leave her, but he was better advised of this desertion. So they sat all morning—he reading and making his notes, she sleeping her unhoused sleep. It was nearly three o'clock when she awoke.

"You were very tired, Fräulein," he said, speaking in English, when he saw that she had returned out of her long oblivion. "You have not eaten since morning," he added. "Let us go to the Potsdammer-strasse, where there is warm food, and you will go with more heart on your way."

The girl complied without restraint toward this chance acquaintance, as if the drama in which she acted were too large to take account of the familiar and the unfamiliar. She sat impassive and remote as he gave an order, scarcely seeming to know that he was there. But when the life flowed back in her with the warm food and speech she leaned forward against the table and covered her face with one hand, trying to command herself. The old man bent over his stick, frowning, watching her.

"Why do you not speak, Fräulein?" he said, very gently, at last. "It lightens the heart."

She rose in a moment and tried to thank him, but there was that in his face, with its look of the artist and searcher of life so plainly worn, which made her hesitate.

"You have seen much in life, Signore," she said, brokenly. "Perhaps you will help me," and she stood with her eyes so full of pain fastened upon his.

Together they walked back to the old deer park, and in a quiet seat as the afternoon drew to a close she told him the story of what had brought her there in the height of the day sitting in the sun. She seemed to tell him these incidents of girlhood and young womanhood because of some common effort in which she had seen that they strove together—as if through it all she were only saying, "Yes, comrade," to something which he had spoken.

"I was born with the love of beauty, Signore," she began. "It is this which has driven me. I have always hated what was ugly and wanted what was beautiful.

This longing—nobody knows what it is unless he has it. I was of the class which is called in America the immigrant. All my people were in the mills except myself. I was kept in the school; my mother managed it. It is the great ideal of the immigrant—to get education for a child.

"Then, after I was grown, I left that home where everything was terrible, even my mother, since she was always in pain. Because a woman who had taught me said to me, 'Why do you not go and educate yourself?—Thus and thus, it can be done,'—I went up to my State university. I stayed there for three years, really starving sometimes. Once in a bad time I had nothing to eat for three days. I had this peasant body full of strength, as if I drew it from all the ground, so I minded nothing. As I look back on those years at the university, they seem a time of great peace to me. I had hated so much that it was almost rapture only to care about something that I did not *hate*. I did not know what I wanted to get. I wanted to live.

"And after three years the university became no longer a place to go on with. I preferred to get where one starves with more of a cry. Those who strive must get to a great city. In New York I found a place to work, in a radical book-store packed from floor to ceiling with those thin slips of paper books which only immigrants read—all the great modernists of Europe for six cents apiece. The future of the next hundred years is there.

"I used to be taken with a madness for books sometimes that winter, as if I must gorge myself and gorge myself until I was satisfied. Now I began to master French and German. I used to feel power sometimes that winter like a child in a cradle stretching its limbs. I had no purpose. I understood nothing. I felt sure of nothing—except this desire to live. I did not know what that was.

"It is strange the things that influence us. One evening as I was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge I brushed close to a big, loose-fleshed German, with a little Tyrolese hat stuck like a biscuit on his big head, and his cane hung in the lapel of his coat, and he was saying to his young companion in German: 'What you must do is to *live*. You must *see* everything. You must *feel* everything. You must *know* everything.' They came to me out of the darkness over my shoulder these words. I turned quickly and looked back at him, his heavy head and shoulders blocked out against the glittering lamps of the parapet and the rockets of light shot into the black water beyond. He must have had some plan, that man.

"One day as I stood reading in the door at Misner's I saw beyond the sharp circle of light around my book a man who was moving about near the door, among the cases and stalls. After a while he came to ask if we kept a translation of a certain Russian play. I saw him as a small man, extraordinarily elegant and fine he seemed to me, and somehow a little fantastic. I thought him about forty years old. He put a monocle in his eye as he talked to me—his gestures, his dress, all so considered, so significant—the yellow eyes. It was Legien." She turned toward her companion as if she thought of him after having forgotten him.

"The sculptor?" asked the old man, glancing up at her in some surprise.

"Yes," she answered. She sat in silence for a moment, almost clenching her teeth together.

"It was he," she went on then, hurriedly. "He leaned there on the counter when I had brought his book and began to talk about Russian literature. And then after a time—

"'Have you ever posed for an artist?' he asked me.

No, I had not—I had never known an artist.

"'I should like you to sit for me, if you would help me so much and do me so much honor,' he said, in a very beautiful and grand manner. He told me his plan for a piece of work. It was to be a symbol of Freedom. He explained how it is often difficult for an artist to find a model for what he has in his mind. He said that I could help him in what he wanted for the forehead and chin. He left me his address. It was an invitation into an unpenetrated land. The next day I went to the studio. I kept for a few days the work I had been doing, but not for long, because what he paid me easily provided for my living.

"Then began for me, Signore, a time of such joy that I could scarcely bear it quietly and alone. I used to want to speak to people I passed on the street and tell them how it was with me. I used to stand close to his things and look at them very carefully. I studied everything about me there. Even the luncheons which he asked me to share with him when he kept me very late were revelations of a new pleasure—the pale flowers and old blue china, the pheasants and a glass of yellow wine for each of us, set out on the cloth in the spaced way that he likes. Of course every other experience I had ever had was commonplace compared to this. I had seen two or three great men at the centers of amphitheaters in the university. Now for six hours of every week I became the companion of one. He began to create a super-world for me. If it were raining when I went out, he showed me the purple in the wet pavements; if it were sunset, he showed me how it is the eastern sky which has the most delicate loveliness at this hour. Or he showed me how it is always the things men have touched which have the greatest beauty, since he is so much a humanist. It seemed as if he were forever touching me on the arm and saying, 'Look!'

"He had come to America on a commission—a fountain to be set up in memory of a great poet. Many people were coming in to pose for the frieze on the rim. There was a drabbled little girl with bright eyes who came for a row of dancing figures that was to go around the base. She was soft and lean as a little cat, at once voluptuous and simple, and her hair was as black as velvet. She was very pretty, and made as delicately as a marquise; her prettiness a little worn, Signore, like a marquise that has been knocked around a great deal.

"One day when I went in I found that I was not to be allowed to pose at once, and Legien asked me to wait. This little Seraphita Enders was standing, and as I sat looking at her that morning I felt a longing to preserve her in some way in myself. As she stood there bent back with her white throat curved to the sky and her arms spread like a delicate cross, the silk of her dress swirling about her feet — so light, almost flashing like a bubble — a particularly released mood came to me while I looked at her, an unutterable feeling of flight and aspiration, as if my breast opened and liberated something and closed again. I took a piece of clay and began to work at her, too. From that day on I modeled more or less regularly. For some time Legien did not remark it, but one day when I went in he had the cloth off the wet figure and made me some criticisms.

"'Do this—and do that,' he said.

"From then on I went in often, before my time and stayed after, to model from Legien's pose. I would take my place in the corner at my own project without being noticed at all. I had begun to pose for the whole figure of the 'Freedom'; and so I became a fixed necessity of the studio.

"I used to hear talk there which I gripped in my mind as if I clenched my hand on it. There was a puffy, marshmallowy Jew named Birnbaum who often came. There was something vague and featureless about him, a nature somehow like milk. He seemed to be drawn from books, from pictures, from thoughts, never directly from life. And yet he was so heavy with treasures. He talked one day about Jesus, so that I stayed away four days and read the New Testament and all the commentaries and lives I could find in the library.

"But it was Legien himself in whom I was most of all absorbed. I almost ceased to read. I had soon a new perspective of thoughts and feelings from him. He revolted and dominated me by turns, and I studied him as I studied everything. There is something light and destructible about the Legien I knew then. He was like a screen behind which there was something—a light or even a god. He was often ridiculous. I saw him once in a rage, which was a shocking exhibition; there were innumerable quarrels — but that mouthing, strutting mountebank figure is only the shadow before the door; it was his greatness which I studied most. I saw that everything he registered within himself was selected from infinitely lesser forms. In his reveries it took a

rare, priceless finesse. We do not know ourselves, but I heard Birnbaum explaining to another critic one day that Legien had found a curious foil to test himself upon in me, the selective nature against the omnivorous. I used to think of this. One day I, too, saw a difference in us which was fundamental. We had been speaking of some press criticisms of an exhibition. They were stupid and murderous. Legien was a good deal exercised over them.

"'There should be a way of stopping such things,' he said. 'They do a great deal of harm.'

"It was strange to hear him so often say that.

"'Why do you always say, "It does harm?"' I said. 'I always think—it is not true.'

"There came a time when Legien's attitude toward me changed. I ceased to be a succession of steps in his project and became another person. There was something which he could not account for. He was mystified by a girl of the people who knew the classics.

"'What is it that you intend to do at last?' he would say, when he had thrown himself down on the couch after the work was finished, and I would look over at him lying there, with the gray-and-white Russian cigarette held lightly far back between his fingers and lifted in the air, and understood how unable I was to answer. Sometimes he would look at me a long time without speaking; and I would become conscious of that glance as I sat on my high stool putting the damp cloth about the clay.

"'What is it that you intend to do? What is your game?' he would say, and I could never answer. I did not myself understand myself, Signore. I moved in the dark, but young and vigorous, with outstretched hands. He told me that I had not yet appeared out of the stone.

"The 'Freedom' had not gone on well. He had been able to work at it only at intervals. The commission which he had come to America to fill had to be ready by a certain date. I know now, too, that he had never really seized his idea.

"The work had been fruitless for him, and he decided to destroy it before he left America. He began to speak often of his departure. After a while it seemed to me, whenever he spoke the word Italy, that I must be dropping my head like a hound. I was not afraid of what people call 'conditions.' I knew that I could work and make a way for myself to go on. I was not afraid of that. I was afraid of the silence of the mind I should go back to. I could not give him up, but not as women usually say this. Perhaps mine was a purer feeling. I wanted him for a few years to help me learn how to live. I had seen that there was a way. And so one day I begged him to take me with him to Italy." She paused and turned toward the old man.

"Perhaps you will not understand this, Signore," she went on. "I say that it is one kind of a soul. Many women would have said to themselves that they loved him, but I did not say to myself that I loved him. I did not cheat even myself. I knew that I did not. I did it for Life. I saw that in him which I could not spare. There is something deeper in the race even than the desire for love, and it is the persistence and eagerness of life itself to unfold.

"It was a strange look that came into Legien's face when I made my proposition to him. I was just going. I stood by the high stool, holding to it, for I was trembling, and I spoke with all the heat I have, trying to say honestly what I had thought. He laid down the book he had taken up when he stopped work and sat looking at me. A bitter smile twisted his face, and with it that look people give us when we speak of what is in the under parts of their minds buried beneath arguments.

"'It is a quite equitable proposal, Karin,' he said, 'but it does not interest me.'

"'That is not true, Legien,' I said, looking at him.

"'Then it is not my way,' he said. 'You do not understand yourself,' and he went across to the model he had covered for the night, drew the cloth off the clay, and would speak no more.

"Then I tried with all my mind, Signore, to find a way to make him see how different a world his is from mine. Even because I am a woman, it is different. Some day a book will be written with a woman's woman in it

which will tell truthfully what one of us feels and thinks, and how she has come into her world, as so many men have told how they came into theirs. But as yet it is all what men have said we feel. I tried to find a way. After several days I spoke again, and one dripping January afternoon, almost a week after I had made up my mind that it was hopeless, he said, quite suddenly:

"'Very well; come, let us go, Karin. It is true of yourself, I think, what you say.'

"So we went to Venice." The girl breathed more quickly, fastening her eyes upon her companion's face as if she tried to read to the dregs what that word said to him. "Do you remember how it looks in May? I saw it with Legien.

"His studio was a little house behind one of the old palaces which have been made into pensions. There was a tiny square of shorn grass in front of it, and a green paling-gate, and orange-trees along the wall. It was only a single room, very high, with glass above. I loved the light in that big, silent room. You stepped from the door-sill right into it.

"Soon it took Legien's quality—the marble and clay, books and sketches, and bits of cloth the color or texture of which pleased him, fastened with thumb-tacks to the wall, with that feeling for spaces which is part of his instinct. It became luxurious and barren at once.

"It was a very quiet feeling between us. We lived in those days apart from the realities of each other's lives. I used to go every day to sit in certain aisles of the Duomo to look at certain objects of the altar, certain columns of the palace. Legien was soon absorbed in the 'Freedom.' It developed now that he intended to challenge in it an attainment beyond all the art he had served in the past. What had grown so absolute in him he intended to abandon, to seek something further. It was to be his search in his own nature for some 'increase of life'—something which had eluded him and which he coveted. He had set himself, in fact, Signore, to become another Legien. I saw him in those days before my eyes make a man into a new soul.

"One afternoon, when we had been in Venice almost a month, he began to work. He set up the armature with a gesture, and began to block it in with great masses of clay, handfuls at a time. I had never seen Legien work like that. You know he has even been accused of taking a cast of the body, so smooth has been his manner. All afternoon he worked with his hair flying, his eyes blazing, his white smock thrown open at the throat, whistling over and over—hundreds of times—a little air out of one of the Beethoven minuettos. It was like a day of battle. When the twilight of the rainy March afternoon fell, cold and sudden, he had already torn the first sketch of his idea out of his mind.

"I had never known that there could be such striving as I saw then in the year that followed. He stood over it day by day, week after week. He would sit staring at it, sick and impotent for days together while it stood untouched, and one night he broke down in a despair so dark that it seemed to me his spirit must be somehow perishing. It was not given to him, he said, to know the extremities of the soul, but only to discern the distinction of outward beauty. In those days he became to me a new Legien, otherwise than the one I had followed. I began to worship his striving. He became another person to me now, as I had become another person to him before.

"He used to go often while he was trying to realize his idea to look at the faces of prisoners, and one day he brought a man home with him who was just free after fourteen years. Something strange beyond all other faces has happened in the faces of prisoners. We both modeled this man. Legien seated him always facing the 'Freedom.' One day the man asked what it was, and then he began to talk about what it was to be free. He had scarcely spoken before.

"Legien dropped his head and watched that hueless face lifted so suddenly into a knowledge of the power to live.

"In New York I had seen the Rodins at the Metropolitan, and in the library I used to pore over a book of reproductions of all the rest, and a scheme of my own had come to me. It was to be Man and Woman Coming out of Original Chaos. They were both to be still partly buried in the block of marble, the man trying

to lift himself out by one arm thrown over the spur of the stone, and with the other bearing heavily on the shoulder of the woman behind him; and she, as she strained against the imprisoning past, was to hang about the man's neck. It was to typify the relation of men and women, both trying to rise through one whom they dragged down. I saw in this prisoner's face what I had been trying to see for my project, and the next day I began to work on it.

"Through the summer and autumn and all through the winter, Legien wrestled with his dark enterprise. At first monstrous and feeble, then conventional and too fine, gradually it emerged. It seemed as if by technical effort, by changing a lock of hair here, the straining of a muscle there, he sought something yet fleeing from him. Once he worked for seven hours continuously on a part of the drapery which would never fall twice the same way at different sittings, and that day I said I would keep the pose until it was finished to his satisfaction. When the dinner was brought at eight o'clock, he was as white and collapsed as if he had been through a sickness, and I could not move even my hands and had to be lifted from the platform. But that part was finished, and he never touched it again.

And I saw after a time that this striving, this almost agonizing struggle, was giving him not smooth perfection, but freedom. Gray and motionless there in the end of the studio, vague, with a certain stiffness like the work of an archaic people, so alien from all he has done before, it came to be what he wished. It grew to possess even my nights, rising and disappearing as existence itself hovers before those who lie very sick. In May the marble was brought, and for days the studio echoed with the workmen's voices and the sound of their hammers. Then he went to work at the last finishing.

"And all this time, side by side with the birth of Legien's idea, another struggle was going on in the high, gray room. For always, Signore, I modeled. In New York I had come to work regularly beside Legien, his pupil; and in Venice, in that bright sunlight, as he moved about the other end of the studio in his brown cap and white smock, whistling the eternal minuetto, I took up my apprenticeship with such joy. More and more I became constant to the idea that for me at least life was to be the coining of myself over into something transmuted, compact, and organic, as the artist does. At first I wanted to do it all in six months. I was continually shaken by the fact that I achieved nothing. Then I settled down just to the joy of the work. At the end of a year I was not the same woman who had come to Venice. The work I did now began to have significance. Once I looked up and saw Legien watching me, and his expression startled me. I thought about it for days afterward.

"'You work with the cry of the Valkyrs, Karin,' he said, and turned on his heel, his lips curling. He had never sneered at me before. It did not matter at first that he sneered then. Somewhere, from the longings of my mother, from all those peasants stalking the furrows with their eyes on the great fiords of Norway, I had taken a big, loose power and feeling for large line. I used to feel at times, as I worked, as if I chanted Brunhilde's song of flight, my thoughts rushing before me like sisters.

"Then I saw after a time that I was separating myself from Legien. At first it was only a faint, careless aversion to seeing me at work, and then—he could not bear it near him. It seemed to threaten him. He was jealous of that power. I owed him everything. I had seized it all from him. I would have served him—I would have paid—what might we not have done together?—but I would not pay with myself. He cannot bear his peers. Perhaps it is true that the great must stand alone.

"At first I resisted him. I became cold and poised as a blade of steel when he interfered with me. It renewed Legien's feeling toward me to see me thus. He felt himself opposed by what is regal. It is the old story of woman that she resists, and of man that he likes it that she should resist, that in the end he may conquer her. After a while I could not oppose him any more. In each of those efforts I lost something I could not lose. I began to offer him even my will. My



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

"I SAT BY THE WINDOW WITH MY EYES ON THE LIGHTS ACROSS THE GIUDECCA"

heart had begun to burn like lava; it seemed to seethe and hiss. I seemed bound to him by more than one tie—by one of those throws of chance which make existence so enigmatic, he felt his new life to be built upon me, and sometimes it seemed to me as if this new self were a little child that I was caring for and that it needed me. I was his 'battle friend.' He turned to me often as if his eyes rested in my strength, and in the night of his despair, when he clung to me like a man who feels everything in him disintegrating — as I put my hand on his head, I felt something new, Signore.

"'What is this?' I said to myself. Millions upon millions of women must have fought this battle, as if between light and air—between food and drink; only underground and deviously they have gone before and with scarcely a chance of choice.

"I ceased to work. Legien decided to take the 'Freedom' himself to Paris. He was to come back, and we would go on in time for the Salon. I asked him to let me stay. I wanted to be alone.

"I thought my longing for the clay would die, but you see it would not die, Signore. I gathered his hands to my lips the morning he left. He looked at me in surprise, and went off glancing back over his shoulder. I was left alone in the great, empty room.

"And when I was there alone I lifted my arms and went to that half-formed thought-child—set aside, wrapped in its grave-clothes. All day I worked—all day—all day—all day—and when the light was gone I destroyed it; I took it in my hands and twisted it this way and that until it was formless clods of mud; I crushed it down to that from which it came, keeping for myself Legien.

"But in the moment when it fell at my feet, Signore, I learned that I had not broken what I tried to break. I sat by the window with my eyes on the lights across the Giudecca, standing like bouquets in the shadowy bowl of the night, their long silvery and golden stems dropping straight down into the water; and within I looked at that which burned and dropped its trailing fire into my own mind. A faint voice, a song of joy rose, rose out of the city across the canal. It became the song of all the artists calling me. The moon began to rise. The wall opposite me came out in a faint glow. I had come to him for life, and now I tried to have the courage of that experience.

"And then that happened which I had not counted upon. It had become one of those magnificent summer nights that are white with the moon. The shadows of the palace and wall seemed to be cut out on the grass. When I went to the door I saw—Legien. He was coming down the walk with a light step and very quickly. Something in the way I bade him good-by must have made him turn back.

"'Are you there, Karin?' he asked, lighting a match in the doorway. He came across the room with that light, ringing step. I remembered how he had seemed to me in New York so much older than I, but now he was young as a gallant in a Venetian play. He threw himself down on the seat in the window. A keen excitement was burning in him. The moonlight fell over him. He began to talk in a torrent of speech of what he had seen and done during the day, how he had missed a train and come back from Bologna.

"Presently he began to walk up and down, past the door, back into the darkness, out again into the light. As he talked he lighted one match after another and held them out toward me at the full length of his arm, as if to see me in the darkness. When I had seen him first at the gate, every resource in me had melted away into the two great feelings of joy and fear. But now I felt only very cold. I was afraid as I had been afraid in my black childhood. I was afraid of how I should fail, and make our memory hideous and bleeding.

"'Come, let us have a light, Karin,' he said at length. And when the room sprang out of that darkness, with the spots of silver-leaf hammered into the floor, he came to me.

"'You will not leave me, Karin,' he said. 'I need you.'

"'I must have myself, Legien.'

"'You are a woman, made for love.'

"'I cannot live by it. The growth-strength is in me.'

"'Is this the vital thing with women?'

"'Women especially, Legien,' I could

only answer. He began to speak now as I had never known Legien could speak; he spoke of marriage, which means so little to me, but to him it is much; we were no longer young and old, pupil and master—all that had fallen away. I could no longer see clearly, Signore—I felt his arms stretched across my knees—why is it not true that love changes everything? —I knew that we should only grow to hate and mutilate each other; we had gone as far as we could.

"I tried to rise, but he caught my hands. It is fearful to see such things as I saw happen in faces. He dragged me to the pedestal of the 'Freedom' and thrust me from him against it.

"'You have used me—you have raised yourself by me—but you have never given yourself—even for an hour—that soul behind—nothing but calculation. You go on as if you passed a cracking cup—'

"'Legien, that is not true—'"

She broke off and clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out that memory, clenching her teeth and droping her head upon her breast.

"So he left me that night," she went on presently. "I wanted to tell him how it was with me—to comfort him —but he was gone. The dawn came. I wondered where he was. I made my plan and fled toward the cool North. I had no money. I had always wanted to feel that I took from him only what I decided upon, and that the stakes we played were in some way equal. But now I knew I must have money to make my flight. There was a little figure of Demeter which he cared for more than all his treasures, and I could devise no better way in the thick pain of that night than to take this to a shop on the Piazza where I knew it would be bought. I thought this act might break the feeling which held him to me—that it might make me vulgar to him again—the peasant and model. I saw that part of my plan must be something that would do that, too. It has been three days, Signore."

She rose and stood looking down at him, the story ended. A night-hawk was circling round and round far over their heads. A rising murmur was spreading over the darkening city. It was the hour when across all Berlin, and across every city and every place where human beings are, comes stirring the sound of people faring toward home. In every street, across every square, down all the main paths of the garden, men and women were hurrying to what shelter of hearth they had; gathering about the evening meal, drawing near within the circle of lighted rooms, feeling some tranquil measure of human intercourse and love —if they ever feel it — some instant sense of peaceful comfort and remission. All creatures, even the poor girl looking across the table of a café at her chance companion, know at this hour the emotion of pause and common comradeship—a kind of peace if only that another day is solved and passed. This evening sound of life pressing to its return hung back of the thoughts of speaker and listener. The old man had bent his head almost to his hands folded over his stick. After a while he sighed as he looked up at his companion, young and beautiful, standing there convulsed before him. And then his look of pity changed to something which rose from the essence of his years.

"The love of beauty, Fräulein — it scourges such as we from birth to old age," he said, slowly. "It takes us away from happiness and toward it. It has driven you to the university, to the little book-shop, to Legien, to the clay, to Italy, and now it has driven you at last to this act of sacrifice. You will be driven by it always, and many are with you, and it will hurl you into rapture and pain. But it is we who weave the colors in the tissue of life."

Scotticisms and Americanisms

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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ONE of the most singular delusions that used to prevail about our language was that every educated man knows all the words that belong to it; at any rate, all the words that belong to it properly. Belief in this special sort of omniscience doubtless existed from the beginning; but it made little public proclamation of itself until after the rise of critical periodicals in the eighteenth century. This class of publications gave ample opportunity to numbers of men to air their views, or rather their prejudices, on the subject of usage; to decide, so far as their influence went, just what expressions it was the correct thing to employ or to avoid. It was the usual assumption of the reviewer that words or phrases strange to him, or for any reason objectionable to him, by that very fact proved that they had no business whatever in the speech. At all events, it proved their non-existence in that pure and perfect diction of which he himself was an authorized exponent.

Nor did this assumption die out speedily. In fact, it may be said that in some quarters it has not even yet died out. But it never made much recognizable exhibition of itself till the second half of the eighteenth century. Then the manifestation of self-consciousness may be said to have begun. It was then that men became very critical on the subject of usage. The situation was such as almost to necessitate this state of mind. New words and phrases were beginning to pour into the tongue in large numbers. New discoveries in the arts and sciences were constantly being made. New inventions were devised. New ideas of all sorts were in the air. All these demanded for their description and expression words which the current speech did not supply. Accordingly the required terms had to be developed from existing roots, or to be imported from foreign sources. As was not unnatural, these new creations or borrowings did not meet the approval of the conservative—though then they would not have called themselves so, as at that time such usage of the word did not exist. There was occasionally ample justification for the dislike they felt and expressed. The candidate for adoption into the language was clumsy, or ill-sounding, or incorrectly formed. But the objectors failed to consider the all-important point that some new word was absolutely necessary. If they could not devise one better, the word already suggested was sure to be adopted.

Always, indeed, during the history of every tongue, men have insisted on maintaining a firm stand against the entrances into it of new expressions of any sort. In so doing they have honestly believed that they were actuated not by a senseless but by a holy zeal for purity of speech. The strongest sort of opposition has been frequently offered to the recognition of words which it would now seem to us we could hardly do without. The feeling existed in high places. In 1773 the fourth edition of Johnson's dictionary was published. It was the last edition which appeared under his own supervision. Boswell tells us that he in vain urged Johnson to insert *civilization.* This was just then beginning to take the place of *civility* in the sense of being opposed to barbarism. He refused to acknowledge the intruder. *Humiliating* he admitted to be a word frequently used, but he did not know it to be legitimate English — whatever that means. So, though he inserted the noun *humiliation,* the corresponding verb and adjective are not found in his final revised edition. Not long after this time *development* appeared in the title of a book. Its author was sternly informed by one of his reviewers that there was no such word in the language. William Taylor, of Norwich, somewhat

renowned for the peculiar words he used in his writings, sent an article to the *Monthly Review,* in which occurred the verb *rehabilitate.* It was at once struck out by the editor. It was not English, Taylor was informed, and would not have been understood. It may be said in palliation if not defense of this action that it was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that the word became well known, especially in the sense of whitewashing questionable characters.

Feelings of this nature prevailed with peculiar force after the beginning of the nineteenth century. The new terms introduced were objected to, not because of their demerits, but on account of their novelty or origin. Violent protests were made against their employment. Critics were slow to learn—what indeed some of them never learn — that in the use of words the whole body of educated men know better what they need than any one of their number, no matter who he be. Hence critical omniscience was constantly engaged in insisting that particular words were not in the language. If finally forced to accept them as being in it, it as constantly insisted that they ought not to be in it. Singular illustrations of this attitude meet us on every side.

In his autobiography, John Stuart Mill tells that in the winter of 1822-23 he planned the formation of a little body of debaters which was made up of those who acknowledged utility as their standard of ethics and politics. To this society he gave the name of *Utilitarian.* It was the first time, he says, that any one had taken that title. "I did not invent the word," he wrote, "but found it in one of Galt's novels, *The Annals of the Parish.*" Toward the end of this same third decade of the century, John Silk Buckingham established the critical weekly, the *Athenæum.* That soon passed for a short period into the hands of John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice. During their sway the periodical attacked fiercely the views of those who called themselves Utilitarians. Not content with denouncing their tenets, it denounced their name. Repeatedly it insisted that there was no such word in the language. Sterling and Maurice have passed away; *utilitarian* still survives.

From Mill's statement it is probable—at least it is possible — that this term was of Scottish origin. At all events it was from that part of the United Kingdom that many new words came to be adopted into English literary use. They were apt to be received with a good deal of protest if their source was known or suspected. In that case it was not the value or character of the word that was considered; it was the quarter from which it proceeded. In truth, before Americanisms were discovered, Scotticism was the term with which the Englishman with limited knowledge of his own tongue, but with large ideas of his own knowledge of it, was much disposed to stigmatize every word or usage to which he took exception. Occasionally he termed it an Irishism; or, to resort to a more exalted form of nomenclature, an Hibernicism. But Scotland as the assumed source of its origin was the part of the United Kingdom generally preferred. As a Scotticism accordingly it was to be shunned.

At the outset these expressions of hostility often, and perhaps one might say commonly, imposed upon the natives themselves of that country. No more striking illustration of the state of mind generally prevailing in the eighteenth century can be found than that exhibited by Hume. Hume was renowned as an essayist, as a historian, and as a philosopher. No inhabitant of Great Britain of his time was so eminent as a thinker. No British man of letters of his time had so great a Continental reputation. Yet in the matter of language he submitted himself, almost with servility, to the opinions of men who, besides being intellectually far his inferiors, had not a tithe of his knowledge of literature or of his ability of expression. Had he taken half the pains to study the usage of the great English writers which he took to get the opinions of very ordinary Englishmen on points of usage, he would have saved himself not only from much needless anxiety, but from the acquisition of much misleading information.

Furthermore, this position of linguistic inferiority Hume accepted for his countrymen as well as for himself. He assumed as without question that by the very fact of being a Scotchman he

must necessarily speak and write not pure English, but a dialect of English. In 1757 he said with just pride to his friend Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, that the people to whom they belonged were "the most distinguished for literature in Europe." This result, he added, had been achieved in spite of the most pronounced disadvantages. "We are," he said, "unhappy in our accent and pronunciation." In addition he remarked that we "speak a very corrupt dialect of the tongue we make use of." Nor was Hume at all singular in this depreciatory estimate. Exactly the same attitude was taken by his Scottish contemporaries. The very friend of his who has just been mentioned assumed it as a matter of course. In 1759 George Grenville had spoken to Elliot with highest praise of Robertson's *History of Scotland,* which had just appeared. "I suppose," said Elliot, deprecatingly, "although the matter may be tolerable, as the author was never on this side of the Tweed till he wrote it, it must be very barbarous in the expression." "By no means," replied Grenville. "Had the author lived all his life in London, and in the best company, he could not have expressed himself with greater elegance and purity." There were then and have been since many who have taken a far less favorable view of the language employed by the historian. But the very difference of opinion on this point shows how unfixed is the standard by which propriety of usage has to be determined.

In accordance with the views he held, Hume devoted no small share of his time and thought to ridding himself of what he considered Scotticisms. In so doing, like most verbal critics, he got rid of words and expressions which had been not merely in use from an early period, but had furthermore been in the best of use. For his course in so doing he had a certain justification in his lack of adequate means to decide authoritatively. Some points, indeed, could be settled easily. There were words and expressions peculiar to Scotland which were utterly unknown to classical English. Several of these, owing perhaps to our unfamiliarity with them, strike us now as singularly uncouth. Others there were against which it would seem impossible to make reasonable objection. But whether uncouth or expressive, they all fell alike under Hume's ban.

Accordingly, in pursuance of his plan to compose in the purest sort of English, he made out a list of Scotticisms which were to be avoided. By the side of these assumed disreputable citizens of the linguistic commonwealth he placed the correspondingly correct English words or phrases. A most singular list this was as a whole. It consisted of about one hundred examples. Some of them were words and phrases which were then peculiar to Scotland. So they have remained to this day, if they still continue to exist at all. Others there were which were once correct, but had become antiquated. In consequence they belonged rather to a treatise on good usage than to a vocabulary of Scotticisms. Such, for instance, was *learn* in the obsolete sense of "teach"—that is, obsolete in the literary speech, but not in the speech of the uneducated. Others there were which were then frequently employed in both Scotland and England; but possibly much more employed in the former country than in the latter. Of still others it can be said that if they were not in good use in England then, they speedily became so.

This list of Scotticisms was, however, especially remarkable for containing a goodly proportion of words and expressions which were in no sense peculiar to Scotland then and never have been. What, indeed, are we to think of the linguistic acquirements of a man of letters who could seriously set down for his own guidance that "simply impossible" is Scotch, while "absolutely impossible" is English; that "nothing else" is Scotch and "no other thing" is English; that "common soldiers" is Scotch and "privates," or "private men," is English; that "there" and "where" are Scotch and "thither" and "whither" are English? He doubtless got his information on such points from Englishmen who had amassed as much ignorance of the whole subject as he had himself. In the last examples given there is some justification for the introduction of the words as a question of precise usage. There is none at all for treating the employment of them as

marking a distinction between Scotch and English usage. *There* and *where* are adverbs which belong to verbs of rest. Strictly speaking, they are out of place with verbs of motion. With these latter *thither* and *whither* or *where to* are the ones properly employed. This distinction is still largely, perhaps generally, maintained by scrupulous writers in their printed productions; but colloquial usage has so universally abandoned it that it would be impossible to preserve it in conversation without frequently subjecting oneself to the charge of pedantry.

Several of the Scotticisms imported into this country crossed at the same time the Tweed. They were adopted into the literary speech of England, though occasionally under protest; but the protest, when made, was soon forgotten. They consequently came in time to be considered as much a constituent part of the language of South Britain as of North. Take as an illustration the word *greed*. It is a back-formation from *greedy*. This adjective had been in the language from the earliest known period. It had developed the noun *greediness* and the adverb *greedily*. But for a long time the use of *greed*—the word, not the thing—was limited to Scotland. In fact, it did not make its way into English literature until the nineteenth century. Men insisted that it was unnecessary; it expressed no more than *greediness*. It is probable that it was its employment by Scott that contributed largely to the acceptance it met at last. Few there are now who will deny that it is a positive contribution to the resources of the speech. At any rate the place of its origin was long ago condoned and is now generally forgotten.

The employment in this country of certain words and usages characteristic of the speech of North Britain took place, as has been said, at about the same time that they made their way into English literature generally. Hence our contemporaneous adoption of them ceased to have any note of distinctiveness. But certain words and expressions there are in which no simultaneous action of this sort occurred. They consequently have come to form a marked difference between the speech of England and America. Two in particular of the Scotticisms found in Hume's list demand here full consideration, for they may be said to be entitled now to the distinction of being regarded also as Americanisms. One of these is the use of the adverb *some* in the sense of "somewhat." In Hume's list *some better* is put down as a Scotticism opposed to the English "something better." Doubtless this same employment of the adverb may be found in a few of the English dialects. Scotland, however, was its chief home, and from Scotland it was brought to this country. Here of late it has had a mighty development. It must have reached here early. The first vocabulary of Americanisms which was ever published—appearing in the first quarter of the nineteenth century—contained it. In that it was said to be "used chiefly by the illiterate." Such, too, is the distinctly disparaging description of it found now in dictionaries published in England. To the account of it in the vocabulary just mentioned was added the statement that it was "not so much used in the seaports as in the country towns of New England." The work referred to was published in Boston; and Boston had already begun to be jealous of her linguistic reputation.

Unfortunately this asserted limitation of the use of *some*—where *something* or *somewhat* is the proper word—if it were even true then, is not at all true now. It has taken as full possession of the seaboard as it has of the interior. It not merely exists here; it abounds. There is no usage more common among the semi-educated. We must add that the same statement applies to too large a number of the educated. To its wide spread its constant occurrence in the newspapers has undoubtedly contributed. That of itself would tend to familiarize it to all; and a usage constantly met in print is always likely to be unhesitatingly, or at least unthinkingly, employed in conversation. It is, indeed, sedulously avoided by those who are scrupulous about propriety of speech. Such men, however, in any community are comparatively few in number. Still, unless solitary instances have escaped my notice, *some* in the sense of "somewhat" cannot be found in the writings of the

best American authors when any one of them is speaking in his own person or is representing the usage of the cultivated. At all events, this was true of those of the past generation. Their writings are as free from its employment as are those of English authors. But its present extensive use here, at least so far as colloquial and newspaper speech is concerned, entitles it now to be regarded as an Americanism. As it has no literary support in its favor, it is hardly a usage to be proud of.

The other one of the Scotticisms mentioned in Hume's list which has maintained itself here is the use of *pled* instead of *pleaded* in the preterite and past participle. The fuller form is frequently found also; but the contracted one is not only heard often in conversation, it is met with pretty constantly in print. This is so at least in periodical literature. Perhaps, indeed, it has here the greater vogue both in colloquial speech and in written. In England the reverse is true. There the shortened form is out of use—that is, out of educated use. Once it was not wholly so. The *New Historical Dictionary* cites from Spenser a passage containing it. But all its other quotations from British authors come from those belonging to Scotland. Even among these the only ones possessing any literary authority whatever are Chalmers and Scott. That the contracted form was not in common use in the English of the Elizabethan period may be fairly inferred from the practice of Shakespeare. He never employs it. Three times he uses the preterite or past participle. In these instances *pleaded* is the form found. The same statement seems to be true of later writers in Great Britain outside of Scotland.

But *pled* as a preterite or past participle stands on an entirely different footing from *some* in the sense of "somewhat." For it exists a certain amount of literary precedent and a good deal of grammatical justification. There is, indeed, not the slightest linguistic objection to its employment, though there is to the frequent spelling of it as *plead,* which is not sanctioned by the early use and still less by common sense. *Plead,* with the past tense and past participle *pled,* belongs to a small class of anomalous verbs of the weak conjugation. These have come to have a family likeness to the strong verbs because they no longer add anything to form the preterite, and, furthermore, shorten the vowel sound of the present. This sound is represented in the spelling of that tense by *ee* or *ea.* There are some of these verbs in which no one thinks of employing the full and strictly regular form. It is invariably the contracted one. *Lead* does not give us the preterite *leaded,* but *led. Read* similarly discards *readed.* The past tense is pronounced *red;* but in the absurd conventional orthography prevailing it appears as *read.* It is needless to add that there are those who honestly believe that the language would enter into a permanent decline if the preterite of *read,* like that of *lead,* should be spelled in accordance with its pronunciation.

Again in the words in which this same sound is represented by *ee, bleed, breed,* and *feed* have for their preterites not the regular full forms *bleeded, breeded,* and *feeded,* but the contracted ones *bled* and *bred* and *fed.* It shows the capriciousness of language or of its users that *speed,* another adverb of this same class, has had during all periods of modern English both the full form *speeded* and the contracted form *sped.* To a less extent this is true of *plead.* In accordance with the course followed by the few verbs just mentioned, *pled* ought to be the accepted preterite instead of *pleaded.* That it is of Norman-French origin, while they are of Anglo-Saxon, has never had the slightest bearing upon the question. *Plead* came into the language when the two elements out of which the speech was formed had completely coalesced. It was at once fully naturalized. It was subjected to the same influences which operated upon other members of its class. No one thought of its origin at the time. It is not likely that one in a thousand of the multitudes of men who have since used it has had the least idea of the quarter from which it came into our tongue. But *pleaded* has been adopted so universally in England that *pled* must be regarded as one of the Scotticisms which have now become Americanisms.

Hume's attitude was essentially the same as that taken by the two later Scottish authors who devoted themselves to the consideration of this subject. The first of these was Sir John Sinclair. In 1782 he brought out a volume entitled *Observations on the Scottish Dialect.* His list was very much fuller than Hume's. It contained a large number of words and phrases which were genuinely peculiar to Scotland; some of them, indeed, necessary to Scotland, for there were no others to fill their place. But it contained also no small number that had belonged to the English language from time immemorial. In addition to his predecessor's list, he had the advantage or disadvantage of consulting one made by the poet Beattie. This had been privately printed in 1779. Sinclair, unlike his two fellow-countrymen, was occasionally conscious of the ridiculousness of certain of his statements. To this feeling his education at Oxford University doubtless contributed. In a few cases he admitted that the word or phrase which he spoke of as a Scotticism had been used by Shakespeare and other authors of his grade. These seem in his opinion to have written a sort of English which had fallen into disrepute in the high-polite English society which he had frequented. A few others of these alleged Scotticisms were to be found also in the authorized version of the Bible.

Naturally some of the distinctions Sinclair made between the language of North and of South Britain strike us now, and pretty surely struck many then, as more amusing than edifying. To *cause* a person to do a thing instead of *making* him do it was, we were told, "a frequent and obnoxious Scotticism." Instead of "making up to a lady," as they said in the northern part of the island, the proper thing in the southern part was "to make an offer of marriage to a lady." The former expression had probably not been long in use; but a few there must have been even then who were sufficiently dense not to recognize that the meaning of the two was essentially different. "In place of" for "instead of," he tells us, "is a Scotticism often fallen into." "To blow the bellows" was also Scotch. The proper way of expressing the action was "to blow the fire with the bellows." On this matter Sinclair was a little hesitant as to the region of use, but not at all as to the propriety of the usage. "If blow the bellows," he said, "is English, it is surely a ridiculous expression." Again he tells us that the Scotch say "to fall in the gutter," where the English would say "to fall in the dirt." The reason given for a distinction which never had any real existence was as follows: "A gutter," wrote Sinclair, "is properly a passage for water, not the dirt and water with which it may be filled." Little satisfaction would it be to him who had fallen into one to know that the defiling dirt he found in it was not necessarily there according to any proper definition of the word.

Page after page could be taken up with these asserted distinctions of usage. They either did not exist then, or, if they had existed in the past, had long passed away. There was, however, justification at the time for the introduction of certain words and phrases which to all readers now would seem strange as ever having been deemed peculiar to Scotland. They were soon to make their way into universal acceptance. There was another Scotsman to whom the fact of such acceptance, which was becoming every day more plainly perceptible, brought extremest grief. This was the poet Beattie. His glossary, which had been printed privately in 1779, he brought out publicly in 1787. It was time, he felt, for him to come forward and do something toward stemming the tide of linguistic corruption which was setting in with increased violence. For Beattie from an early period had taken the English tongue under his particular care. Like most men who with pure zeal but inadequate knowledge devote themselves to this task, it had brought him little but anguish. His later years—he died in 1803—were saddened, not to say rendered miserable, by the prospect of the ruin which in various ways was overtaking the language. His solicitude, unlike Hume's, was not so much for the purity of his own speech as for the purity of English speech. In particular it grieved him that expressions, from the use of which he had carefully freed his own style, were beginning

to be used in South Britain. According to him, Scottish words and phrases were crossing the Tweed in as large numbers as Scotchmen themselves. The English language, as we learn from its linguistic nurses of every period, has always been in a state of ill health. For centuries, if we can trust to contemporary experts, it has been steadily going to the dogs from the increasing prevalence of particular ailments. According to Beattie, one virulent malady from which it was at that time suffering sprang from the tendency it displayed to yield to the temptation of adopting Scotch words and idioms. This the degenerate Englishmen of that day had apparently not virtue enough to resist.

This hostility to Scotticisms purely as Scotticisms was on the face of it absurd. The place where a word originates is of little importance as regards either its use or its usefulness. When it presents itself for admission the question that then arises is primarily whether or not it supplies an actual need; secondarily, whether it is well or ill formed. If it meet these two conditions successfully, the language is enriched by its introduction, not impaired. Accordingly, all this nonsense about Scotticisms it needed only the coming of a man of genius to dissipate. The result was brought about by the rise of Walter Scott. The attitude he assumed was wholly different from that of Hume and Beattie. He had, indeed, a contempt for the whole generation of purists, which they have never been slow to resent. This he hardly took the pains to conceal. Naturally the fact that he was employing a Scotch word unknown to English readers, or unused by English writers, was one of the last things that would have given him the slightest concern.

He had, indeed, no reason to worry himself upon this point. His unbounded popularity caused the expressions he used to pass muster everywhere. He exercised the right with which genius is always endowed of conferring citizenship upon long-forgotten or hitherto unused words by simply using them himself. Even those which he coined under a mistaken conception of their meaning or derivation, like the illegitimate sons of great monarchs, received from his begetting of them a patent of nobility of which later ages have not deprived them. Few of us have any conception of the number of old words and forms which Scott made a constituent part of the literary language. It was the same with the Scotticisms he introduced. Many of them were, of course, forced upon him by the subjects he treated or the characters he depicted. Others could have been avoided by him if he had so chosen. He did not choose. The universal acceptance of his writings, coupled with the greatness of his genius, was not merely sufficient to overawe critical protest, had it been uttered, but caused some of the words and expressions he used to become not only familiar but fashionable. With his unhesitating resort to Scotticisms the denunciation of them practically subsided.

Accordingly, a certain number of words originally limited to Scottish writers came to be accepted as part of the literary speech of England. Since they served a distinctly valuable use, the question of their origin sank into abeyance. With that the question of their propriety largely disappeared also. The occurrence of any one of them might be noted; but as a general rule it was no longer imputed as a reproach. The belief, however, on the part of the average reviewer continued unabated that he knows all the words which belong to the language, and is able to pronounce offhand whether they are pure English or not. Since the opprobrium attaching to a Scottish origin had largely passed away, somebody or some country must be found to bear the burden of introducing words or phrases unfamiliar or objectionable to the writer. With the failure of Scotland to perform this useful function, the rise of America came as a godsend. Americanism became the general term applied to any word or phrase which incurred the dislike of the English reviewer. The number in consequence which ignorance or prejudice has imputed to this country would fill a large volume. It may be remarked in passing that originally the comment or connotation was almost invariably of a disparaging nature. Now it is not unfrequently complimentary. In neither case, however, does America itself often deserve either the blame or the praise.

There was a certain palliation for this belief, at least for the ignorance displayed in it, if not for the hostility. The reviewers had no means of informing themselves. The same excuse exists for many of the errors and shortcomings made by earlier workers belonging to this country who have labored in the field of Americanisms. Until lately men had no secure ground upon which to build. They had few means of knowing whether the use of any particular word was peculiar to the United States or not, still fewer means of determining whether the word itself or some special use of it originated here or not. From much the larger proportion of the difficulties which beset the first collectors of Americanisms, real or reputed, we are now happily free. This result has been brought about by the publication of the *New Historical Dictionary of the English Language,* still unfinished, but now rapidly approaching completion. It is right to say at this point that no one has any business to express an opinion on the correctness or incorrectness of any particular usage without having first consulted carefully the pages of this invaluable work. It effectually disposes of a vast number of blundering statements which have been made about words and their uses, and which unfortunately still continue to be made by the ill-informed. The only general fault to be found with it is that too many of its examples are taken from obscure or anonymous writers who in questions of propriety of usage have not the slightest authority whatever. On such disputed points it is the masters of English literature who alone carry weight, not the journeymen workers.

For the determination of the genuineness of the words assumed to be Americanisms this work has furthermore an importance which cannot be overestimated. Here, indeed, no investigator can dispense with it. This is not to say that all its statements are to be accepted without question. There will be an occasional necessity in these articles to controvert certain of them. For usage here the editors have necessarily been dependent on contributions furnished from this side of the Atlantic. By these they have sometimes been misled; for the contributors have not always been wise. The chance coinage of the moment by an individual or by a newspaper has been too often diligently collected and forwarded. The consequence is that the use of a word or phrase has been attributed to this country, and usually to the whole of it, which either belongs to a particular region or has frequently had a mere momentary existence in the mouth of a single person. Accordingly, the letters "U. S." in this great dictionary have sometimes to be taken with many more than the usual grains of allowance. But occasional drawbacks do not impair, to any extent worth speaking of, the importance and value of the work, both to the student of usage and to the student of Americanisms. There will be constant occasion to refer to it or the information supplied by it in the course of these articles. For the very reason that there will be need to call in question the correctness of a few of its statements, it seems desirable to emphasize at the outset both one's own personal obligations to it and its absolute necessity to all interested in the study of English.

E. H.

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXVI

JASMINE'S LETTER

"IAN, oh, Ian, what mad and dreadful things you have written to me!" Jasmine's letter ran—the letter which she told him she had written on that day when all was lost. "Do you realize what you have said, and, saying it, have you thought of all it means to me? You have tried to think of what is best, I know; but have you thought of *me?* When I read your letter first, a flood of fire seemed to run through my veins; then I became as though I had been dipped in ether, and all the winds of an arctic sea were blowing over me.

"To go with you now, far away from the world in which we live and in which you work, to begin life again, as you say—how sweet and terrible and glad it would be! But I know, oh, I know myself, and I know you! I am like one who has lived forever. I am not good, and I am not foolish, I am only mad; and the madness in me urges me to that visionary world where you and I could live and work and wander, and be content with all that would be given us — joy, seeing, understanding, revealing, doing.

"But, Ian, it *is* only a visionary world, that world of which you speak. It does not exist. The overmastering love, the desire for you that is in me, makes for me the picture as it is in your mind; but down beneath all, the woman in me, the everlasting woman, is sure there is no such world.

"Listen, dear child—I call you that, for though I am only twenty-five I seem as aged as the Sphinx, and like the Sphinx that begets mockery, so my soul, which seems to have looked out over unnumbered centuries, mocks at this world which you would make for you and me. Listen, Ian. It is not a real world, and I should not—and that is the pitiful, miserable part of it!—I should not make you happy, if I were in that world with you. To my dire regret I know it. Suddenly you have roused in me what I can honestly say I have never felt before—strange, reckless, hungry feelings. I am like some young dweller of the jungle which, cut off from its kind, tries, with a passion that eats and eats and eats away its very flesh, to get back to its kind, to its mate, to that other wild child of nature which waits for the one appeasement of its primeval desire.

"Ian, I must tell you the whole truth about myself as I understand it. I am a hopeless, painful contradiction; I have always been so. I have always wanted to be good, but something has always driven me where the flowers have a poisonous sweetness, where the heart grows bad. I want to cry to you, Ian, to help me to be good; and yet something drives me on to want to share with you the fruit which turns to dust and ashes in the long end. And behind all that again, some tiny little grain of honor in me says that I must not ask you to help me; says that I ought never to look into your eyes again, never touch your hand, nor see you any more; and from the little grain of honor comes the solemn whisper, 'Do not ruin him; do not spoil his life.'

"Your letter has torn my heart, so that it can never again be as it was before, and because there is some big, noble thing in you, some little, not ignoble thing is born in me. Ian, you could never know the anguished desire I have to be with you always; but, if I keep sane at all, I will not go—no, I will not go with you, unless the madness carries me away. It would kill you. I know, because I have lived so many thousands of years. My spirit and my body might be satisfied, the glory in having you all my own would be so great; but there would be no joy for you. To men like you, work is as the breath of life. You must always be fighting for something, always climbing higher, because you see some big thing to do which is so far above you. Do you remember when we read together Browning's 'Grammarian'? Do you remember the lines—

"'Wait ye the warning:
Our low life is the level's and the night's,
He's for the morning!'

"Yes, men like you get their chance sooner or later, because you work, and are

ready to take the gifts of Fate when they appear and before they pass. You are always for the morning; you will be always for climbing, if some woman does not drag you back. That woman may be a wife, or it may be a loving and living ghost of a wife like me. Ian, I could not bear to see what would come at last —the disappointment in your face; the look of hope gone from your eyes; your struggle to climb, and the struggle of no avail. Sisyphus had never such a task as you would have on the hill of life, if I left all behind here and went with you. You would try to hide it; but I would see you growing older hourly before my eyes. You would smile—I wonder if you know what sort of wonderful, alluring thing your smile is, Ian?—and that smile would drive me to kill myself, and so hurt you still more. And so it is always an everlasting circle of penalty and pain when you take the laws of life you get in the mountains in your hands, and break them in pieces on the rocks in the valleys, and make new individual laws out of harmony with the general necessity.

"Isn't it strange, Ian, that I who can do wrong so easily still know so well and value so well what is right? It is my mother in me and my grandfather in me, both of them fighting for possession. Let me empty out my heart before you, because I know—I do not know why, but I do know, as I write—that some dark cloud lowers, gathers round us, in which we shall be lost, shall miss the touch of hand and never see each other's face again. I know it, oh, so surely! I did not really love you years ago, before I married Ruddy; I did not love you when I married him; I did not love him; I could not really love any one. My heart was broken up in a thousand pieces to give away in little bits to all who came. But I cared for you more than I cared for any one else — so much more; because you were so able and powerful, and were meant to do such big things; and I had just enough intelligence to want to understand you; to feel what you were thinking, to grasp its meaning, however dimly. Yet I have no real intellect. I am only quick and rather clever—sharp, as Jigger would say, and with some cunning, too. I have made so many people believe that I am brilliant. When I think and talk and write, I only give out in a new light what others like you have taught me; give out a loaf where you gave me a crumb; blow a drop of water into a bushel of bubbles. No, I did not love you, in the big way, in those old days, and maybe it is not love I feel for you now; but it is a great and wonderful thing, so different from the feeling I once had. It is very powerful, and it is also very cruel, because it smothers me in one moment, and in the next it makes me want to fly to you, heedless of consequence.

"And what might those consequences be, Ian, and shall I let you face them? The real world, your world, England, Europe, would have no more use for all your skill and knowledge and power, because there would be a woman in the way. People who would want to be your helpers, and to follow you, would turn away when they saw you coming; or else they would say the superficial things which are worse than blows in the face to a man who wants to feel that men look to him to help solve the problems perplexing the world. While it may not be love I feel for you, whatever it is, it makes me a little just and unselfish now. I will not—unless a springtime madness drives me to it to-day—I will not go with you.

"As for the other solution you offer, deceiving the world as to your purposes, to go far away upon some wild mission, and to die!

"Ah, no, you must not cheat the world so; you must not cheat yourself so! And how cruel it would be to me! Whatever I deserve — and in leaving you to marry Rudyard I deserved heavy punishment— still I do not deserve the torture which would follow me to the last day of my life if, because of me, you sacrificed that which is not yours alone, but which belongs to all the world. I loathe myself when I think of the old wrong that I did you; but no leper woman could look upon herself with such horror as I should upon myself, if, for the new wrong I have done you, you were to take your own life.

"These are so many words, and perhaps they will not read to you as real. That is perhaps because I am only shallow at the best; am only, as you once called me, 'a little burst of eloquence'! But even I can suffer, and I believe that even I can love. You say you cannot go on as things are; that I must go with you or you must die; and yet you do not wish me to go with you. You have said that, too. But do you not wonder what would become of me, if either of these alternatives are followed? A little while ago I could deceive Rudyard, and put myself in pretty clothes with a smile, and enjoy my breakfast with him and look in his face boldly, and enjoy the clothes, and the world and the gay things that are in it, perhaps because I had no real moral sense. Isn't it strange that out of the thing which the world would con-

demn as most immoral, as the degradation of the heart and soul and body, there should spring up a new sense that is moral—perhaps the first true glimmering of it? Oh, dear love of my life, comrade of my soul, something has come to me which I never had before, and for that, whatever comes, my lifelong gratitude must be yours! What I now feel could never have come except through fire and tears, as you yourself say, and I know so well that the fire is at my feet, and the tears—I wept them all last night, when I too wanted to die. I was mad, mad last night; perhaps I shall be sane again when all the fire and tears are done.

"You are coming at eleven to-day, Ian—at eleven. It is now seven. I will try and send this letter to reach you before you leave your rooms. If not, I will give it to you when you come—at eleven. Why did you not say noon—noon—twelve of the clock? The end and the beginning! Why did you not say noon, Ian? If you get this in time, do not come till noon. The light is at its zenith at noon, at twelve; and the world is dark at twelve, at midnight. Twelve at noon; twelve at night; the light and the dark! Which will it be for us, Ian? Night or noon? I wonder, oh, I wonder if, when I see you, I shall have the strength to say, 'Yes, go, and come again no more!' Or whether, in spite of everything, I shall wildly say 'Let us go away together.' Such is the kind of woman that I am. And you—dear lover, tell me truly what kind of a man are you?

"Your

"JASMINE."

He read the letter slowly, and he stopped again and again as though to steady himself. His face grew ghostly in its whiteness, and once he poured brandy and drank it off as though it were water. When he had finished the letter he went heavily over to the fire and dropped it in. He watched it burn, until only the flimsy carbon was left.

"If I had not gone till noon," he said aloud, in a nerveless, ghostly voice—"if I had not gone till noon! . . . Fellowes—did she—or was it Byng?"

He was so occupied with his thoughts that he was not at first conscious that some one was knocking.

"Come in," he called out at last.

The door opened and Rudyard Byng entered.

"I am going to South Africa, Stafford," he said, heavily. "I hear that you are going, too; and I have come to see whether we cannot go out together."

CHAPTER XXVII

KROOL

"A MESSAGE from Mr. Byng to say that he may be a little late, but he says will you go on without him? He will come as soon as possible."

The footman, having delivered himself, turned to withdraw, but Barry Whalen called him back, saying, "Is Mr. Krool in the house?"

The footman replied in the affirmative. "Did you wish to see him, sir?" he asked.

"Not at present. A little later perhaps," answered Barry, with a glance round the group, who eyed him curiously.

At a word the footman withdrew. As the door closed, little black, oily Zobieski *dit* Melville said with an attempt at a joke, "Is 'Mr.' Krool to be called in consultation?"

"Oh, don't be so damned funny, Melville," answered Barry. "I didn't ask the question for nothing."

"These aren't days when anybody guesses much," remarked Fleming, the Scotsman. "And I'd like to know from Mr. Kruger, who knows a lot of things and doesn't gas, whether he means the mines to be safe."

They all looked inquiringly at Wallstein, who, in the storms which rocked them all, kept his nerve and his countenance with a power almost benign. His large, limpid eye looked little like that belonging to an eagle of finance, as he had been called.

"It looked for a while as though they'd be left alone," said Wallstein, leaning heavily on the table, "but I'm not so sure now." He glanced at Barry Whalen significantly, and the latter surveyed the group enigmatically.

"There's something evidently waiting to be said," remarked Wolff, the silent partner in more senses than one. "What's the use of waiting?"

Two or three of those present looked at Ian Stafford, who, standing by the window, seemed oblivious of them all. Byng had requested him to be present, with a view to asking his advice concerning some international aspect of the situation, and especially in regard to Holland and Germany. The group had welcomed the suggestion eagerly, for on this side of the ques-

tion they were not so well equipped as on others. But when it came to the discussion of inner local policy there seemed hesitation in speaking freely before him. Wallstein, however, gave a reassuring nod and said, meaningly:

"We took up careful strategical positions, but our camp has been overlooked from a kopje higher than ours."

"We have been the victims of treachery for years," burst out Fleming, with anger. "Nearly everything we've done here, nearly everything the government has done here, has been known to Kruger—ever since the Raid."

"I think it could have been stopped," said the once Zobieski, with an ugly grimace, and an attempt at an accent which would suit his new name. "Byng's to blame. We ought to have put down our feet from the start. We're Byng-ridden."

"Keep a civil tongue, Israel," snarled Barry Whalen. "You know nothing about it, and that is the state in which you most shine—in your natural state of ignorance, like the heathen in his blindness. But before Byng comes I'd better give you all some information I've got."

"Isn't it for Byng to hear?" asked Fleming.

"Very much so; but it's for you all to decide what's to be done. Perhaps Mr. Stafford can help us in the matter, as he has been with Byng very lately." Wallstein looked inquiringly towards Stafford.

The group nodded appreciatively, and Stafford came forward to the table, but without seating himself. "Certainly you may command me," he said. "What is the mystery?"

In short and abrupt sentences Barry Whalen, with an occasional interjection and explanation from Wallstein, told of the years of leakage in regard to their plans, of moves circumvented by information which could only have been got by treacherous means either in South Africa or in London.

"We didn't know for sure which it was," said Barry, "but the proof has come at last. One of Kruger's understrappers from Holland was successfully tapped, and we've got proof that the trouble was here in London, here in this house where we sit—Byng's home."

There was a stark silence, in which more than one nodded significantly, and looked round furtively to see how the others took the news.

"Here is absolute proof. There were two in it here—Adrian Fellowes and Krool."

"Adrian Fellowes!"

It was Ian Stafford's voice, insistent and inquiring.

"Here is the proof, as I say." Barry Whalen leaned forward and pushed a paper over on the table, to which were attached two or three smaller papers and some cablegrams. "Look at them. Take a good look at them, and see how we've been done—done brown. The hand that dipped in the same dish, as it were, has handed out misfortune to us by the bucketful. We've been carted in the house of a friend."

The group, all standing, leaned over, as Barry Whalen showed them the papers, one by one, then passed them round for examination.

"It's deadly," said Fleming. "Men have had their throats cut or been hanged for less. I wouldn't mind a hand in it myself."

"We warned Byng years ago," interposed Barry, "but it was no use. And we've paid for it par and premium."

"What can be done to Krool?" asked Fleming.

"Nothing particular—here," said Barry Whalen, ominously.

"Let's have the swine in," urged one of the group.

"Without Byng's permission?" interjected Wallstein.

There was a silence. The last time any of them, except Wallstein, had seen Byng, was on the evening when he had overheard the slanders concerning Jasmine, and none had pleasant anticipation of this meeting with him now. They recalled his departure when Barry Whalen had said, "God, how he hates us!" He was not likely to hate them less, when they proved that Fellowes and Krool had betrayed him and them all. They had a wholesome fear of him in more senses than one, because, during the past few years, while Wallstein's health was bad, Byng's position had become more powerful financially, and he could ruin any one of them, if he chose. And a man like Byng in "going large" might do the Samson business. Besides, he had grown strangely uncertain in his temper of late, and, as Barry Whalen had said, "It isn't good to trouble a wounded bull in the ring."

They had him on the hip in one way through the exposure of Krool, but they were all more or less dependent on his financial movements. They were all enraged at Byng because he had disregarded all warnings regarding Krool; but what could they do? Instinctively they turned now to Stafford, whose reputation for brains and diplomacy was so great and whose friendship with Byng was so close.

Stafford had come to-day for two reasons: to do what he could to help Byng—for the last time; and to say to Byng that they could not travel together to South Africa. To make the long journey with him was beyond his endurance. He must put the world between Rudyard and himself; he must efface all companionship. With this last act, begotten of the blind confidence Rudyard had in him, their intercourse must cease forever. This would be easy enough in South Africa. Once at the front, it was as sure as anything on earth that they would never meet again. It was torture to meet him, and the day of the inquest, when Byng had come to his rooms after his interview with Lady Tynemouth and Mr. Mappin, he had been tried beyond endurance.

"Shall we have Krool in without Byng's permission? Is it wise?" asked Wallstein again. He looked at Stafford, and Stafford instantly replied:

"It would be well to see Krool, I think. Your action could then be decided by Krool's attitude and what he says."

Barry Whalen rang the bell, and the footman came. After a brief waiting Krool entered the room with irritating deliberation and closed the door behind him.

He looked at no one, but stood contemplating space with a composure which made Barry Whalen almost jump from his seat in rage.

"Come a little closer," said Wallstein in a soothing voice, but so Wallstein would have spoken to a man he was about to disembowel.

Krool came nearer, and now he looked round at them all slowly and inquiringly. As no one spoke for a moment he shrugged his shoulders.

"If you shrug your shoulders again, damn you, I'll sjambok you here as Kruger did at Vleifontein!" said Barry Whalen in a low, angry voice. "You've been too long without the sjambok."

"This is not the Vaal, eet is Englan'," answered Krool, huskily. "The Law—here!"

"Zo you think ze law of England would help *you*—eh?" asked Zobieski, with a cruel leer, relapsing into his natural vernacular.

"I mean what I say, Krool," interposed Barry Whalen, fiercely, motioning Zobieski to silence. "I will sjambok you till you can't move, here in England, here in this house, if you shrug your shoulders again, or lift an eyebrow, or do one damned impudent thing."

He got up and rang a bell. A footman appeared. "There is a rhinoceros-hide whip, on the wall of Mr. Byng's study. Bring it here," he said, quietly, but with suppressed passion.

"Don't be mad, Whalen," said Wallstein, but with no great force, for he would richly have enjoyed seeing the spy and traitor under the whip. Stafford regarded the scene with detached, yet deep and melancholy interest.

While they waited, Krool seemed to shrink a little; but as he watched like some animal at bay, Stafford noticed that his face became venomous and paler, and some sinister intention showed in his eyes.

The whip was brought and laid upon the table beside Barry Whalen, and the footman disappeared, looking curiously at the group and at Krool.

Barry Whalen's fingers closed on the whip, and now a look of fear crept over Krool's face. If there was one thing calculated to stir with fear the Kaffir blood in him, it was the sight of the sjambok. Boer as he was, the Kaffir strain was strong, and he had native tendencies and predispositions out of proportion to the native blood in him—maybe because he had been treated more like a native than a white man by his Boer masters in the past.

As Stafford viewed the scene, it suddenly came home to him how strange was this occurrence in Park Lane. It was medieval, it belonged to some land unslaked of barbarism. He realized all at once how little these men around him represented the land in which they were living, and how much they were part of the far-off land which was now in the throes of war.

To these men this was in one sense an alien country. Through the dulled noises of London there came to their ears the click of the wheels of a cape-wagon, the crack of the Kaffir's whip, the creak of the dusselboom. They saw the spoor of a company

of elephants in the East country, they saw through the November mist the springbok flying across the veldt, a herd of zebras taking cover with the wild deer, or a cloud of locusts sailing out of the sun to devastate the green lands. Through the smoky smell of London there came to them the scent of the wattle, the stinging odor of ten thousand cattle, the reek of a native camp, the sharp sweetness of orange groves, the aromatic air of the Karroo, laden with the breath of a thousand wild herbs. Through the drizzle of the autumn rain they heard the wild thunderbolt tear the trees from their earthly moorings. In their eyes was the mad lightning that searched in spasms of anger for its prey, while there swept over the brown, aching veldt the flood which filled the spruits, which made the rivers seas, and plowed fresh channels through the soil. The luxury of this room, with its shining mahogany tables its tapestried walls, its rare fireplace and massive overmantel brought from Italy, its exquisite stained-glass windows, was only part of a play they were acting; it was not their real life.

And now there was not one of them that saw anything incongruous in the whip of rhinoceros-hide lying on the table or clenched in Barry Whalen's hand. On the contrary, it gave them a sense of supreme naturalness. They had lived in a land where the sjambok was the symbol of progress. It represented the movement forward of civilization in the wilderness. It was the virkleur of the pioneer, without which the long train of cape-wagons, with the oxen in longer coils of effort, would never have advanced; without which the Kaffir, the bush-boy, and the Hottentot would have sacrificed every act of civilization. It prevented crime, it punished crime, it took the place of the bowie-knife and the derringer of that other civilization beyond the Mississippi; it was the lock to the door in the wild places, the open sesame to the territories where native chiefs ruled communal tribes by playing tyrant to the commune. It was the rod of Aaron staying the plague of barbarism. It was the sceptre of the veldt. It drew blood, it ate human flesh, it secured order where there was no law, and it did the work of prison and penitentiary. It was the symbol of authority in the wilderness.

It was race.

Stafford was the only man present who saw anything incongruous in the scene, and yet his travels in the East, his year in Persian Thibet and Afghanistan, had made him understand things not revealed to the wise and prudent of European domains. With Krool before them, who was of the veldt and the karoo, whose natural habitat was but a cross between a Kaffir's kraal and the stoep of a dopper's home, these men were instantly transported to the land where their hearts were in spite of all, though the flesh-pots of the West End of London had turned them into by-paths for a while. The skin had been scratched by Krool's insolence and the knowledge of his treachery, and the Tartar showed—the sjambok his scimitar.

In spite of himself, Stafford was affected by it all. He understood. This was not London; the scene had shifted to Potchefstrom or Middelburg, and Krool was transformed too. The sjambok had, like a wizard's wand, as it were, lifted him away from England to spaces where he watched from the gray rock of a kopje for the glint of an assegai or the red of a Rooinek's tunic: and he had done both in his day.

"We've got you at last, Krool," said Wallstein. "We've been some time at it, but it's a long lane that has no turning, and we have you—"

"Like that—like that, jackal!" interjected Barry Whalen, opening and shutting his lean fingers with a gesture of savage possession.

"What?" asked Krool, with a malevolent thrust forward of his head. "What?"

"You betrayed us to Kruger," answered Wallstein, holding the papers. "We have here the proof at last."

"You betrayed England and her secrets, and yet you think the English law would protect you against this," said Barry Whalen, harshly, handling the sjambok.

"What I betray?" Krool asked again. "What I tell?"

With great deliberation Wallstein explained.

"Where proof?" Krool asked, doggedly.

"We have just enough to hang you," said Wallstein, grimly, and lifted and showed the papers Barry Whalen had brought.

An insolent smile crossed Krool's face.

"You find out too late. Mr. Fellowes is dead. So much you get, but the work is done. It not matter now. It is all done —altogether. Oom Paul speaks now, and

everything is his—from the Cape to the Zambesi, everything his. It is too late. What can to do?" Suddenly ferocity showed in his face. "It come at last. It is the end of the English both sides the Vaal. . . . They will go down like wild hogs into the sea with Joubert and Botha behind them. It is the day of Oom Paul and Christ. The God of Israel gives to his own the tents of the Rooineks."

In spite of the fierce passion of the man, who had suddenly disclosed a side of his nature hitherto hidden—the savage piety of the dopper-Boer impregnated with stereotyped missionary phrasing, Ian Stafford almost laughed outright. In the presence of Jews like Zobieski and others it seemed so droll that this Kaffir-Boer should talk about the God of Israel, and link Oom Paul with the Great Liberator as partners in triumph—"The day of Oom Paul and Christ!"

In all the years Krool had been in England he had never been inside a place of worship or given any sign of that fanaticism which, all at once, he had made manifest. He had seemed a pagan to all of his class, had acted as a pagan.

Barry Whalen, as well as Ian Stafford, saw the humor of the situation, while they were confounded by the courageous malice of the traitor. It came to Barry's mind at the moment, as it came to Ian Stafford's, that Krool had some card to play which would, to his mind, serve him well; and, by instinct, both found the right clue. Barry's anger became uneasiness, and Stafford's interest turned to anxiety.

There was an instant's pause after Krool's words, and then Wolff the silent, gone "fut," caught the sjambok from the hands of Barry Whalen. He made a movement towards Krool, who again suddenly shrank, as he would not have shrunk from a weapon of steel.

"Wait a minute," cried Fleming, seizing the arm of his friend. "One minute. There's something more." Turning to Wallstein, he said, "If Krool consents to leave England at once for South Africa, let him go. Is it agreed? He must either be dealt with adequately or get out. Is it agreed?"

"I do what I like," said Krool, with a snarl, in which his teeth showed glassily against his drawn lips. "No one make me do what I not want."

"The Baas—you have forgotten him," said Wallstein.

A look combined of cunning, fear, and servility crossed Krool's face, but he said, morosely:

"The Baas—I will do what I like."

There was a singular defiance and meaning in his tone, and the moment seemed critical, for Barry Whalen's face was distorted with fury. Stafford suddenly stooped and whispered a word in Wallstein's ear, and then said:

"Gentlemen, if you will allow me, I should like a few words with Krool before Mr. Byng comes. I think perhaps Krool will see the best course to pursue when we have talked together. In one sense it is none of my business, in another sense it is everybody's business. A few minutes, if you please, gentlemen." There was something almost authoritative in his tone.

"For Byng's sake—his wife—you understand," was all Stafford had said under his breath, but it was an illumination to Wallstein, who whispered so only Stafford could hear: "Yes, that's it. Krool holds some card, and he'll play it now."

By his glance and by his word of assent, Wallstein set the cue for the rest, and they all got up and went slowly into the other room. Barry Whalen was about to take the sjambok, but Stafford laid his hand upon it, and Barry and he exchanged a look of understanding.

"Stafford's a little bit of us in a way," said Barry in a whisper to Wallstein as they left the room. "He knows, too, what a sjambok's worth in Krool's eyes."

When the two were left alone, Stafford slowly seated himself, and his fingers played idly with the sjambok.

"You say you will do what you like, in spite of the Baas?" he asked, in a low, even tone.

"If the Baas hurt me, I will hurt. If anybody hurt me, I will hurt."

"You will hurt the Baas, eh? I thought he saved your life on the Limpopo."

A flush stole across Krool's face, and when it passed again he was paler than before. "I have save the Baas," he answered, sullenly.

"From what?"

"From you."

With a powerful effort, Stafford controlled himself. He dreaded what was now to be said, but he felt inevitably what it was.

"How—from me?"

"If that Fellowes' letter come into his hands first, yours would not matter. *She would not go with you.*"

Stafford had far greater difficulty in staying his hand than had Barry Whalen, for the sjambok seemed the only reply to the dark suggestion. He realized how, like the ostrich, he had thrust his head into the sand, imagining that no one knew what was between him and Jasmine. Yet here was one who knew, here was one who had, for whatever purpose, precipitated a crisis with Fellowes to prevent a crisis with himself.

Suddenly Stafford thought of an awful possibility. He fastened the gloomy eyes of the man before him, that he might be able to see any stir of emotion, and said: "It did not come out as you expected?"

"Altogether—yes."

"You wished to part Mr. and Mrs. Byng. That did not happen."

"The Baas is going to South Africa."

"And Mr. Fellowes?"

"He went as I look for."

"He died—heart-failure, eh?"

A look of contempt, malevolence, and secret reflection came into Krool's face. "He was kill," he said.

"Who killed him?"

Krool was about to shrug his shoulders, but his glance fell on the sjambok, and he made an ugly gesture with his lean fingers. "There was yourself. You went to him. He had hurt you— Good! . . . There was the Baas, he went to him. The dead man had hurt him— Good!"

Stafford interrupted him by an exclamation. "What's that you say—the Baas went to Mr. Fellowes?"

"As I tell the *vrauw*, Mrs. Byng, when she say me go from the house to-day—I say I will go when the Baas send me."

"The Baas went to Mr. Fellowes—when?"

"Two hours before you go, and one hour before the *vrauw*, she go."

Like some animal looking out of a jungle, so Krool's eyes glowed from beneath his heavy eyebrows, as he drawled out the words.

"The Baas went—you saw him?"

"With my own eyes."

"How long was he there?"

"Ten minutes."

"Mrs. Byng—you saw her go in?"

"And come out too."

"And me—you followed me—you saw me, also?"

"I saw all that come, all that go in to him."

With a swift mind Stafford saw his advantage—the one chance, the one card he could play, the one move he could make in checkmate, if and when necessary. "So you saw all that came and went. *And you came and went yourself!*"

His eyes were hard and bright as he held Krool's, and there was a sinister smile on his lips.

"You know I come and go—you say me that?" said Krool, with a sudden look of vague fear and surprise. He had not foreseen this.

"You accuse yourself. You saw this person and that go out, and you think to hold them in your dirty clutches; but you had more reason than any one for killing Mr. Fellowes."

"What?" asked Krool, furtively.

"You hated him because he was a traitor like yourself. You hated him because he had hurt the Baas."

"That is so—altogether, but—"

"You need not explain. If any one killed Mr. Fellowes, why not you? You came and went from his rooms, too."

Krool's face was now yellowish pale. "Not me. . . . I *know*, but it was not me."

"You would run a worse chance than any one. Your character would damn you—a partner with him in crime. What jury in the world but would convict you on your own evidence? Besides, you knew—"

He paused to deliver a blow on the barest chance. It was an insidious challenge which, if it failed, might do more harm to others, might do great harm, but he plunged. "You knew about the needle."

Krool was cowed and silent. On a venture Stafford had struck home—straight home.

"You knew that Mr. Fellowes had stolen the needle from Mr. Mappin at Glencader."

"How you know that?" asked Krool, in a husky, arid voice.

"I saw him steal it—and you?"

"No. He tell me."

"What did he mean to do with it?"

A look came into Krool's eyes, malevolent and barbaric.

"Not to kill himself," he reflected. "There is always some one a man or a woman want kill."

There was a hideous commonplaceness in the tone which struck a chill to Stafford's heart.

"No doubt there is always some one you want to kill. Now listen, Krool. You think you've got a hold over me—over Mrs. Byng. You threaten. Well, I have passed through the fire of the coroner's inquest. I have nothing to fear. You have. I saw you in the street as you watched. You came behind me—"

He remembered now the footsteps that paused when he did, the figure behind his in the dark, as he watched for Jasmine to come out from Fellowes' rooms, and he determined to plunge once more.

"I recognized you, and I saw you in the Strand just before that. I did not speak at the inquest, because I wanted no scandal. If I had spoken, you would have been arrested. Whatever happened your chances were worse than those of any one. You can't frighten me, or my friends in there, or the Baas, or Mrs. Byng. Look after your own skin. You are the vile scum of the earth,"—he determined to take a strong line now, since he had made a powerful impression on the creature before him—"and you will do what the Baas likes, not what you like. He saved your life. Bad as you are, the Baas is your Baas for ever and ever, and what he wants to do with you he will do. When his eyes look into yours, you will think the lightning speaks. You are his slave. If he hates you, you will die; if he curses you, you will wither."

He played upon the superstitious element, the native strain again. It was deeper in Krool than anything else.

"Do you think you can defy them?" Stafford went on, jerking a finger toward the other room. "They are from the veldt. They will have you as sure as the crack of a whip. This is England, but they are from the veldt. On the veldt you know what they would do to you. If you speak against the Baas, it is bad for you; if you speak against the Baas's *vrauw* it will be ten times worse. Do you hear?"

There was a strange silence, in which Stafford could feel Krool's soul struggling in the dark, as it were—a struggle as of black spirits in the gray dawn.

"I wait the Baas to speak," Krool said at last, with a shiver.

There was no time for Stafford to answer. Wallstein entered the room hurriedly. "Byng has come. He has been told about him," he said in French to Stafford, and jerking his head towards Krool.

Stafford rose. "It's all right," he answered in the same language. "I think things will be safe now. He has a wholesome fear of the Baas."

He turned to Krool. "If you say to the Baas what you have said to me about Mr. Fellowes or about the Baas's *vrauw*, you will have a bad time. You will think that wild hawks are picking out your vitals. If you have sense, you will do what I tell you."

Krool's eyes were on the door through which Wallstein had come. His gaze was fixed and tortured. Stafford had suddenly roused in him some strange superstitious element. He was like a creature of a lower order awaiting the approach of the controlling power. It was, however, the door behind him which opened, and he gave a start of surprise and terror. He knew who it was. He did not turn round, but his head bent forward, as though he would take a blow from behind, and his eyes almost closed. Stafford saw with a curious meticulousness the long eyelashes touch the gray cheek.

"There's no fight in him now," he said to Byng in French. "He was getting nasty, but I've got him in order. *He knows too much.* Remember that, Byng."

Byng's look was as that of a man who had passed through some chamber of torture, but the flabbiness had gone suddenly from his face, and even from his figure, though heavy lines had gathered round the mouth and scarred the forehead. He looked worn and much thinner, but there was a look in his eyes which Stafford had never seen there—a new look of deeper seeing, of revelation, of realization. With all his ability and force, Byng had been always much of a boy, so little at one with the hidden things—the springs of human conduct, the contradictions of human nature, the worst in the best of us, the forces that emerge without warning in all human beings, to send them on untoward courses and at sharp tangents to all the habits of their existence and their character. In a real sense he had been very primitive, very objective in all he thought and said and did. With imagination, and a sensitive organization out of keeping with his immense physique, it was still only a visualizing sense which he had, only a thing

that belongs to races such as those of which Krool had come.

A few days of continuous suffering begotten by a cataclysm, which had rent asunder walls of life enclosing vistas he had never seen, these had transformed him. Pain had given him dignity of a savage kind, a grim quiet which belonged to conflict and betokened grimmer purpose. In the eyes was the darkness of the well of despair; but at his lips was iron resolution.

In reply to Stafford he said, simply: "All right, I understand. I know how to deal with Krool."

As Stafford withdrew, Byng came slowly down the room till he stood at the end of the table opposite to Krool.

Standing there, he looked at the Boer with hard eyes.

"I know all, Krool," he said. "You sold me and my country—you tried to sell me and my country to Oom Paul. You dog, that I snatched from the tiger death, not once but twice."

"It is no good. I am a Kaffir, I am a Boer. I would have die for you, but—"

"But when the chance came to betray the thing I cared for more than I would twenty lives—my country—you tried to sell me and all who worked with me."

"It would be same to you if the English were go from the Vaal," said the Boer, huskily, not looking into the eyes fixed on him. "But it matter to me that the Boer keep all for himself what he got for himself. That is why."

"You defend it—tell me, you defend it?"

There was that in the voice, some terrible thing, which drew Krool's eyes in spite of himself, and he met a look of fire and wrath.

"I tell why. If it was bad, it was bad. But I tell why, that is all. If it is not good, it is bad, and hell is for the bad; but I tell why."

"You got money from Oom Paul for the man—Fellowes?" It was hard for him to utter the name.

Krool nodded.

"Every year—much?"

Again Krool nodded.

"And for yourself—how much?"

"Nothing for myself, no money, Baas."

"Only Oom Paul's love!"

Krool nodded again.

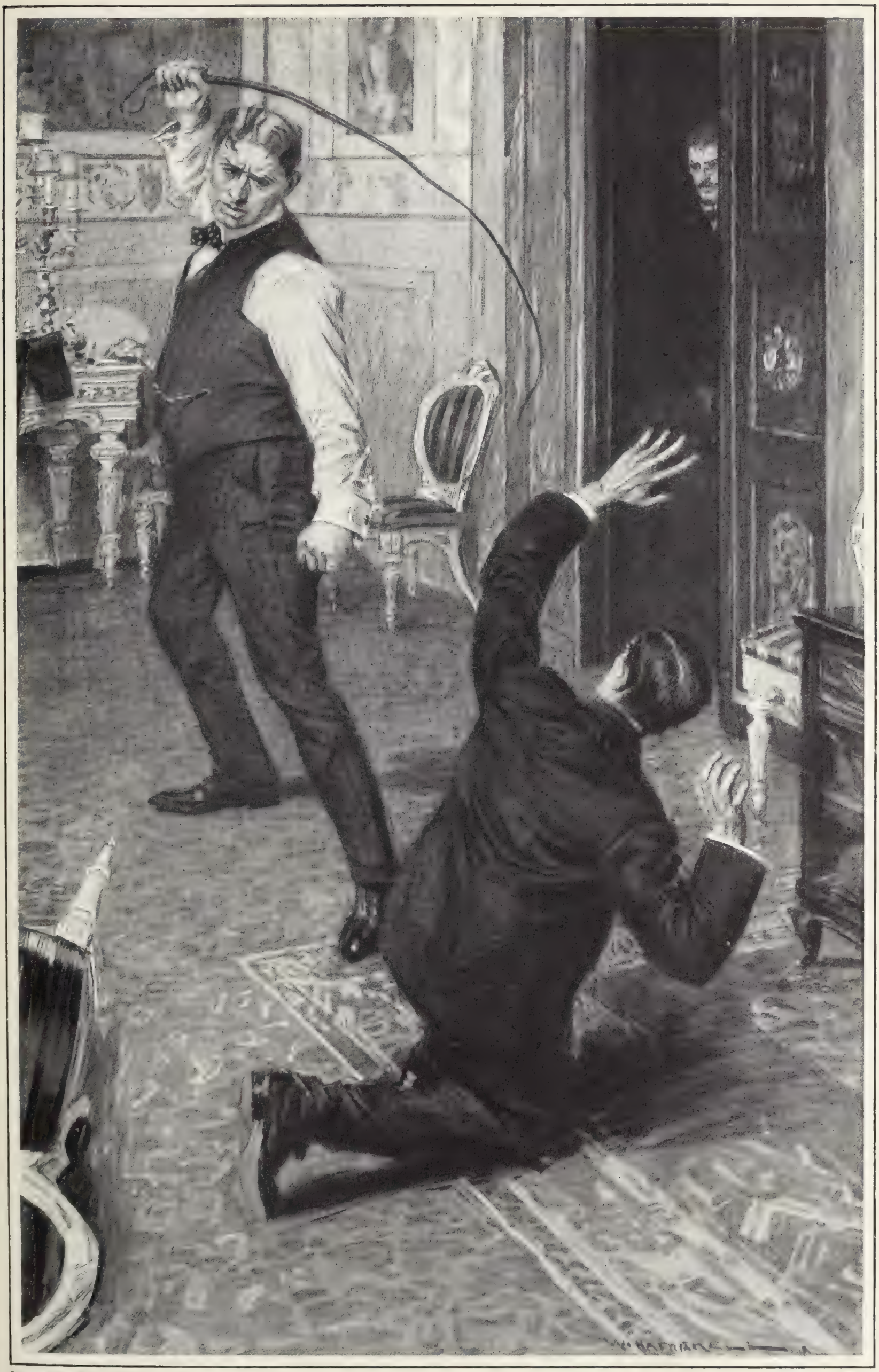
"But Oom Paul flayed you at Vleifontein; tied you up and skinned you with a sjambok. . . . That didn't matter, eh? It was Boer skinning Boer. And you went on loving him. I never touched you in all the years. I gave you your life twice. I gave you good money. I kept you in luxury—you that fed in the cattle-kraal; you that had mealies to eat and a shred of billtong when you could steal it; you that ate a springbok raw on the Vaal, you were so wild for meat! . . . I took you out of that, and gave you this."

He waved an arm round the room, and went on: "You come in and go out of my room, you sleep in the same cart with me, you eat out of the same dish on trek, and yet you do the Judas trick. Slim—god of gods, how slim! You are the snake that crawls in the slime. It's the Kaffir in you, I suppose. . . . But see, I mean to do to you as Oom Paul did. It's the only thing you understand. It's the way to make you straight and true, my sweet Krool."

Still keeping his eyes fixed on Krool's eyes, his hand reached out and slowly took the sjambok from the table. He ran the cruel thing through his fingers as does a prison expert the cat-o'-nine-tails before laying on the lashes of penalty. Into Krool's eyes a terror crept which never had been there in the old days on the veldt when Oom Paul had flayed him. This was not the veldt, and he was no longer the veldt-dweller with skin like the rhinoceros, all leather and bone and endurance. And this was not Oom Paul, but one whom he had betrayed, whose wife he had sought to ruin, whose subordinate he had turned into a traitor. Oom Paul had been a mere savage master; but here was a master whose very tongue could excoriate him like Oom Paul's sjambok, whom, at bottom, he loved in his way as he had never loved anything; whom he had betrayed, not realizing the hideous nature of his deed; having argued that it was against England his treachery was directed, and that was a virtue in his eyes; not seeing what direct injury could come to Byng through it. He had not seen, he had not understood, he was still uncivilized; he had yet in his veins the morality of the Kaffir, and he had tried to ruin his master's wife for his master's sake; and when he had finished with Fellowes as a traitor, he was ready to ruin his confederate—to kill him—perhaps did kill him!

"It's the only way to deal with you, Kaffir dog!"

The look in Krool's eyes only increased Byng's lust of punishment. What else was



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE TERRIBLE WHIP DESCENDED ON THE CROUCHING BOER

there to do? Without terrible scandal there was no other way to punish the Boer, but if there had been another way he would still have done this. This Krool understood; behind every command the Baas had ever given him this thing lay—the sjambok, the natural engine of authority.

Suddenly Byng said with a voice of almost guttural anger: "You dropped that letter on my bedroom floor—that letter, you understand? . . . Speak."

"I did it, Baas."

Byng was transformed. Slowly he laid down the sjambok, and as slowly took off his coat, his eyes meanwhile fastening those of the wretched man before him. Then he took up the sjambok again.

"You know what I am going to do with you?"

"Yes, Baas."

It never occurred to Byng that Krool would resist; it did not occur to Krool that he could resist. Byng was the Baas, who at that moment was the Power Immeasurable. There was only one thing to do—to obey.

"You were told to leave my house by Mrs. Byng, and you did not go."

"She was not my Baas."

"You would have done her harm, if you could?"

"So, Baas."

With a low cry Byng ran forward, the sjambok swung through the air, and the terrible whip descended on the crouching Boer.

Krool gave one cry and fell back a little, but he made no attempt to resist.

Suddenly Byng went to a window and threw it open.

"You can jump from there or take the sjambok. Which?" he said with a passion not that of a man wholly sane.

"Which?"

Krool's wild, sullen, trembling look sought the window, but he had no heart for that enterprise—fifty feet to the pavement below.

"The sjambok, Baas," he said.

Once again Byng moved forward on him, and once again Krool's cry rang out, but not so loud. It was like that of an animal in torture.

In the next room, Wallstein and Stafford and the others heard it, and understood. Whispering together they listened, and Stafford shrank away to the far side of the room; but more than one face had pleasure in the sound of the whip and the moaning.

It went on and on.

Barry Whalen, however, was possessed of a kind of fear, and presently his face became troubled. This punishment was terrible. Byng might kill the man, and all would be as bad as could be. Stafford came to him.

"You had better go in," he said. "We ought to intervene. If you don't, I will. Listen. . . ."

It was a strange sound to hear in this heart of civilization. It belonged to the barbaric places of the earth, where there was no law, where every pioneer was his own cadi.

With set face Barry Whalen entered the room. Byng paused for an instant and looked at him with burning, glazed eyes that scarcely realized him.

"Open that door," he said, presently, and Barry Whalen opened the door which led into the big hall.

"Open all down to the street," Byng said, and Barry Whalen went forward quickly.

Like some wild beast Krool crouched and stumbled and moaned as he ran down the staircase, through the outer hall, while a servant with scared face saw Byng rain savage blows upon the hated figure.

On the pavement outside the house, Krool staggered, stumbled, and fell down; but he slowly gathered himself up, and turned to the doorway, where Byng stood panting with the sjambok in his hand.

"Baas! . . . Baas!" Krool said, with livid face, and then he crept painfully away along the street wall.

A policeman crossed the road with a questioning frown and the apparent purpose of causing trouble, but Barry Whalen whispered in his ear, and told him to call that evening and he would hear all about it. Meanwhile a five-pound note in a quick palm was a guarantee of good faith.

Presently a half-dozen people began to gather near the door, but the benevolent policeman moved them on.

At the top of the staircase Jasmine met her husband. She shivered as he came up towards her.

"Will you come to me when you have finished your business?" she said, and she took the sjambok gently from his hand.

He scarcely realized her. He was in a

dream; but he smiled at her, and nodded, and passed on to where the others awaited him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM"

SLOWLY Jasmine returned to her boudoir. Laying the sjambok on the table among the books in delicate bindings and the bowls of flowers, she stood and looked at it with confused senses for a long time. At last a wan smile stole to her lips, but it did not reach her eyes. They remained absorbed and searching, and were made painfully sad by the wide, dark lines under them. Her fair skin was fairer than ever, but it was delicately faded, giving her a look of pensiveness, while yet there was that in her carriage and at her mouth which suggested strength and will and new forces at work in her. She carried her head, weighted by its splendor of golden hair, as an Eastern woman carries a goulah of water. There was something pathetic yet self-reliant in the whole figure. The passion slumbering in the eyes, however, might at any moment burst forth in some wild relinquishment of control and self-restraint.

"He did what I should have liked to do," she said aloud. "We are not so different, after all. He is primitive at bottom, and so am I. He gets carried away by his emotions, and so do I."

She took up the whip, examined it, felt its weight, and drew it with a swift jerk through the air.

"I did not even shrink when Krool came stumbling down the stairs, with this cutting his flesh," she said to herself. "Somehow it all seemed natural and right. What has come to me? Are all my finer senses dead? Am I just one of the crude human things that lived a million years ago, and that lives again as crude as those, with only the outer things changed? Then I wore the skins of wild animals, and now I do the same, just the same; with what we call more taste perhaps, because we have ceased to see the beauty in the natural thing."

She touched the little band of gray fur at the sleeve of her clinging velvet gown. "Just a little distance away—that is all."

Suddenly a light flashed up in her eyes, and her face flushed as though some one had angered her. She seized the whip again. "Yes, I could have seen him whipped to death before my eyes—the coward, the coward, the abject coward! He did not speak for me; he did not defend me; he did not deny. *He let Ian think*—ah, death was too kind to him! How dared he hurt me so! . . . Death is so easy a way out, but he would not have taken it. No, no, no, it was not suicide; some one killed him. He could never have taken his own life—never. He had not the courage. . . . No; he died of poison. Who did it? Who did it? Was it—was it Rudyard? Was it . . . ? Oh, God, it wears me out—thinking, thinking, thinking!"

She sat down and buried her face in her hands. "I am doomed — doomed!" she moaned. "I was doomed from the start. It must always have been so, whatever I did. I would do it again, whatever I did; I know I would do it again, being what I was. . . . It was in my veins, in my blood from the start, from the very first days of my life."

All at once there flashed through her mind again, as on that night so many centuries ago, when she had slept the last sleep of her life as it was, Swinburne's wonderful lines on Baudelaire:

> "There is no help for these things, none to mend and none to mar;
> Not all our songs, oh friend, can make death clear
> Or make life durable. . . ."

"'There is no help for these things,'" she repeated with a sigh which seemed to tear her heart in twain. "All gone—all. What is there left to do? If death could make it better for any one, how easy! But everything would be known—somehow the world would know, and every one would suffer more. Not now—no, not now. I must live on, but not here. I must go away—away. I must find a place to go where Rudyard will not come. There is no place so far but it is not far enough. I am twenty-five, and all is over—all is done for me. I have nothing that I want to keep, there is nothing that I want to do except to go—to go and to be alone. Alone, alone, always alone now. It is either that, or be Jezebel, or—"

The door opened, and the servant brought a card to her. "His Excellency, the Moravian ambassador," the footman said.

"Monsieur Mennaval?" she asked, mechanically, as though scarcely realizing what he had said.

"Yes, ma'am, Mr. Mennaval."

"Please say I am indisposed, and am

sorry I cannot receive him to-day," she said.

"Very good, ma'am." The footman turned to go, then came back.

"Shall I tell the maid you want her?" he asked, respectfully.

"No, why should you?" she asked.

"I thought you looked a bit queer, ma'am," he responded, hastily. "I beg your pardon, ma'am."

She rewarded him with a smile. "Thank you, James, I think I should like her, after all. Ask her to come at once."

When he had gone she leaned back and shut her eyes. For a moment she was perfectly motionless, then she sat up again and looked at the card in her hand.

"M. Mennaval — M. Mennaval," she said, with a note so cynical that it betrayed more than her previous emotion, to such a point of despair her mind had come.

M. Mennaval had played his part, had done his service, had called out from her every resource of coquetry and lure; and with wonderful art she had cajoled him till he had yielded to influence, and Ian had turned the key in the international lock. M. Mennaval had been used with great skill to help the man who was now gone from her forever, whom perhaps she would never see again; and who wanted never to see her again, never in all time or space. M. Mennaval had played his game for his own desire, and he had lost; but what had she gained where M. Mennaval had lost? She had gained that which now Ian despised, which he would willingly, so far as she was concerned, reject with contempt. . . . And yet, and yet, while Ian lived he must still be grateful to her that, by whatever means, she had helped him to do what meant so much to England. Yes, he could not wholly dismiss her from his mind; he must still say, "This she did for me—this thing, in itself not commendable, she did for me; and I took it for a cause, for my country."

Her eyes were open, and her garden had been invaded by those Revolutionaries of life and time, Nemesis, Penalty, Remorse. They marauded every sacred and secret corner of her mind and soul. They came with whips of penalty to scourge her. Nothing was private to her inner life now. Everything was arrayed against her. All life doubled backwards on her, blocking her path.

M. Mennaval—what did she care for him! Yet here he was at her door asking payment for the merchandise he had sold to her—his judgment, his reputation as a diplomatist, his freedom, the respect of the world—for how could the world respect a man at whom it laughed, a man who had hoped to be given the key to a secret door in a secret garden! In one way or another such men get their pay.

As Jasmine sat looking at the card, the footman entered again with a note.

"His Excellency's compliments," he said, and withdrew.

She opened the letter hesitatingly, held it in her hand for a moment without reading it, then, with an impulsive effort, did so. When she had finished, she gave a cry of anger and struck her tiny clenched hand upon her knee.

The note ran:

"*Chère amie*, you have so much indisposition in these days. It is all too vexing to your friends. The world will be surprised, if you allow a *migraine* to come between us. *Ma foi*, it will be shocked. The world understands always so imperfectly, and I have no gift of explanation. Of course, I know the war has upset many, but I thought you could not be upset so easily—no, it cannot be the war; so I must try and think what it is. If I cannot think by to-morrow at five o'clock, I will call again to ask you. Perhaps the *migraine* will be better. But if you will that *migraine* to be far away, it will fly, and then I shall be near. Is it not so? You will tell me to-morrow at five, will you not, *belle amie?*

"*À toi*,

"M. M."

The words scorched her eyes. They angered her, scourged her. One of life's Revolutionaries was insolently ravaging the secret place where her pride dwelt. Pride — what pride had she now? Where was the room for pride or vanity? . . . And all the time she saw the face of a dead man down by the river—a face now beneath the sod, yet which would haunt her forever. It flashed before her eyes at moments when she least could bear it, to agitate her soul.

M. Mennaval—how dared he write to her so! "*Chère amie*" and "*À toi*"—how strange the words looked now, how repulsive and strange! It did not seem possible that once before he had written such words to her. But never before had these epithets or others been accompanied by such meaning as his other words conveyed.

"I will not see him to-morrow. I will

not see him ever again, if I can help it," she said bitterly, and trembling with agitation. "I shall go where I shall not be found. I will go to-night."

The door opened. Her maid entered. "You wanted me, madame?" said the girl, in some excitement and very pale.

"Yes, what is the matter? Why so agitated?" Jasmine asked.

The girl's eyes were on the sjambok. She pointed to it. "It was that, madame. We are all excited. It was terrible. One had never seen anything like that before in one's life, madame, never. It was like the days—oh, of slavery! It was like the galleys of Toulon in the old days. It was—"

"There, don't be so eloquent, Marie. What do you know of the galleys of Toulon or the days of slavery?"

"Madame, I have heard, I have read, I—"

"Yes, but did you love Krool so?"

The girl straightened herself with dramatic indignation. "Madame, that man, that creature, that toad—!"

"Then why so agitated? Were you so pained at his punishment? Were all the household so pained?"

"Every one hated him, madame," said the girl, with energy.

"Then let me hear no more of this impudent nonsense," Jasmine said, with decision.

"Oh, madame, to speak to me like this!" Tears were ready to do needful service.

"Do you wish to remain with me, Marie?"

"Ah, madame, but yes—"

"Then my head aches, and I don't want you to make it worse. . . . And, see, Marie, there is that gray walking-suit; also the mauve dressing-gown, made by Loison; take them, if you can make them fit you, and be good now."

"Madame, how kind—ah, no one is like you, madame—!"

"Well, we shall see about that quite soon. Put out at once every gown I have for me to see, and have trunks ready to pack immediately; but only three trunks, not more."

"Madame is going away?"

"Do as I say, Marie. We go to-night. The gray gown and the mauve dressing-gown that Loison made, Marie—you will look well in them. Quick, now, please."

In a flutter Marie left the room, her eyes gleaming. She had had her mind on the gray suit for some time, but the mauve dressing-gown as well—it was too good to be true.

She almost ran into Lady Tynemouth's arms as the door opened. With a swift apology she sped away, after closing the door upon the visitor.

Jasmine rose and embraced her friend, and Lady Tynemouth subsided into a chair with a sigh.

"My dear Jasmine, you look too frail!" she said. "A short time ago I feared you were going to blossom into too ripe fruit, now you look almost a little pinched. But it quite becomes you, *mignonne*—quite. You have dark lines under your eyes, and that transparency of skin—it is quite too fetching. Are you glad to see me?"

"I would have seen no one to-day, no one, except you or Rudyard."

"Love and duty," said Lady Tynemouth, laughing, yet acutely alive to the something so terribly wrong of which she had spoken to Ian Stafford.

"Why is it my duty to see you, Alice!" asked Jasmine, with the dry glint in her tone which had made her conversation so pleasing to men.

"You clever girl, how you turn the tables on me!" her friend replied, and then, seeing the sjambok on the table, took it up. "What is this formidable instrument? Are you flagellating the saints?"

"Not the saints, Alice."

"You don't mean to say you are going to scourge yourself?"

Then they both smiled—and both immediately sighed. Lady Tynemouth's sympathy was deeply roused for Jasmine, and she meant to try and win her confidence and to help her in her trouble, if she could; but she was full of something else at this particular moment, and she was not completely conscious of the agony before her.

"Have you been using this sjambok on Mennaval?" she asked with an attempt at lightness. "I saw him leaving as I came in. He looked rather dejected—or stormy, I don't quite know which."

"Does it matter which? I didn't see Mennaval to-day."

"Then no wonder he looked dejected and stormy. But what is the history of this instrument of torture?" she asked, holding up the sjambok again.

"Krool."

"Krool! Jasmine, you surely don't mean to say that you—"

"Oh no, not I—it was Rudyard. Krool was insolent—a Kaffir Boer, you know."

"Krool—why, yes, it was he I saw being helped into a cab by a policeman just down there in Piccadilly. You don't mean that Rudyard—"

She pushed the sjambok away from her.

"Yes—terribly."

"Then I suppose the insolence was terrible enough to justify it."

"Quite, I think." Jasmine's voice was calm.

"But of course it is not usual—in these parts."

"Rudyard is not 'usual' in these parts, or Krool either. It was a touch of the Vaal."

Lady Tynemouth gave a little shudder. "I hope it won't become fashionable. We are altogether too sensational nowadays. But, seriously, Jasmine, you are not well. You must do something. You must have a change."

"I am going to do something—to have a change."

"That's good. Where are you going, dear?"

"South. . . . And how are you getting on with your hospital ship?"

Lady Tynemouth threw up her hands. "Jasmine, I'm in despair. I had set my heart upon it. I thought I could do it easily, and I haven't done it, after trying as hard as can be. . . . Everything has gone wrong, and now Tynie says I mustn't go to South Africa. Fancy a husband forbidding a wife to come to him."

"Well, perhaps it's better than a husband forbidding his wife to leave him."

"Jasmine, I believe you would joke if you were dying."

"I am dying."

There was that in the tone of Jasmine's voice which gave her friend a start. She eyed her suddenly with a great anxiety.

"And I'm not joking," Jasmine added, with a forced smile. . . . "But tell me what has gone wrong with all your plans. You don't mind what Tynemouth says. Of course you will do as you like."

"Of course; but still Tynie has never 'issued instructions' before, and if there was any time I ought to humor him it is now. He's so intense about the war! But I can't explain everything on paper to him, so I've written to say I'm going to South Africa to explain, and that I'll come back by the next boat if my reasons are not convincing."

In other circumstances Jasmine would have laughed. "He will find you convincing," she said, meaningly.

"I said if he found my *reasons* convincing."

"*You* will be the only reason to him."

"My dear Jasmine, you are really becoming sentimental. Tynie would blush to discover himself being silly over me. We get on so well because we left our emotions behind us when we married."

"Yours, I know, you left on the Zambezi," said Jasmine, deliberately.

A dull fire came into Lady Tynemouth's eyes, and for an instant there was danger of Jasmine losing a friend she much needed; but Lady Tynemouth had a big heart, and she knew that her friend was in a mood when anything was possible, or everything impossible.

So she only smiled, and said, easily: "My dear Jasmine, that umbrella episode which made me love Ian Stafford for ever and ever without even Amen, came after I was married, and so your pin doesn't prick, not a weeny bit. No, it isn't Tynie that makes me sad. It's the Climbers who won't pay."

"The Climbers? You want money for—"

"Yes, the hospital ship; and I thought they'd jump at it; but they've all been jumping in other directions. I asked the Steuvenfeldts, the Boulters, the Felix Fowles, the Brutons, the Sheltons, and that fellow Mackerel, who has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it, and a dozen others; and Mackerel was the only one who would give me anything large. He gave me ten thousand pounds. But I want fifty—fifty, my beloved! I'm simply broken-hearted. It would do so much good, and I could manage the thing so well, and I could get other splendid people to help me to manage it—there's Effie Greenall and Mary Meacham. The Mackerel wanted to come along, too, but I told him he could come out and fetch us back—that there mustn't be any scandal while the war was on. I laugh, my dear, but I could cry my eyes out. I want something to do—I've always wanted something to do. I've always been sick of an idle life, but I wouldn't do a hundred things I might have done. This thing I can do,

however, and, if I did it, some of my debt to the world would be paid. It seems to me that these last fifteen years in England have been awful. We are all restless; we all have been going, going—nowhere; we have all been doing, doing—nothing; we have all been thinking, thinking, thinking—of ourselves. And I've been a play-body like the rest; I've gone with the Climbers because they could do things for me; I've wanted more and more of every-thing—more gadding, more pleasure, more excitement. It's been like a brass-band playing all the time, my life this past ten years. I'm sick of it. It's only some big thing that can take me out of it. I've got to make some great plunge, or in a few years more I'll be a middle-aged peeress with nothing left but a double chin, a tongue for gossip, and a string of pearls. There must be a *bouleversement*, or good-by to every-thing except emptiness. . . . Don't you see, Jasmine, dearest?"

"Oh yes, I see!" Jasmine got up, went to her desk, opened a drawer, took out a book, and began to write hastily. "Go on," she said as she wrote, "I can hear what you are saying."

"But are you really interested?"

"Even Tynemouth would find you in-teresting and convincing. Go on."

"I haven't anything more to say, except that nothing lies between me and flagel-lation and the sack-cloth,"—she toyed with the sjambok—"except the Climbers, and they have failed me. They won't play—or pay."

Jasmine rose from the desk and came forward with a paper in her hand. "No, they have not failed you, Alice," she said, gently. "The Climbers seldom really dis-appoint you. The thing is, you must know how to talk to them, to say the right thing, the flattering, the tactful, and the nice sentimental thing,—they mostly have middle-class sentimentality—and then you get what you want. As you do now. There. . . ."

She placed in her friend's hand a long, narrow slip of paper. Lady Tynemouth looked astonished, gazed hard at the paper, then sprang to her feet, pale and agitated.

"Jasmine—you—this—sixty thousand pounds," she cried. "A check for sixty thousand pounds! . . . Jasmine!"

There was a strange brilliance in Jas-mine's eyes, a hectic flush on her cheek.

"It must not be cashed for forty-eight hours; but after that the money will be there."

Lady Tynemouth caught Jasmine's shoulders in her trembling yet strong fingers, and looked into the wild eyes with searching inquiry and solicitude.

"But, Jasmine, it isn't possible! Will Rudyard—can you afford it?"

"That will not be Rudyard's money which you will get. It will be all my own."

"But you yourself are not rich. Sixty thousand pounds—why!"

"It is because it is a sacrifice to me that I give it; because it is my own; because it is two-thirds of what I possess. And if all is needed before we have finished, then all shall go."

Alice Tynemouth still held the shoulders, still gazed into the eyes which burned and shone, which seemed to look beyond this room into some world of the soul or im-agination. "Jasmine, you are not crazy, are you?" she said, excitedly. "You will not repent of this? It is not a sudden impulse?"

"Yes, it is a sudden impulse; it came to me all at once. But when it came I knew it was the right thing, the only thing to do. I will not repent of it. Have no fear. It is final. It is sure. It means that, like you, I have found a rope to drag myself out of this stream which sweeps me on to the rapids."

"Jasmine, do you mean that you will—that you are coming, too?"

"Yes, I am going with you. We will do it together. You shall lead, and I shall help. I have a gift for organization. My grandfather, he—"

"All the world knows that! If you have anything of his gift, we shall not fail. We shall feel that we are doing something for our country—and, oh, so much for our-selves! And we shall be near our men. Tynie and Ruddy Byng will be out there, and we shall be ready for anything—if necessary. But Rudyard, will he approve?" She held up the cheque.

Jasmine made a passionate gesture. "There are times when we must do what something in us tells us to do, no mat-ter what the consequences. I am myself. I am not a slave. If I take my own way in the pleasures of life, why should I not take it in the duties and the business of life?"

Her eyes took on a look of abstraction, and her small hand closed on the large, capable hand of her friend. "Isn't work

the secret of life? My grandfather used to say it was. Always, always, he used to say to me, 'Do something, Jasmine. Find a work to do, and do it. Make the world look at you, not for what you seem to be, but for what you do. Work cures nearly every illness and nearly every trouble'—that is what he said. And I must work or go mad. I tell you I must work, Alice. We will work together out there where great battles will be fought."

A sob caught in her throat, and Alice Tynemouth wrapped her round with tender arms. "It will do you good, darling," she said, softly. "It will help you through —through it all, whatever it is."

For an instant Jasmine felt that she must empty out her heart, tell the inner tale of her struggle; but the instant of weakness passed as suddenly as it came, and she only said—repeating Alice Tynemouth's words: —"Yes, through it all, through it all, whatever it is." Then she added: "I want to do something. I can, I can. I want to get out of this into the open world. I want to fight. I want to balance things somehow—inside myself. . . . "

All at once she became very quiet. "But we must do business like business people. This money—there must be a small committee of business men, who—"

Alice Tynemouth finished the sentence for her. "Business men who are not Climbers."

"Yes. But the whole organization must be done by ourselves—all the practical, unfinancial work. The committee will only be like careful trustees."

There was a new light in Jasmine's eyes. She felt for the moment that life did not end in a *cul de sac*. She knew that now she had found a way for Rudyard and herself to separate without disgrace, without humiliation to him. She could see a few steps ahead. When she gave Marie instructions to put out her clothes a little while before, she did not know what she was going to do; but now she knew. She knew how she could make it easier for Rudyard when the inevitable hour came,—and it was here —which should see the end of their life together. He need not now sacrifice himself so much for her sake.

She wanted to be alone, and, as if divining her thought, Lady Tynemouth embraced her, and a moment later there was no sound in the room save the ticking of the clock and the crackle of the fire.

How silent it was! The world seemed very far away. Peace seemed to have taken possession of the place, and Jasmine's stillness as she sat by the fire staring into the embers was a part of it. So lost was she that she was not conscious of an opening door and of a footstep. She was roused by a low voice.

"Jasmine!"

She did not start. It was as though there had come a call, for which she had waited long, and she appeared to respond slowly to it, as one would to a summons to the scaffold. There was no outward agitation now, there was only a cold stillness that seemed little to belong to the dainty figure which had ever been more like a decoration than a living utility in the scheme of things. The crisis had come which she had dreaded yet invited—that talk which they two must have before they went their different ways. She had never looked Rudyard in the eyes direct since the day when Adrian Fellowes died. They had met, but never quite alone—always with some one present, either the servants or some other. Now they were face to face.

On Rudyard's lips was a faint smile, but it lacked the old *bonhomie* which was part of his natural equipment; and there were still sharp traces of the agitation which had accompanied the expulsion of Krool.

For an instant the idea possessed her that she would tell him everything there was to tell, and face the consequences, no matter what they might be. It was not in her nature to do things by halves, and since catastrophe was come, her will was to drink the whole cup and the full cup to the dregs. She did not want to spare herself. Behind it all lay something of that terrible wilfulness which had controlled her life so far. It was the unlovely soul of a great pride. She did not want to be forgiven for anything. She did not want to be condoned. There was a spirit of defiance which refused to accept favors, preferring punishment to the pity or the pardon which stooped to make it easier for her. It was a pride which was dangerous, and her mood was one in which she might throw away everything, with an abandonment and recklessness only known to such passionate natures.

It came to her all at once as she stood and looked at Rudyard. She read or she thought she read in his eyes, in his smile,

the superior spirit which condescended to magnanimity, to compassion; and her whole nature was instantly up in arms. She almost longed on the instant to strip herself bare, as it were, and let him see her as she really was, or as in her despair she thought she really was. The mood in which she had talked to Lady Tynemouth was gone, as her moods had been ever wont to go; and in its place a spirit of revolt was at work. A certain sullenness which he and no one else had ever seen came into her eyes, and her lips became white with an ominous determination. She forgot him and all that he would suffer if she told him the whole truth, and the whole truth would, in her passion, become far more than the truth: she was again the egoist, the centre of the universe. What happened to her was the only thing which mattered in all the world. So it had ever been; and her beauty and her wit and her youth and the habit of being spoiled had made it all possible, without those rebuffs and that confusion which fate provides sooner or later for the egoist.

"Well," she said, sharply, "say what you wish to say. You have wanted to say it badly. I am ready."

He was stunned by what seemed to him the anger and the repugnance in her tone.

"You remember you asked me to come, Jasmine, when you took the sjambok from me."

He nodded toward the table where it lay, then went forward and picked it up, his face hardening as he did so.

Like a pendulum her mood swung back. By accident he had said the one thing which could have moved her, changed her at the moment. The savage side of him appealed to her. What he lacked in brilliance and the lighter gifts of raillery and eloquence and mental give-and-take, he had balanced by the natural forces—from the power-house, as she had called it long ago. Pity, solicitude, the forced smile, magnanimity, she did not want in this black mood. They would have made her cruelly audacious, and her temper would have known no license; but now, suddenly, she had a vision of him as he stamped down the staircase, his coat off, laying the sjambok on the shoulders of the man who had injured her so, who hated her so, and had done so through all the years. It appealed to her.

In her heart of hearts she was sure he had done it directly or indirectly for her sake; and that was infinitely more to her than that he should stoop from the heights to pick her up. He was what he was because Heaven had made him so; and she was what she was because Heaven had forgotten to make her otherwise; and he could not know or understand how she came to do things that he would not do. But she could know and understand why his hand fell on Krool like that of Cain on Abel. She softened, changed at once.

"Yes, I remember," she said. "I've been upset. Krool was insolent, and I ordered him to go. He would not."

"I've been a fool to keep him all these years. I didn't know what he was—a traitor, the slimmest of the slim, a real unadulterated Kaffir-Boer. I was pig-headed about him, because he seemed to care so much about me. That counts for a lot with the most of us."

"Alice Tynemouth saw a policeman help him into a cab in Piccadilly and take him away. Will there be trouble?"

A grim look crossed his face. "I think not," he responded. "There are reasons. He has been stealing information for years, and sending it to Kruger, he and—"

He stopped short, and into his face came a look of sullen reticence.

"Yes, he and—and some one else? Who else?" Her face was white. She had a sudden intuition.

He met her eyes. "Adrian Fellowes—what Fellowes knew, Krool knew, and one way or another, by one means or another, Fellowes knew a great deal."

The knowledge of Adrian Fellowes' treachery and its full significance had hardly come home to him, even when he punished Krool, so shaken was he by the fact that the Boer had been false to him. Afterward, however, as the partners all talked together up-stairs, the enormity of the dead man's crime had fastened on him, and his brain had been stunned by the thought too terrible to put into words, that directly or indirectly Jasmine had abetted the crime. Things he had talked over with her, and with no one else, had got to Kruger's knowledge, as the information from South Africa showed. She had at least been indiscreet, had talked to Fellowes with some freedom, or he could not have known what he did. But directly, knowingly abetted Fellowes? Of course, she had not done that, but her



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE CRISIS HAD COME WHICH SHE HAD DREADED, YET INVITED

foolish confidences had abetted treachery, had wronged him, had helped to destroy his plans, had injured England.

He had savagely punished Krool for insolence to her, and for his treachery, but a new feeling had grown up in him in the last half-hour. Under the open taunts of his colleagues, a deep resentment had taken possession of him that his work, so hard to do, so important and critical, should have been circumvented by the indiscretions of his wife.

Upon her now this announcement came with terrible force. Adrian Fellowes had gained from her—she knew it all too well now—that which had injured her husband, from which, at any rate, he ought to have been immune. Her face flushed with a resentment far greater than that of Rudyard's, and it was heightened by a humiliation which overwhelmed her. She had been but a tool in every sense, she, Jasmine Byng, one who ruled, had been used like a—she could scarcely form the comparison in her mind—by a dependent, a hanger-on of her husband's bounty; and it was through her that, originally, he had been given a real chance in life by Rudyard.

"I am sorry," she said, calmly, as soon as she could get her voice. "I was the means of your employing him."

"That did not matter," he said, rather nervously. "There was no harm in that, unless you knew his character before he came to me."

"You think I did?"

"I cannot think so. It would have been too ruthless—too wicked."

She saw his suffering, and it touched her. "Of course I did not know that he could do such a thing—so shameless. He was a low coward. He did not deserve decent burial," she added. "He had good fortune to die as he did."

"How did he die?" Rudyard asked her, with a face so unlike what it had always been, so changed by agitation, that it scarcely seemed his. His eyes were fixed on hers.

She met them resolutely. Did he ask her in order to see if she had any suspicion of himself? Had he done it? If he had, there would be some mitigation of her suffering. Or was it Ian Stafford who had done it? One or the other—but which?

"He died without being made to suffer," she said. "Most people who do wrong have to suffer."

"But they live on," he said, bitterly.

"That is no great advantage unless you want to live," she replied. "Do you know how he died?" she added, after a moment, with sharp scrutiny.

He shook his head and returned her scrutiny with added poignancy. "It does not matter. He ceases to do any more harm. He did enough."

"Oh, quite enough!" she said, with a withered look, and, going over to her writing-table, stood looking at him questioningly. He did not speak again, however.

Presently she said, very quietly, "I am going away."

"I do not understand."

"I am going to work."

"I understand still less."

She took from the writing-table her cheque-book, and handed it to him. He looked at it, and read the counterfoil of the cheque she had given to Alice Tynemouth.

He was bewildered. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"It is for a hospital ship."

"Sixty thousand pounds! Why, it is nearly all you have."

"It is two-thirds of what I have."

"Why—in God's name, why?"

"To buy my freedom," she answered, bitterly.

"From what?"

"From you."

He staggered back and leaned heavily against a bookcase.

"Freedom from me!" he exclaimed, hoarsely.

He had had terribly bitter and revengeful feelings during the last hour, but all at once his real self emerged, the thing that was deepest in him. "Freedom from me? Has it come to that?"

"Yes, absolutely. Do you remember the day you first said to me that something was wrong with it all,—the day that Ian Stafford dined after his return from abroad. Well, it has been all wrong—terribly wrong. We haven't made the best of things together, when everything was with us to do so. I have spoiled it all. It hasn't been what you expected."

"Nor what *you* expected?" he asked, sharply.

"Nor what I expected; but you are not to blame for that."

Suddenly all he had ever felt for her swept through his being, and sullenness fled away. "You have ceased to love me,

then. . . . See, that is the one thing that matters, Jasmine. All else disappears beside that. Do you love me? Do you love me still? Do you love me, Jasmine? Answer that."

He looked like the ghost of his old dead self, pleading to be recognized.

His misery oppressed her. "What does one know of one's self in the midst of all this—of everything that has nothing to do with love?" she asked.

What she might have said in the dark mood which was coming on her again it is hard to say, but from beneath the window of the room which looked on Park Lane there came the voice of a street minstrel, singing to a traveling piano, played by sympathetic fingers, the song:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing—"

The simple pathos of the song had nothing to do with her own experience or her own case, but the flood of it swept through her veins like tears. She sank into a chair and listened for a moment with eyes shining, then she sprang up in an agitation which made her tremble and her face go white.

"No, no, no, Rudyard, I do not love you," she said, swiftly. "And because I do not love you, I will not stay. I never loved you, never loved you at any time. I never knew myself—that is all that I can say. I never was awake till now. I never was wholly awake till I saw you driving Krool into the street with the sjambok."

She flung up her hands. "For God's sake, let me be truthful at last. I don't want to hurt you—I have hurt you enough, but I do not love you, and I must go. I am going with Alice Tynemouth. We are going together to do something. Maybe I shall learn something which will make life possible."

He reached out his arms towards her with a sudden tenderness.

"No, no, no, do not touch me," she cried. "Do not come near me. I must be alone now, and from now on and on. . . . You do not understand, but I must be alone. I must work it out alone, whatever it is."

She got up with a quick energy, and went over to the writing-table again. "It may take every penny I have got, but I shall do it, because it is the thing I feel I must do."

"You have millions, Jasmine," he said, in a low, appealing voice.

She looked at him almost fiercely again. "No, I have what is my own, my very own, and no more," she responded, bitterly. "You will do your work, and I will do mine. You will stay here. There will be no scandal, because I shall be going with Alice Tynemouth, and the world will not misunderstand."

"There will be no scandal, because I am going, too," he said, firmly.

"No, no, you cannot go," she urged.

"I am going to South Africa in two days," he replied. "Stafford was going with me, but he cannot go for a week or so. . . . He will help you, I am sure, with forming your committee and arranging, if you will insist on doing this thing. He is still up-stairs there with the rest of them. I will get him down now, I—"

"Ian Stafford is here—in this house?" she asked, with staring eyes. What terrible irony it all was! She could have shrieked with wild laughter.

"Yes, he is up-stairs. I made him come and help us—he knows the international game—Holland, Germany and the rest. He will help you, too. He is a good friend. You will know how good some day."

She went white and leaned against the table.

"No, I shall not need him," she said. "We have formed our committee."

"But when I am gone, he can help you, he can—"

"Oh, God—oh, my God!" she murmured, and swayed forward, fainting.

He caught her and lowered her gently into a chair.

"You are only mad," he whispered to ears which heard not as he bent over her. "You will be sane some day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The White Lamb

BY LILLIAN A. NORTH

THE sheep were still in their night quarters, slight, summer shedding within a high-fenced fold. The east was shaded. The west and north were open for any breeze the sultry morn might bring. It was hours past sunrise, but the dew lay heavy on the grass.

The shepherd scanned his flock. He picked his way among groups of sheep, some resting their chins on the controlling fence looking on the outer world, some crouched ruminating, others abandoned in sleep. He felt a nose here and there, parted a fleece, noted an attitude.

"You never see a sick sheep unless you look for it," he said, "though you often see a dead one."

The little white lamb came up to him. The shepherd took from a closet a large bottle and transferred some of its contents to a small one. Then, striding the white lamb, he tilted its chin, opened its mouth gently with his thumb and forefinger, and gave it the dose drop by drop. He parted the lamb's snow-white fleece, from force of habit, to look in vain for the blush of health. The pelt had the same false purity as the wool.

The lamb looked up in his shepherd's face. For many days he had been given a tonic in the morning.

"I shouldn't have saved you, little lamb," said the shepherd, "if I had had the courage of my trade."

And then he got his brush and pail of tar, for long mists meant hot suns, and sultry noons encouraged the torment of the fly. Most of the flock ran away from him, some struggled, and even the seasoned ewes sneered when the biting antiseptic touched their noses. But the white lamb stood with a confidence undisguised.

The sun had come out brilliantly, and the flock were ready for pasture when a carriage rolled up to the gate of the fold. An obsequious servant jumped down. The sheep, not understanding movement without noise, dashed hither and thither, regardless of impediment and direction.

The occupants of the carriage remained seated until the shepherd's voice had restored order and quiet among his flock, and then a man descended, and, turning, held out his arms to a little girl.

"We came to see the lambs," he said, "but we are sorry to have frightened the sheep."

"Oh," said the child, "a little white lamb! Do let me feed it!"

The shepherd humored his little visitor. The child was like his lamb. She was fragile. Her flaxen hair was clinging, unelectrical, her skin a pearly white, and her violet eyes had a gaze sweet, straight, full of confidence.

"Which lamb is to be yours, my dear?" asked the father.

The shepherd shook his head. "I don't sell live lambs," he said.

The gentleman bowed in deference to the humane principle thus betrayed, and made some flattering comments on the flock. But when he looked at his little girl it was a hard matter for him to disguise his disappointment.

The child looked up in the shepherd's face with resignation. "I should have liked the little white lamb," she said.

"I would not let any one have him for a pet. I'd rather kill him," replied the shepherd. "But come and see him again. He's fond of company."

"Thank you," said the child, "I will."

Only another day had elapsed when she responded to the shepherd's invitation. Her mother was with her. They had come to the fold on foot.

"I have brought my little lamb to see your little lamb," the lady said, pleasantly, to the shepherd.

"There he is, mummy, the little white lamb!" The child ran over to her pet. It may have been the swiftness of her approach that caused the lamb to bleat. But the little girl, taking his cry for a greeting, responded lovingly. There was a kindred note in the voice of both child and lamb. It was a note that

pleased the ear, but the shepherd, who had known suffering to play strange tricks with the voice, turned sharply at the sound of it. He whacked the ears of a two-year-old ram with more severity than the sheep's offense seemed to warrant, and shut him in a pen.

The child's mother turned to admire the lamb. "What small, delicate ears he has!" she said. "And his trim, dainty hoofs might be made of smoke-pearl! What a soft fleece! Why, even your hand, darling, flattens it!"

The lamb was eating bran from the child's hand, trickling it heedlessly between her fingers as he looked up into her face to sense the extent of his welcome. Both observers recognized the shining light the lamb had kindled there.

"You are an old shepherd," said the mother, "and you understand. My child is hungry. They took her away from me when she was but a week old."

He nodded. "For every week of mother's milk we shepherds mark a sheep to live a year. My little white lamb was a weanling at three days."

Quiet tears sprang to the mother's eyes. "Then you do not think you could trust him to my child?"

"He would only die," said the shepherd. "But let the little girl come here and play with him when she will. He will live longer if he does not leave the fold."

The child's mother did not come again, but an old nurse accompanied the little one on her next visit.

"We are cautioned not to take up too much of your time," said the old woman, cheerily.

"Come in," said the shepherd. Then, to the child, "There is a fresh breeze this morning. The lamb won't want much tempting to eat."

The little girl had in her hand a bunch of roses. The lamb eagerly appropriated them.

"Sheep are fond of sweet-smelling flowers," said the old man. The skill with which the child's dress was disposed could not hide from him her emaciation. He looked from her to his lamb, where the parting fleece disclosed a similar wasting.

The child also looked at the lamb, but she looked as children will look at the unattainable. The hopelessness of her cause made her very weary. Heedless of her spotless frock, she dropped down on the straw.

"Here, dearie," said the old woman, hastening to her charge with a tiny lunch-basket.

The shepherd fetched the child a cup of ewe's milk. "It will make her strong," he said.

"It is a long walk from our place," the old woman remarked while she thanked him. "But my dearie will not ride. She fancies that the carriage frightens the sheep."

Quick to the scent of the food he liked best, the little lamb had edged nearer to the little girl. She had all but emptied the cup, but she gave it to him to drain.

The child returned the cup to the shepherd. "You are very good to me," she said, "though you cannot give me your lamb."

When she went away he did not invite her to the fold again. It may have been through forgetfulness. He was an old man. But the nurse noticed the omission, and her people did not bring the little one any more.

One morning the shepherd found his white lamb pressing outward on the gate of the fold. He bleated and looked up. Outside was the little girl. She had stolen away alone to see the lamb.

The shepherd seldom smiled, but he forgot his long-tried shepherdry a moment to smile upon her.

"Come in," he said. "My lamb is yours. When you have rested, I will send him home with you."

"Oh, you good shepherd!" the child said, and could say no more.

The little lamb was welcome everywhere on the great estate of the little girl's father. He wandered beside her in pastures of red clover and white. He went with her into the garden to gather sweet flowers. Such long days did she keep with him that he no sooner cried at nightfall than it was dawn. An old servant, who had once kept sheep, was careful, for the sake of their little mistress, to give the lamb his salt tonic and to stand his drink in the sun.

One evening the little girl bade the lamb a fond good night. She was feeling very tired. The next morning the sun

found her in her chamber, and for many mornings after.

The lamb's tonic was forgotten. He cried for it in vain. His pasture proved unwholesome without salt. He wandered into the flower-garden, seeking his own cure. A housemaid hustled him out. He ceased to cry then, and stood wondering. He was feverish. Since there was no longer any water standing for him in the sun, he drank chilly draughts from the stable trough.

In the great, lonely courtyard the child one day found the neglected lamb upon his bed of straw. With head alert he listened to her well-known voice. He staggered to his feet and moved his tail gently. He shook and plumed his crushed fleece: from the color of the snow it had changed to the color of the snow-sky. He was a smaller lamb than when the child first knew him. But he was a happy lamb at last. Upon the filmy retina of his eyes the last ray of light had thrown a negative of the fold.

"I am hungry, little lamb. Are not you?"

The child's fragile bones cut bird-like underneath the skin. She was a smaller child than when the lamb first knew her. But she was a happy child at last.

"Come!" she said. "The kind shepherd will feed us."

Tenderly they jostled each other by the way, dividing the narrow path. They did not hasten. They did not falter. They could not fear pursuit. Though the sun had gone down, a great white light shone at the gate of the fold.

The Shepherd let them in.

Ruth

BY SAMUEL McCOY

TREMBLING in the summer heat,
Above the nodding heads of wheat,

Too hot for tears, too hot for mirth,
The air lies hot on the hot earth.

August, a drowsy dreamer, lies
With yesterdays deep in her eyes:

She sees, as through a quivering haze,
A field where ripened harvest sways—

Where drowsy grain droops at the hand
Of reapers in an ancient land;

And bending lowly after them
There goes a girl of Bethlehem,

The unloosed burden of her hair
Touching the scarlet poppies there;

Too faint for song, too faint for mirth,
She deems herself of little worth;

Clothed in her meek beatitude,
Her gentle thoughts, like a soft brood

Of shining doves, play round her head,
And by them is she hallowèd.

Some Titians of the Prado

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THE catalogue of the Prado Gallery quotes the remark of a writer that to know Titian well it is necessary to study him first in Venice and then in Madrid. This is based on the fact that in the Prado alone there are forty-two alleged examples of the Venetian master. But two, the "Sisyphus" and the "Prometheus," are copies by the Spanish painter Alonso Sanchez Coello of originals which were afterward destroyed by fire; two others, "Virgen de los Dolores" and "La Dolorosa," are considered to be wrongly ascribed to the master, being possibly the work of his assistants; while some others represent but indifferently Titian's greatness. Meanwhile there are canvases which rank among his greatest.

Titian's relations with the court of Spain began with his introduction to Charles V. in 1530. This occurred while the Emperor was visiting Bologna, and was engineered by the astute and unscrupulous Pietro Aretino. The latter, with Titian and the architect Sansovino, had formed the celebrated "Triumvirate," for their mutual advancement and the systematic pursuit of pleasure. Those were the days when Titian's luxurious villa at Biri Grande was the scene of princely entertainments, at which the guests included most of the men then famous in Italian art and politics. Titian had become recognized as the painter of the great, and it was a natural sequence that he should paint a portrait of the greatest, of the Cæsar who held in his hand the destinies of the greater part of Europe.

Charles was so satisfied with the result of this first visit that two years later he invited the artist to renew it, when the relations between the two became firmly cemented. For each portrait the Emperor gave him a thousand crowns, besides which he settled upon him an annuity of two hundred, to be paid by the city of Milan; raised him to the rank of a Count Palatine, and invested him with the order of a Knight of the Spur. Charles declared that henceforth no one should paint his portrait but the great Venetian, and treated him with every mark of distinguished consideration. On one occasion, so the story goes, he picked up a brush which the artist had dropped, and handed it to him with the remark, "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." On another occasion, at some ceremony in Bologna, he caused the artist to ride beside him, observing to the rest of the retinue around him, "I can make as many lords as I wish, but God alone can make a Titian."

After the abdication of Charles V. in 1555, his son and successor to the throne of Spain and the Netherlands, Philip II., continued the rôle of patron. During the remaining twenty years of the artist's life he was continually being plied with requests for pictures by the King, who, while he was eager to get them, was very slow in paying. Some of the correspondence regarding their relations still exists. Garcia, for example, the King's envoy in Venice, writes in October, 1564, to the Minister at Madrid: "The 'Christ at the Last Supper' is a marvel, and one of the best things that Titian has done. Though it is finished and I was to have it in September, he said, when I sent for it, that he would finish it on his return and then give it to me, which I suspect is due to his covetousness and avarice, which make him keep it back till the despatch arrives ordering payment to be made. Though he is old, he works and can still work, and if there were but money forthcoming we should get more out of him than we could expect from his age."

Titian himself writes to the "Invincible and Potent King Philip," "Is not my only aim in life to refuse the services of other princes and cling to that of your Majesty?" But he has to urge that the King will attend to the arrears of his pension and payment on pictures forwarded to Madrid. Philip on



PHILIP II.

one occasion sends an order upon Milan to settle the arrears of the annuity which "Charles, his father (now in Glory), had granted." With his own liabilities he is still remiss. Whereupon Titian writes, "As an intercessor I have prepared a picture in which the Magdalen appears before you in tears, and as a suppliant in favor of your most devoted servant." On this letter Philip notes, "It seems to me that this matter is already arranged." Apparently, however, the royal memory was in error, for the sum in question was paid later. Philip's standing order was for religious pictures; but the artist, knowing his master's double rôle of ascetic and libertine, shrewdly includes in the consignment a nude or "poesie." Thus a nude "Venus" accompanies "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," while "Diana Surprised at the Fountain" and "Calisto's Frailty Exposed by Diana" are despatched with "The Entombment," and a "Christ in the Garden" with "Europa."

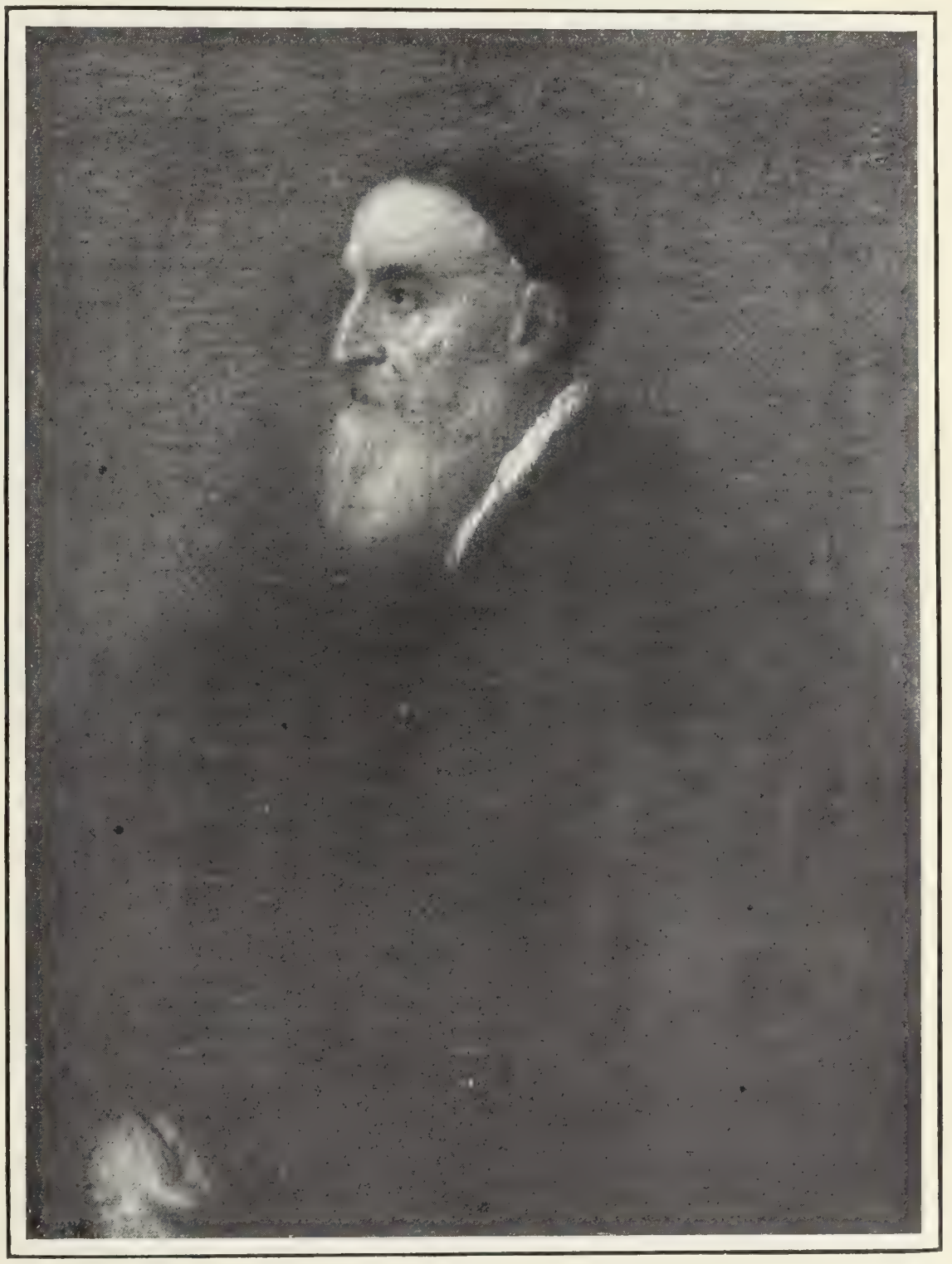
The record of the relations between the grasping Philip and the great artist, whose powers were gradually failing, while his extravagant tastes showed no abatement, are, in fact, more than a little unpalatable. There is a suspicion that the King had little of the respect for the greatness of the artist which his father had had, and that his chief motives were, on the one hand, the superstitious veneration he held for his father's memory, and on the other, his personal vanity in being served by the artist whose name was still held in the highest repute. Meanwhile



SALOME

there is also a suspicion that Titian treated Philip as certain modern painters have not scrupled to treat American millionaires, of whose vanity and ignorance an easy advantage could be taken. For certainly, as has already been suggested, some of the pictures which the aged artist "unloaded" on his patron do not sustain his reputation. One is reminded of the statement of Vasari, who visited Titian in his home in Venice in 1566: "It would have been well for him if, in these later years of his life, he had only labored for pastime, in order not to lose by works of declining value the reputation gained in early days."

In the disastrous fire of Christmas, 1734, which destroyed the old Alcázar and consumed so many of the art treasures collected by Charles and the three Philips, some of the Titians perished, while others were damaged. Some also have from time to time been given away as presents to distinguished persons, so that those now gathered in the Prado fall short of the original complement. The oldest of them in point of time is the "Madonna and Child with Saints Ulfo and Brigida," which used to be attributed to Giorgione. It belongs to Titian's early period, when he was experimenting with the Giorgionesque influence. You may trace it in the contrast of Ulfo's warm brown face with the fair-skinned Brigida, whose golden-red hair, rippling over the ears, is set against a white cloud, gleaming in a translucent blue sky. But in her rather mundane face, and still more in the sweet every-day nobility of the Virgin's expression and gesture, Titian's self is pronounced. So also in the treatment of her drapery of azure blue and the crimson robe. A little of the latter's rosy hue overflows into the dove-gray gown of St. Brigida, whose mantle is golden brown, set against the man's black armor and repeated in a drabber hue of brown in the "dossal" behind the Virgin's head. Ulfo's dark head, painted with superb simplicity, is relieved against the deep apple green of the curtain, which hue is echoed in the bit of curtain on the right. This picture belongs to the same period as the so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" of the Borghese Palace in Rome. Indeed, the



PORTRAIT OF TITIAN, BY HIMSELF



WORSHIP OF VENUS

same two models have served the artist in both pictures.

Two other pictures, early, in view of Titian's long life, but representing him in his full maturity, are "The Bacchanal" and "Worship of Venus," which belong to the period of the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery. All of these were painted for Duke Alfonso, who had summoned the artist to Ferrara in order that he might complete Giovanni Bellini's last and unfinished picture, "The Bacchanal, or Feast of the Gods on Earth," which is now in Alnwick Castle, England. The result of this work was a commission for the "Bacchanal" and "Worship of Venus," followed a little later by one for the "Bacchus and Ariadne"; all of which adorned a room in the Palace at Ferrara. They carry forward the idea and the spirit of Giovanni Bellini, but in a manner individually Titian's own. This declares itself in particular in the radiant beauty of the landscape backgrounds; in a general way, in the joyous freedom and freshness of imagination that created the figures. The nudes especially reveal a fragrance and purity of sentiment that the artist's later ones, those of his middle age, have lost.

The charm of landscape in the "Worship of Venus" consists not only in the color, but also in the sentiment. The sky is a lovely robin's-egg blue, in which float dreamily gray and creamy clouds. These gradually pale toward the horizon, where appear a church spire and trees, softened to blue by distance. The foreground of yellowing grass slopes up on the left to a mossy bank, overshadowed by a clump of trees; deep green foliage spotted with yellow and rosy apples, against a farther mass of golden brown. Through an interval in the rich leafage is a glimpse of a gray-roofed, white-walled cottage.

But even more lovely than this radiant color scheme is the exquisitely imagined sentiment of the scene. The countryside breathes an atmosphere of lovable naturalness and enchanting simplicity,

which seem to take shape in the countless infant forms. Their innocence and liberty of gesture embody the spirit of the scene, and from the latter they draw a reasonableness of existence which makes their frolic seem entirely natural. The Loves which gambol in the air have rosy wings, while those of their comrades below are mostly blue. Inexhaustible invention is displayed in the variety of gesture of these tiny forms, whose sprightliness also is so artlessly childlike. The upper of the two girls on the right is clad in deep blue, while her companion, who holds the mirror, wears a lovely claret-red skirt. In the centre of the foreground lies a bit of geranium-colored drapery, bunched in front of which is a mass of white. On the edge of this Titian has signed his name.

The so-called "Salome" of the Prado will be recognized as a study of the artist's daughter, Lavinia, who appears as a Bride and as a Matron in the Dresden Gallery, and on three other occasions in an attitude similar to this one. One of these variations of the theme is in the Hermitage, another in the collection of Earl Grey in England, while the best known is that of the Berlin Gallery. In the last the salver, instead of containing the head of John the Baptist, is piled with flowers and fruit. The gown, as here, is of amber brown, the drapery over the back whitish gray, while the golden hair in both cases is dressed with jewels of pearls and rubies. In the Berlin picture, however, a string of pearls encircles the neck, which is inclined to be short, and the arms are covered with sleeves of the same material as the skirt. The whole, in fact, has less freedom and swing of gesture and expression. It was painted about 1550, whereas the Prado picture is assigned to a period at least ten years later, and is supposed to have been painted from memory.

Of the Titian portraits in the Prado let us examine three: those of Charles V. and his wife and their son. And first the Queen's. Doña Isabella de Portugal was first cousin to her husband, both being grandchildren of Ferdinand and Isabella. The latter's eldest daughter, Isabella, had married Emmanuel of Portugal, while their third child, Juana, by her marriage with Philip of Austria, be-



LA GLORIA

came the mother of Charles V. Since Queen Isabella never left Spain, the portrait has given rise to a surmise that Titian may have visited Spain. But from 1532 to 1543, the period during which it was painted, Titian maintained a correspondence with his friend Aretino that is still in existence. A visit to Spain would certainly have been mentioned if it had occurred; but the letters contain no reference to such a matter. It is conjectured, therefore, that Titian's model for the face was a portrait by some other painter, possibly the Flemish portrait-painter Antonio Mor, who spent many years in Madrid. It is painted with a certain timidity, a tightness and smoothness, very different from the masterful treatment of the costume. The latter consists of a rosy brownish purple velvet stomacher, sleeves, and skirt, the last opening over a cloth-of-gold petticoat. The sleeves are lined with silvery wine-colored silk. The reddish golden hair is seen against an olive background, on the left of which hangs a dull plum brocaded curtain, while the window to the right opens on to greenish and grayish wooded hills, backed by distant blue mountains. The hands are sensitively refined.

The face of Philip II. presents a strange mingling of the qualities in the faces of his father and mother. It has much of the delicacy of the mother's, especially in the chiseling of the long nose with its sensitively curved nostril; something also of the softness of her eyes, though the son's have acquired a vulpine, cruel expression, a weaker equivalent of the father's fixity and ferocity of glance. Similarly sensual, but without the granite force of the father's, is his under jaw, with its too crimson under lip, curving out exaggeratedly over the peaked chin, the latter indicative as much of vacillation as of obstinacy. Philip's is a face which in its abnormality and signs of degeneracy carries a step lower toward decline the taint inherited from his grandmother, Juana, "La Loca"—"The Mad." The features are pallid, the scant beard and mustache chestnut, while the hair is a darker tone of the same hue, set against an olive-brown background. The armor and helmet are of finest Toledan craftsmanship—black steel, damascened with gold. The plume is white, the trunks are pearly satin, the silk stockings and shoes dove gray. This lower part of the figure is disposed against a table-cover of deep burgundy red. The portrait is at once a magnificent picture and a remarkable psychological record. It summarizes in anticipation that strange combination of qualities which was to characterize Philip when he succeeded to the government of Spain and the Netherlands — his shiftlessness and doggedness of policy, his mingling of the libertine and ascetic, the man whose weakness was destined to impoverish his country, while he left of himself an enduring monument in that mausoleum-monastery-mansion—the Escoriál.

A companion picture to the above is the "Charles V. on Foot," representing the Emperor at the age of about forty years, when his hair and beard are still rich chestnut brown. It is rather in the nature of a costume piece than a portrait; for one's eye is attracted to the handsome elaboration of the clothes, and almost has to search for the head, which is necessarily high up in the canvas. And when you have found it, it does not hold the interest. There is no suggestion of the iron man of victorious wars; the under jaw has nothing of the bulldog tenacity, and seems rather indicative of indecision. It is to the "Equestrian Portrait of Charles V." that one turns for the complete union of a noble canvas with one of the most extraordinary studies of a human personality that the art of the past can show.

The Prado is the only gallery in the world where a full measure of appreciation could be given to this "Equestrian Portrait of Charles V. before the Battle of Muhlberg." For here it is in competition with other equestrian portraits: with two handsome Goyas, with works of distinction, if less merit, by Gonzáles, and with the three superb canvases, the "Don Carlos," "Olivares," and "Philip IV.," by Velasquez.

It was in January, 1548, that Titian, now seventy years old, repaired to Augsburg by imperial command to paint this portrait. It was to commemorate the Catholic Sovereign's decisive victory over the allied Protestant princes of Germany at the battle of Muhlberg on April 24,



QUEEN ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL

1547. The imperial troops began to take up their positions along the bank of the Elbe at dawn, while the night mist was slowly lifting and the sky was flushed with rose. The Emperor, mounted on his favorite charger, a very dark brown, almost black Andalusian, is shown accoutred exactly as he appeared on that historic morning. For a record exists by a contemporary historian, Don Luis de Avila y Zuniga, who dedicated his *Commentary on the German War* to the Emperor.

Color plays so important a part in the majesty of the conception that we will reconstruct the scheme in imagination. The upper sky is laced with layers of slaty blue; but lower down a soft rose penetrates the gray vapor, gathering to a rosy primrose over the horizon. Here are distant hills, blued by atmosphere. From the ford of the Elbe a grassy lawn, still slumbering in shadow, slopes up to a little plateau, crowned with a clump of drowsy foliage, olive green and tawny drabs and browns. These form a mass of support to the figure of the horse, the legs of which are merged into the umbery shadows of the foreground. Similarly, to secure a massed rather than a scattered effect, the horse's head is carried close to the chest. The color of its body is practically dull black, the head-gear steel and gold, the plume claret red. The saddle-cloth is of much the same hue, but, being of velvet, is



CHARLES V. AT THE BATTLE OF MUHLBERG

more varied in its values and richer in texture, while the larger cloth is of paler claret, slightly suffused with blue. This wine-color is echoed again, with difference of silky texture, in the Emperor's sash, the insignia of a general of the House of Burgundy, and culminates in an intense rosy hue in his plume. The morion and armor, of finest Spanish make, are of black steel, richly damascened with gold. Around the neck hangs the collar of the Golden Fleece, of which most highly esteemed Burgundian and Netherland order Charles was Grand Master.

A very remarkable feature of the composition is the placing of the lance. Its point, set against the sky, draws one's attention from the horse's head, and having done so, by some strange secret immediately directs it to the Emperor's face, whose fixed expression seems to be epitomized in its forward thrust. It is the face of a very sick man. Charles for some time had been the victim of gout, which had attacked all his limbs; his voice had grown so feeble that it was with difficulty that his staff-officers could understand his orders. His weakened body, while the attendants fastened on the armor, was all atremble. Seated in the saddle, however, he held himself rigid by a supreme effort of will, his face meanwhile set and white as that of a corpse. The Protestants called him "The Dead One."

Awesome and poignant is this contrast of the cadaverous face with the splendor and authority of the whole conception.

The direness and inevitableness of The Man of Destiny have never anywhere been so portrayed in painting. Compared with this, the pictures of Napoleon seem like portraits of a play-actor. If one seeks for the reason, it is perhaps because, in the first place, no painter of Napoleon was a colorist, who could produce the orchestration of solemn, solitary grandeur with which the figure is invested. Secondly, Titian had the advantage of the armor. He realized its psychological relation to the wearer in its suggestion not only of the superb, but of the indomitable. The rigidity of the steel has been rendered with unsurpassable realization of the facts, and its contrast with, and at the same time its affinity to, the grim, pale, hard face is indescribably expressive.

The Emperor's career as a hero terminated with his victory at Muhlberg. Recognizing that death had laid its grip upon him, he made preparation to meet the end. In 1555 he retired to the monastery of San Yuste, whence he still meddled with the affairs of empire, while indulging a hobby for collecting clocks and watches, and varying his excesses of eating and drinking with fits of penitence. From his bed he would witness through a window that opened into the church the celebration of the mass, while on the wall in front of him hung Titian's "Gloria." In the presence of this picture he died, September 21, 1556.

The "Gloria," or, as Titian himself called it, "The Most Holy Trinity," represents the Emperor's effort to fortify his conscience against the terrors of the life to come. The once proud conqueror is kneeling in his grave-clothes, as a suppliant at the feet of the Father and the Son, whose forms are flooded with the glory of the Divine Dove. His wife, in her grave-clothes, kneels behind him, and both are supported and urged to hope by angels; while his son Philip joins in prayer for his parents' souls. Opposite to this royal group stands the single figure of the Virgin, a note of beautiful blue. She is close to the Divine Throne, but turns to gaze at the concourse of the blessed dead, who throng the sides and lower part of the composition. On the left are the evangelists; Moses, Noah, and the Magdalen occupy the centre; and on the right appears David. Above him is a profile portrait of Titian himself, beside a recumbent figure which represents Job. The last, it appears, is a portrait of D. Francisco Vargas, Charles's ambassador in Venice. Titian in a letter to the Emperor, which has been preserved, says: "I inserted the portrait of Don Francisco Vargas at his command. If it is not pleasing to your Majesty, any painter with two little strokes of a brush can change it into somebody else." Titian painted this picture in 1554, when he was about seventy-seven years old. To a period eight years later belongs the portrait of himself which hangs in the Prado.

This is the latest portrait of Titian. The background is olive brown, the velvet cap black, the coat of dark hue, resembling black, interrupted only by a double chain, the insignia of the order of a Count Palatine and a Knight of the Spur. From this field of obscurity emerge the hand, holding a brush, and the face. To the latter a further isolation and an emphasis are given by the ruff. Its whiteness accentuates the tawny gray of the beard and the rosy cream of the flesh, which has gray and occasionally transparent brown shadows. The eye is a slightly grayish blue. The modeling of the features is firm, but they are enveloped with an atmosphere of soft, almost golden light that invests with tenderness the angles and cavities, and spiritualizes the expression. It is the face of a soul that is waiting and watching in gentle wistfulness the outcome of the evening of its days.

Sunset Island

BY RALPH ROEDER

YOU might have guessed, or I might have guessed, that the moon is made of green cheese, but never that old "Ten-dollar" Malbone owned a beautiful country estate like Sunset Island.

For Malbone was a car-tracing clerk in the L. W. & T. Railroad at eighty-five dollars a month, and, by limitation of little ability and a sickly mother and sister, bound as tightly to his job as an elevator-boy is to his the week before Christmas. He had never been known in his life to spend more or less than ten dollars for a suit of clothes, wherefore his cognomen, nor to venture farther than 155th Street, even during his ten-day vacation each August. Although not so very old — forty-two — he seemed somehow out of the running. He was discouraged, sallow, extremely thin, and "dead broke" just before every payday.

His improvement that spring, when he suddenly gained sixteen pounds in three weeks, was the cause of daily wonder in the office, and attributed jocularly to everything from "Fleshola" to malt. No one even remotely surmised that it was due to Malbone's life upon a country estate which in natural beauty surpassed even Penrynhurst, the old-English Westchester County manor of the president of the L. T. & W.

Sunset Island was a place over which to enthuse; as ideally located as could be imagined. In shape an irregular ellipse of eighty acres, it was well covered with trees save for one small open tract on the eastward side, perhaps an acre in extent. This clearing, sandy and level, contained a snug, two-room log bungalow, and an ample vegetable plot which rendered Malbone independent of the village across the inlet for fresh provender. The shore of this clearing bounded the cove, a shelter large enough for the home-made dock and the tidy cat-boat and dory. A hundred feet beyond the house was a spring of very clear and cold water. Malbone had dug a little trench in the firm, sandy soil, providing a flow right up to the bungalow door sufficient for the washing of man or fish.



NO ONE WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT MALBONE OWNED A COUNTRY ESTATE

All during the ravishing days of late April and early May, while the people in town would be wearily waking to street noises and preparing for another day's grind in air-proof offices, Malbone would rise in the pearl-gray, freshening dawn, kindle a fire in the sheet-iron camp-stove, and send steaming into the brightening sunlight the aroma of bacon, coffee, and self-raising flapjacks.

After breakfast there was fishing, either from the little promontory on the north side of the island, or in one of the tiny inlets on the south side, where the bass and haddock came in. And then a paddle to the village for the papers, and



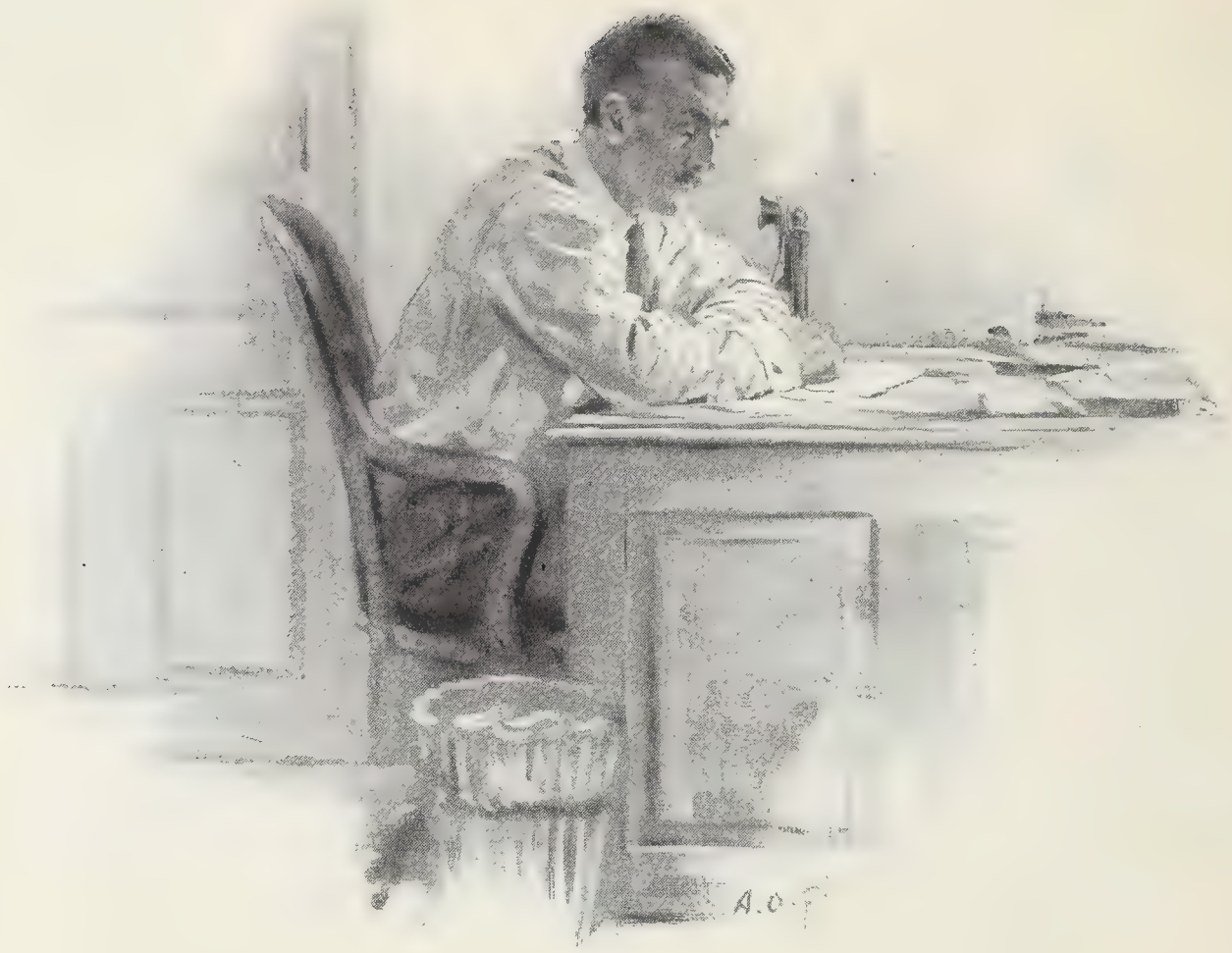
MALBONE WOULD GOOD-NATUREDLY GRIN AND GO BACK TO HIS DUTIES

afterward luncheon from the choicest of his morning's catch. In the afternoons he sailed the cat-boat to untried regions of the neighboring mainland; or, if the water was rough, tramped over his own domain, discovering, with microscope and natural-history guide, new and marvelous worlds. Then at half-past four he swam, dived, and floated like a boy. Finally supper, with a treat of something from his store of canned goods, a pipe, a book until the daylight waned, and bed.

Small wonder that he filled out so remarkably that during the noon hour, when the clerks would be lolling in the general office after lunch, waiting for exactly one o'clock, Franey, the chief way-bill clerk, who was sportively ambitioned, would almost daily urge old "Ten-dollar" to appoint him "manager of the gate receipts." At which witticism Malbone would good-naturedly grin and go back to his duties, which consisted daily from eight to five-thirty in locating missing or overdue freight-cars, and which were executed almost entirely over a telephone placed on his desk.

Hanging doggedly over the black rubber mouthpiece, Malbone would call the outbound platform, the shore depot, the Hudson Street station, the repair yards, the inbound platform, and the river terminals, and—generally at the last place called—receive word of car No. 42,761, consignee Wonder Medicine Company, way bill 783,496, left Albany April 2d, Odebolt Junction April 4th, etc.

They were monotonous duties. The man before Malbone had gone to pieces, and was out in Colorado in a tent colony. And Malbone that winter had got to dreaming car numbers with black telephone mouthpieces jumping between them. That was before he had acquired Sunset Island. Now he pleasantly occupied himself in the evenings with the selection of camp equipage: a pneumatic mattress, a complete set of aluminum dishes which nested into one another until the largest pot finally held them all, new flies and reels, and paddles. Likewise he read outdoor magazines and absorbed all their contents. When he dreamed at all he dreamed of all these.



SUNSET ISLAND WAS GONE AND NAUGHT BUT BLACK DRUDGERY REMAINED

The world began to be a grand place, a vigorous, jolly, two-fisted place, where life was a joy and work a privilege. At home his feeble-blooded mother and sister caught the overflow of his spirits and a thin ray of joy began to pervade the cooped-up flat in Harlem.

Malbone realized, as with a revelation, that nine-tenths of the success of the world is made upon fresh air and laughter.

Although his vacation did not come until September that year, and the number of cars lost or strayed was appallingly large, his life on the island kept him up so famously that he stood the scorching spell in July without the loss of a pound.

On that terrible day when it reached ninety-four degrees in the office and the air coming up from the streets was like asphalt-tainted Sahara gusts, Malbone was not one of the three clerks carried out prostrated. At the close of the afternoon he was the freshest and fittest of the crowd who descended to the sun-baked streets to go home. Perhaps the heat had affected even him just a trifle, however, for at closing-time he had barely checked himself from telling Schultz, who sat at the next desk to him, of the gray squirrel that had come and hopped on his shoulder that afternoon while he was lying under the trees reading.

That was about the 19th of July. On the night of the 20th, Sunset Island was swept away, literally wiped out. We have said little concerning the exact location of the island save that it was as ideally situated as could be imagined. That covers the case precisely, for it was on the top of Malbone's desk toward the left. It had begun from a nervous scratching of his pen while he was fretting over the telephone one day. The scratch had taken on the form of a little sand-bar, the wood showing white against the yellow varnish of the finish, and it had grown by imperceptible degrees. Other scratches had increased it until the little sand-bar grew into a big sand-bar, and the big bar into a large and comely island with indentations and a coast-line and the snug little cove on the east side—where the dock was afterward built. As some of the scratches were deeper than others, it gave a diversified topography to the island, creating woods on the north and west, and the clearing about the cove. Ink scratches made the bungalow, and dug the water

trench, and prepared the vegetable plot. Malbone, like many impractical clerky men, possessed a vivid imagination, but it had to have something concrete to start from and feed upon. That pen scratch, at the critical moment when his desk-weary soul was longing for green things, was enough.

And now it was gone. The strange odor of varnish and oil which assailed Malbone's nostrils had caused his face to blanch and his heart to flutter apprehensively as he entered the office on the morning of the 21st. When he beheld the smooth, blank expanse of desk, the reason for life was gone, and naught but black drudgery remained. At ten o'clock, when he should have been fishing in Bass Inlet, with his pen poised delightfully over its varnish shore (a sort of lichens grew on the shores of Bass Inlet, of a kind which grew nowhere else on the island and, in fact, nowhere else in the world save in a certain part of Manitoba and the page of a Nature magazine which Malbone had read)—as I say, at ten o'clock his pen hung feebly, wandering, and his voice as he called the mechanical car numbers was so flat that Costell, of the river terminals, who had never seen Malbone but had been his fast friend over the phone for eight years, asked him what the matter was.

Along in the afternoon Malbone tried feebly to scratch a new island; he might as well have tried to restore a dead star.

During the four days following he suffered. The most of the sixteen pounds which he had gained shrank away; his mind lost the lithe snap which it had attained; his color was golden and marble by turns.

On Saturday he shuffled, white-faced and worn, up "on the carpet" to his boss and told him that he was going to quit.

The boss sat back stupefied. "What! You, Malbone! Quit? You have been here eleven years, haven't you? You are looking badly. Maybe you need a leave of absence. Your vacation comes the middle of September, but you can take it now if you want to, and I guess we could arrange to double the time, stretch the ten days to twenty."

Malbone quavered at that, but he triumphed with a dogged, "No, sir; I am going to quit."

He drew his accrued pay and one hundred and twenty dollars that he had in the savings-bank and took the Subway home. There he greeted his mother and sister with a desperate masterfulness that amazed them.

"Pack up all the things you can carry



TOLD THE BOSS THAT HE WAS GOING TO QUIT



"I SUPPOSE YOU ARE SOME KIN TO JEB HARTLEY"

and leave the rest in shape for a moving-van to get them. We are going away."

"Going! Why, Byron, where?" asked his mother, bewildered.

"I don't— Never mind. We leave this evening."

He went away, leaving amazement and vitalized consternation over the household. But when he returned they were ready, with their necessary belongings packed in two pitiably small gray telescopes. The son and brother carried a fish-pole, a reel, a net, and a set of aluminum dishes.

Locking the flat and going down to the river near Forty-ninth Street, the three caught a north-bound coasting steamer upon which they rode all night.

In the morning Malbone was at the port rail, straining his near-sighted eyes among the maze of small islands which skirted that part of the coast. The second officer was near him, and presently Malbone asked him a question.

"That elliptical island with the one house on it and the trees over there, how big would you say it was?"

The mariner, who had been reared on a Connecticut farm, scanned it and replied, "Eighty acres."

A half-hour later when the steamer touched at its first port—Fishhead—Malbone, leading his unsettled retinue, descended to the dock, where he held converse with a fishing-schooner's captain.

"Yes, I know that island, and I'll take you there for two dollars and thirty-five cents," finally said the captain. Then as they settled themselves and the two gray telescopes on the deck of his small craft, "I suppose you are some kin to Jeb Hartley or his wife, mebbe; they're the only folks living there now." Malbone answered with one of those grunts which supply a polite but indeterminate yes or no.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, so wonderfully still and sunny after the twenty-year roar of Harlem that the mother and sister were more convinced than ever that they were proceeding in a dream. In very stiff church clothes and an accompanying Sabbath expression, the lobster fisherman and his wife were preparing to put off in a dory to the mainland. Malbone stepped onto the home-made dock.

"I want to get a job here for my board and my mother's and sister's. My name is Byron Malbone."

"Eh, mine's Jeb Hartley," answered the fisherman. "Be you a fisherman? You don't look it."

"I've never caught lobsters, but I have



"Be you a Fisherman? You don't look it"

hooked hundreds of bass and haddock. I am good at raising garden truck, too, and I am an expert shipping authority; I know the quickest way to get any produce into New York."

"Well, well," hesitated the fisherman. "It's most remarkable, you coming here this way for a job."

"Let them stay," decided the fisherman's wife, quickly. "You know how lonesome it gets here, Jeb, and there's no one to take care of things and we can't get to the village for weeks."

"Well, there is stranger things has happened and turned out tolerable well. We'll come back after church and talk it over," Hartley announced. There was a settled, pleasant calm on his brown features that spelled decision and welcome.

"Thank you," exclaimed Malbone, eagerly reaching out his thin, white hand into the grasp of Mr. Hartley's capacious one. "Just one thing, what do you call this island?"

"Why, Balsam Island."

"Would you mind"—Malbone's eyes roved over the sand and the shining sea and the vast blue vigorous openness—"I say, would you mind if occasionally for my own use I called it Sunset Island?"

A Cure for Civic Myopia

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

IT is our American boast that our government is one of laws and not of men, of policies rather than of personalities. The object of our vast educational system, we say, is principally the development of an intelligent citizenship; our perennial political campaigns we are pleased to call campaigns of education; the justification of our muckraking investigations, of our scandal-mongering public hearings, whether municipal, State, or national, is always their alleged educational value. The tumultuousness of our educational activities has bred in us a myopic confidence in our civic enlightenment, our mastery of governmental principles, our capacity for self-government.

But how we have been betrayed by our self-complacency! Before January, 1912, no one, not even the President himself, knew, or had any means of knowing, precisely what the Federal government was. Up to that time not so much as a study had ever been made of the vast Federal agglomeration as a whole. Its properties and multifarious activities had never so much as been listed; no description had ever been made of the agencies through which these activities were hypothetically performed. In January, 1912, Congress published a survey of the Federal government—the first fruit of the voyage of discovery made by the Commission on Economy and Efficiency into the hitherto uncharted seas of the Federal administrative domain. The facts of this survey would be incredible from any but the highest authority.

"Never before," said the President, in transmitting the survey to Congress, "have the foundations been laid for a thorough consideration of the relation of all the government's parts. No comprehensive effort has hitherto been made to list its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the government is doing. Never has a complete description been given of the agencies through which these activities are performed. At no time has the attempt been made to study all these activities and agencies with a view to the assignment of each activity to the agency best fitted for its performance, to the avoidance of duplication of work and plant, to the integration of all administrative agencies of the government into a unified organization for the most effective and economical despatch of public business. Administrative officials have been called upon to discharge their duties without that full knowledge of the machinery under their direction which is so necessary to effective control, much less have they had information regarding agencies in other services that might be made use of. Under such circumstances, each service has been compelled to rely upon itself, to build up its own organization, and to provide its own facilities regardless of those in existence elsewhere."

After a hundred years of self-government, it required a special investigation of a special commission to reveal even to the officers of government precisely what the Federal government was! While our schools and colleges learnedly expounded the Declaration of Independence and the tripartite division of Federal authority under the Constitution, while our newspapers entertained their readers with cockpit gossip of inter-departmental scandals and the personal foibles of candidates and bosses, the complacent voter went to the polls and took merit to himself for dropping a scratched paper into the slit of a box, that for all he knew might just as well have been the lid of a furnace. If our government is in confusion, our public business shot through and overgrown with inefficiency, corruption, and graft, who is responsible but the complacent, self-satisfied citizen and his public-school system and his newspaper and magazine

press, which, in response to his demand, purveys rumor and gossip instead of facts?

We are a business people. We glory in our commercial triumphs. We make no secret of the fact that we regard ourselves as resourceful at a business transaction as the Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. The phrase "a billion-dollar Congress" we like to roll upon our tongues, and our complacency purrs when foreign observers declare that such lavishness in public expenditure would bankrupt a less opulent nation. We are a business people; but how far do we apply our business intelligence to that most vast of all our business establishments, the Federal government? In May, 1912, the sub-committee of the House Committee on Appropriations held public hearings to ascertain the wisdom of continuing public support to the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency. What follows is a characteristic fragment of the evidence:

Mr. Cleveland (chairman of the Commission on Economy and Efficiency): "The only information that can be obtained about the current liabilities of the United States government is the amount of Treasury drafts and checks on depositories outstanding, and short-term loans and the matured debt. There are millions of dollars of obligations outstanding that nobody knows anything about, and as to whether the amount is $100,000,000 or $50,000,000 no one can even guess. With this situation in mind, we claim it is impossible for the Secretary of the Treasury to inform himself, or the President, or Congress, or anybody else about what is the current financial condition of the government of the United States. . . ."

Mr. Fitzgerald (chairman of House sub-committee): "How does it happen that these are not rendered in the Treasury?"

Mr. Cleveland: "The account in the Treasury is for money advanced. These accounts do not show what obligations are paid until after vouchers are audited; that is, the record of payments is from three months to a year and a half behind. There are from $300,000,000 to $700,000,000 of unaudited payments not on the books. That is as close as you can get to the obligations of the government of the United States from the books of the Treasury."

What a commentary upon the civic purblindness of the American people! In May, 1912, not even the Secretary of the Treasury could come within fifty millions of guessing the actual financial condition of the Federal government.

And as for business methods, the Federal government still remains an almost unexplored kitchen-midden of obsolete practices. In a vague way we have known that the government employed in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand men and women, that it transacted a business as varied as that of the entire commercial world, and that it spent more than a billion dollars annually; and yet an investigation shows that the government is neither coherent as a business organization nor efficient as an instrument of public welfare. On a magnified scale, it possesses all the characteristics of a sprawling mushroom town. Through lack of co-ordination and planning, its services are in a perennial state of partial demoralization; departments, divisions, bureaus, that should be bound together by a common purpose and a conscious spirit of co-operation in the public interest, are scattered, mutually ignorant of one another's activities and equipment, often hostile therefore and at cross-purposes. And because of this vast planlessness, millions of public money run to waste.

Let the Treasury Department again serve as an illustration. There, of all places, the Commission on Economy and Efficiency found eighteen distinct bookkeeping bureaus, operating eighteen distinct systems of accounting, running all the way from casual memoranda in pencil on loose slips of paper to a bewilderingly complicated scheme of records grown like a coral reef by planless grafting of process on process. The same incoherence riddles the entire administrative agglomeration. No attempt is made to relate Federal expenditure to income, or income to proposed expenditure; no means is provided for testing the efficiency of expenditures by a tally of work accomplished. What wonder that during the past eighty years Congress has found it necessary to con-

duct more than a hundred special investigations to discover facts concerning service activities which, under any reasonable system of record and reporting, should have been currently available. And unhappily even these investigations have, practically without exception, been piecemeal and flash-in-the-pan affairs. They have never been undertaken with a view to a carefully considered plan of administrative reorganization. Too often, as in the recent poking about into the affairs of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, they have grown out of internal dissensions and scandals, and have been abandoned when spectacular publicity had exhausted public interest. Their general effect has been to muddle the public mind with irrelevancies and to overcast the darkness of an already benighted citizenship.

How in a nation of individuals priding themselves on their business acumen and their capacity for self-government could such a state of affairs come about? For the answer one must look into the history of our business development.

Since our great "Revolution" against the authority of kings, we have held all centralized government in contempt. For upward of a century our Federal government has been valued only in so far as it fostered private enterprise; it has been regarded in part as the crowd regards the umpire at a baseball game, but principally as a medium for making public property available for private use. The theory has been that what advantaged the individual was, by that fact, of public advantage. Individual success has been the inspiration of our national life, and to what better use might the public wealth be put than the encouragement of individual enterprise? So we threw open our public lands that the hardy might scramble for their possession; we held out the gold and coal of our mines as a bait to the adventurous; and as with lands and mines, so with franchises and all manner of special privileges. The national domain became a grab-bag at a country fair, and each man's worth was measured by what he could snatch for himself. "The country must be developed!" we cried, and naïvely saw no distinction between development and exploitation.

Did we not need railroads, for example? Then why not stimulate individual initiative to build and possess them? Had we not the lands of a continent with which to encourage hustling *entrepreneurs?* So, through Federal aid, we dispensed more than a hundred and fifty-eight million acres, of which, up to June, 1907, the railroads had established title to a hundred and eight million. More than one railroad, it is true, justified the observation of a prospecting English capitalist who in 1856 examined the Illinois Central. "This is not a railway company," he wrote home; "it is a land company." But what of that? Were we not contriving the greatest and most costly railroad system in the world?

And so the pork-barrel philosophy of government got itself established as a first aid to American civilization. The dignity and power of the central government were recklessly subordinated to the promotion of business. And once the public had acquiesced in the theory that a principal function of government was to stimulate individual enterprise by the dispensation of public property, it became the part of simple wisdom to compete for public grants, whether of land or franchises or other special privileges, in an organized and systematic way. Out of this wisdom grew the lobby, patronage, and the spoils system, and the organized control of elections. Governmental places of all kinds—as, conspicuously, in the postal service—came to be assigned not for technical fitness, but for ability to line up the local vote behind the representative of a particular faction or lobby. The lobbies assumed the reins of government, and since the strength of each lobby in particular and of all lobbies in common depended upon the number of places available for distribution, the Federal pay-roll grew even as the morning-glory. The annual Rivers and Harbors bill is a perfect monument to the efficiency of the pork-barrel philosophy of government. In a sprightly essay, now unhappily out of print, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart has celebrated the wonder of it.

"Was the bill of general utility?" Professor Hart asks. "If not, it was from no lack of effort to cover the whole area

of the United States. It is a little hard to judge how useful the greater number of works may be, for some of them are not familiar, and several of the places mentioned in the bill modestly avoid the publicity of a gazetteer. Of course, every New-Englander knows precisely the location of the 'western channel of Lynn Harbor, leading to the Point of Pines,' and sees the national necessity for its receiving $1,000. But why should Hyannis Harbor get $5,000, Aransas Pass $60,000, Wapoo Cut $2,500, and Upper Willamette River $7,500? They all seem of equal importance to the great commerce of the United States. Why should Duck Creek, Delaware, have $3,000, and Mispillion Creek, in the same State, notwithstanding a larger name, be put off with $2,000? Why should Currituck Sound, Coanjok Bay, and North River Bar, North Carolina, receive conjointly only as much as Contentia Creek, near by? Is it fair that money should be appropriated for the Big Sulphur, the Yallabusha, the Pamunkey, the Chefuncto River, and Bogue Phalia, while the 'silvery Charles' is put off with a pitiful survey? What power other than that of a Modern Language Association can ever hope to 'improve' the Rivers Skagit, Steilaquamish, Nootsack, Snoquomish, and Snoqualmie?"

No one to-day knows in advance the purposes for which Congress will vote money. Neither is there any check upon the amount to be expended. During a Congressional session, a vast number of appropriation bills are introduced and bandied about from committee to committee, and when the contending interests of the various lobbies have reached an equilibrium, are "jammed through" amid tumult and confusion and bewildering coruscations of oratory. For the basis of Federal appropriations to-day is not a soberly considered programme of public welfare, but an intricate mesh of trades between Representatives and Representatives, Representatives and Senators, Congress and the Executive, for the advancement of individual and local rather than public or national interests. And the complacent citizen of Duck Creek and Chicago, Wapoo Cut and New York, Coanjok Bay and San Francisco, is myopically confident of his self-governing status as long as the savor of the pork-barrel sweetens the breath of his nostrils.

While the government is regarded as primarily a dispenser of gifts, the first consideration must be that jobs shall multiply, that contracts shall be abundant, that as many voters and herders of voters as possible shall feed from the public trencher. So long as this point of view prevails, how can exact knowledge of the ramifications of the government, its properties and projects, the number of places on the pay-roll, or the administrative necessity of those places, be anything more than an embarrassment and hindrance to the creation of more jobs and places? Such traffic flourishes best in darkness. While it survives, governmental efficiency in a modern social sense must remain impossible.

"It is an accepted fact," says Mr. Cleveland, "that the local offices of the government are largely controlled for political patronage. In the postal service, the customs service, the internal-revenue service, the land offices, and other field services of the government, there is duplication and waste. Wherever the spoils system is still in vogue, inefficiency must continue — the motive of a man must necessarily be *pull* rather than *push*."

Why, for example, should the lighthouse and life-saving services maintain separate organizations? Both have stations along the coast in close proximity, both have practically the same administrative problems to meet, and yet they are operated as if they owed allegiance to entirely separate governments, at an annual cost at least a hundred thousand dollars in excess of what would be necessary if they were united, as they might readily be, in a single service. Why should the revenue-cutter service maintain a Lilliputian flotilla to do the work that could better be done by a branch of our leisured navy? Why should the government printing-office cart its tons of documents the length of Pennsylvania Avenue to the District post-office, and the District post-office then cart them back again to the railway station across the street from the printing-office? Why—but the questions of this character

raised by the Commission's survey fill many closely printed volumes. And always the answer amounts to the same thing: to make places, to multiply gifts from the public treasury. There is something pathetically comic in the perennial outcries of our people against the oppression of their rulers. As if the captains of our lobbies were not the product of our national attitude toward government! If they were not smitten with civic myopia, the people would see that the evils of which they complain lie at their own doors. If we are indeed to be a self-governing people, we must meet the responsibilities of self-government. We must know what our government is. We must formulate and understand public policies. We must be alert and constant in the supervision of the instrumentalities through which those policies must either be frustrated or put into efficient operation.

To enable the people to see what their government is, the Commission on Economy and Efficiency has prepared a survey from which whoever will may know what the properties of the government are, what its activities, what the departments, bureaus, and operating units for the performance of these activities, and the organic relation of these properties and activities one to another. And as a means of simplifying the formulation and grasp of policies and the public control of their execution, the Commission has proposed an annual national budget, supplemented by a system of reports through which the uses of annual appropriations may become subject to current publicity.

To replace the darkness and confusion of the pork-barrel system of government, the Commission proposes that the President and his Cabinet, as the responsible heads of the administration elected by the people, shall each year prepare a budgetary programme for the ensuing year; that this programme shall take the form of a detailed statement of proposed expenditures so arranged that Congress may approve or reject them item by item; that it shall be made the subject of public hearings and public discussion before being acted upon by Congress; that Congress shall not add items to those submitted for legislative consideration by the Executive branch; and that after this working programme has been publicly discussed, financed by Congress, and certified by the Executive, it shall be unlawful for any head of a department or other governmental employee to use the appropriations for any other purposes than those for which they were specifically granted. Furthermore, the Commission proposes a system of current record and regular and timely report through which the work of each service may be currently revealed to the people. In other words, it recommends the adoption of what is fundamentally the English budgetary plan, under which the Executive branch, acting for the people, is made responsible for the formulation of a working programme of public business, and the legislature, acting as a board of control, is made responsible for deciding whether the budgetary proposals are in harmony with the public will, and for determining what funds shall be raised and appropriated for putting the programme into effect.

The adoption of this recommendation would, indeed, involve a complete reversal of our present governmental procedure, under which Congress not only controls the public purse, but also formulates such policies as the nation has. At the same time, however, it would mean a return to what was apparently the intention of the founders of the republic. The original duties of the Secretary of the Treasury, modeled after the English practice, were "to prepare and report estimates of public revenue *and* public expenditures"; in other words, it was evidently contemplated by the authors of the government that the Secretary of the Treasury, acting as finance minister of the administration, should submit to Congress a budget as a definite administrative proposal. But this intention came to nothing because of the hostility that grew up between Congress and the Executive. The fear of the monarch, even an elected one, was strong in the land. The Executive, walking in slippery ways, forbore to exercise his constitutional right to prepare a budget, and evaded the responsibility of submitting it through his finance minister.

After the time of Alexander Hamilton, the originally contemplated powers of the Secretary of the Treasury were whit-

tled away by a series of restrictive statutes, until all powers of initiative in the formulation of a working programme were taken away from him; his dignity was gradually reduced from that of the President's finance minister to that of an editorial clerk without discretion beyond that of seeing that the departmental heads—to whom the duty of preparing estimates was shifted—submitted their requests for money in the *form* prescribed by Congress. Congress, dominated by the pork-barrel philosophy of government, prescribed forms of darkness rather than forms of light. To-day the heads of departments as often as not leave the preparation of the estimates to their subordinates; there is no legal requirement that they shall give them their personal supervision. These subordinates, ungoverned by any Federal or departmental policy, place their estimates as high as seems discreet, and then depend upon lobbying and wire-pulling to get as much for themselves as they can. Factional rivalry within the departments has resulted from this practice, which, since the Secretary of the Treasury has no power of review over the departmental estimates, destroys the possibility of a unified Federal programme. The estimates as they reach Congress represent a multiplicity of discordant interests instead of a single coherent plan of public work.

For when Congress destroyed the budgetary function of the Executive and his finance minister, it carefully avoided assuming those functions itself. Instead of creating a budgetary committee out of its own membership to formulate a working programme for the government as a whole, to establish a system of accurate record and current publicity, to establish standards of efficiency, and to relate expenditure to revenue and revenue to proposed expenditure, it placed the whole business of Federal finance on the plum-tree basis, of which Professor Hart's biography of the Rivers and Harbors bill is a perfect illustration. There are ten appropriation committees in Congress; and although — with the exception of the Committee on Agriculture—no one of these committees has complete charge of the estimates of any one department, they rarely come together for the purpose of getting a bird's-eye view of the needs of the individual departments under their divided jurisdiction, they never confer with the object of seeing the needs of all the services in Federal perspective. Moreover, the Official Congressional Directory of January, 1912, shows that in no single instance is a member of a committee having jurisdiction of the appropriations to a given department also a member of the committee having jurisdiction over the expenditures of the same department. Under these conditions, one is not surprised to read in a Presidential message of June, 1912, that "notwithstanding the magnitude and complexity of the business which is each year conducted by the Executive and financed by Congress, and the vital relation which each government activity bears to the welfare of the people, there is at present no provision for reporting revenues, expenditures, and estimates for appropriations in such manner that the Executive, before submitting estimates, and each member of Congress, and the people, after estimates have been submitted, *may know what has been done by the government, or what the government proposes to do!*"

This is the situation which the Commission believes can be remedied only by a national budget — "the only effective means whereby the Executive may be made responsible for getting before the country a definite, well-considered, comprehensive programme of public business with respect to which the legislature must assume responsibility to the people either for action or inaction." Without such an instrument conscientiously used by the Executive, the people of the country must remain hopelessly in the dark as to "what has been done by the government, or what the government proposes to do." Civic myopia must remain a pervasive national disease.

But even with a budget—a definitely predetermined plan of work to be done—how can the Executive be expected to put it efficiently into force while positions in the government service continue to be assigned to spoilsmen instead of to non-political technical experts? What have a man's partisan affiliations to do with his ability to design a building, to

operate a system of cost accounting, or to make and report meteorological observations? How can the government ever be made an efficient instrument of public work so long as the working staff is subject to the caprice of shifting partisan control? It is right and natural that the President's Cabinet should, like the President, belong to the momentarily ascendant popular majority, and that they should determine the *policy* of the administration just as they should control the policy behind the movements of the army and navy. But why should the expert civil staff be changed and disorganized with each shift in administrative policy, any more than the technical staff of the army and navy? If permanence and cumulative experience are good for the military branches, why are they not equally good for the civil branches?

In the interest of efficiency, the Commission believes that all technical positions whatsoever should be filled, upon due test of qualification, by the President alone; that such appointments should be without term; that removal should follow only upon proof of incompetence. In other words, that the entire civil staff should be reorganized with a view to efficient service to the entire nation rather than with a view to efficient service to lobbies or partisan political groups.

The spirit of these proposals is typified in the Commission's recommendation that there should be in each department one permanent assistant secretary who would be in effect the permanent business manager of the department, through whom the experience of the department would be made immediately available to each incoming secretary. It is recognized that the assistant secretaries are, as a rule, merely adjuncts to the secretaries themselves; that, like the secretaries, they are channels through which the *policy* of the administration is transmitted to the working staff; that they are rightly political in character; and that it is therefore proper that they should change with the administration. The recommendation that one assistant secretary should be permanent is intended to keep the working staff intact and to protect it against the demoralization which comes to-day during the fumbling period when a new administration is attempting to acquaint itself with its tools.

But the object of these recommendations is not a government by experts, but a government of the people through experts. Unless the budget—the working programme—is formulated in harmony with the public will, unless it is financed and carried out with conscientious regard for the public interest, it will not accomplish the salutary purposes for which it is designed. The public will, behind the administration and Congress, must be enlightened, alert, inspired by clear social ideals. So long as the pork-barrel spirit prevails among the people, it will survive in the government; so long as the people remain ignorant of the methods and current activities of the civil service, government must inevitably remain the tool of lobbies and factions rather than the servant of the nation as a whole.

In cities where the budgetary method has been adopted—in Philadelphia, and in New York, through the energy of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research; in Milwaukee and Schenectady, under the Socialist administrations—the budget has been made the center of a new system of civic education. These communities have adopted the practice of holding annual budget exhibits, in which, by means of charts and diagrams and attractive pictorial devices, the record of the preceding year's work is made manifest to the people; each division and bureau strives to justify its request for renewed appropriations by a showing of work accomplished. During these exhibits lectures are given by experts, drawn from within and without the public service. The financial authorities hold public hearings at which all citizens are invited to criticize work done and projected. Every effort is made to induce the people to share in the formulation of public policies and in the control of the services charged with the execution of these policies. In Milwaukee, under the administration of Mayor Seidel, every project contemplated by the administration was made the subject of advanced publicity through the official Bureau of Economy and Efficiency. Bulletins and news-letters were prepared

on the milk-supply, plumbing and house-drain inspection, garbage collection, refuse incineration, educational work and publications of the health department, water-wastes survey, free legal aid, the newsboys of Milwaukee, etc. The theory underlying this practice is that government must be the day-by-day concern of the citizens, and that it cannot serve the people satisfactorily or efficiently unless it makes itself, and is made, currently subject to enlightened public supervision.

Precisely this programme is recommended by the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency as the best means for domesticating the Federal government—as a cure for civic myopia. If the recommendations of the Commission should be adopted, as much money would be spent in exhibiting the current work of the government as is now spent upon the accumulation of fossil remains and historical curios in the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum. A non-partisan publicity staff would be organized to prepare facts about the current activities of the government for the use of newspapers and magazines, and for direct circulation in readable form among the people through the post-office.

"For lack of exact data," says Mr. Cleveland, chairman of the Commission, "'the will of the people' is likely to-day to be nothing more than an emotional reaction controlled by a 'Committee on Rumor.' This is the kind of public opinion that to-day surrounds both citizens and public servants. This is the background for Executive action. The Committee on Rumor is in turn controlled by the selfish group of spoilsmen who dominate our institutions, our policies, and politics, and will continue to do so as long as complete, accurate, and prompt information is not made available in a form which can readily be assimilated by the layman. Waste and inefficiency in government naturally result from the inability of the citizens and of the officers of government to see the problem of government in perspective, and their consequent inability to think intelligently about questions presented for expression of opinion and for action. At the present time no means is provided for presenting such information in such a way that it may be considered in perspective by Congress, the Executive, or the people. The American people to-day are in the dark, and the public is laboring under the handicap which can be overcome only by making exact knowledge currently available as a basis for judgment."

The common objection to such a programme is that the ordinary busy citizen cannot be expected to keep himself currently informed of governmental activities, that the details of public administration are too difficult for his layman's comprehension. The answer is that these matters cease to be difficult when the average citizen becomes sufficiently interested in them, and that when he fails in this interest he repudiates his primary responsibility as a member of the democracy. Men do not find the daily financial reports of banks and corporations and stock-exchange transactions difficult when they have money invested or on deposit. Hundreds of thousands of men and women take delight in mastering the intricacies of baseball records, even to the minutest biographical details of pitchers and fielders and the men on the bench.

The State College of Agriculture at Cornell University has just distributed one of its monthly *Announcers*. These announcers are published, the university explains, for the purpose of acquainting the people of the State with the kinds of work which are in progress at the State College of Agriculture, and *"of which the public should have knowledge."* They deal with scientific investigations, extension enterprises on farms and among the people, forthcoming bulletins, reading courses, local school facilities, and kindred matters.

Such work is being done by colleges and experiment stations in all parts of the country. It is admirable work. But is not the business of efficient government as important? The President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency has wrought out a corrective for our civic myopia. Until the people see to it that the Commission's projected programme of civic education is put into effect, efficient government will remain impossible and self-government a fiction.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE friends who were disputing the respective merits of Europe and America had been brought to the verge of reciprocal violence in the differences of opinion exasperated by a magazine article which they had been reading. The article dealt with the contrasting travel methods of the rival continents: their systems of checking and not checking baggage; their reasonable and unreasonable charges for sleeping-car accommodations; their pretense of feeding the railroad passenger, and their practice of either surfeiting or starving him; their conveying him and his baggage to and from the station by the same cab, and their separation of the man and his baggage by means of the local transfer agencies, with their fortuitous reunion late at night or early the next morning.

Many convincing things had been said on both sides, so that the real wonder was that each friend should have continued of his own mind and not become of the other's. Now, as they issued from their parlor-car in the latest of our grand new metropolitan stations, they almost fell on their faces in the effort to treat the level they stepped upon as an optical illusion; they were so used to stumbling down three or four steps from the car to the ground. But they were caught and held from disaster in the strong embrace of two red-capped porters who were there in a feint of always being at hand on the arrival of trains, instead of wandering remotely in space, after their real nature; they took the friends' suit-cases, insisted on their overcoats and umbrellas, and almost removed and brushed their hats. When they realized the whole fact the friends exclaimed together with their first, proud, glad breath, "Ah, this is something *like!*"

But with this joint cry their agreement ended; for he whom we shall call the American, in distinction from him we will know as the European (though both were in most things of an indistinguishable fellow-citizenship), instantly added: "Yes, like England. On the Continent the ladders are longer than ours are, everywhere except in New York. We had to climb, even in Boston; but did you ever climb into a first-class carriage at Pisa? It's like mounting a horse, with both stirrups on the other side of the saddle."

"Oh, those poor Italians! Don't talk of their government-owned trains!" the European protested.

"It's the same in France, where they're company-owned," the American replied, "and you may bet that every little fence-corner stop in this country will have these levels when they're still using ladders in Paris and Madrid. Look at these red-capped porters of ours! They've got them in the large stations all over the country already."

"Yes," the European scorned back, "but they're invisible most of the time, and here in New York they supplement them with a black-capped porter whom they won't let come to the trains. I paid fifty cents to get my bag carried from the street to the cars when I left New York the other day. In Europe everywhere the porter abounds; he superabounds, and he's in sight, and he's grateful for sixpence or half a franc or fifty centesimi or twenty-five pfennig. You'll see how these fellows will verbally ignore our quarter-dollars when they put us into our taxi. And what do you say to that lukewarm gorge we had in the dining-car?"

"We ought to have gone in earlier," the American hardily maintained.

"When we weren't hungry. In England, and even on the Continent, a dining-car agent comes round and takes your order and gives you a number, instead of a darky shouting out, 'Fuhst call for dinnah in the dining-cah!' or second, or last. We waited for the last,

and even then when we crowded in we kept a lot of famishing women at the door in a crush of waiters, with things spilling from their trays all over everybody."

"You know it wasn't as bad as that; and if it were, it would not be as bad as the bad faith of the dining-car company on the express from Carlsbad to Ostend. They promised me dinner and breakfast, and I got the dinner all right before we pulled into Nuremberg; but when I woke next morning I saw our train leaving my breakfast behind in a car that tried to hail us from a way-station somewhere. We stopped twenty minutes at Brussels, but our polyglot trainmen had lost all their languages overnight, and couldn't or wouldn't tell me whether I had time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. In the restaurant the waiters had gone dumb and wouldn't hazard a guess. I fasted till I got to Ostend, and I almost cried over my coffee and cold chicken on the boat."

"But the coffee and cold chicken were good, weren't they?"

"When I got them, yes. But I might have been dead by that time. By the way, did you ever lunch on the express from Paris to Boulogne? The nice adjustment of the company's food to the famine of the passenger is a triumph of science in studying to keep just short of the point of inanition."

"But it wasn't a lukewarm gorge, I'm sure; it was served hot, and it was appetizing—"

"Only *too* appetizing," the American consented. "I could have eaten three times as much as I got. The chicken wing I got was in flight; the final slice of ice-cream was no thicker than the lace-edged paper it was served on."

"Well, what do you say to Mr. Arnold Bennett's experience with the diner that wasn't put on till he got to Elkhart—two hours behind time?"

"That was rough, but it doesn't often happen on a train that pays you a dollar for every hour's retard."

"And what impudence," the European said, "to suppose that two dollars would compensate you for your loss of time and temper on an eighteen-hours' run! I'm glad Bennett 'gave it' to that pretentious flier."

"Well, they've clipped the flier's wings, anyway, so that now you're never half as hungry at Elkhart as I was at Ostend. By the way, don't you think Bennett's observation about the best we've ever had from an Englishman? Of course, it isn't of X-ray effect; he doesn't pretend it is; but for snap-shotting it seems to me wonderfully sharp and clear. He not only sees us well, but he philosophizes us admirably."

"Ye-e-s," the European reluctantly, with what seemed a native contrary-mindedness. "He *is* good—better about our manners than our tastes — our ethics than our esthetics. At least I didn't care so much for those chapters on art among us; I don't know that I care so much for art itself among us. We haven't had time to grow our old masters yet, or the taste for them. We mostly like the vulgarest among our young masters. But that has nothing to do with the question of whether the transfer company will deliver my trunk before I go to bed to-night."

"It has to do with the question that's just occurred to me: whether any people besides ourselves care what foreign observers say of them? I don't mean purr or pout at it, but are they at all interested?" the American suggested.

"I was interested in friend Bennett's observations because they were so clever, and so just for the most part. I doubt if the American 'home,' as the owner of it likes to call his dwelling, has ever been so fully appreciated."

"Yes," the American persisted, "but does an Englishman care whether you like the thorough refrigeration of his 'home,' where you're kept in cold-storage for a week-end? If you don't like it, he is surprised and rather sorry for you; but otherwise he doesn't mind."

"Well, perhaps if the truth was known, *we* don't much mind. The foreign observer excites us, but that's about all. What really concerns us," the European contended, "is whether we are as comfortable outside of our houses, in the street or on the road, as we ought to be and might be."

"I suppose," the American returned, thoughtfully, "some might say that what really ought to concern us is whether we deserve to be as comfortable as we are."

By this time the friends had got a taxi with the joint effort of themselves and their porters in bulging through the clump of other passengers hemming the starter round, and paying him about three times what they ought to have paid for their fare. They had made the porters put their suit-cases inside with them, and so saved the extra charge they would have had to pay if the cases had been put outside. They had seen that the taxi clock was working, and that the driver did not look so much like an ex-convict as a taxi-driver ought to look; and yet the European was not satisfied. He said: "The last time I was in London I drove about for miles and miles in a taxi, trying to get into a hotel when all the hotels were full. When I found a room at last, I asked my taxi-cabman what I should pay. He looked at his clock and said, 'Five shillings.' I was sorry I hadn't engaged him for the night, and spent it in his cab."

"Well," the American said, "the last time I came up from my steamer at Tenth Street to my flat in Fiftieth I paid the starter five dollars, which was exactly twice what I paid for the same distance in going. I asked the driver the name of his company, and wrote to the management in protest. I got no answer, and after a time I heard that the company had gone out of business. I consoled myself by reflecting that I had helped a worthy corporation to retire on its earnings."

"And what is the moral of all that?" the European demanded.

"That we ought either to have been met at the station by our private automobiles, or taken our suit-cases in hand and walked or got a trolley-car." The American laughed mockingly, and the European grimly assented:

"Yes, there is no golden mean with us. There is richer and there is poorer, but there is no golden mean."

"Oh yes, there is. But you don't go deep enough for it. You expect to find the golden mean among those who live on ten thousand a year. You must look for it among those who live on a thousand. We think we want comforts, you and I; but we really want luxuries. We have the means for them in Europe, and we get the habit of going there for them. Well, in some things we get the luxuries; in others not even the comforts. Did you ever go from Paris to Marseilles by sleeping-car? It costs you nine dollars for the fourteen hours' run, and you spend the time stifling among stenches indescribable in a cabin which you share with another, opening into a lavatory which you share with two others from the next cabin. For three dollars you get a Pullman berth from New York to Cleveland, and you dream the same number of hours away behind your curtains in a long, well-ventilated saloon. Mr. Bennett prefers the European plan. He thinks ours indecent, I believe."

"And so do I," the European exclaimed. "I would rather stifle in private than dream in public, and I would rather share my wash-bowl with three than with thirty others."

"It is a matter of taste," the American allowed. "What I say is that you can't always have what you want for your money, even for a great deal of your money, even in Europe. Sometimes you can, sometimes you can't. I'll tell you what: we seem to be getting the good things from Europe about as fast as we can stand them. We won't always fall up or down stairs to or from our trains. Our dining-car meals are messes of pottage which we have to sell our birthrights to pay for; but perhaps the time will come when we shall have a slight refection well cooked, at a cost within the means of the decent average folk in the day-coach. I don't believe we shall have it sooner. The genius of our civilization seems to be, No good that is not the good of the greatest number."

"I think number one is the greatest number," the European retorted.

"Well, that's where you fall down," the American said. "That's the common, Old-World mistake. You must think again. Every time our taxi lurches that way," he added, as the vehicle bounded into and out of a break in the asphalt, "I feel that you're getting your come-uppings as a heartless aristocrat. For my own part, I enjoy it. Hello! Here we are, at our own dear family hotel. I suppose you will deny it."

"Oh no. I recognize the glad rush of the tip-taking bell-boy," the European said, as the kind young darky opened

the taxi door, "and I love him when I pay him most."

The European's heart was, in fact, so much softened that he united with the American in giving the chauffeur thirty cents over and above the starter's atrocious charge for the taxi.

"What's in that extra they're crying?" he asked. "Why do they always use an unintelligible, inarticulate lament in crying extras?"

"It's to stimulate the curiosity without satisfying it, except through the sale of a paper," the American answered, and the bell-boy explained:

"Gunmen convicted."

"Convicted, are they?" the European temporized, as they followed the bell-boy within, and shook hands with the clerk, and got their keys.

"What!" the American demanded. "Does nothing satisfy you? Did you want them acquitted?"

"It would have been simpler. Now they will have to be killed."

"Yes, that is the scriptural logic of it," the American said, not very gaily. "I wish they could be reformed instead of killed. Perhaps in Europe they would be reformed? Come!"

"In Europe they wouldn't exist north of Naples. The bravo, even in Italy, went out in the seventeenth century. But in New York we have him as large as life in the full electric glare of the twentieth."

"Well, it's tremendously dramatic. In every phase of it from beginning to end it's impossibly romantic, and it's so interwoven with the very roots of our civic being that it seems impossible to extirpate it."

"Yes; and killing these fellows may do *them* some good (though they won't believe it, poor wretches!), but it won't do us any. It will be suppressing the symptoms, not curing the disease. Nothing but race suicide can reach that."

The American laughed. "Aren't you a little, a very little, pessimistic?"

"Is pessimism a fault?"

"It isn't a virtue, I suppose. Now, I take a brighter view of the matter, and you'll find that most people will. All the newspapers to-morrow will rejoice in the doom of these rats caught in the trap as if the whole plague-bearing race of vermin were exterminated. I think that's a very good sign. If we were all to despair, as you do, the rats would soon have it their own way in everything."

"As it is, those that are not killed will run to their holes and lie quaking for a while. We shall put four actual bravoes to death, but if their trade is as practicable as it seems, a thousand potential bravoes will survive them."

"Well, what's the trouble? Is our infernal prosperity, our atrocious comfort, our greed for money and the abominations which it can buy, at fault? Or is it the hunger and cold and homelessness which co-exist with our prosperity?" the American demanded. "And was it better, after we had escaped the road's semi-weekly accident, to walk smoothly out of our train to-night into the arms of those two kind porters, or to fall down the steps in the old way and break our necks, and have to lug our own grips to the taxi? For my part, as long as there are such thorough believers in the European plan around as you, I shall never despair of the republic."

"You're the good sort that make *me* despair," the European said, so bitterly that the American laughed.

They had been coming up to their floor in the elevator, and neither noticed that they were holding it there. The bell rang from below, and the elevator-boy said, "I'll have to take you down again, unless—"

"Oh, all right!" they agreed in saying as they stepped out, and as they went their separate ways down the corridor they called to each other, "Well, good night, old fellow," and, "Same to you," and again they agreed, "We'll both see it differently in the morning."

Editor's Study

THE seriousness of life is its most obvious feature; but we do not attribute this gravity to the life of the soul. Rather, as in Longfellow's "Psalm," we think of that as "real" and "earnest," and give it the elation of immortality.

We are serious in our drudgeries, and these are well calculated to induce a serious mood, which may run over into our pleasures, so that we take these seriously. Fear and servility take on a serious mien, which is no less fitting to triflers and slaves of gaiety. For seriousness is as nearly allied to levity as it is to gravity—to both in that kind of emptiness pictured in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin":

> "All the windy ways of men
> Are but dust that riseth up
> And is lightly laid again."

As levity is distinct from real levitation —from the uplift of the spirit — so is that gravity which belongs to mere heaviness of thought and feeling, inert, and impervious to light, distinct from that of poise and pondering, where thought is in libration, as a bird is in flight, and there is no dull thud of falling; it is the difference between a spent meteor and a star. In the psychical as in the physical world, gravitation is attraction.

The world is full of things which have serious aspects: dead levels of utility, perfunctory business; grief that, for all its poignancy, must wear the inky cloak; the staleness of custom and all kinds of dumb show; prostrations, mock humilities; timid and selfish solicitudes, even those which debase faith, and most abound in the extremely modish and conventional periods of civilization. Seriousness therefore is a very common mood. But it is contrary to natural instinct. The joy-loving peasants of southern Europe were wont in former times to turn their labor into play and make a festival of harvest and vintage, and unsophisticated sailors have always adapted the motions of toil to those of song. The wine-god has ever been invoked as the liberator of the depressed. The inert things for the uses of life—houses, utensils, furniture, and dress — have been lifted out of their dulness by the shaping hand of art.

Looked at superficially, our own time would seem to be very flatly serious. Industrial operations on so vast a scale, and so exclusively mechanical, swelling the population of towns and cities to the detriment of agriculture; the social and political problems resulting from industrial conditions, and the sheerly practical trend which has been given to education by engrossing economic interests, do not present to our mind a view of life with any festive or esthetic relief, or any spiritual uplift. The more we fix our regard upon these external and conspicuous features of our material progress, the more depressing they seem; and we are not comforted by the reflection that they could not have been avoided if there was to be any such progress at all.

We are to some extent consoled by the fact that, while our economic development has immensely widened and grown in complexity during two generations, the condition of industrial workers has been greatly improved as compared with what it was when Mrs. Browning wrote *The Cry of the Children* and Mrs. Gaskell portrayed English factory life in *Mary Barton*. It is true that this is to consider the pathetic aspects of the situation rather than those which we have called "serious." Yet the simple fact that there is to-day a quickness and power of human sympathy which did not exist sixty years ago, as a general and controlling impulse, is in itself something more significant than any special relief it has brought to suffering humanity; it helps us to believe in the exaltation of our humanism, in some invisible ascension of the soul to which we may

hopefully turn from the apparently depressing view of our material civilization.

The depression is actual in the sense that there is a burden to be borne by all men. The more things a man possesses, the greater his embarrassment. Even if he escapes the concerns of a business career, he has upon him the weight of his leisure. An education giving a man adequate mental equipment for practical life, technical, professional, or political, is from the beginning an exacting and wearisome discipline, the requirements of which are steadily increasing with the advance of progress. If from this complex system of thought and effort we succeed in eliminating every feature which excites compassion, and every grievance of class, age, or sex, still, though there is no pathos, the burden remains.

The fabric of a progressive civilization seems ever to grow more weighty and at the same time more colorless. In the Ottoman Empire it is far otherwise. Atlas, bearing the world upon his shoulders, fitly stands at the gateway of the West, the symbol of its serious business.

It is interesting to note the change of tone in the Christian interpretation of life, in this respect, when the apostles addressed the Western world. The Gospel, coming first to those who were not to seek the things which the Gentiles sought, dispelled solicitude, pointed to the lilies of the field which neither toil nor spin, and to the birds of the air, sure of their unearned provision. In the epistles to the Gentiles no such heedlessness of the morrow was enjoined, and the stern problems of life receive more emphasis. There are passages in some of these epistles which show what an anxious concern this care-free, communistic Church of Jerusalem had become to those of the West. The social world is always re-enacting the story of Martha and Mary. It is to be hoped that Martha overhears, at least, some of the message that comes to Mary, thus sharing her "good part" and enabled more cheerfully to bear the burden of both.

This Atlas of ours is not a tragic figure, like Prometheus. He is bearing neither a penalty nor a cross—only a burden; and in such a case, serious as it may be —and we are supposing all sadness eliminated—it is a question of the strength to bear the burden. Since he has borne it so long he may by now have acquired strength enough to sustain the weight of the whole solar system. But, leaving Atlas out, that is done for the universe by the attraction of gravitation, gravity being the measure of the attraction.

Can we see how the burden which humanity is called upon to bear—or which it has called upon itself to bear, since by all other genera it is evaded—is lost in an attraction, in some power which not bears, but uplifts? Why, there is to-day no deep student of our social economy who has not discovered that power and found it to be psychical.

We have seen how Atlas is released from his burden. How much of the burden imposed upon man's physical strength has in like manner been shifted to the forces of Nature — more and more as our knowledge of physics has increased! That is a familiar story. The wonders of Aladdin's lamp do not compare with those of science as applied to industry. The mechanical processes are in themselves dull and monotonous, but how much they have lightened the labor of men's hands, and what an element of magical charm lies back of the whole serious business! The miracle is a good part of our modern romance. It assumes a spiritual significance when we consider to what fine issues a liberated humanity may rise. The litany of our faith may well include a petition for still greater and more widely beneficent mechanical progress.

The leverage has grown so mightily that there is an immense surplus of power accumulated, and man rises superior to his burden. The multitude of toilers in every generation reach a higher plane of living as well as a new sense of power. A man's feeling of partnership with Nature, when he is thus liberated, ceases to be associated with weariness and depression and becomes an elation. It is only through collective activity that this vantage-ground has been secured; and with every gain the sense of this human fellowship acquires greater momentum and new meaning. As the human attitude toward Nature has become one of frank recognition, as if a white magic had displaced the black, and an open song the old secret incantations and conjurations,

so the ancient secret brotherhoods of an abject proletariate have given place to the open fellowship of free men.

Considering, then, simply the work of men's hands on the earth, we find that with the diminution of its picturesqueness and with the greater prominence of its dull, mechanical aspects, it loses its gravity and gains levitation, a detachment from the burden, freedom. The significance of mechanical progress is not only that it gives to manual labor an unearned increment such as social progress gives to land, but that the laborer must have, moreover, the full advantage of this leverage for the growth of his humanism.

Here we touch the very foundation of psychical evolution, as such evolution must be regarded in a Christian civilization, the chief concern of which is the culture of the many. This is a culture which cannot be imparted to the multitude by our social Eminences, who are indeed always making attempts in this direction, the results of which are for the most part only regrettable because these attempts are so often unwise and show the lack of real culture in those who make them. It is too often assumed that education is culture, and people are encouraged in the belief that the acquisition of information will not only give their children a better chance to rise in the world, but will be a benefit to their souls, that getting out of the ranks of manual labor into the "professions" is a real ascension. Education is important, but it is an opportunity for evil as well as for good. Real culture is not of the mind alone, but of the soul—of the disposition and of the heart.

We believe that this real culture has grown in the social world, that the conceit and sophistication which attend expert mental exercises are rapidly disappearing, and that we are experiencing a genuine renascence of Christianity, the central principle of which is human sympathy. The growth of this sympathy in the hearts of the multitude — that multitude which will continue to be toilers — is indispensable to a redeemed society. In these hearts such growth is readier than in others, as they have more hunger and thirst for love than others have, and because they belong to those who toil with their hands, the great realities of life press closer to them and without disguise. This is the soil in which love quickly grows, and it is so easy to check the growth and even to turn it into the growth of a bitter and poisonous weed in the garden of life! For such woeful perversion it is only necessary that those successful ones who have become the captains of industry should undertake the exploitation of these toilers, and claim for themselves the whole increment and advantage of mechanical progress and even of that "efficiency" to which the toilers are now invited to contribute. The demagogue stands always at hand, ready to stir up strife for his own personal advantage.

But all the signs of the time point to a happier issue. The exploiters and the agitators are a hopeless minority, with the feeling of the world potently against them. Because the solution is to come through common sense—that is, through common feeling, and not through theory or by the agency of special organizations bearing labels and distinguished by shibboleths — the serious business of the reformer will have the buoyancy of creative activity. The whole matter, instead of depending upon an adjustment of conflicting interests, will be lifted into the region of social dynamics, which is only another name for the power of love. The millions of toilers, receiving their full share of the leverage gained by human progress, will, without leaving the ranks of toil, become eager and elated participants in the exercise of this newly awakened power of the soul.

The principle which makes society mean sociability, instead of preventing promotes selective association and develops natural inequalities, making the most of them—especially cherishing eminence for the delight and service of all. The communal prayer is for leadership. Arbitrary class distinction, or any socialistic system which arbitrarily suppresses distinction and individual initiative, tends toward fixation and uniformity. The fact that genius has almost always been associated with humble birth should suggest the possibilities for creative activity that may be realized from a multitude whose burdens have been lightened, thus giving room for the free life of the soul.

Editor's Drawer

The Hat

A MOST HEROICKAL BALLAD

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

IT was a Gallant blithe and gay
That walked the City Street;
The Street, ywot, was hight "Broadway,"
The Gallant, "Master William Gray."
He sought an Inn, yclept "Café,"
Because he wished to eat.

He swung the Door with mickle Joy
And entered in thereat,
When came a Little Blackguard Boy
With Buttons all of Brass Alloy,
Which, much to Master Gray's Annoy
Essayed to Check his Hat.

The pretty Hat! 'twas made of Fur,
It bore a Ribband Bow;
'Twas soft and smooth as Miniver;
That gentle Hat it seemed to purr;
And Master Gray with strong Demur
Refused to let it go.

"Thou shalt not have the Hat, pardee!
That rests upon my Brow;
A Hat it is of High Degree,
I've worn it both by Land and Sea,
And in its Youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now!"

Yet strove that Boy with Might and Main
And showed a Screed of Rules
Where "Check your Hat!" was written plain
And eke, "All Guests must drink Champagne."
Quoth Master Gray in High Disdain,
"Such Laws are made for Fools!"

"Thou'dst check my hat, forsooth?—I know
Right well the 'why' and 'whence'!—
That when I boun myself to go
Thou'dst brush it hard, *mon beau chapeau,*
And smirk, and smile, and lout full low
To cozen me of Pence!"



ESSAYED TO CHECK HIS HAT

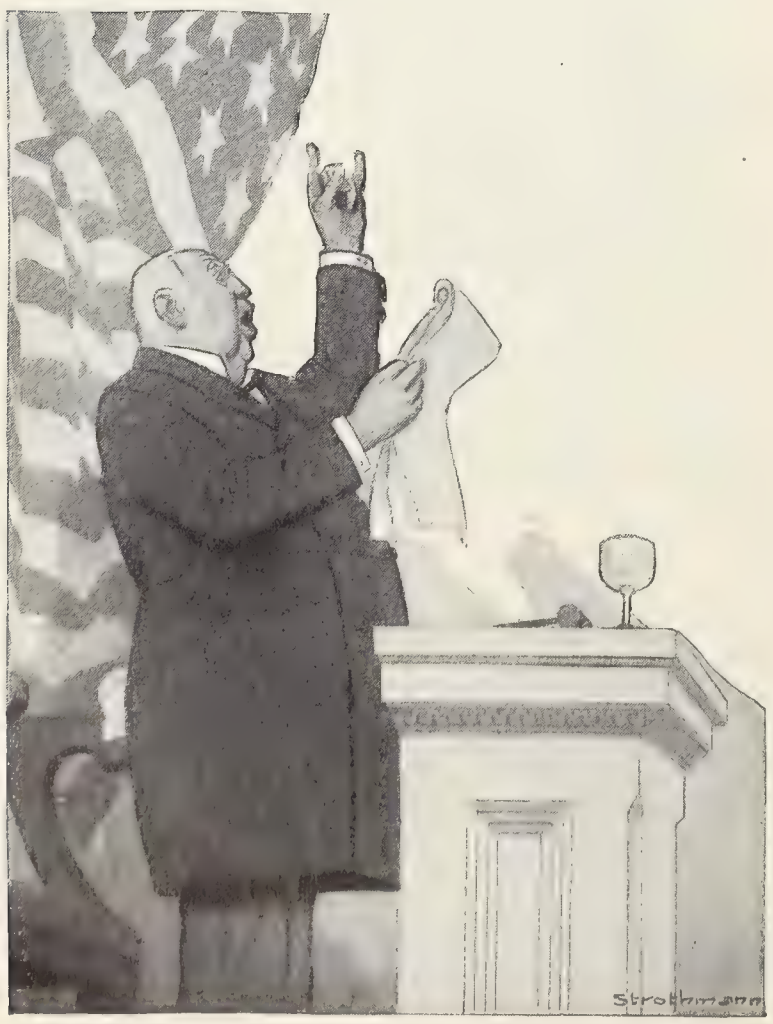
But now the Host a strong Array
Of Waiters mustered there,
Which muttered, "Lout!" and "Country Jay!"
"Where wouldst thou hang thy Hat?" scoffed they.



AND ALL TO TAME THE STUBBORN LOUT WHICH STERNLY HELD HIS GROUND

Replied this Gallant, blithe and gay,
"I' faith, beneath my Chair!"

They called the Watch with lusty Shout:
The City Watch renowned,
With Fire-lads, a sturdy Rout,
And Train-bands, too, came bustling out,
And all to tame the Stubborn Lout
Which sternly held his Ground.



THEY FRAMED A LAW, THOSE STATESMEN GOOD

"Give up the Hat," now swelled the Cry,
"As it is meet ye should!"
Whereto this Gallant made Reply,
"Come One, come All, this Hat shall fly
From its firm Base as soon as I!"
And there the Matter stood

Until Our People, Arms in Hand,
Uprose! Their wild Debates
And Tumults moved our Statesmen bland
To change the Code which rules the Land—
The Constitution great and Grand
Of These United States!

They framed a Law, those Statesmen good,
In Congress as they sat:
"Hereafter be it understood
That None that seeks an Inn for Food
Need Check his Headpiece, Cap, or Hood,
Which is to say, his Hat."

Then chant the Praise, with joyous Din,
Of dauntless Master Gray,
Which braved the Terrors of that Inn,
The Hat-boy's Scowl, the Waiters' Grin,
And kept his Hat through Thick and Thin
Upon that Famous Day!

Not Perfect

MRS. HAMMOND declined to buy any eggs when the man who supplied her regularly called at the house.

"I have been finding bad eggs for some time," said Mrs. Hammond, "sometimes there have been three or four in a dozen."

"Well, now, Mis' Hammond," the farmer replied, in remonstrance, "ain't thet kind of a ha'sh way to look at it? Ye hadn't ought to hol' no grudge a agin a hen, had ye? Don't ye know thet a hen is bound to lay a bad egg now an' agin'?"



THE YOUNG LOVER: *Say, mister, will you go to de first house around de corner an' play somethin' soft an' sentimental for a penny?*

Not For Him

A MAN riding a wheel along a country road in late October dismounted, climbed a fence, and picked up an apple from the ground. He stood eating it, when a farmer came along.

"Say, what're you doin' there?" the latter asked.

The man, alarmed for the moment, apologized, and said he had picked the apple up from the ground.

"Waal," half snorted the farmer, coming closer to the man, "don't you go doin' anything like that ag'in. Und'stand?"

"All right, sir," said the man. "But I thought it would be all right because I found the apple on the ground."

"Waal, that's jist it," cried the farmer. "Them apples on the ground is fur my hogs. If you want one, you pick it off the tree."



"Seeing Nelly Home"—Yesterday and To-day

An Alternative

A GERMAN was seated by the bedside of his dying wife, clasping her hand tenderly.

He looked at her for a few moments in deep meditation, then murmured, piously:

"If it pleases the good God to take one of us, I shall go to Berlin."

In Good Time

BETTY was playing in the sand-pile. She began to throw shovelfuls of sand upon the flower-bed. Her father remonstrated.

"Aren't you going to be my good Betty any more?" he asked at length.

"Yeth, answered that young lady, continuing her occupation, "I'll be your good Betty when I'm fru frowing thand."

The Same Reason

YOUNG Betts had just told his mother of his engagement to a charming young woman who was not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he met with immediate objection.

"Now, mother, dear," said the young man, "don't be angry with me for falling in love with her. Besides, you were a poor girl when you first met father."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Betts, "so I was. But so was your father. And I married him because I knew he would succeed."

"Well, mother," he said, "and she is going to marry me because he did—don't you see?"



"Oh, James, here's a wireless saying that Uncle has left us ten million!" "Tell the Cap'n he can have it if he'll put me 'shore."

Trifling

MRS. LANE is a zealous and loyal wife and intends to avoid exaggeration, but has a strong tendency in that direction.

"It's perfectly wonderful," she said to a patient friend, "to see the way Mr. Lane counts bills at the bank. I think they are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of five and ten and twenty dollar bills, and make his fingers fly just like lightning, and never make a mistake!"

"Never?" asked the friend, who knew Mrs. Lane's weakness, and could not forbear the question.

"Well—no—at least," stammered Mrs. Lane, "why, perhaps he might get five or ten cents out of the way, but not any more, ever."

A Natural Query

OUR small daughter is very fond of her bath, but objects vigorously to the drying process. One day while we were remonstrating with her she said, "why what would happen, mamma, if you didn't wipe me dry, would I get rusty?"

Not Needed

MRS. IVES was but a bride, still she had clearly formed ideas on industrial questions. One morning, when a species of human being known as "tramp" called at the door and asked for something to eat, she looked toward the wood-pile in the back-yard.

"Well," she told him, "I will give you something to eat, if you will get that ax—"

"Oh, I sha'n't need that," the tramp interrupted, in a reassuring tone, "My teeth are all right."

Sufficient

PROFESSOR Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale, was at the Graduates Club, going over a list of New Haven worthies from 1637 to the present time, compiled in connection with the recent local celebration. On the list was William D. Whitney, the philologist.

"Whitney?" queried a bystander. "Don't know the name. What did *he* ever do for New Haven?"

A loud preliminary snort burst from Mr. Lounsbury.

"What did *he* do?" he thundered. "For New Haven? Great Zeus! He lived here!"



"Yes, sir, forty years ago to-day I came to this country a barefooted boy."
"How very interesting! And er—how many pairs of shoes have you now?"

A House Pet

LET me advise you, child, to get
A pretty cobra for a pet.
You'll find it most amusing;
It has such fetching little ways,
Indulges in such pretty plays,
Mostly of its own choosing.

It has a dainty, graceful hood,
Of texture soft, of color good,
And seldom needs a new one;
But should it call for one in haste,
Pray use your most exquisite taste,
And get a pink or blue one.

Then, when you go to take a ride,
Let cobra sit up at your side,
Just like a near relation.
The merry passers-by will stare
To see a cobra sitting there,
'Twill cause a great sensation!

CAROLYN WELLS.

Unintentional

MRS. CORNELL gave a luncheon, and observing that one of the guests had eaten all her portion of ice-cream, she said:

"My dear Miss Lane, do let me give you some more of the ice-cream."

"Well, thanks," said the young woman, "I will take some more, but only just a mouthful, please."

"Hilda," said Mrs. Cornell, to her maid, "fill Miss Lane's plate."

Not His Sort

THE effect of the form and ritual of the Church of England's service upon the youthful mind of other denominations is amusingly shown by a true story:

The seven-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister, who had recently lost his father, was invited to go to church with a lady who admired the manly, lonesome little boy.

He hesitated a moment, and then said: "I should like very much to go; but, Mrs. W——, you will not be surprised if I am kind of restless, will you? You see, I don't always understand the Episcopal accent."

A New Definition

WHILE a young American was on a trip abroad he visited the country home of a friend, and among the other guests was a prominent Englishman.

During their visit he and the Englishman became very good friends.

One day the American's curiosity was aroused as he heard his friend refer to an umbrella repeatedly as "jag."

Upon inquiry the Englishman remarked:

"Why, that is an American word; I picked it up when I was in New York last winter. I am positive that I have the correct meaning of the word because the boys often remarked when they saw James coming down the street when it was raining hard, 'Here he comes, carrying a large jag.'"

Mistaken Identity

A LADY was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the house-maid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I am not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

Cannibalistic

"I ATE a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said as a final argument, "how badly the mamma worm felt to have her little baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mamma, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher.

Not Important

AN officious neighbor, observing a bride of two weeks chopping kindling, took occasion to remonstrate with her and to offer some advice on the subjugation of husbands.

The bride did not welcome the suggestions. "Jimmie," she said, proudly and haughtily defending her husband, "has things on his mind of more importance than kindling."

"Well! Haven't you?" snapped the would-be agitator.

"Why, no," the bride answered, modestly, blushing a little. "All I have on my mind is Jimmie."



"Is that Mrs. Giraffe and her new husband?"
"Yes, and they all say she married beneath her."

Hers

A SPIRITUALIST, accompanied by another man who shared the same belief, was walking in a country graveyard one night, when one of the men declared he saw a "shadowy form."

"Have you any idea whose ghost it was?" asked the other.

"No, I can't tell you," he replied; "but over yonder there lies a man who had three wives. On the stone of the first there is, 'My Wife'; on the second, 'My Dear Wife'; and on the third, 'My Beloved Wife.' If any ghost does walk hereabouts, I should say it is the first wife's."

Snubbed

SEVERAL medical men and a newspaper man were visiting an insane asylum. The employee who was showing them about pointed out a man who considered himself the Lord.

The newspaper man, true to his instincts, seeking to have an interview, asked the insane one whether he really made the earth in seven days.

The latter gave him a look of utter contempt, and said as he passed on, "I'm not in the mood to talk shop!"

Partisan

A PROMINENT judge in one of the Western States, who is noted for his tendency to explain matters to his juries, expressed in a recent case his own ideas so forcibly that he was surprised that the jurors thought of leaving the box. They did leave it, however, and were out for hours. Finally, the judge became exasperated at the seemingly unnecessary delay and inquired the trouble. He was told that one of the t w e l v e was standing out against the eleven. He summoned the jury and rebuked the recalcitrant sharply.

"Your honor," said the juror, stepping forward, "may I say a word?"

"Yes, sir," said the judge, indignantly; "what have you to say?"

"Well, what I wanted to say is, I'm the only fellow that's on your side."

Would but Couldn't

LITTLE Charles was having a talk with his father after they had gone to bed.

"Papa," he said, "some boys are bad and run off, but I can't get around the corner of the house before my mother calls me."



"James, there's a burglar down-stairs. I'm going for help."
"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

The Day After

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

TH' day buhfore Chris'mas you feel pretty good—
You'd like to go peepin' about, if you could.
You wonder an' wonder, an' hint to your folks,
An' they put you off just like tellin' you jokes.
You don't know if you will get somepin' or not—
But all of that day you *imagine* a lot!

It's fun to *imagine*—to think how you'd feel
If all o' the things that you think of was real.
You're put on your *honor*, it's just like you swear
That you won't look *here* an' that you won't look *there;*
But you can *imagine*, an' almost you see
Th' things to supprise you hung up on th' tree.

An' Chris'mas Day—well, it's a good deal o' fun,
But you can't *imagine* when everything's done.
But then there's supprises that makes you feel glad,
An' you can eat candy until you feel bad;
But 'long in th' afternoon, then you feel blue—
There's nothin' no more for imaginin' *to.*

But day *after* Chris'mas it sort o' sinks in!
Nex' Chris'mas is too far to ever begin
Imaginin' what you might get when it comes—
An' you'll be too big for more tin horns an' drums.
Th' day *after* Chris'mas is worst there is yet
For then you don't care what you're goin' to get.

Plenty More

A HYPOCHONDRIAC from the country was staying with a friend at the seashore in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One morning he was walking along the beach with his host.

"I drank a glassful of salt-water fresh from tide yesterday, and I think I derived relief from it," he said. "Do you think I might take a second?"

"Well,"" said the host, after a moment's hesitation, "I don't think a second would be missed."

Courtesy

A WOMAN stopped the car at one of the avenues and, upon reaching the platform, attempted to get off on the wrong side.

"The other side, madam," said the conductor.

"I want to get off on this side," exclaimed the woman.

"You can't do it, madam," was the reply.

"Conductor," she said, angrily, "I want to get off this side of the car."

In a loud voice, the conductor cried:

"Gentlemen, please stand aside and let the lady climb the gate."

Efficient

THE cook left and Mrs. Keene, who was a bride, hired a green girl. The young mistress had never had any experience in the kitchen, but when several guests came unexpectedly for dinner one evening and the green maid became very nervous over preparing a meal for so many people, Mrs. Keene undertook to be of some assistance.

Descending to the kitchen, she found the girl struggling with a coffee machine, and asked what she might do to relieve the situation.

"Well, mum," confessed the girl, "I have forgot to wash the lettuce, an' ye might do that."

"Very well, Delia," said Mrs. Keene, pleasantly, "Don't get so excited. Take things cooler and I will help you. You go right on with the coffee, and I'll wash the lettuce. Where do you keep the soap?"

The Easiest Way

THEY met on the street and greeted each other with a hearty hand-shake.

"Hello, Nichols! Been traveling in Europe, I understand. How did you find the hotels?"

"Hired a cab," replied the practical one.



"I Want It"

He Knew the Answer

A MAN making a visit to his home town was invited to address the Sunday-school.

"I am reminded," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of you little fellows. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke tobacco, and play cards. He got into bad company, spent his time in stables and saloons, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, and one day, while in a state of intoxication, he committed murder. Children," he asked, in an impressive tone, "where do you think that man is now?"

Willie rose to his feet and quickly shouted:

"He stands before us!"

Caustic

TWO men, father and son, entered a fashionable restaurant in Boston. The old gentleman, who was undeniably a real Down-East Yankee, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin as soon as he was fairly seated.

The waiter approached their table, and the old fellow looked up with a genial smile and said:

"Can we get lunch here?"

The dignified waiter surveyed him critically.

"Yes," he replied, "but not a shampoo."

A Community in News

AT a friend's Southern hunting-lodge his wife has learned that her "ring up" on the telephone is accompanied by the click of receivers all along the line. Every one is obviously listening to what she says. On one occasion a telegram was telephoned to the lodge, and the following day, when her husband met a rural neighbor on the road, the latter drew rein to converse:

"Mr. Grey," said he, "I didn't ketch th' fust part o' that telegram we got yeste'day."

Mr. Grey accordingly enlightened his ignorance forthwith.

How Could He

THE magistrate was examining a witness in court.

"Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't know which one of them was going to be the defendant, your honor," replied the witness.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "Up the Lakes"

CARGOES OF MANY SORTS ARE LOADED ON THE SCHOONERS OF THE LAKES

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Up the Lakes

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

UPON the five Great Lakes there throbs a commerce that well might be the envy of any far-reaching sea. To put the thing concretely, the freight portion of this commerce alone reached tremendous totals in 1912. In the navigation months of this last year exactly 47,435,477 tons of iron ore and an even greater tonnage of coal moved upon the Lakes, while the enormous total of 158,000,000 bushels of grain were received at the port of Buffalo. In 1911 the shipping of the Lakes felt sharply the "poor grain crop" of 1910 and the slight reaction in both the steel and the copper markets; whole fleets of vessels rusted their very hearts out in the harbors of Buffalo and the other great ports of the lower Lakes. But the business of the Lakes seems to increase at the rate of seven per cent. annually, and 1912 more than held its own. Traffic grows fast upon the great water highway of the New World. Already the tonnage of Cleveland, Ohio, is comparable with that of Liverpool, and yet there are tens of thousands of sailormen upon the salt seas who have never even heard of Cleveland. Detroit boasts that in the season of eight months of open navigation a tonnage ten times that which the full year gives to the Suez Canal passes her wharves on the narrow river that bears her name.

If we start to go up the Lakes, we shall find that their passenger traffic, as well as that of the freight, breaks naturally at Buffalo. That is, most of the craft ascending the chain of the four upper lakes start either from Buffalo or points west of that port. Lake Ontario seems set by itself to be linked with the far lesser commerce of the St. Lawrence River. The traffic through the single Welland Canal, which binds Lakes Erie and Ontario, just west of the Niagara River, is a negligible factor.

Nevertheless, Ontario is the first of the links in the giant chain, and to our Canadian cousins perhaps the most important of all the Lakes, for they have builded their second greatest city upon its north shore, and they are pleased to link its traffic with that of the St. Lawrence River, which they practically monopolize. A night's ride from New York will bring you to Cape Vincent, and Cape Vincent is the very point where the lowest of the Lakes—Ontario—is pouring its great self into the wide-opened channel of the St. Lawrence.

Here is a town that has had her day of commerce as well as her day of some historical importance. Her railroad station was once a big and busy place; long trails of steamers were lined up at her docks. But those were the days when the Americans had not surrendered On-

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tario to the Canadians. Nowadays the British flag floats upon the lake almost supreme, and the little ports all along the New York State shore have withered into mere shades of their former glories.

Twenty-two miles across the head of the St. Lawrence—a route made much longer than direct by the first of the Thousand Islands—stands Kingston, a stolid British city, solidly built from its native limestone. Kingston is a city of institutions, chief of them all the Canadian war college. They line her harbor-front, and give the appearance of being sentinels of a much larger place. The most dominant of these are the old fort, for Kingston formerly ranked with Quebec and Halifax as an armed city, and the quaint martel towers, not unlike great pepper-casters, that dot the harbor. The towers and the fort are memories of a past grandeur, for the freight traffic that passes the domes and spires of this Canadian city does not often halt in its harbor, save sometimes to take refuge from Ontario in one of her stormy moods.

You might do worse than to pray for good weather when you cross in a stanch British mail steamer from Kingston to Charlotte, a long diagonal course to the south shore of the lake, which takes you well out of the sight of land for several hours. You are out of sight of passing craft as well, for Ontario seems singularly isolated from the great traffic that you will see after you are well out upon Erie.

Apparently nothing much is being done to alter this state of affairs. The enormous political power and prestige of Buffalo have made it the terminus of the New York State barge canal that is now in rapid course of construction from the navigable Hudson through to the foot of Lake Erie. Oswego would have made the logical terminal of that canal—the United States engineers who made a careful study of the situation a dozen years ago pronounced it such,—but Oswego, despite its fine harbor, has neither political power nor prestige. So it must be content to see the grass grow in its streets, and sit silent at the remarkable spectacle of a great canal being built for one hundred and fifty miles parallel to a navigable lake.

Charlotte is the port of Rochester, eight miles inland, and the one prosperous harbor upon the American shore of Lake Ontario. The big Canadian steamers all make it a port of call, and their trade from year to year shows a steady increase. Fifteen years ago this was a practically deserted port, its wharves falling into ruins. But the remarkable progress of Rochester has rejuvenated it into one of the busiest passenger points on the Great Lakes. Recently a coal railroad terminating at Rochester has sought to increase its trans-Ontario traffic by installing a heavy car-ferry from Charlotte to Coburg on the north shore, and this stanch vessel, which plows the waters of Ontario even in the bitterness of her ugly winter moods, carries the American flag into waters where it has been practically extinct, save upon pleasure craft.

From Charlotte the mail steamer pursues another long diagonal through the passing of a night, and some time in the early dawn ties up alongside her terminal dock at Toronto. From that city another vessel must be taken to Lewiston in the Niagara River, where a steam train connects for Buffalo and through steamers running the entire length of the other four lakes. A few hours in Toronto will not rob the man of "the States" of the impression that he is in one of our own bright and bustling cities; only the unfamiliar uniforms of occasional policemen, or the big red-and-gold letter-boxes with the omnipresent lion and the unicorn and "G. R.," dispel the illusion.

The traveler who crosses the head of the Lakes will do well to take good notice of the craft upon which he makes his journey. If it is one of the older of these steamers, he may find that she has made a little history herself—that she is one of the daring British craft that in the days of the Civil War used to run the tight blockades of the harbors of Charleston and Savannah, and then make the exploit a boast along the quays of Liverpool.

You enter the Niagara River between Youngstown, New York, and Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, two little towns whose bristling forts belie the friendship that has existed between them these



In the Locks at the "Soo"

many years. And as if in token of that very friendship, the forts are slowly crumbling to pieces. They are themselves symbolic of an age of nine-pounders and of field ordnance that could be turned out quickly in any ordinary, well-equipped foundry. Beyond the forts the river takes its pleasant course between the fertile lands which measure their rich orchards by the tens of thousands of acres, and loses itself in a gash in the high bluff that geologists know as the Niagara escarpment. On the edge of that escarpment stands a sentinel shaft, visible for many miles roundabout, and the captain of your steamer may tell you of General Brock, whom it honors, and the battle of Lundy's Lane. And in the gorge of the escarpment lie first the rapids and then the falls of Niagara—still the lions among American attractions, and seemingly never losing their fascination.

Buffalo is the eastern terminal of the tremendous traffic that pulsates upon the upper Lakes and makes the United States, despite the paucity of her ocean carriers, to-day one of the great and growing maritime nations of the world. Buffalo has seen herself develop in recent years from a sort of glorified railroad junction into one of the great ports of the world; while her manufacturing thrives tremendously under the rapid growth of her marine interests. Already she is a competitor of Pittsburg in the steel business.

Her harbor is unimpressive, but tremendously busy. Its traffic is carried forth on half-hidden canals traversing the mud flats at its edge, and reaching great elevators and mills and long miles of railroad docks, with longer miles of railroad sidings to serve each of them. It is a tremendously utilitarian place in all of its smoky ugliness for eight months



A Car-ferry on Lake Michigan

of the year; and then, from December until late in March, commerce breathes upon fingers and longs for the day to come when the ice shall be out of the Lakes and traffic upon them resumed.

You will make your first landing out of Buffalo at Erie, and if your steamer is one of the stout craft which successfully combine the highly profitable carrying of package freight with the less profitable summer-month passenger business, she will probably pause there three or four hours to fill her cargo deck. The harbor of Erie is one of the most picturesque on the Lakes. Nature was lavish there, bringing the long, protecting bow of Presque Isle, as delicate and as lovely as a Florida key, around as a natural protector to her ship-haven. But man has not done nearly so much for the harbor of Erie. He has perfunctorily provided her with breakwaters and with guardian lights. But her wharves are dull, her water glory gone. Like Dunkirk, she has been robbed by her neighbors, Cleveland and Buffalo. Even those upstart Ohio towns Ashtabula and Conneaut are boastful of the fact that they are a few brief miles closer to the bituminous coal-fields and the steel mills of western Pennsylvania than Erie, and as gateway ports of the tremendous ore and soft-coal traffic of the Lakes they are worthy of notice. The coal and ore traffic, of itself, is worthy of consideration.

You first take notice of it as your steamer lies in berth at Cleveland—come to be the sixth city in the Union and the second in size upon these Lakes. Across the narrow slip a gaunt steel framework rises. It holds a cradle, large enough and strong enough to accommodate a single steel railroad "gondola," which in turn carries fifty tons of bituminous coal. The sides of the cradle are clamped over the sides of a car that a seemingly tireless switch-engine has shunted into it. Slowly the cradle is raised to the top of the framework. A bell strikes, and it raises itself upon edge, three-quarters of the way over. The coal rushes out of the car in an uprising cloud of black dust, and drops through a funnel into the expansive hold of the vessel that is moored at the dock. The car is righted; some remaining coal rattles to its bottom. Once again it is overturned and the remaining coal goes through the funnel. When it is righted the second time, it is entirely empty. The cradle returns to its low level, the car is unfastened and given a push. It makes a gravity movement, and returns to a string of its fellows that have been through a similar process.

You take out your watch. The process consumes just two minutes for each car. That means thirty cars an hour. In an hour fifteen hundred tons of coal, the capacity of a long and heavily laden train,

have been placed in the hold of the waiting vessel. You are familiar, perhaps, with the craft that tie up along the wharves of New York and Boston, and you roughly estimate the capacity of this coal-carrier at some forty-five hundred tons. It is going to take but three hours to fill her great hold, and you find yourself astonished at the result of such computations. You confide that astonishment to the captain of the ship, who has come up behind you. He smiles at your enthusiasm.

"That is really not very rapid work," he says. "They put eleven thousand tons of ore into the *Corey* in thirty-nine minutes up at Superior last year."

And that is the record loading of a vessel for all the world. When the British ship-owners heard of that feat at a port two thousand miles inland from salt water, they ceased to deride American docking facilities.

The captain begins telling you something of the lake traffic in iron ore and soft coal — almost three-quarters of the total tonnage of the Lakes. The workable iron deposits of America are to-day in greatest profusion within a comparatively few miles of the head of Lake Superior — nothing has yet robbed western Pennsylvania and West Virginia of their supremacy as producers of bituminous coal. Also there is an ideal traffic condition. The great cost in handling freight upon the average railroad comes from the fact that it is generally what is known as "one-way business"—that is, the volume of traffic moves in a single direction, necessitating an expensive and wasteful return haul of empty cars. There is no such traffic waste upon the Great Lakes. The ships that go up and down the long water lanes of Erie and Huron and Superior do not worry about their ballast for the return. They carry coal from Buffalo, Erie, Ashtabula, Conneaut, and Cleveland, to Duluth and Superior, and come back with their capacious holds filled with iron ore. There is your true economy in transportation, and the reflection of it comes in the fact that they haul cargo at the rate of .78 of a mill for a ton-mile, which is the lowest freight rate in the world. And in 1910, 42,620,-201 tons of ore came down through the three lakes,—a record-breaking achievement up to that time.

If your steamer has been moored in the narrow twistings of the Cuyahoga at Cleveland, you will find your passage out of its harbor an impressive performance—particularly after dusk has crept



THE DECKHAND

over the land, and the great viaducts of the city are seemingly naught but long rows of twinkling lamps held high into the air. The start is a matter of some importance: a calling of hoarse-throated whistles, characteristic of the craft of the Great Lakes; echoing shrieks from puffing and efficient tugs; finally your bow headed straight into the silent blackness of the lake, finding a pathway out between warning signals of white and green and red, smaller craft making respectful signal, a trussed draw swinging silently open for you and showing, as you swish past, the glaring headlight of a halted express waiting impatiently for clear rails again. And after that, the city astern, the unending clatter of locomotive bells growing fainter, the austere silence of the silent waters.

In the morning you are done with Lake Erie — past Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, with all of their historic memories, steering into the mouth of the Detroit River. And here is where real navigation begins, and the best of the vessel's staff stand alert upon her bridge. The passage of the Detroit River with a five-hundred-foot steamer is like trying to tool a four-in-hand through lower Broadway, New York, or Washington Street in Boston—an opportunity for real steersmanship.

The traffic in this narrow river is tremendous, a steamer every six minutes, on the average, day and night in each direction; and the Detroit folk are fond of reminding you that this ceaseless water commerce past the front doors of their city in a year reaches ten times the volume of that which passes through the Suez Canal. And remember, the water year at Detroit is ended within 240 days. Your Detroit man loves to remind you how the traffic of 1912 bore a tonnage through the Detroit River far greater than that borne by all the ships that entered the harbors of Great Britain in a single year, a total that exceeded the total merchandise tonnage entering the harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Savannah combined. And if a big passenger steamer comes up to her pier while he is still talking he may also remind you that a total of more than 7,800,000 persons leave and arrive at this port in the course of the summer season.

This is traffic as the young giant of the new century pours it upon the water lanes of the Great Lakes. The Livingstone Channels are being hewn in the narrow channels of the delta of the Detroit River southwest of the City of the Straits. When they are completed, together with the work at Sault Ste. Marie, the depth of channels through the difficult passages between the Lakes will be twenty-four feet, the ultimate for which the newest carriers are designed. Already a depth of twenty-one feet has been reached in almost all of these channels, and the government policy is to deepen the cutting at the rate of a foot each year.

At Detroit, railroad ferries still transport the freight and passenger trains of four railroads over the swift river currents to and from the brisk little Canadian city of Windsor. A fifth railroad, the Michigan Central, has completed a long tunnel under the bed of the river within the past two years, and its ferries stand idle. But the steady traffic demands of the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Père Marquette, and the Wabash still refuse to recognize the dangerous river as a traffic barrier, no matter what may be the season of the year. Summer and winter their powerful ferry-boats make the mile journey that is an important link in their various systems, and you begin to have respect for the January power of the river when they tell you that a transport with a fast passenger-train on board has been as long as ten hours making that one-mile journey.

But the railroad ferries have little fear of the Lakes at any season of the year. Across Ontario from Charlotte to Coburg, across Erie from Conneaut and from Cleveland, bridging the Strait of Mackinac, and again crossing Lake Michigan by four or five different routes, the great car-ferries ply twelve months of the year. What that means, only the crews of these vessels and the hardy passengers who choose to embark on them in the dead of a Northern winter know. The construction of the vessels themselves shows the hard usage to which they must be put. Their build differs



UPLIFTED BRIDGES MARK THE VESSEL'S PROGRESS THROUGH THE CHICAGO RIVER

radically from that of the car-ferries in the Detroit River and at other places where the haul is comparatively short. In the car transfers that cross the Lakes the freeboard is uncommonly high, the giant bows built with the strength of battering-rams and with a prodigious overhang. The cars, from sixteen to thirty in number, are loaded in at the stern, the tracks disappearing under the upper decks and superstructure of the steamer like some mysterious subway. Now consider such a craft making her way across Erie or Michigan in the dead of winter. The lake is certain to be frozen into a solid sheet of ice for twenty or twenty-five miles out from the shore, and this condition is frequently complicated by midwinter gales which break the ice up into huge floes. These, wind-driven, pile up into great banks, sometimes as high as the upper works of the transports. At such times these overhanging prows prove their worth. The vessel, by means of its powerful screws, is driven up over the edge of the ice. Its sheer weight then breaks down the ice, and by this slow means the crossing is made.

The United States government has shown full appreciation of the importance of this traffic of the Lakes. It is constantly improving all of these channels, both widening them and making them passable for vessels of deeper draught. They give charm and infinite variety to a trip that would lose much of its novelty if the steamer were simply to plow her way through the centers of the great fresh-water seas.

Your steamship has had its schedule so planned as to provide the trip through the interesting river portions of the journey in daylight hours, and so it is just dusk when you steam past the waterfronts of Port Huron and Sarnia—connected underneath your keel by the tunnel of the Grand Trunk Railway—and

out into the coolness of the night and the broad sweep of Huron.

Throughout the day and now into the evening the procession is unending. There is not a time when there are fewer than six or eight steamers in sight—lumber "hookers" come out from Saginaw Bay and bearing the last of the remnants of the once proud Michigan forests, and perhaps "wildcats" or "rabbits" bound from north Wisconsin ports. In their trail comes one of the big whalebacks, a faddish form of steamship which was abandoned almost as soon as adopted; in its wake is the modern type of coal and ore carrier, and the captain bids you take a second look at her.

"Some ship that," he says; "she's six hundred and six feet long, and carries twelve thousand tons of cargo. The man who runs her came from a vessel which would take more than a year to haul what this vessel hauls in a single trip."

You have a second look at the red cargo-carrier. She is built, like all these new freighters, with a severity that shows the bluff utilitarianism of the shipbuilders of Detroit and Cleveland and Conneaut. None of the finicky traditions of the Clyde rule the minds of the men who are building the great merchant marine upon the Lakes. One deckhouse, with the navigating headquarters, is forward; the other, with funnel and other externals of the ship's propelling mechanism, is at the extreme stern. Amidships your Great Lakes carrier is cargo and nothing else. No tangle of lines or burden of trivials; just a red-walled hull of thick steel plates and a steel-plate deck—broken into thirty-six hatches, and of precisely the same shade of red—for these ships are painted at one and the same time by a giant hose-spray. They build a ten-thousand-ton ship on the Lakes in ninety days—from keel-plates to launching. In another thirty days her simple fittings are finished, and her engines are ready to pound in her heart from down-Lakes to up-Lakes and back innumerable times.

Again you are surprised at the rapidity of modern American enterprise, and you turn to the captain, saying:

"Is a ship like that seaworthy in the worst of storms?"

"We don't take off our hats even to the North Atlantic when Huron here begins to weather up, and crossing the mouth of Saginaw Bay is like coming around Hatteras in November."

Then he may tell you of what a single storm means to one of these freighters. There was one of them caught in a blow on this very Huron, without a cargo to give her rigidity, and after a dozen hours of fighting she reached port in a condition to go to the dry-dock. And there it was found that the workings of her plates had already cut a thousand or more rivets. Several hundred pounds of rivet-heads were taken from her hold.

"In four or five hours that might have bothered her," says the captain. And then he tells you of a Clyde-built ship which sailed the oceans of the world for six years, only to come to Lake Erie, open her seams in the first bad autumn storm on that treacherous water, and sink.

"They don't make them of wood any more?" you ask.

"When the big *Montezuma* sailed brand-new out of Bay City about nine years ago, the day of the big wooden ships on the Lakes was at an end. The timber's gone, and they've made the building of steel ships cheap." He points to a form of whaleback which your vessel is overhauling—a dirty British coal-carrier, bearing the unmistakable sign of Clyde workmanship. "There's one of the turret ships. We call them the 'side-walkers.' They come over from Newcastle every summer to get the pickings on the Lakes before winter closes in, and then they're hiking for the tramp business on the North Atlantic."

Back of the turret ship is a night boat, working her way toward Detroit, and back of her another steel ore-carrier south bound, and back of her another boat and still other boats that fade into the mystery of the night. The procession seems endless, and the captain tells you that what it loses to Lake Michigan at Mackinac it will more than gain at the Sault by the accession of the Canadian steamers which come up from Collinwood and Owen Sound and the other ports in Georgian Bay.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

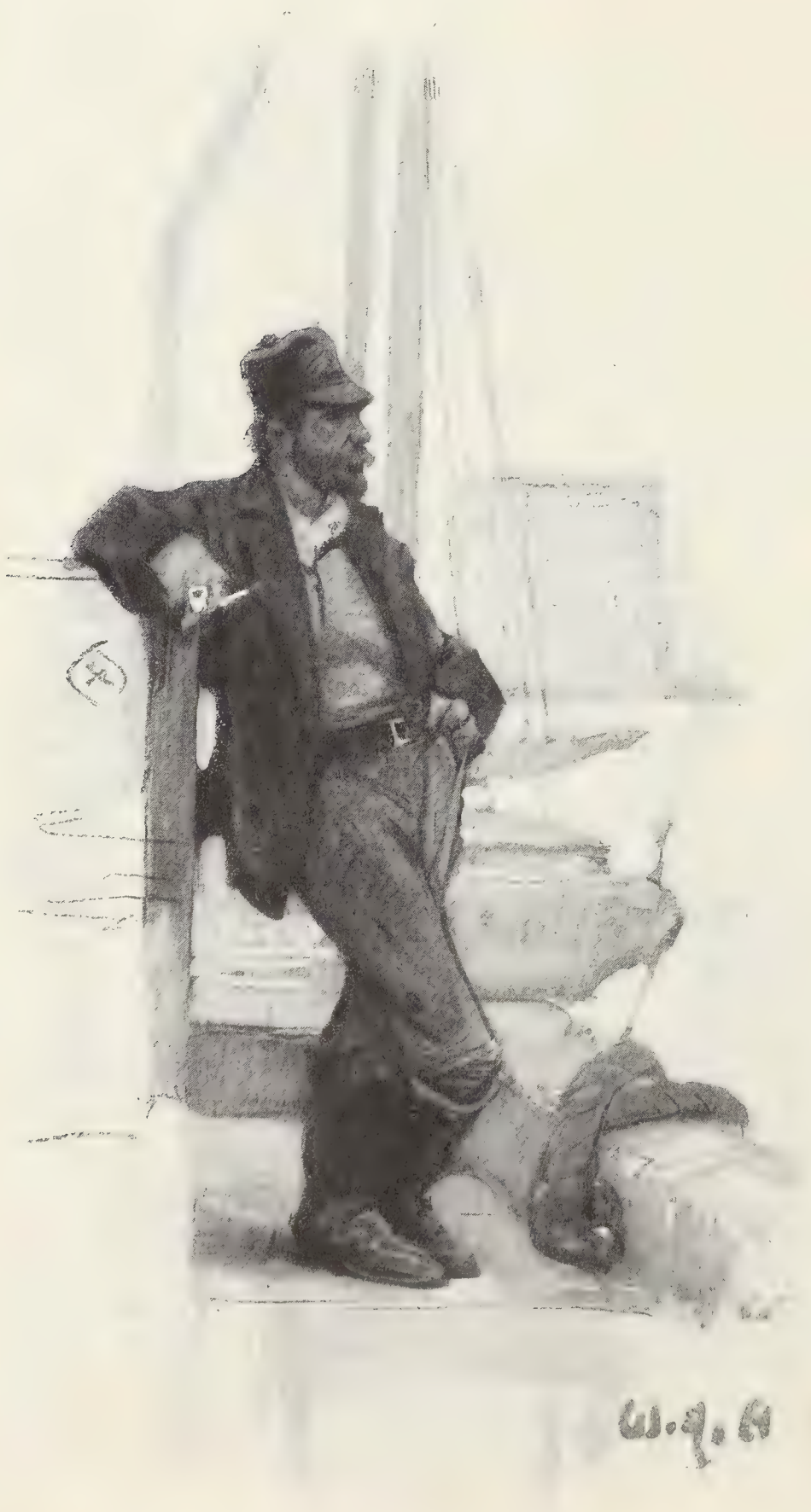
THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON

"Where do you come from?" he suddenly asks you.

If you say Philadelphia, he will say that the Lakes are the Chestnut Street of the nation; if you confess to New York, he will call them its Broadway; while if you admit the soft impeachment of Boston, he will compare them to Tremont Street. Then, a moment later, he will confess to his own duplicity.

"But, after all, I like my own name for them best," he tells you, and when you press him he explains, "I call them the highway of the flashing lights."

Six hundred flashing lights they are, extending all the way from the graceful white shaft at Tibbit's Point, near Cape Vincent, to the guardian of Duluth harbor, whose friendly twinkle assures the mariner of inland seas that his voyage is almost done. From April to December they mark his path for him — by fixed glare or by the twinkling of red and white flashings,—keep him away from shores hidden in the blackness of the night or from jutting reefs hidden from his sight by day as well, and make his course through the narrow channels of the Detroit and the St. Clair and the St. Mary's rivers as clear and as safe as it would be to walk through a lighted city street. Sometimes these lights stand snugly upon the mainland; at other times they seem to rise from the very bottoms of these Great Lakes — like the familiar water-mark of White Shoal Light, which springs up from Lake Michigan, or Spectacle Reef Light in Huron near the Strait of Mackinac, which throws its warning more than twenty miles. When the government finally gives up the battle—which it rarely does—and finds that some shoal is too storm-swept for even the stoutest sort of lighthouses, it will generally anchor a sturdy lightship, whose rigidity defies the crushing of the winter ice-floes. In no case does it leave the danger point unmarked.



A Longshoreman

Approaching the Strait of Mackinac — a long night's ride up from Port Huron— the west-bound traffic divides into two great streams, the one to find its way into Lake Michigan and south, the other making its course through the narrow channels of the St. Mary's River and the locks at Sault Ste. Marie to the uppermost of the Lakes— the majestic Superior. Along Superior's southern shore are the rich copper deposits;

her northern bank has the great Canadian ports for the despatching of the wheat that comes overland from the country of the Saskatchewan; at her head-waters are a group of great docks for loading the rich iron from the Mesaba range into the carriers that are to take it to the busy Ohio ports upon Lake Erie.

The trip into Lake Michigan is fascinating. Green Bay at the northeastern corner of Wisconsin is an exquisite sheet of water, all too little known and appreciated. Milwaukee has impressive entrance, with seven drawbridges silently opening, like welcoming front doors, and taking you into the very heart of one of the best-ordered cities in America. Your steamer moors within a stone's-throw of the great city hall. You can sit upon her deck and watch the street life of Milwaukee's busiest thoroughfare. The entire scene seems foreign — not American. It is strangely reminiscent of the well-ordered quays of Hamburg.



A Lake Skipper

If the water-front line of Chicago is squat and unimpressive, her harbor, like that of Buffalo, hides its importance. It, too, is a place of mysterious passageways. You may ride for six miles through the closely built sections of Chicago, and then when your train emerges into the open prairie that surrounds the town you will see a five-hundred - foot steamer standing and receiving cargo from a train of freight-cars in the middle of a field. After that your respect for the commercial importance of Chicago harbor increases.

But your steamer follows the Lake Superior route—and you are going to stand by her. With a keen appreciation of the wishes of her passengers she will stop for an hour or more at Mackinac Island, and you will find yourself with your fellows of the ship's company making a hurried inspection of this brilliant pearl of the inland seas. True it is that the picturesque fort of the guardian island of the strait has been deserted by regular troops and its maintenance given to the State of Michigan, but there is not likely to be more fighting at Mackinac. Past centuries have given it more than its ordinary quota of battle, and now the stout blockhouses and the bristling batteries of old field-pieces are the delight of children and the interest of tourists. Mackinac streets have the quaintness of Nantucket, her ill-mounted fort the location of a Quebec, her own traditions the tender interest of the oldest of our towns along the Atlantic shore. But Mackinac concedes nothing to the past. She is a great hub of traffic upon the Lakes, and a steamer docks at her wharves nearly every hour during the day. Tourists by the thousands land daily, and a great number of visitors sojourn among the hotels and cottages, her cottage colony being of such sort that the island has long called herself "the Newport of the West."

Beyond Mackinac is Sault Ste. Marie —the gateway to mighty Superior. The lakemen always know it as the "Soo," and the fifty miles of twisting St. Mary's River channels that precede it as "Middle Neebish" and "West Neebish" channels. For the St. Mary's is so narrow that the government finds two channels a necessity, and operates them as it would a double-track railroad, sending

up-bound craft through the one and down-bound craft through the other. Nor does government supervision cease there. The narrow channels, with seemingly endless turns, a matter of difficult navigation even by day, must be protected, and so the rate of speed is fixed at six miles an hour or less. At the entrances and exits of these channels watchmen are stationed who make a written notation of passing craft, and woe betide the master of a steamship who shall exceed the funereal pace that the authorities at Washington have set for him. Even a captain of a vessel may not violate the navigation laws with impunity.

At the "Soo" west-bound vessels "climb up-stairs" to the level of Superior, and away back in 1855, when the first of the locks at that narrow gateway were completed, it was literally "climbing up-stairs," for the process was through two locks, each with a nine-foot lift. These double locks have disappeared in the march of improvements, for the history of the "Soo" is a story of constant endeavor to keep pace with the growth of traffic. To-day three locks —two American and one Canadian—are at the free service of the ships of any nation, and the total number of lockages is some fifteen thousand in the course of a season, which means one on an average of every twenty-five minutes, night and day. But unfortunately the vessels do not always come in regular sequence. There are days when blockades of vessels await their chances in the basins of the locks, and wise captains wonder whether a quick run for the American or Canadian lock will give them the quickest passage through this neck of the Great Lakes bottle.

So serious has this matter become that a third lock on the Michigan side is already almost completely excavated, while agitation has begun for a fourth American lock. With the constant increase of traffic at Sault Ste. Marie, it would seem that relief could not come too soon.

At nightfall you may have cleared the locks of the "Soo," with their noisy clatter of detail, and turned your stern squarely upon the two little towns of the same name which stand upon either bank of the turbulent St. Mary's. The racket of the falls of that river dies away, the lights of the rival "cities"—even the glare of the furnaces of the infant steel industry upon the Canadian side—disappear, and you are upon the mysteries of Superior, threading the water-passage of its entrance vestibule, Whitefish Bay. You are north now; the clarity of water and of air, the sparse ruggedness of the hardy timber, the lingering afterglow of day that hangs in the heavens until after ten in the evening, all tell you that. And in the morning, when you are out on deck and facing the most majestic of all the inland seas of earth, you feel it again. Headlands stand out before you in almost microscopic detail; it seems as if you might almost toss a pebble over to that reddish sandstone cliff, and yet your friend the captain informs you that it is a mile away. He tells you that if he had you in a small boat you could see the bottom, and yet there is a hundred feet of water underneath the steamer's keel.

In hottest days of summer, in coldest days of winter, the temperature of the water, three miles out from land and a few feet under the surface, does not vary from forty degrees. Superior does not belie its name. She does not quiver under summer suns or freeze under the bitter blasts that come down from the north. And the captain asserts that he can run for thirty hours in a direct course and never catch sight of land from either side of the ship.

Here, then, is the great lake of the Great Lakes—truly the reservoir of the continent. You pass along its south shore through two long nights and a still longer day; pausing at Marquette, threading the Portage Canal, brown-tinctured from the rich copper deposits that underlie its banks; stopping again at brisk little Houghton; then still another canal, with the twinkling arcs of Calumet and Hecla showing astern; then after a second night on Superior—Duluth.

Slowly, as dawn breaks, the north shore of the lake comes into sight, a high-hilled coast. And then, ahead, from out of the haze of early dawn come the shadowy outlines of a town. They take more definite form each minute, houses and



ALONG THE DOCKS—MILWAUKEE

stores and elevators and churches, there under the half-day shadows of the hills. Now there are two towns—Duluth to the north, Superior to the south—and connecting them a stretch of sandy beach. The beach is broken by a single water-passage, and that water-passage spanned by a tall and spidery aerial bridge. Between the gaunt towers of that bridge your steamer passes, while land traffic halts impatiently, and you discover that the beach is nothing but a sandy spit making a natural breakwater for the most impressive harbor in America.

Above the dock rise the steep hillside streets of Duluth, lined with buildings which proclaim it a fairly metropolitan sort of town. But the hills finally conquer the streets and the houses, and rise bare-breasted above all. Their crests look disdainfully down upon the tallest of the commercial towers that local pride has reared, and the cars of the inclined railroads toil laboriously up their steep slopes. Duluth has accepted the hills with joy, and made their sightly crests part of her park and boulevard system.

"The zenith city of the unsalted seas," Proctor Knott called this town, and you remind the Duluth man of that. "I don't see anything funny about that," he says, gravely. "We *are* a zenith city. The whole stretch of the Lakes is our servant; railroads yearn hungrily for the privilege of entering our harbor-side with its ten solid miles of wharfage. We are the third port of the United States, and two thousand miles inland from salt water. In our county lies the iron which the nation is to use within the next century." And so it goes.

At Duluth the steamer stops. The high hills have closed in even upon the might of the greatest of the world's inland seas. At Duluth commerce must lift herself from the dank holds of iron ships and go upon the creaking caravans of steel that are to carry her another two thousand miles to an unconquerable ocean.

Knights of the Three-cornered Table

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

I DON'T know whether I have explained how important it was, in the suburb in which Hal and Sibyl and Madeleine lived, for a boy to belong to the Great Medicine Lodge and to the Three-cornered Table. And of the two the Three-cornered Table was the one that was absolutely necessary to existence. It was highly important, of course, to be a brave of the Medicine Lodge. But that flourished chiefly in the summer, when the real country that lay all around them tempted; when trails that even the encroachment of new subdivisions did not entirely rob of their mystery and allurement beckoned to them; when it was easy, chasing a rabbit or firing a charge of "BB" shot after some saucy bird on a limb, to imagine that one was a brave on the hunt for venison or buffalo. In the winter the Medicine Lodge languished. After the first autumn sharpness that made the meeting around a camp-fire seem especially cozy, the deliberations of the braves were few and perfunctory until the spring, which, as the sap rose in the trees about them, sent a sudden craving for the wilds through all their veins.

But although there were some really possible boys who didn't belong to the Medicine Lodge, no one who had any chance of getting in could afford not to belong to the Three-cornered Table. He might just as well live on the other side of the globe and be done with it. Even the little boys in Russian-blouse suits told big stories of what they would do when they were in it. And entering it was quite as much an epoch as being admitted to the polls later on would be—infinitely more so, in fact, as to real thrills.

As to what was done at the initiations, no outsider, of course, could know anything about that. It seemed to hypercritical families to consist mainly in loud explosions and resounding thumps that made you think the ceiling was coming down, accompanied by an unremittent sound of scuffling that made mothers, who had no soul about it, think anxiously of their waxed floors and shiver as they thought of their furniture. Hal's mother was the only one who could always stand it. She had a mild delusion to the effect that some things were more important than furniture. So, as Hal was usually the president of the Three-cornered Table, as well as Chief Medicine-man of the Lodge, the meetings were apt to be at Hal's house.

It was on an evening in December that the most exciting meeting of its history was held. In the first place, it was announced that a new member was to be proposed for election. And none of the members but the one who was to propose him, and one other boy who was to second the nomination—oh, they were very strict in their laws at the Three-cornered Table—could guess who the boy was. All eligible boys in the neighborhood were already in. So it became evident that it must be some special, radiant stranger, some boy of peculiar achievement from afar, who was to join them. But even more important than this whetting of their curiosity was the fact that there were to be refreshments. Hal had modestly admitted it. That joyous event happened only at rare intervals. Moreover, the refreshments were rumored to be of unusual elegance, and—what was really more inspiring—of inexhaustible quantity. It was certain there was to be ice-cream. All on Hal's street, and consequently all in the suburb, knew that a caterer had left a very large freezer late in the afternoon. That in itself was enough to stamp a mere club meeting as a party. And with each report as to the splendor of the entertainment, speculation as to the splendor of the mysterious stranger grew.

Father had allowed Hal to have the meeting in the big living-room which he had just built on at the back of the

house, and which was so conveniently isolated that he could work there undisturbed. It was the room the whole family loved, because of the whole end of it, which was all of windows that framed wild little pictures of the brook and the bridge and the tall, old trees of the forest; and because of the great fireplace of rough stones and the big logs that it held; and because of the soft, warm tones of the burlapped walls, and the long bookshelves, and the few pictures, and the easy-chairs, and the glow of the reading-lamp; and because Madeleine's little rocking-chair looked so cunning drawn up before the fire. There was that obsolete thing, a "center-table," in the room, too, a big, round, rosewood one that had come down from grandmother. Father had theories about center-tables and threatened to read a paper before the scientific society on "The Hegira of the Center-table: Its Relation to the Decline of the Domestic Virtues." So mother laughingly brought this one down from the attic, where she had banished it because it was too ornate. And after one week of seeing the whole family around it, lighted by the glow of the big lamp, together in their readings or their games or lessons, she wondered how they had held together without it.

On this evening, just before the devotees of that other mystic piece of furniture, the Three-cornered Table, arrived, Sibyl scurried up to the little work-room on the second floor where the family had taken refuge, saying, breathlessly: "He's come! Shall I bring him up now?"

Father good-humoredly laid aside his paper and nodded. A few minutes later a rather breathless boy was smuggled into the room.

"And not a bit too soon, either!" Sibyl gasped, excitedly, as the tramp of feet was heard on the piazza outside. Then she hurried down to notify Hal. The boys were already tramping in, filing into their seats where they had been placed in a row around the room. Hal sat in austere isolation behind the unbeautiful, if cryptic, table that was the symbol of their order.

He did not display the indignation he would usually have felt at this shameless intrusion of the feminine into male deliberations. Instead he looked at Sibyl inquiringly. She bent over and whispered to him. And Hal nodded briefly, and muttered to her with a secrecy that would have graced the schemes of Guy Fawkes himself. Hal that evening was rather tense. As Sibyl made her way out, boys promptly fell away before her. There is a sidelong avoidance of all recognition that all boys seem to consider etiquette when they meet a girl upon any social occasion. On the playground, of course, a truly shocking rudeness is necessary to prove you are not soft.

Hal called Jim Eckert to him, and Bud Morris, and they had a conference, while the rest of the club members stamped and shuffled and skylarked to their seats. Baby Madeleine, much excited by the unusual bustle, came trotting in. She had social instincts, and it was hard to persuade her that she was not to be a part of any festivity that happened while she was awake. And the boyish faces lit up as one and another called her to him. She climbed up on the knees of her special favorites, and rough, chapped hands, rather grimy in spite of the fresh scrubbing, and adorned with cuts innumerable, awkwardly smoothed her hair. The room was warm and bright and comfortable. The simple harmony of it all vaguely pleased the visitors. It seemed good to them to be there, and eyes were bright and tongues wagged under the general sense of well-being. Madeleine saw something more interesting in the hall outside, and, inconstant as she was, left them. Hal raised his head and the other boys went to their places. The noise ebbed into a hush of expectancy.

"I think that the Knights of the Three-cornered Table are all here," Hal said, rising. He spoke with a remote gravity that made them feel that something of weight was imminent. Hal always had an unconscious sense of dramatic effect; it was this, quite as much as the fact that there wasn't a boy in the room that he couldn't lick, that made him the born leader. His place was just to one side of the hearth. As he stood, the flames leaped up and made his blue eyes very dark and earnest, and brought out all the tints of gold and hardy rose that made his Saxon comeliness. He was a tall boy, with his thin shoulders very straight and his head well back.



Drawn by Worth Brehm

THEIR LOYAL SILENCE WAS ALMOST HARDER TO BEAR THAN HOOTS AND CATCALLS

"The first business to come before you is to hear the minutes of the last meeting." He used the same tone of inhuman calm and dignity.

Twenty boys sitting in front of him, the flower—as they well knew—of that suburb, made signs of impatience as they shuffled their feet. They were keyed up to something more exciting than a boresome account of past history. But Hal's administration was a strict one, and not a boy dared protest save in parliamentary fashion. Jim Eckert rose decorously and said:

"I move that the reading of the minutes be omitted." Bud Morris seconded the motion. No one connected this with the conference of their chief with his two henchmen. It chimed in with their wishes, seemed to point a shorter road to the fun of the initiation and to refreshments. So the motion was carried by acclaim. But it was all because Hal knew they would need much time to discuss the candidate.

"We will now proceed to the election of new members," Hal announced. "Are there any candidates to be brought before the meeting?" He knew well that there would be no candidate but his. "But there mustn't be anything they can kick about," he had said to Jim Eckert. No ward politician preparing to cram an unpopular party choice down the throats of his district could have prepared a more definite campaign.

Deep silence reigned. After waiting a proper time, Hal nodded imperceptibly to Jim Eckert. Eckert rose, and said, with a perfectly evident sense of the astonishment he was going to cause, "I propose the name of Percy Sinclair."

While the rest of the boys still gaped, in the first open-mouthed astonishment, Bud Morris jumped to his feet. "I second the motion," he shouted. Then, his duty done, he willingly sat down.

Hal had his eyes warily on his subjects, with a glance most suggestive of the animal-trainer as he advances into the cage and closes the door behind him.

"The motion has been made and seconded," he had begun, when the uproar began.

A dozen boys were on their feet. "Percy Sinclair! Jim Eckert, you must be crazy!" said one. "Percy Sinclair!" minced another. "Gee! I'd change it if I had a name like that!" "Sinclair—Why, he won't even play ball!" "He's a mother's boy!" "Afraid of getting his finger hurt!" "Who ever thought of having *him!*" So they bombarded their president.

Hal pounded vigorously on the table until he brought them into some kind of order. Then he pounded some more until there was absolute quiet.

"Has any one any remarks to make?" he asked, smoothly. His face was impassive, but his voice had that something in it that makes even boys listen. "You needn't howl like that. There is going to be plenty of time for every member of the council to express his opinion. But as long as *I'm* president, you are going to say it in the proper way. Now, Bob Streeter, you can talk if you want to."

Bob Streeter was already on his feet. "All I got to say is, it's a bum idea to have that sissy put up for the Three-cornered Table! Why, they ain't any of us in it that ain't here 'cause he's braver than any one else—"

Hootings interrupted the orator, and a stocky little fellow called out, "How about last Saturday, Gums?" This name had been given Streeter as a tribute to those stretches of a healthy redness in his mouth where his second teeth had been uncomfortably late in arriving. This unfortunate reference brought on the uproar again. Boys clambered over the backs of chairs to brandish their hands into the face of the presiding officer. Bob Streeter held his feet long enough to utter, defiantly: "It ain't my fault if you did get me down. I can't help it if a feller weighs ten pounds more than I do. The most a feller can do is to fight. And they ain't one of you can say I won't fight"—when he was pulled down. Jack Dobbins held the floor.

"I don't want that sissy in our club 'cause he's a regular teacher's pet. And he's always having his mother hanging around. She comes to the school sometimes twice a week. You don't know this, Hal—Mr. President—'cause he ain't in your room. But all of us in Six-B have seen it. And she goes down to his seat, and leans over and strokes his hair, and then she goes and says something to

the teacher. And she calls him out into the cloak-room when she goes, and we all know she kisses him there! And the teacher watches him all the time, and every few days she sends him home. And she tells us after school that we must be careful and not to be 'rough' with him because he's delicate. If he wasn't a sissy he wouldn't stand for it! And I say we don't want any one like *that* in the Three-cornered Table. What did we get the society up for, anyhow? Oh—well, you all know well enough what we have to promise when we join." And Dobbins sat down, much flushed and very earnest. He would have been wildly applauded had his auditors not been too anxious to speak to take the time.

In the midst of a mass of waving hands Hal motioned imperceptibly to Jim Eckert, who rose obediently, though with visible reluctance.

"There's one thing you fellows don't understand about Percy Sinclair," he began, without undue enthusiasm. "It ain't that he don't want to play like the rest of us, but his mother won't let him." A yell of laughter went up at this point, and Eckert sat down discomfited. The inexorable boss nodded at Bud Morris, who got to his feet.

"He's got some spine trouble, and his mother's only got him. That's why she has to be kind of soft with him." Morris spoke without conviction, and sat down with alacrity.

A respectful silence greeted this announcement. But an expression of distaste gathered upon the faces of the suburb's chivalry gathered there.

"That's all very well." Jack Dobbins had the floor again. "And of course we don't none of us want to pick on him, or make his mother feel bad, or anything like that. I guess she is a very nice lady indeed," he said, with painful conscientiousness. "But that ain't saying we ought to take him into our society. We'll look out for him, and all that. But what I say is, while we ain't got anything against him for being sick—I suppose he can't help that, although I'm sure if he would get into training for some nine, instead of hanging 'round teachers and his mother all the time, I'm sure he'd be right enough—and that's what he'd do if he had any sand. While I ain't got anything against him for all that, he ain't the stuff for the Three-cornered Table. He ain't our kind. You all know what we have to endure to be initiated—" He spoke darkly. "What we made a society for was to promote bravery and see what fellows had sand and what ones hadn't. Like those manhood rites we read about in a book, where savages that live in huts and don't have to go to school or anything, go off by themselves before they get to be men, and stay in the woods away from their tribes, where the old men teach them until they are strong enough to come back, and go through tortures, and get initiated to be hunters, and fight the enemies of the tribe, and be men and everything like that. What right has a softy like Sinclair with us? Why, the initiation would scare him to death! It wouldn't be kind to him to let him try it. You all know what he'd do when he saw —It!"

The club orator sat down, while a murmur ran over the initiates. Together with awe, their faces expressed some satisfaction as each one reflected that his being there was proof that he had stood the test.

"Vote!" demanded Bob Streeter, vindictively. He was but faintly interested in oratory. And he was still smarting with the humiliation of his public rebuff. And "Vote!" "Vote!" came from other voices. But although the defeat of the candidate was a foregone conclusion, and although each moment's delay kept them from refreshments, not one of those young descendants of self-governing Anglo-Saxons made a motion to bring the desired end in any but a strictly parliamentary way.

Hal surveyed the squirming rows of boys with a set face. He started to speak and then checked himself. Then he beckoned Jim Eckert to his side. They talked for a moment. "Gee! I hate to tell it," he whispered, and Eckert's face, too, was downcast. Hal pounded with his gavel and then stood, waiting for silence.

"Before we vote, there's something I want to say to you. I'll put Jim Eckert in the chair."

In an impressive hush he made his way to the space in front of the Three-cornered Table. Some of the boys were



"We were putting Snow on his Face to make him come to"

silent because of the queer sense of expectancy that weighed on them; others, for very awe of the deep research into the methods of deliberative councils shown by their president.

Hal decided he would try other arguments first.

"You boys mustn't think that because Percy Sinclair doesn't play football or rough-house with us fellows that he's a sissy. And even if he has got something the matter with his back, he is going to get all over it, and he ain't like some of these fellows you read about that are so good they're downright softies. And even if the teacher does kind of baby him, it isn't because he likes it—he told me so. And he can't help his mother. I suppose if any of us was women and mothers and all that, and hadn't got but one kid, and he had something the matter with his back, we'd be just like that."

He paused a moment and surveyed his audience. But the boys sat there with blank faces. This was one of the flights on which they could not follow Hal. Magnanimity that could actually argue from the standpoint of any possible uni-

verse in which one could be a woman and a mother was beyond them. They were not burdened with imagination. Hal quickly took a new tone and went on with his campaign.

"And I guess you needn't worry about his not being able to stand initiation. I don't know how to say it, but I guess there's another way of being brave than liking to fight and not caring about whether you are going to have the wind knocked out of you when you get into a game of football;—something that's different." He scanned the faces for some sign of comprehension. But they were guiltless of it. Hal lowered his head and swallowed hard. Then he threw his head back and looked defiantly into their eyes. He would have to do it!

"I s'pose I've got to tell you just what happened when me and Jim Eckert and Percy Sinclair went coasting down Barrowes Hill that time last month. Well, Sibyl had been thinking about Percy and feeling sorry for him. She had got it into her head that he was lonesome or wasn't happy or something—you all know that Sibyl's that way lately—got a bug about what she calls 'doing good.'" Hal was blundering through this shameful first part of what he had to say like the intrepid being who swallows a dose of oil without once stopping to be chilled with the loathsome taste of it. Sisters like that, that butted into things, were a shade more disgraceful than mothers.

"Well, Sibyl bothered me until she made me promise to ask him to go coasting. And when I said he hadn't a sled, she said she'd lend him her flexible flier because she didn't use it much now. And when I said his mother wouldn't let him, she said I'd better go and see. So I went, and his mother did let him. Of course, she told me all kinds of things about taking care that he didn't get hurt, and explained about his back and how awful sick he had been for months, and all that. But when me and Jim and Percy got started, Percy told us we needn't mind about being so careful. So we didn't, and had a fine time.

"After we had coasted about an hour, we were coming down lickety-split, when all at once we turned that curve by the Parson's into a regular mix-up — two motors going different ways, and an electric car, and some people, too. So of course I steered right away into the side of the road, and so did Jim, and so did Percy. It wasn't a very good place to steer into, because, although it looked like a pile of dirt with the snow over it, it was really a pile of stones, and awful rough and jagged stones, too.

"We were all in a sort of pile together, and when we got over being kind of stunned and picked ourselves up and brushed off some of the snow, Jim and me found we were pretty well barked up. Percy stood there watching us, looking white and queer, and I thought how scared he was, and felt scornful. Of course I was right glad he wasn't hurt, because his mother wouldn't think we had taken him out and got him hurt. And for a minute I was sort of glad that it was Jim and me that was all cut up and bloody, because we had sand and could stand it. But I didn't feel that way long, for every single cut and bruise began to ache like sin.

"We turned around then and started for home. Our sleds were all broken up. It was queer that Percy's sled could be so smashed up when he wasn't hurt at all. You know what a long way it is from Barrowes Hill. Well, it seemed to me that it took us *hours* to walk it. And there was a way we could have ridden part of the way, too, but none of us had brought car fare. And my leg and the cuts on my face got all swelled up and hurt so I couldn't stand it. And although I couldn't see anything the matter with it, Jim said his arm must be broken. And so after a while we just couldn't stand it. And—"

Hal stopped suddenly and his face turned scarlet. He bit his lip and his eyes went to Jim Eckert's downcast face. Then he threw his head back and faced his audience defiantly.

"Well, we both of us bawled right out, loud as we could bellow. It seemed as if we couldn't help it. It hurt so bad."

There was a painful stillness in the room. Not a boy, not even Bob Streeter, raised his eyes to look upon the chieftain in his shame. Their loyal silence was almost harder to bear than if they had broken out with hoots and catcalls. Hal caught his breath while for one frenzied moment he thought, "I'm going to do

it again." But he weathered that storm, and when he spoke his voice was cool and level.

"We were almost home, just where our road turns off the Pike, you know, when we heard a little sound like a queer sort of gasp. And the first thing we knew Percy had fallen right down on the snow in a mussed-up heap. And when we were putting snow on his face to make him come to, and wondering what was the matter with him, and saying that we'd never take him out with us again because he hadn't any sand, we saw that his leg was all puffed out above his shoe-top. And when we tried to get his shoe off we couldn't. His foot was sprained, that was what it was. And he had walked a whole mile on it without making a sound —until it just got too much for him, and he fainted right off."

Hal drew out a wad of handkerchief and mopped at his forehead. Dead silence was in the room and he was fronted by rows of serious boys' faces. There was another moment when he was afraid the tears were coming into his eyes, for he saw that the lips of some of them were working. And Jack Dobbins brushed his eye with his coat-sleeve when he thought no one was looking. But the eyes of some of them were wide and shining. Then Hal got hold of himself again and finished airily.

"Of course, Jim and me forgot all about our little cuts and bruises, and when he came to we made a chair and made him let us carry him. And he wouldn't go home, but had us take him to the doctor's to have his foot fixed up before his mother saw him. And we stood by him while the doctor pulled it around to see if any bones were broken, and then bandaged it. And Percy didn't say a word, only set his teeth until we could hear them gritting. And the doctor just said right out, 'I never saw such pluck in my life.'"

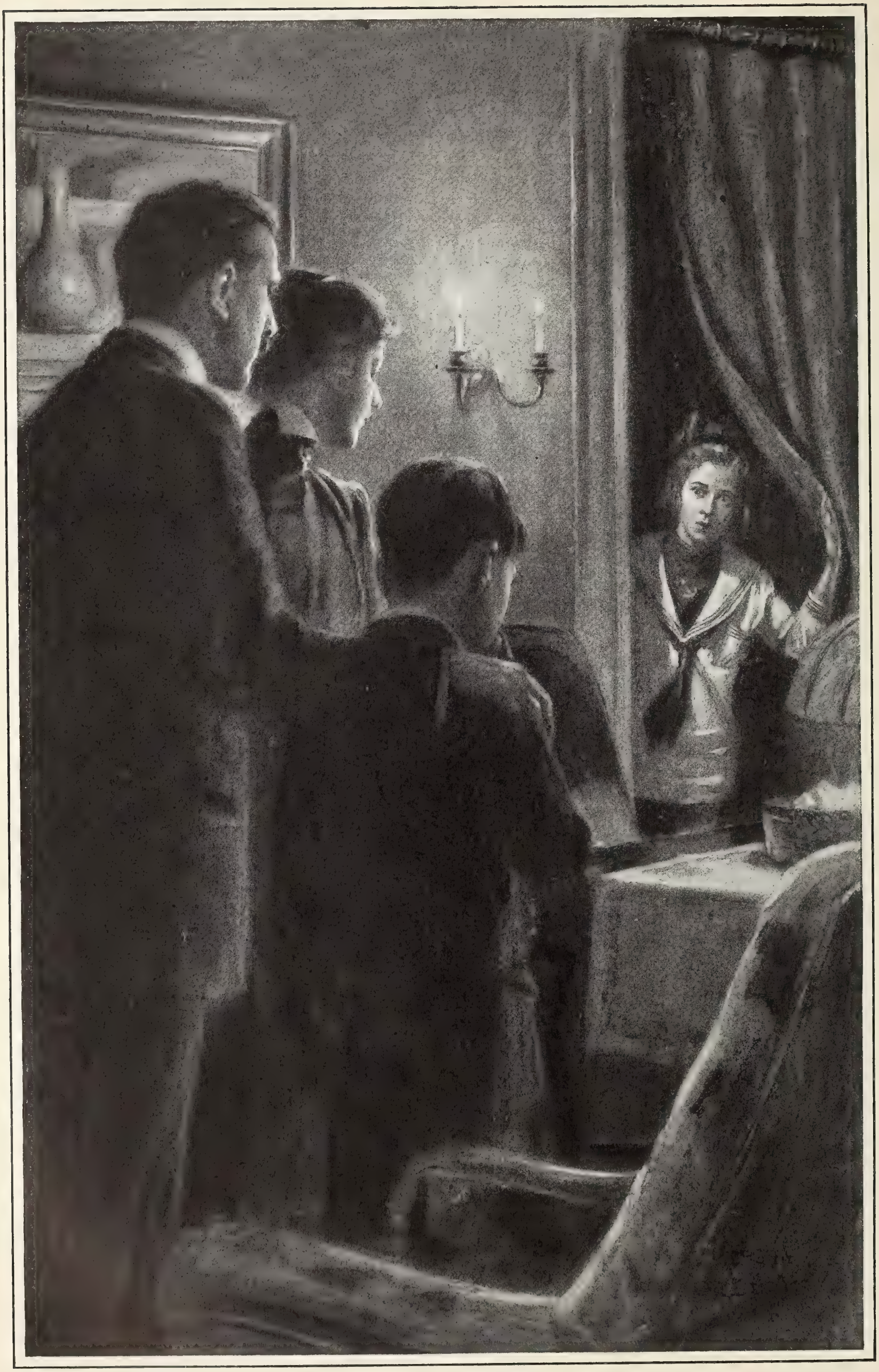
Dramatically Hal went back to his place behind the Three-cornered Table, and the still red and embarrassed Jim Eckert returned to his own seat, only pausing to say: "It's just as Hal told it. We blatted right out, and he never gave a sign he was hurt; and I guess Hal's right about there being another kind of bravery."

He had hardly got the words out before a dozen boys were on their feet. Oh, the splendid eagerness in their faces!

"I move we have the vote now!" they cried, tempestuously. And, of course, Percy Sinclair was elected without a dissenting voice.

Up-stairs, the evening had been progressing rather laboriously. Father and mother had done their best to make the pale, silent little fellow feel at home, and Sibyl's attentions were nothing short of embarrassing. He was a slight boy, with the small features that one is apt to think effeminate. Mother was very tender with him—but then, mother would have been sure to be fond of him, anyway, just because she was sorry for him. But father liked the frankness with which the lad met their eyes, and realized that there was courage in the cheerfulness of his fixed, pale smile. So father warmed to him, and brought a certain consideration that was almost a recognition of their common manhood to bear upon the situation, to make the little fellow forget for a moment the suspense under which he labored. And Percy felt it, and it was most grateful to the isolated boy-heart. He responded instantly to all their efforts. Books were brought out, school discussed exhaustively, games and card tricks even had been introduced.

But the suspense of the moment was too much for any small boy's endurance. It was of such terrible import—this one chance he had of being like the other boys! No one, not even Hal's father, could understand what his exile had meant to him. To understand it one would have to be like a boy, helpless and bewildered under this blind decree that barred him out from all he really cared for, and to have been like him also in being dumb, hopeless of expression, when rebellion against the injustice of it rose to his lips, and he could only look around and dully wonder. No one but just himself could know what it had been to not understand, and still to meet, day after day, week after week, some new sign that he was set apart, different, unworthy to feel the call of their companionship, the lust of their games rise in him—and then to be treated with embarrassed, half-scornful gentleness, and see them again and again and again go to their sports



Drawn by Worth Brehm

"THEY ARE COMING UP!" SHE RUSHED BACK TO TELL THEM

and leave him alone. They never nearly knocked the breath out of *him* with some rough and jovial slap of sheer exuberance. Why, even in names, *they* were Hal or Bud or Gums, or any rough, friendly nickname; while with him they minced out his full name always. Why was it? *Why was it!* Just because he had once fallen and hurt his back, why did they put him aside so, when he *felt* like them?

And now Hal and Jim Eckert had been kind, but what could he expect but that the others would vote him down. It was too much to hope for—to be one of the Knights of the great Three-cornered Table. To be a boy like other boys, without any special consideration due to his back! To be considered worthy of initiation! To share its secrets with the greatest! To be able to laugh knowingly when mention was made of the Thing initiates saw! Hope rose in him and fell so often that finally he could not speak at all, but sat, hardly responding to the efforts of these kind people to distract him, straining ears to hear some sign from below that would seal his fate.

At last each one of the others felt the strain of suspense and fell silent, too. Suddenly a great blast of noise came to them, an uproarious cheer, and then the stamping of many feet.

Father wheeled and took the little fellow's shaking hand in his. "I think you're in," he said, a surprising glow of gladness in his face. "Even boys could never get up all that noise over your defeat." And mother pulled him to her, and straightened his tie, and brushed his hair back gently. She wanted dreadfully to kiss him, but she was too wise for that.

Sibyl had bounced out into the hall to reconnoiter. "They're coming up!" she rushed back to tell them. And, sure enough, with much pomp the committee of Bob Streeter, Jack Dobbins, and Jim Eckert were tramping up the stairs.

Like the rest of the uninitiated, we must remain in ignorance of the actual ceremonial that awaited. Father and mother, listening, commented that the noise was less than usual. Even if the candidate had shown the white feather when he saw the Thing, wild horses would not have dragged from the boys an acknowledgment of it. But when the doors were open, Percy's radiant face showed no sign of strain.

And soon refreshments were in full progress. Such piles of sandwiches as mother had provided; substantial ones; no thin-shaved bread for this function with crusts daintily cut off! And foaming pitchers of cocoa. And then the ice-cream! and the cakes—whole cakes with frosting in glorious masses on them, and little cakes, especially macaroons! And through it all the hero moved in a sheer trance of delight. Bob Streeter hissed confidences at him through the gaps in his teeth; Jim Eckert hovered awkwardly near him. Big Jack Dobbins, entirely forgetting the proscribed back, smote him lustily in fellowship. Some genius made out of his euphonious cognomen of Sinclair the informal name of "Sink," which he bore afterward with proud delight. And whenever he met a Knight of the Three-cornered Table that boy met him brusquely, casually. There was no allowance made for backs, no allusion to his being delicate. They talked to him with rough brevity, offhand abbreviations, sometimes with a surprising lack of refinement. In short, they communicated with him intimately, as man to man.

Panthea

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HER eyes are bluebells now, her voice a bird,
And the long sighing grass her elegy;
She who a woman was is now a star
In the high heaven, shining down on me.

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

FOURTH PAPER

MAY 15, 1910, was the third day after our discovery of the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimos, who had up to that time never seen a white man. For two days they had entertained us with warm hospitality, and had already grounded firmly in my mind the impression which a year of further association with them was destined to do nothing to weaken — that they are the equals of the best of our own race in good breeding, kindness, and the substantial virtues. They were men and women of the Stone Age truly, but they differed little from you or me or from the men and women who are our friends and families. The qualities which we call "Christian virtues" (and which the Buddhists no doubt call "Buddhist virtues") they had in all their essentials. They are not at all what a theorist might have supposed the people of the Stone Age to be, but the people of the Stone Age probably were what these their present-day representatives are: men with standards of honor, men with friends and families, men in love with their wives, gentle to their children, and considerate of the feelings and welfare of others. If we can reason at all from the present to the past, we can feel sure that the hand of evolution had written the Golden Rule in the hearts of the contemporaries of the mammoth millenniums before the Pyramids were built. At least, that is what I think. I have lived with these so-called primitive people until "savages" and all the kindred terms have lost the vivid meanings they had when I was younger and got all my ideas at second-hand; but the turning blank of this picturesque part of my vocabulary has been made up to me by a new realization of the fact that human nature is the same not only the world over, but also the ages through.

I am not clear whether it was at my own instance or that of my hosts that we



THE COSTUMES OF THE VICTORIA LAND ESKIMOS HAVE A DECIDED "SWALLOW-TAIL" CUT



A Group of Victoria Land Eskimos visiting Stefansson's Camp

set out on the evening of the third day to visit the people of Victoria Land. The hospitality shown us up to this time had resembled that which I might have expected in my own country in most details, and also in this, that they had taken equal care to entertain us and not to weary us by too much entertainment; and now they seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of their opportunity of guiding us on a visit to their neighbors. No doubt it was a matter of pride to them to have the opportunity of introducing such unusual visitors, but I think they also thought they were doing us a service, and felt in that the same satisfaction we feel in doing a service to a friend.

At the point where we had discovered the Eskimos, Dolphin and Union straits are about as wide as the English Channel, and the village we had been visiting lay nearly in the middle of the straits, built on the six-foot-thick solid ice with which winter had covered the sea. If during one of the Ice Ages the English Channel was ever frozen over, the paleolithic Frenchmen of that day may have crossed afoot or by sleds, as we did, to visit their friends in Britain; they may even have stopped on the road from Calais to Dover at a fishing-village built on the ice halfway between, such a village as that of our hosts of the two days past, and then proceeded northward to their island neighbors. Like our Eskimo friends, too, they may not have known that Britain was an island, although Britain is far smaller than Victoria Land.

On the trip to Victoria Land I was accompanied by Natkusiak and one local man only, a man whose name sounds simple and natural to me through long familiarity, but which would look strange and unpronounceable if it were set down in English print. The afternoon before we started, there had been a dance in the snow assembly-house, followed first by a supper of boiled seal-meat and blood soup, and then by a conference on how we should go about finding the village we wanted to visit, for finding the nearest Eskimo village is not always the simple matter it is to go from the city to a suburban town. The villages, to begin with, are never permanent, nor are they built in any recognized places, and blizzards may nearly or quite obliterate the trails that show which way the traveling parties have gone. At first half the village wanted to accompany us, but common opinion overruled this proposal, for it was pointed out that if a large party went we should soon eat our hosts out of house and home if we happened to find them at a time when the hunt had not been particularly successful for the few days past, while they would no doubt be able to entertain a party of three as



A Village in Simpson Bay

long as we cared to stay. Only one of them would therefore accompany us, a prominent man who had many relatives in Victoria Land, while the rest of my party remained in their village.

We started at 9 P.M., going east about five miles till we found some snow-houses that had been deserted perhaps six weeks before; the trail from here led north six miles to another deserted village, and then a trifle north of west five miles, where we found four inhabited houses, which was about half the number we should have found had the tribe of the Haneragmiut been all camped together. We had traveled sixteen miles to find a village seven miles distant from ours; but that was necessary, for the deserted village we first came to was the only point our guide had known at which he could be sure to pick up the trail. The houses as we found them were three of them of snow with skin roofs, and one entirely of snow, and were built on the sea ice about ten yards from the shore of Victoria Land. Every one was asleep, even the dogs, and no one noticed us as we stopped half a mile away while our guide alone ran up to the village to prepare it for our coming. We saw him disappear for an instant into the first house, and similarly into the second, third, and fourth. A few moments later men and boys, hastily dressed, began to come out of the houses and to gather around our guide, evidently asking excited questions. These he apparently answered satisfactorily, for it was only two or three minutes till we saw him come running toward us, while the men turned to look after their dogs to see that they were all securely tied, so there should be no danger of their getting into fights with our dogs later on. We started at once to meet our ambassador, who beckoned to us as he ran. The message he brought was one of welcome, to which he added his own assurance that the Haneragmiut were a straightforward people whose actions never contradicted their words.

Our reception at this village differed considerably from that at the one previously visited. We were told by our guide to halt about two hundred yards from the houses. As soon as we stopped, the nine men and boys started slowly toward us, walking abreast, with arms raised above their heads, saying: "We are friendly; we are as we seem; your coming has made us glad." By the instructions of our guide we, including himself, stood still, holding our hands above our heads, waiting for the others to approach. When they got within ten yards they stopped and stood in line, while I — still following instructions—

walked up to within three paces of the man on the right of the line, stopped, and waited for him to tell me his name, and then told him mine in turn. I then moved to my left down the line, stopping before each, and receiving his name before giving my own. When my introductions were over, Natkusiak similarly presented himself; in the case of our guide there were no formalities. These proceedings had begun with an air of military precision which did not last quite through the ceremony, for the three boys (about ten, eleven, and twelve years old perhaps) broke ranks before I had reached them in my progress down the line, and were later informally introduced by their fathers, while some of the men had begun to talk with me or with our guide before the presentation of Natkusiak was over. There is among these people no custom corresponding to our ceremony of hand-shaking, nor are there any words or set forms of salutation or farewell in their language.

After the introductions were over everything went much as it had gone at the village previously visited, except that the women did not come out of the houses to be presented—they were too busy getting us something to eat, we were told. The men built us a snow-house in which to live while we stayed, and when that was done they asked us to come to their houses to meet their wives and to get something to eat. As on previous occasions, each guest was taken to a separate house to be entertained. We found here the same unaffected kindliness that we were getting used to among these people, the same hospitality and good-breeding. After we had eaten the boiled seal-meat and drunk the blood soup that were the best things they could offer us, they fed our dogs also with boiled meat, "for dogs like to be treated well, just as men do," they said; and then we went back to our house to sleep, for we had been up for nearly twenty-four hours, and they had been asleep but an hour or two before we came.

But before we went to sleep, and that in spite of being drowsy, as one always is in a snug and warm camp after a cold day's march, Natkusiak and I talked for hours about the extraordinary people among whom we found ourselves. We had been told by our guide that we should find the Victoria-Islanders of a light complexion, with fair beards, but still we were not prepared for what we saw—we had believed what we had been told, but we had not realized it. Natkusiak kept saying: "These are not Eskimos; they merely dress and talk and act like Eskimos." And so it seemed to me.



A NEWLY BUILT HOUSE AND CAMP-GEAR WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE MOVED IN

It is hard, looking back over a gap of years, to call to memory even the intense feelings with which we meet a crisis in life. That morning, when the nine men and boys of the village stood before me in line on the ice in front of their huts of snow and skins, I knew I was standing face to face with an important scientific discovery. From childhood I had been familiar with the literature of the North; I knew that here a thousand and there a hundred men of Scandinavia and of England had disappeared into the Northern mists, to be hid by them forever from the eyes of Europe, and when I saw before me these men who looked like Europeans in spite of their garb of furs, I knew that I had come upon either the last chapter and solution of one of the historical tragedies of the past, or else that I had added a new mystery for the future to solve: the mystery of why these men are like Europeans if they be not of European descent. But although the situation appealed to whatever there was in me of the poet and the theorist, I had to remember that my supply of writing-paper was limited, and that the definite recording of my first impressions of facts was more important than filling the pages of my note-book with speculations. My diary entries are seldom verbose and often disjointed; they are never written with an idea that they will be published unchanged; there are cryptic abbreviations and missing verbs, and yet I shall quote here a portion of my entry for May 16, 1910, as being of more interest than a possibly better-phrased statement I might compose to-day, being written on the spot the day of my finding the "Blond Eskimos." The annotations that are absolutely needed to make the rest intelligible are supplied in parentheses:

"I now understand why the Cape Bexley people (the first Eskimos discovered by us) take me for an Eskimo. There are three men here whose beards are almost the color of mine, and who look like typical Scandinavians. As Natkusiak says: 'Three of them look like white foremast hands on a whaler, and aren't they huge! And one looks like a Portugee' ['Portugee' is the word used by the American whalemen for natives of the Cape Verde Islands]. Among the Cape Bexley people I had noted that a large number of men have a few light hairs in their mustaches and, more rarely, in their beards. Some of them have mustaches to be described as dark brown, a thing I have never seen in the west (Mackenzie River or Alaska). Here (in Victoria Land), however, are men with abundant three-inch-long beards, a light brown in their outer parts, but darker toward the middle of the chin. The faces and proportions of the body remind of 'stocky,' sunburned, but naturally fair Scandinavians. They (the three bearded men) are very much alike, though no two of them have the same mother, and all resemble closely an Icelander I know, Sigurjón Sveinsson, of Mountain, North Dakota, as he looked about 1895. . . . The one that 'looks like a Portugee' has hair that curls a trifle — about as much as mine. One woman, of about twenty, has the delicate features one sees in some Scandinavian girls, and that I have seen in only one of the half-white girls to the westward (Mackenzie River), and in her to a less degree than here. I know over twenty half-bloods (in the Mackenzie district and Alaska), and none of them resemble a white man in particular—most of them could pass for Eskimos among either Eskimos or whites if no particular attention were drawn to them, but no one could fail to be struck by the European appearance of these people (the Victoria-Landers). . . . More will be written of their eyes, etc., after I have had better opportunities of seeing them."

The time-faded ink of such diary entries as this furnished me some comfort after my return to "civilization," when European cables and American telegraphs clamored "fake" so loudly that at times I almost doubted I had seen what I had seen. There were scientific weight and reverent age behind the names of many of those who argued conclusively on the basis of a judicious combination of what they knew and did not know, to the conclusion that what is could not be. They argued so deftly withal that I who came from the place they theorized about felt somewhat as I used to feel as an undergraduate in college, when I listened to a philosophical demonstration of the non-existence of the matter that I had to kick to convince



BLUE EYES AND LIGHT-BROWN BEARDS ARE A STRIKING CHARACTERISTIC OF THE VICTORIA LAND ESKIMOS

myself that what must be wasn't so. Now that the din has quieted down, I am gradually coming to the conviction that I have really been telling the truth most of the time consistently, and that the facts regarding the "Blond Eskimos" are about as my note-books have them and as I originally stated them to the newspaper men, who did not always, however, quote me correctly, and who at times showed marked originality in their treatment of what I said.

The extract from my diary set down above was written on the first day of my meeting with the Victoria Land Eskimos. For a little more than a year from that time I lived in their country and that of their neighbors of Coronation Gulf, until I knew most of them by name and had had full opportunity to make up my mind as to what manner of men they are. Their physical characteristics as I saw them I am in the habit of summarizing as follows: Of something less than a thousand persons, ten or more have blue eyes (no full-blooded Eskimo has a right to have blue eyes, as far as we know—his eyes should be as brown and his hair as black as those of the typical Chinaman); some of the men eradicate their beards (pull out the hairs by the roots, as many Indian tribes do also); but of those who have beards a good many have light-brown ones; no one seen has light hair of the golden Scandinavian type, but some have dark-brown and rusty-red hair, the redness being usually more pronounced on the forehead than on the back of the head, and perhaps half the entire population have eyebrows ranging from a dark brown to a light brown or nearly white. A few have curly hair.

It is, however, not only the blondness of the Victoria-Islanders that suggests the European, but also the form of their heads, as shown by my measurements of adult males. Typically we think of the Eskimo as narrow of skull and wide of face; in other words, his face is wider than his head. This fact is scientifically expressed by a "facial index" of over 100, while if the face is narrower than the head the index will be less than 100. The proportions of the head are considered by most anthropologists an excellent test to determine what race a group of individuals belong to. In a summary published by the American Museum of Natural History, Professor Franz Boas gives the following facial indices for (supposedly) pure-blooded Eskimos: Herschel Island, 101; Greenland, 105; Baffin Bay, 102; Alaska, 104; East Greenland, 102; Smith Sound, 102.

In the same paper he gives the following indices for persons of mixed Eskimo and European descent: Labrador, 96; West Greenland, 95. My own measurements of 104 men of Victoria Land give an index of 97, which places the "Blond Eskimos," when judged by head form, exactly where it places them when judged by complexion — in the class with persons who are known to be of mixed Eskimo and white descent.

In other words, while they are Eskimo in language and culture, and while some of them are Eskimo in physical appearance also, there are among them a large number of individuals possessing greater or less resemblance to white men. These are people who in recent time have had no contact with whites that would change their physical type; then whence could these European-like characters have come? Can they be accounted for historically?

To understand the historic possibility of European contact with the central Eskimo we must go back a thousand years in the history of the Scandinavian countries. Shortly before 870 A.D. Iceland was discovered by Norwegian navigators, and a few years earlier still some Irish monks had occupied a small island just south of Iceland. The rapid settlement of Iceland was favored by the conditions of unrest in Scandinavia, connected with the wars of conquest waged by Harald, who was making himself the first king of united Norway, and driving out the petty kings who formerly had been independent rulers of separate territories, and who now generally preferred exile to allegiance to Harald. As is well known, some of these went to France, where they became the Normans who conquered England. Others went directly to England, and established there the kingdom of Northumbria. War expeditions on a smaller scale got them footing in other parts of the British Isles, in the Orkneys, the Shetland, and the Faroe islands. But perhaps the largest number of all were those who colonized Iceland, where the first settlement is considered to have been made in 872. Within a century from that time the entire coast-line was peopled with seafaring men who spent their summers in piracy along the various shores of northern Europe, and returned to Iceland in the fall to spend the winter in the enjoyment of the fruits of their plundering.

Early in the last quarter of the tenth century a man named Eric the Red was outlawed from Norway for murder. He came to Iceland and settled there, but the habit of man-killing was too strong upon him, and in 982 he was outlawed



A Camp on the Shore of Victoria Land
The rods stuck up are fish-spears

from Iceland for a period of three years. At that time there was current in Iceland a belief that a certain sailor named Gunnbjorn, of whom little is otherwise known, had sailed to the west of Iceland, and seen there some reefs, on which he had not landed. The knowledge of this tradition, combined no doubt with the fear of returning to the Scandinavian countries, where he would have been an unwelcome visitor, caused Eric at the beginning of his exile to sail west, to become the discoverer of Greenland, whose glacier - covered mountains rise from the sea before the peaks of Iceland disappear in the east. Like the navigators of the present day, Eric found the east coast blockaded with floes, so he sailed to the south around Cape Farewell, and landed upon the more inviting southwest coast, where he spent the three years of his exile. On his return to Iceland he gave a favorable account of the country, which he had named "Greenland," for, as the saga naïvely says, "he thought people would all the more desire to settle the country if it had a fair name." Eric advertised his discoveries with such success that in 985 a fleet of twenty-five vessels sailed from the west coast of Iceland for Greenland. Some of these were shipwrecked, some turned back, but fourteen reached their destination. There is no census of the original settlers, but it is probable that each ship carried not less than fifty people, and the number can therefore be safely put at from six hundred to seven hundred. Each ship carried all the household goods of the owners, including horses, cattle, and sheep, and a flourishing farming community soon sprang up.



A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE TRIBES VISITED BY EARLY EXPLORERS
This man saw Dr. John Richardson in 1848

One of the important results of the settlement of Greenland was the discovery of the mainland of North America. Leifr Eiriksson, the son of Eric the Red, sailed in the year 1000 from Norway to visit his father in Greenland. This was in the days before exact navigation, and in trying to find a direct route he sailed too far south, missed the south point of Greenland, and saw land for the first time in a much lower latitude than he had expected, where natural conditions showed him at once that he had struck another coast than that of Greenland. This was the frst fully authenticated discovery of America, and the story of his epoch-making voyage is therefore so well known that we shall not dwell upon it here. He returned the same summer to Greenland, and told the story of his discovery, which then spread to Iceland and the rest of Europe, and found lodgment not only in the minds of men, but also in documents in various parts of Europe.

About the year 1000 Christianity was brought to Greenland, and from that time on we find records of the colony not only

in the sagas and annals of Iceland, but also in the archives of the Holy See in Rome. By the twelfth century there were in Greenland a bishopric, two monasteries, a nunnery, and fourteen churches. The colony was in a flourishing condition, and cannot have had a population of less than three thousand; the actual number may have been considerably more than that. They regularly paid their tithes to Rome, and we have papal records of the fact that in 1347 they even contributed in walrus ivory to the Crusades and to a Norwegian war expedition against Russia. The trade of the country was mostly with Norway, and, besides ivory, their exports were hides and thongs, oil, butter, wool, and other products of the farm. At first the Greenlanders used to sail their own vessels, and we have records of their making triangular voyages, going first from Greenland to the mainland of America to take on cargoes of timber, taking these thence to Iceland to sell them for house-building purposes, taking Icelandic wares in exchange, and returning with them to Greenland. Later on, however, bad times came upon the colony through the establishment of a trade monopoly by the Norwegian king, who in 1294 sold to a single firm of merchants in Bergen the exclusive right of trading with Greenland, and made it a statutory crime for the Greenlanders to build or sail their own ships, or to deal with any one not connected with this firm. In consequence the trade with Europe, which had been fairly brisk up to this time, gradually dwindled so that toward the end of the fourteenth century it was often several years between the sailings of ships to Greenland.

When the Scandinavians first settled southwest Greenland they found there house ruins and other remains which indicated that Eskimos had visited the country before its settlement. For some reason, however, these Eskimos had left the country again, and the Scandinavians came in no contact with them during the early period of the colony. About the middle of the thirteenth century, however, they began to crowd down upon the colony from the north, apparently having come from the American continent by way of the arctic islands, crossing thence to Greenland by way of Smith Sound. We have several accounts of the earlier fights between the Scandinavians and the Eskimos, and we know definitely that shortly after the year 1341 the most northerly Scandinavian colony was destroyed. The last reliable accounts of the southern portion of the Scandinavian settlement dates from the first years of the fifteenth century, although more doubtful accounts take this story nearly down to the year 1500. At the time that Columbus sailed for America a bishop appointed by the pope still had the nominal office of "Bishop of Greenland," although he never left Europe to assume his actual duties in the West. It was a combination of circumstances that finally cut off all communication between Bergen and Greenland. The paralysis that fell upon Europe as a consequence of the Black Death was one of the influences; raids upon Bergen by ships of the Hanseatic League was another. When communications with Greenland were resumed, Norway had lost her lead in maritime affairs, and it was the sailors of England who rediscovered the country. In 1585 John Davis sailed up into the strait which bears his name, and the navigators that followed him brought to the attention of Europe the Eskimos, who were by that time the sole inhabitants of the districts in which the Scandinavian colony had previously flourished. It cannot have been much more than a hundred years from the disappearance of the Scandinavians from Greenland to the coming of Davis, and it is certain that had the people of that time taken the scientific interest that modern explorers do in the things they saw and heard, they could have cleared up the mystery which still envelops the fate of the colony. Historians have always considered it probable that it was no war of extermination that ended the Norse occupation, but that one of two things happened: either the remnants of Europeans may have intermarried with the Eskimos in Greenland, or, more probably, they may have migrated westward to the portions of America so well known to their forefathers. In America they then either perished through starvation or by war, or became amalgamated with the population which they found in the country.

Shortly after the announcement last fall of our discovery of European-like people in southwest Victoria Land, General A. W. Greely undertook a survey of the entire mass of arctic literature with the view of finding references to previous discoveries of a similar nature by the early voyagers. His thorough familiarity with the printed sources, and the possession of manuscript documents of great value, enabled him to bring together many things which had previously escaped notice, but which established a fairly complete historical chain of references to "Blond Eskimos" from the time of Davis to the present. The first, and perhaps the most interesting, reference is that to Nicolas Tunes, captain of a Flushing vessel, who in 1656 sailed up into Davis Strait to 72° north latitude. He found the district which he visited occupied by two different sorts of people. He saw one kind which he described as very tall, well built, of a rather fair complexion, swift of foot; the other was much smaller, with an olive complexion, and short, thick legs. The latter of these two types is easily recognized as the Eskimo, while the former would fit well the people of mixed Scandinavian and Eskimo descent, in whom the Scandinavian was the predominating element. Coming to more recent times and to more westerly districts, we find on the road which any migrating people must have traveled between Greenland and Victoria Land numerous references by explorers at various times to people whom they did not consider to be typical Eskimos. Sir John Franklin, who was the first of the explorers to approach the region in which the European-like Eskimos now live, came in contact in 1824 with just one Eskimo, a decrepit old man, abandoned by his companions, who had fled at the approach of the exploring party. Of him Franklin says:

"The countenance [of this man] was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from a European face, except in the smallness of his eyes and, perhaps, in the narrowness of his forehead. His complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I have hitherto seen on any of the aborigines of America."

In the same district in 1837 Dease and Simpson came in contact with a small party of Eskimos, one of whom they described as of "a distinguished appearance," and as looking "much like a Scandinavian."

There is no reason for insisting now or ever that the "Blond Eskimos" of Victoria Land are descended from the Scandinavian colonists of Greenland, but looking at it historically or geographically there is no reason why they might not be. We have seen that the Scandinavians flourished for centuries on the west coast of Greenland. We know that at the time when communications between Europe and Greenland were cut off there were still large numbers of them living in Greenland in proximity to the Eskimos. We know that the habits of the Eskimos are such, as exemplified in their relations with the American Indian and the white man in recent times, that they are inclined to mix with any race with which they come in contact. Greenland is not far from Victoria Land. If there were any reason for doing so I could go by sled in less than twenty-four months from the southwest corner of Victoria Land, where the "Blond Eskimos" now live, by way of Smith Sound, to the districts in Greenland which the Scandinavians inhabited, or by crossing from Greenland in a boat in summer I could go in one year thence by sled west to Victoria Land. As a matter of fact, the Eskimos who now winter on the ice west of Victoria Land start thence in March, and by August meet for trading purposes the Eskimos of the Hudson Bay, just above Chesterfield Inlet. There is, then, no more reason geographically than there is historically to suppose any barrier that could keep the Scandinavians from moving west to Victoria Land had they wanted to.

If the reason that the Victoria Land Eskimos are European-like is that they are of European blood, then the Scandinavian colony in Greenland furnishes not only an explanation, but the only explanation. It has been suggested in print that there may be some connection between these blond tribes and the English explorers of the arctic islands. A sufficient lack of information might make this supposition seem probable. It is true, however, that the literature of the

Franklin expeditions not only is fairly complete, but also that the Eskimos themselves still remember such contact as they had with the explorers. Of all tribes visited by us only three were shown by our literature to have come in contact with the explorers, and in all these three tribes I found men still living who remembered the incident. The extracts already quoted show that when the first Englishmen came in contact with these people they found already among them exactly the same blond traits that we find to-day, and, secondly, the amount of contact was so slight that no physical change of whole tribes could have been produced. Had Franklin's entire ship's company of two hundred and thirty men survived in Victoria Land, and had they all married among and lived among the Eskimos, their descendants could not have been numerous enough to give us the condition we find there to-day. We have records, however, of the actual death of more than half of Franklin's men, and we feel certain that they had all perished before the year 1860 at the latest.

It is over a hundred years since the Eskimos of western Alaska came in contact with the early Russians. For half a century they have been in contact with the American whaling fleet, numbering at times as many as a thousand men. A good many of these whalers have married Eskimo women and have settled in the country, and their grandchildren are already growing into man's estate; yet all this mixing of races has produced in northern Alaska no such blond type as we find in Victoria Land. There are living in northern Alaska and the Mackenzie district perhaps a hundred individuals of mixed European and Eskimo descent. If this hundred were gathered together in one place it would be found that many of them could not be distinguished offhand from full-blooded Eskimos, and the group as a whole would by no means present so north-European an appearance as would any of the three tribes in southwest Victoria Land. And then it is to be noted that if recent admixture of European blood were the cause of the blondness of the Victoria Land Eskimo, you would expect to find more blondness the farther east you go, because the European contact would have to be supposed to have come from the direction of Hudson Bay. The fact is, however, that the blond type is most pronounced farthest west, and gradually fades the farther east you go toward Hudson Bay. I have not myself seen the Eskimos of Hudson Bay, who have for more than a century been in contact with the Scotch and American whalers; but Captain George Comer, of East Haddam, Connecticut, who has had dealings with them continuously for more than a quarter of a century, has told me that such European-like appearance of the people as I have described and as my photographs show is quite beyond anything he has seen before in those tribes which have been most intimately connected with the whalers.

As for the contact of the Victoria Land Eskimos with the American whalers, there is little to be said. Only one out of the thirteen tribes visited by my party had ever been seen by whalers, and they were first seen by the schooner *Olga* in 1906. Apart from the historical explanation, there are, of course, purely biological ones. It is possible that for some so-called "accidental" reason blond individuals may have been born from time to time in the past from parents of pure Eskimo blood, and that these may have perpetuated themselves. As to supposing that it is the climate that has made the Victoria Land Eskimo blond, the theory would be hardly tenable, for they live on the same food and under the same climatic conditions as do the Eskimos east of them and west of them, none of whom show the same European-like traits.

A Reluctant Voyager

BY CHESTER HOLBROOK BROWN

THE harbor, blue under a clear sky, lay warm in the sunshine of a July morning. Along the beach and beyond, where the surf rolled lazily upon the outer bar, scores of clean-winged mackerel-gulls circled, mewing, over the water, or rested in meditative concourse of gray and white on projecting strips of sand. Now and then a light wind, springing from nowhere in particular, wrinkled the harbor, and sent tiny waves slapping pleasantly against the boats as they bobbed at anchor, and against a gray, tumbledown wharf sadly battered and fallen to decay. The bright sun, the long, brown stretch of deserted beach with the heat twinkling above it, the gently sloping contours of the dunes reaching inland, gave the little port an air of indolence and drowsy self-content. Upon the wharf three or four shabby dogs basked luxuriously, heads buried in paws, and farther back, in the shade of the fish-houses, sat a group of old men puffing in concert at their black clay pipes and awaiting the return of the dories.

These old men, with their bent shoulders and rough, seamed faces, were the sturdy fishermen and coasting-skippers of a quarter of a century ago. They had long since, in the judgment of a younger generation, been accounted unseaworthy, and condemned to a perpetual dry-dock. Not one of them had steered his course these dozen years. They were like old craft—tough and well seasoned, it is true, but with here and there a timber strained or a spar missing—pulled high beyond the reach of the tide, and combating as best they might the attacks of time and weather. A single occupation was left them. At six o'clock, were the morning bright or stormy, they met in conclave at the fish-houses, to swap old yarns, to renew old jests, to determine weighty affairs of state, until at noon the sound of horns and mellow conchs rose cheerily above the harbor.

On this July morning, according to his custom, Captain Ezra Stubbs was talking. In the fervor of his narration the captain had taken the pipe from his mouth and was leaning far forward so that the upturned lobster-pot on which he sat creaked and settled under his vast weight.

"I tell ye," he concluded, pounding his knee with a big, hairy fist, "I've seed a deal o' weather fust an' las'—more'n what most on ye hes, I su'mise—but I never—no, sir, I never—see it blow wuss nor rough up wuss, considerin' the space o' time. An' 's I said, thar I was, ketched short-handed off The Bulls with ol' Danny Cummin's a-layin' below with a busted wrist, an' a chuckle-headed Portygee feller 't warn't no more use't roun' a bo't nor a skate!"

The captain gave several quick puffs to rekindle his pipe, and then he added in qualification, "No, sir, nor so much, leastways not a *good* skate."

The group about the fish-houses received unblinkingly a tale already well beyond its fiftieth edition. Two or three hitched their seats along to avoid a widening patch of sunlight, or fell to whittling off fresh charges of plug tobacco; the rest continued to gaze steadily out across the harbor, where the poles of the weirs showed black against the sky.

In the silence which followed Captain Stubbs's recital, a little man with white hair and a smooth-shaven face, pink and fresh like a boy's, cleared his throat tentatively, and opened and shut his mouth several times in an heroic determination to speak.

"I hed an almighty clos't call on't once't," he ventured at last, in a thin, piping voice quite consistent with his mild features and slight frame. "Dunno's I ever tol' ye. One summer, 'twas; twenty-three—no, twenty-four year ago come September."

Captain Ezra Stubbs, from his seat on the lobster-pot, waved his hand imperiously.

"Thar, thet 'll do, George," he broke in; "ye needn't go no fu'ther. Tol' it? Why, ye've tol' it more'n forty thousan' times. Pooty nigh know it by heart a'most. Ain't sure but I could say it through fer ye better nor what ye could yerself. Never was a very sperrited talker, was ye, George? Time ye went a-clammin' over on the outer bar, warn't it? I thought so. Got ketched by the tide, didn't ye, an' hed ter wade hum 'crost the Neck an' come mighty nigh a-wettin' the seat o' yer trusis. Le's see, George; did ye wet 'em, or did ye a'most wet 'em, or didn't ye quite wet 'em? I kinder fergit jest *how* it goes, right thar. Pooty excitin' 'dventure, thet was. Trag'dy on the high seas, 's the papers says, *I* call it."

Captain Stubbs paused to breathe heavily through his nose and to look in triumph from one old seaman to another. George Phinney's face was blazing red.

"Well, o' course, Ezry," he hastened to put in, apologetically—"o' course, I never claimed 't was much of 'n adventure, 's ye say. Dunno's ye would call it very excitin'. 'T the same time," he added, in self-defense, "'t was consid'able onpleasant."

Ezra Stubbs's broad shoulders heaved in silent mirth. "Lord!" he ejaculated, "turrible desprit character you be, George. Hedn't oughter be let run loose 'mongst peaceful, law-abidin' folks. 'S my belief the sheriff should be warned ter keep his eye on ye."

As he finished speaking, a troop of shock-headed urchins, bare and brown of limb, rounded the corner of the fish-houses at a scamper. "Dories a-comin'!" they shouted, and made off down the beach amid a whirl of sand and dry seaweed. Following close, three or four fishmongers' carts drawn by sober old horses, lashed now into an unaccustomed state of perkiness and self-esteem, rattled along the pebbly way from the village and drew up wheel to wheel. Roused by all this bustle, the old men, getting up stiffly, hobbled to the end of the wharf.

Round the outer bar, where the green-blue of the harbor met the clear blue of the ocean beyond, the dories were coming in from the nets. No sooner had the nose of the first dory bumped against the piles than the little port, before so quiet and deserted, rang with the clamor of barter and exchange; the clatter of oars hastily shipped; the jangle of balances and steelyards; the substantial thump of fish as they were tossed upon the wharf in confused heaps of quivering tails, gaping mouths, and staring, goggle eyes; and, above all other noises, the excited barking of interested dogs.

The venerable sea-captains, led by Stubbs, were here and everywhere, giving advice as excellent as unsolicited. Nor did they cease from labor until the last bargain had been struck, the carts had creaked slowly away, and the fishermen, in their great jack-boots, had gone clumping up the wharf to the fish-houses. Then the old fellows, their day's work ended, marched solemnly off home, each bearing some portion of the morning's catch—a plump, silvery butterfish, a white-bellied flounder, a brown, mottled hake—as a peace-offering to sharp-tongued wives or petulant daughters-in-law.

George Phinney carried, for his part, a brace of tiny flounders dangling dejectedly at the end of a stout cord. The way was long, the sun hot, and the old man's soul still bruised and aching under the indignities heaped upon it. From time to time, as often he was forced to stop for rest, he eyed his meager burden with a contempt too vast for words, even had he the breath to utter them. It was not, indeed, until he had reached his house and had sat for some minutes, panting heavily, in the shade of the porch that he was able to give scope to his resentment, aloud as was his wont, and with the impotent wrath of mild-hearted little men.

"A-settin'," he exclaimed fretfully, holding his fish at arm's-length that the world at large might the better appreciate their slender proportions—"a-settin' all mornin' long fer two mis'able leetle mites o' floun'ers like them! I dunno what the fishin' o' this town's a-comin' to. Hangin' roun' 'n ol' fish-house fer five mortal hours with Ezry Stubbs a-gabbin' an' a-gabbin'. When a man gits so plegged sot on hevin' his say 't he can't afford ter let nobody else hev theirn, he ain't what I call good comp'ny. He ain't what I call int'restin'. I hate Ezry Stubbs! Everlastin' blowin' ol' critter!"



Drawn by C. E. Chambers Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

A TALE ALREADY WELL BEYOND ITS FIFTIETH EDITION

"Dunno's it's sech a turrible thing ef I *hain't* never made a v'yage," he continued, rather more calmly. "Guess I could 'a' went more'n onc't ef I'd be'n a min' ter. Might 'a' sailed over an' over ag'in with Uncle Isick Howe, back in the forties. Come pooty nigh a-doin' it, too. Got my chist all packed one time. An' I ain't no ways sartin 't Ezry Stubbs hes be'n an' done so much, fer all his talkin'. Never heerd 't he was so gre't sailor. Ef I'd 'a' spent my days a-follerin' the sea an' hedn't be'n no furder 'n Bermudy, I wouldn't tell on't. Humph! Guess I've hed chances enough ef I'd be'n minded ter take 'em!"

Having in some measure soothed his conscience by this bit of stout reasoning, old George went into the house where he had lived, man and boy, for seventy-odd years. Born of a sturdy, seafaring stock, reared in a community where the undaring, home-loving virtues were held weak and womanish, it was a matter of standing jest in the village that he had never been surprised beyond a half-hour's easy walk of his cottage. He had watched the commerce of the little town rise and swell, decline and totter; spindle-legged boys had grown into broad-chested seamen; skippers had come and gone; vessels had weighed anchor and brought to port; but George Phinney had never sailed beyond the harbor bar.

Before long the old man reappeared, carrying a tin pan and a long-bladed knife, with which he began to clean his fish. The porch, flecked with the shade of scarlet runners and delicate canary-vine, was cool and quiet; the air was sweet with the smell of honeysuckle; bees were humming everywhere. Little by little, as he worked, old George regained once more his accustomed peace of mind. Between strokes he took up, in more cheery vein, the thread of his discourse, pausing now and then to toss scraps of fish to a big yellow cat that arched and purred about his legs.

"Don't s'pose I be a mite too old ter go a-v'yagin' now; not a mite," he resumed. "By the Lord Harry, ef ever they come a good chanc't, I'd jump at it spryer 'n ol' Peter here arter fish-heads! Thar ye be, Peter! Ketch thet! Then I'd go down ter them fish-houses, I would, and I'd show 'em—"

He was interrupted by a deep-throated cough, and, looking up, beheld the burly figure of Captain Ezra Stubbs leaning across the picket fence. Since the episode of the morning the captain's person had received touches here and there suggestive of uncommon prosperity. He wore a black felt hat instead of his old brown straw, which he carried providently under one arm; a pair of brand-new flowered suspenders crossed his mighty shoulders; a red cotton handkerchief peeped rakishly from his breast pocket; and he was eating peppermints out of a striped paper bag.

Captain Stubbs was a man of huge build and swaggering demeanor. His face, wrinkled and puckered like a frost-nipped apple, was encircled by a shaggy mane of grayish-brown hair and tangled, bushy beard, in the midst of which his nose, squat and snub, seemed absurdly out of proportion. One gray eye glared fixedly straight ahead; the other roved wildly and at disconcerting angles. Women had been known to scream, and strong men to startle, at the apparition of Captain Stubbs bursting unexpectedly upon them from out a heavy fog.

"'Pears ter me, George," said Captain Stubbs, bringing his best eye to bear upon the old man's little garden—"'pears ter me 't them pertaters ain't carryin' any too much canvas fer the time o' year."

George Phinney bent the more steadfastly over his fish.

"I was goin' ter say, George," went on the captain, affably, "'t in case ye'd run short o' Paris green, I could let ye hev some jest 's well 's not."

"No, thank ye," said old George, shortly.

Nothing discomfited, the captain unlatched the gate, and coming up the walk with heavy tread, sat down comfortably on the stoop.

"Jest drawed my pension money," he explained, with an apologetic wave of the hand to embrace his newly acquired finery. "Pooty nigh slipped my mind till Adams, he tol' me. Hev a pep'mint."

"No, thank ye," said old George again.

Ezra Stubbs stooped to pat the glossy back of Peter, rolling in the grass.

"Real nice cat, ain't he?" he commented. "Say, George, ye ain't put out

none, be ye, 'bout what I said to ye this mornin'? 'Twas jest my fun, ye know. Didn't mean a word on't, not a word. Hedn't no idee ye'd take it ter heart none.

"Jest drawed my pension money," he repeated, without waiting for reply, at the same time jingling loose coins in his trousers pocket ostentatiously, "an' 's I come down 'long, I was wond'rin' how 'twould be ef you an' me was ter take a leetle trip—ter Boston, say—an' see the sights. We'll put up at a hotel an' stop two three days. It sha'n't cost you a cent. What d'ye think on't?"

George Phinney stared at him in open-mouthed bewilderment.

"Sha'n't cost ye a cent," went on the captain, persuasively. "We'll go see the Old Sailors' Home an' the M'rine Hospital an' the House o' Correction. We'll hev a real good time."

Old George's blue eyes shone. "Why, I'd—I'd luf ter go fust rate, Ezry," he stammered, "an' I'm dretful obleeged to ye."

Captain Stubbs smote him affectionately on the back. "Don't ye say another word 'bout it, George," he answered, rising to his feet. "I was 'lottin' on hevin' ye go. We'll start ter-morrer. Foot it up through the pastur' ter Danny Hutchins's an' git his boy ter kerry us over ter the Landin'. I'll be 'long come sun-up. Don't ye fergit!"

Old George, his mind dazed and reeling, watched him lumber off down the walk.

"I won't fergit, Ezry. I won't fergit," he kept repeating. "An' thank ye. Thank ye kin'ly."

At the gate Captain Stubbs turned and cocked his head authoritatively.

"As I was sayin', George," he called back, "ef ye don't Paris-green them pertaters, come Augus' they'll be a-sailin' under bare poles."

When the captain was out of sight, George carried his pan of fish to the cool, dark cellarway which served him in the summer months for a refrigerator. He was far too elated to eat any dinner, and after placing carefully on the bed his best Sunday suit, a fresh shirt and collar, and his one tie of black, in readiness for the morrow, he took his spade and hoe out into the garden.

The tide was at the flood. Beyond the old man's cottage stretched broad salt meadows, broken here and there by pools, full to overflowing, with the deep, clear blue of the sky upon them. Big, soft clouds were blundering up from the west; little boats with glistening sails went poking in and out among the marshes; and over all poured the golden afternoon sunshine.

Old George, in his garden, weeded little and pondered much. "Ain't it pooty!" he exclaimed, looking about him, "all green an' white an' yaller. An' I'm a-goin' travelin' ter-morrer!

"He's 'n almighty good feller, Stubbs," he soliloquized, leaning on his hoe. "Bark's a deal wuss nor his bite. Dunno nobody I'd sooner make a trip with 'n ol' Stubbs. Real well-informed, he is, an' dretful entertainin'. Wonder what folks 'll say when they hear on't. Bet ye most on 'em 'd give their ol' shoes ter go a-travelin' with Stubbs."

As the day declined, however, the old man's exultation became less and less pronounced. As evening came, a mere waning of enthusiasm changed to illy defined misgivings, which by degrees found expression when he was pottering about getting supper, or, later, was finishing his daily chores.

"Sha'n't be brewin' no tea ter-morrer night," he told himself, and, "Sha'n't be a-waterin' of no g'raniums come this time ter-morrer." Nevertheless, it was not until nine o'clock and he was making ready for bed that old George found himself face to face with a dilemma before which his spirit was shaken as at the first glimpsing of a mighty truth.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, pausing midway across the kitchen floor, "I can't bring myself ter go with Ezry. I can't do it noways in this worl'. I jist be'n a-foolin' myself inter thinkin' I kin. I sha'n't never git nowhar nor see nothin' 's long 's I live." His fingers, tugging at the buttons of his shirt, stiffened mechanically, and he stared despairingly into the darkness.

"I'll hev ter tell him," he said, at length. "Mus' tell him right stret off, or he'll be up here in the mornin', an' mebbe git me half-way thar afore I c'n stop him. He's got a turrible compellin' kind o' way with him."

Possessed by this determination, old George set off, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, along the well-trodden path that led to Captain Stubbs's. Once out in the bright moonlight, he regained to some extent his composure, and as he shuffled along was able to frame some pretty formidable arguments in self-justification. "Arter all, 'tain't none o' Stubbs's business ef I want ter change my min'," he assured himself. "They ain't no call fer onpleasantness 'bout it."

Captain Ezra Stubbs was abed. His cottage, perched upon a sandy knoll, stood blank and inhospitable. The door was shut; the curtains were drawn; and from twelve dingy panes of glass the full moon stared wanly back at old George in a singularly disheartening manner.

At his quavering summons, repeated three or four times with growing apprehension, a chamber window was thrown open, and Captain Stubbs, unkempt, disheveled, clad in red flannels, blinked owlishly into the night. At sight of him George Phinney retreated behind the water-butt, to the sides of which he clung desperately for moral support.

"'S only me, Ezry," he began weakly, swallowing hard after each word. "I thought—jest thought—I'd better run over an' tell ye—'t I be a leetle mite afraid—I can't—go with ye ter-morrer—fer thet trip ye spoke on."

Ezra Stubbs glared calmly down upon him. "Can't go?" he demanded. "Why can't ye go?"

"Well, ye see, Ezry—ye see, it's this way," faltered old George, unarmed against direct attack. "Arter thinkin' of it over—thinkin' of it over, ye know—come ter fin' out—I got consid'able work on han' jest now—a dretful sight o' work. Thar's them pertaters—"

"Oughter be'n did three weeks ago," put in the captain, judicially; "three days more ain't a-goin' ter hurt 'em none."

"Well, thet ain't—thet ain't all," George continued, casting mentally about for further material. "Thar's them—an' the corn wants hoein'—an' thar's—thar's Peter. Don't see," he went on, more fluently, with a glow of satisfaction at this happy stroke—"don't see how I could think o' leavin' Peter. He ain't very strong this season fer all he's big. Never knowed a cat look quite so meachin' an' kinder down in the mouth 's he does. Mebbe it's 'cause he's et so many grasshoppers lately. Grasshoppers is fillin', I guess, but I don't b'lieve they're real nourishin'—"

During this recital the expression of Ezra Stubbs's face, till now good-naturedly indulgent, changed swiftly from one of astonished incredulity to one of pent-up, explosive rage. Before the startled gaze of old George his whole body seemed visibly to grow and to dilate till his shaggy head and broad shoulders completely filled the window.

"George Phinney!" he roared, and his voice echoed across the still harbor. "Ye mis'able, leetle, skulkin' cuss! Didn't I make ye an offer fair an' squar'? Didn't I 'low ter do the han'some thing by ye? Didn't I say 't shouldn't cost ye a cent? An' now ye've got the face to stan' thar an' tell me in so many words thet ye can't go *'cause yer cat's sick!* Didn't s'pose ye would go—not fer a minute. Ye don't 'mount ter nawthin', an' ye never did. Ye ain't got the sperrit of a skate. Ye're a disgrace ter the father 't sired ye an' ter the mother 't nussed ye—good, rugged, seafarin' folks they was—warn't none better. Now don't ye show yerself roun' here again—don't ye dast ter. Ef ye do, ye'll fin' ye're the laffin'-stock o' this town. 'Cause ter-morrer, jest 's soon 's I get me my breakfas', I'm a-goin' ter set out an' tell ev'ry man an' woman an' chil' what a leetle, meachin', pindlin', spindlin', tarnal fool ye be!"

Before the captain's mighty wrath old George Phinney, half hidden by the swelling round of the water-butt, winced and cowered as a dog winces and cowers under repeated blows. Not for some minutes after Stubbs, shaking his tousled mane and growling incoherently into his beard, had slammed the window so that the panes quivered in the sash, was the little man able to rise and with shaking knees to retrace his way toward his cottage. Here, standing in the dingy kitchen, with the moonlight creeping in among the geraniums that lined the sills and casting rounded leaf-patterns on the floor, he passed his hands confusedly across his forehead and strove to think.

"Ezry's dretful mad," he said to himself in a frightened whisper. "Never see him so put out by nawthin' afore. Wish't I hedn't said what I did 'bout Peter. Seem's 'ough thet riled him wust of all. An' he'll do jest 's he said he would; he's jest mad enough. Like 's not he'll go an' make a big story out'n of it, so's ter be clever, same 's he allus does—make it out a deal wuss nor it really is. Like 's not he'll tell things 't warn't so."

At the thought, all the anger of which the little man's gentle spirit was capable sprang up, flared bright for an instant, and then died away into the ashes of feeble anti-climax.

"'Tain't none o' his lookout!" he cried aloud, shaking his thin, veinous fist at the ceiling, "what I do or what I don't. I ain't no call ter answer ter him for 't. I can't abide Ezry Stubbs! He's a mean, pesterin' ol' critter. He ain't over an' above truthful. He—he's the most onint'restin' man I know."

Of a sudden he sank down by the little table, with its red-checked cloth, and covered his face with his hands.

"'T don't make no odds," he moaned—"don't make no odds what I say. He'll tell 'em. I know he will. Down ter the fish-houses an' everywhere. An' I sha'n't —never—be able—ter go thar—ag'in—never."

Outside the moon marshaled the tide, wave by wave, up across the sands till it swung into the full; guided it in well-ordered retreat, and shone clear into the west window of the kitchen. Still George Phinney sat by the table with his head resting on his arm. The sky in the east paled to light gray-blue. The steady tramp of fishermen going down to their boats in the early dawn sounded from the harbor. Then the old man rose weakly, pulled the curtain across the window, and stood peering out between the curtain and the sash until the fog drew away from the water, and the sun came up, red and hot, at the end of a wide, red path along the sea.

A little before six o'clock Captain Ezra Stubbs went by, squaring his big shoulders stiffly and looking neither to right nor to left. In the troubled imagination of old George, the captain seemed to stump through the sand with dogged determination, as if impelled by a stern and desperate resolve. Trembling with anxiety, the little man watched Stubbs's course till he crossed the beach and disappeared beyond the fish-houses.

"He's a-tellin' of 'em!" said old George, hardly above a whisper; and again, "He's told 'em—he's told 'em now."

He sat down in his rocking-chair by the window, grasped the arms hard, and rocked quickly back and forth.

He did not look out again until, at noon, he heard the captain's heavy footsteps returning. Stubbs paused when he reached the cottage, eyed the tightly closed door and the curtained window sharply, and laid his hand upon the gate. Old George's heart beat fast. Then the captain turned on his heel and plodded off up the bluff.

As the sun worked round to westward, the kitchen grew hot and close; the clock on the mantel ticked drowsily, giving astonished little clucks now and then as if it had just surprised itself in the act of dozing off; flies buzzed and hummed against the ceiling. George Phinney, worn out with watching, nodded in his chair.

He was wakened by the hoarse bellowing of a whistle which burst like a thunder-clap upon the afternoon quiet and rolled and reverberated along the dunes.

"'S the gov'ment bo't," said old George, aloud. "Ter-day's Friday, an' 'tis the gov'ment bo't. I ain't missed her afore in twenty year!"

At six o'clock Ezra Stubbs came again. This time he rattled the latch smartly, threw the gate wide, and walked with great, swinging strides up the path. George Phinney set his lips hard. "He sha'n't git in—he sha'n't!" he muttered, and braced himself against the door with all his puny strength. For a few seconds he resisted stoutly; then he was flung like a child back into the room, and Ezra Stubbs, gaping wide in blank amazement, stumbled heavily across the threshold. George ran to him and caught at his brown-checked shirt-sleeve.

"Ezry!" he cried, and his voice was piteous and pleading, "ye ain't told 'em nawthin', hev ye? 'Cause ef ye hev I don't see how I'm a-goin' ter git 'long, nohow. I want ye ter know—thet—it



Drawn by C. E. Chambers Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"EZRY!" HE CRIED, "YE AIN'T TOLD 'EM NAWTHIN', HEV YE?"

warn't true—what I said t' ye—'bout Peter. I dunno's I c'n put it real plain; dunno's I c'n make ye onderstan'. But 'tain't 'cause I didn't want ter go with ye, Ezry—'tain't, hones'. I allus 'lotted on goin' a-travelin' more'n anythin' else in the whole worl'. But somehow I kep' a-puttin' of it off an' a-puttin' of it off, an' now it ain't no use a-plannin'. I jest be'n livin' one way so long 't I can't never do nawthin' diff'ent—I can't noways. Ye don't know how 'tis, Ezry. Ye don't know how 'tis ter be'n a-meanin' all yer life ter do a thing an' never ter 'a' done it."

Old George paused to get his breath, and then went on hurriedly:

"'N thar's suthin' else, Ezry. I s'pose 't 'll soun' kinder foolish to ye, but I ain't never missed a mornin' o' goin' ter the fish-houses afore ter-day. I ain't missed it no more'n I would my victuals, an' I'd sooner go 'thout my victuals any time. I ain't never be'n nowhar nor done nawthin', but I allus luffed ter hear 'em talk that hes. Kinder seems ter make up someway. 'Tis be'n jest erbout the only fun I ever hed. An' now ef ye tell 'em —I sha'n't—never feel like goin' thar ag'in. Ye ain't tol' 'em, hev ye, Ezry? Ye ain't a-goin' ter tell 'em, be ye?"

George Phinney looked up imploringly into the captain's face; the little man's blue eyes were full of tears.

Suddenly the captain stooped, took him in his big arms, and half carried him over to the chair by the window, where he stood towering above him and patting his thin shoulders gently.

"Thar, thar, George," he said. "Now don't ye go ter worryin' none. Ye eat ye a good supper an' go stret ter bed. Ye're all beat out, ain't ye? Thar, don't ye fret a mite. I ain't told no one. Land's sakes, George, what d'ye think I be? Sho, George, I ain't a-goin' ter tell."

When the captain had gone, old George threw open the windows and the door of his cottage, and went out on to the porch. Here he stood, his arms raised, his hands grasping the posts on either side, and looked down upon the harbor. The sky above his head, the soft, rounded crests of the dunes, and the stretch of gray sea before him were ruddy in the flush of the afterglow; its light was reflected, too, in the curling foam of the breakers, and on glistening strips of wet beach where sand-pipers scuttled nimbly to and fro. Over at the Point, Land's End Light was beginning to wink steadily, white, red, and white again. The night wind, shifting to the east, came fresh with the smell of kelp lying bare at low tide.

Old George Phinney, his heart bursting with the joy of it, tossed back his head and let the wind strike against his temples; he was smiling, almost foolishly, out of thorough happiness. To him this was a veritable home-coming, a return, after long hours of bewildered wandering in a land of doubt and apprehension, to the comfortable routine of sixty years. Before his delighted vision his little world lay rich in peaceful prospects, and familiar sights, rude and ill-favored in themselves, took on unwonted grace.

"Thar's the beach," he said, "an' thar's ol' Red Top Light a-showin' jest 's clear an' stiddy 's ever she did. Thar's Dave Hutchins's ol' green dory lyin' jes' the same with the hole stove in her. Thar's the fish-houses. Seem 's 'ough they was kinder sightlier-lookin' 'n they use ter. An' I'm a-goin' down thar termorrer. It 'll be turrible good ter see the boys ag'in, Cal Bates an' Nick Crispin an' the rest on 'em, an' ter set roun' an' listen to 'em talkin'."

As he spoke he caught sight of a familiar figure rolling majestically up the neighboring bluff.

"Stubbs 'll be thar, too," he added. "Mebbe he'll tell 'bout thet time him an' Danny Cummin's got ketched off The Bulls back in the sixties. I'd admire to hear him tell on't.

"It does beat all!" exclaimed old George, slapping his thigh ecstatically, "what a int'restin' man Stubbs is!"

A Barn-door Outlook

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I HAVE a barn-door outlook because I have a hay-barn study, and I chose a hay-barn study because I wanted a barn-door outlook — a wide, near view into fields and woods and orchards where I could be on intimate terms with the wild life about me, and with free, open-air nature.

Usually there is nothing small or stingy about a barn door, and a farmer's hay-barn puts only a very thin partition between you and the outside world. Therefore what could be a more fit place to thresh out dry philosophical subjects than a barn floor? I have a few such subjects to thresh out, and I thresh them here, turning them over as many times as we used to turn over the oat and rye sheaves in the old days when I wielded the hickory flail with my brothers on this same barn floor.

What a pleasure it is to look back to those autumn days, generally in September or early October, when we used to thresh out a few bushels of the new crop of rye to be taken to the grist-mill for a fresh supply of flour! How often we paused in our work to munch apples that had been mellowing in the haymow by our side, and look out through the big doorway upon the sunlit meadows and hill-slopes! The sound of the flail is heard in the old barn no more, but in its stead the scratching of a pen and the uneasy stirring of a man seated there behind a big box, threshing out a harvest for a loaf of much less general value.

As I sit here day after day, bending over my work, I get many glimpses of the little rills of wild life that circulate about me. The feature of it that impresses me most is the life of fear that most of the wild creatures lead. They are as alert and cautious as are the picket-lines of opposing armies. Just over the line of stone wall in the orchard a woodchuck comes hesitatingly out of his hole and goes nibbling in the grass not fifty feet away. How alert and watchful he is! Every few moments he sits upright and takes an observation, then resumes his feeding. When I make a slight noise he rushes to the cover of the stone wall. Then, as no danger appears, he climbs to the top of it and looks in my direction. As I move as if to get up he drops back quietly to his hole.

A chipmunk comes along on the stone wall, hurrying somewhere on an important errand, but changing his course every moment. He runs on the top of the wall, then along its side, then into it and through it and out on the other side, pausing every few seconds and looking and listening, careful not to expose himself long in any one position, really skulking and hiding all along his journey. His enemies are keen and watchful and liable to appear at any moment, and he knows it, not so much by experience as by instinct. His young are timid and watchful the first time they emerge from the den into the light of day.

Then a red squirrel comes spinning along. By jerks and nervous, spasmodic spurts he rushes along from cover to cover like a soldier dodging the enemy's bullets. When he discovers me he pauses, and with one paw on his heart appears to press a button, that lets off a flood of snickering, explosive sounds that seem like ridicule of me and my work. Failing to get any response from me, he presently turns, and, springing from the wall to the bending branch of a near apple-tree, he rushes up and disappears amid the foliage. Presently I see him on the end of a branch, where he seizes a green apple not yet a third grown, and, darting down to a large, horizontal branch, sits up with the apple in his paws and proceeds to chip it up for the pale, unripe seeds at its core, all the time keenly alive to possible dangers that may surround him. What a nervous, hustling, high-strung creature he is—a live wire at all times and places! That pert curl of the end of his tail, as he sits chipping the

apple or cutting through the shell of a nut, is expressive of his character. What a contrast his nervous and explosive activity presents to the more sedate and dignified life of the gray squirrel! One of these passed us only a few yards away on our walk in the woods the other day—a long, undulating line of soft gray, silent as a spirit and graceful as a wave on the beach.

A little later, in the fine, slow-falling rain, a rabbit suddenly emerges into my field of vision fifty feet away. How timid and scared she looks! She pauses a moment amid the weeds, then hops a yard or two and pauses again, then passes under the bars and hesitates on the edge of a more open and exposed place immediately in front of me. Here she works her nose, feeling of every current of air, analyzing every scent to see if danger is near. Apparently detecting something suspicious in the currents that drift from my direction, she turns back, pauses again, works her nose as before, then hurries out of my sight.

Yesterday I saw a rat stealing green peas from my garden in the open day. He darted out of the stone wall six or eight feet away to the row of peas, rushed about nervously among the vines; then, before I could seize my rifle, darted back to the cover of the wall. Once I cautiously approached his hiding-place in the wall and waited. Presently his head emerged from the line of weeds by the fence, his nose began working anxiously, he sifted and resifted the air with it, and then quickly withdrew; his nose had detected me, but his eye had not. An animal's touchstone is its nose, and not its eye. The eye quickly detects objects in motion, but not those at rest; this is the function of the nose.

A highhole alights on the ground in full view in the orchard twenty yards away, and, spying my motionless figure, pauses and regards me long and intently. His eye serves him, and not his nose. Finally concluding that I am not dangerous, he stoops to the turf for his beloved ants and other insects, but lifts his head every few seconds to see that no danger is imminent. Not one moment is he off his guard. A hawk may suddenly swoop from the air above, or a four-footed foe approach from any side. I have seen a sharp-shinned hawk pick up a highhole from the turf in a twinkling under just such conditions. What a contrast between the anxious behavior of these wild creatures and the ease and indifference of the grazing cattle!

All the wild creatures evidently regard me with mingled feelings of curiosity and distrust. A song-sparrow hops and flirts and attitudinizes and peers at me from the door-sill, wondering if there is any harm in me. A phœbe-bird comes in and flits about, disturbed by my presence. For the third or fourth time this season, I think, she is planning a nest. In June she began one over a window on the porch where I sleep in the open air. She had the foundation laid when I appeared, and was not a little disturbed by my presence, especially in the early morning, when I wanted to sleep and she wanted to work. She let fall some of her mortar upon me, but at least I had no fear of a falling brick. She gradually got used to me, and her work was progressing into the moss stage when two women appeared and made their beds upon the porch, and in the morning went to and fro with brooms, of course. Then Phœbe seemed to say to herself, "This is too much," and she left her unfinished nest and resorted to the empty hay-barn. Here she built a nest on one of the bark-covered end timbers half-way up the big mow, not being quite as used to barns and the exigencies of haying-times as swallows are, who build their mud nests against the rafters in the peak. She had deposited her eggs, when the haymakers began pitching hay into the space beneath her; sweating, hurrying haymakers do not see or regard the rights or wants of little birds. Like a rising tide the fragrant hay rose and covered the timber and the nest, and crept on up toward the swallow's unfledged family in the peak, but did not quite reach it.

Phœbe and her mate hung about the barn disconsolate for days, and now, ten days later, she is hovering about my open door on the floor below, evidently prospecting for another building-site. I hope she will find me so quiet and my air so friendly that she will choose a niche on the hewn timber over my head. Just this moment I saw her snap up a flying "miller" in the orchard a few rods

away. She was compelled to swoop four times before she intercepted that little moth in its unsteady, zigzagging flight. She is an expert at this sort of thing; it is her business to take her game on the wing, but the moths are experts in zigzag flying, and Phœbe missed her mark three times. I heard the snap of her beak at each swoop. It is almost impossible for any insectivorous bird except a flycatcher to take a moth or a butterfly on the wing.

Last year in August the junco, or common snowbird, came into the big barn and built her nest in the side of the haymow, only a few feet from me. The clean, fragrant hay attracted her as it had attracted me. One would have thought that in a haymow she had nesting material near at hand. But no; her nest-building instincts had to take the old rut; she must bring her own material from without; the haymow was only the mossy bank or the wood-side turf where her species had hidden their nests for untold generations. She did not weave one spear of the farmer's hay into her nest, but brought in the usual bits of dry grass and weeds and horsehair and shaped the fabric after the old pattern, tucking it well in under the drooping locks of hay. As I sat morning after morning weaving my thoughts together and looking out of the great barn doorway into sunlit fields, the junco wove her straws and horsehairs, and deposited there on three successive days her three exquisite eggs.

Why the bird departed so widely from the usual habits of nest-building of her species who can tell? I had never before seen a junco's nest except on the ground in remote fields, or in mossy banks by the side of mountain roads. This nest is the finest to be found upon the ground, its usual lining of horsehair makes its interior especially smooth and shapely, and the nest in the haymow showed only a little falling off, as is usually the case in the second nest of the season. The songs of the birds, the construction of their nests, and the number of their eggs taper off as the season wanes.

The junco impresses me as a fidgety, emphatic, feather-edged sort of bird; the two white quills in its tail which flash out so suddenly on every movement seem to stamp in this impression. My junco was a little nervous at first and showed her white quills, but she soon grew used to my presence, and would alight upon the chair which I kept for callers, and upon my hammock ropes.

When an artist came to paint my portrait amid such rustic surroundings, the bird only eyed her a little suspiciously at first, and then went forward with her own affairs. One night the wind blew the easel with its canvas over against the haymow where the nest was placed, but the bird was there on her eggs in the morning. Her wild instincts did not desert her in one respect, at least: when I would flush her from the nest she would drop down to the floor and with spread plumage and fluttering movements seek for a moment to decoy me away from the nest, after the habit of most ground-builders. The male came about the barn frequently with three or four other juncos, which I suspect were the first or June brood of the pair, now able to take care of themselves, but still held together by the family instinct, as often happens in the case of some other birds, such as bluebirds and chickadees.

My little mascot hatched all her eggs, and all went well with mother and young until, during my absence of three or four days, some night-prowler, probably a rat, plundered the nest, and the little summer idyl in the heart of the old barn abruptly ended. I saw the juncos no more.

While I was so closely associated with the junco in the old barn I had a good chance to observe her incubating habits. I was surprised at the frequent and long recesses that she took during school-hours. Every hour during the warmest days she was off from ten to twelve minutes, either to take the air or to take a bite, or to let up on the temperature of her eggs, or to have a word with her other family; I am at a loss to know which. Toward the end of her term, which was twelve days, and as the days grew cooler, she was not gadding out and in so often, but kept her place three or four hours at a time.

When the young were hatched they seemed mainly fed with insects—spiders or flies gathered off the timbers and clapboards of the inside of the barn. It was

a pretty sight to see the mother-bird making the rounds of the barn, running along the timbers, jumping up here and there, and seizing some invisible object, showing the while her white petticoats—as a French girl called that display of white tail feathers.

Day after day and week after week as I look through the big, open barn door I see a marsh-hawk beating about low over the fields. He, or rather she (for I see by the greater size and browner color that it is the female), moves very slowly and deliberately on level, flexible wing, now over the meadow, now over the oat or millet field, then above the pasture and the swamp, tacking and turning, her eye bent upon the ground, and no doubt sending fear or panic through the heart of many a nibbling mouse or sitting bird. She occasionally hesitates or stops in her flight and drops upon the ground, as if seeking insects or frogs or snakes. I have never yet seen her swoop or strike after the manner of other hawks. It is a pleasure to watch her through the glass and see her make these circuits of the fields on effortless wing, day after day, and strike no bird or other living thing, as if in quest of something she never finds. I never see the male. She has perhaps assigned him other territory to hunt over. He is smaller, with more blue in his plumage. One day she had a scrap or a game of some kind with three or four crows on the side of a rocky hill. I think the crows teased and annoyed her. I heard their cawing and saw them pursuing the hawk, and then saw her swoop upon them or turn over in the air beneath them, as if to show them what feats she could do on the wing that were beyond their powers. The crows often made a peculiar guttural cawing and cackling as if they enjoyed the sport, but they were clumsy and awkward enough on the wing compared to the hawk. Time after time she came down upon them from a point high in the air, like a thunderbolt, but never seemed to touch them. Twice I saw her swoop upon them as they sat upon the ground, and the crows called out in half-sportive, half-protesting tones, as if saying, "That was a little too close; beware, beware!" It was like a skilful swordsman flourishing his weapon about the head of a peasant; but not a feather was touched so far as I could see. It is the only time I ever saw this hawk in a sportive or aggressive mood. I have seen jays tease the sharp-shinned hawk in this way, and escape his retaliating blows by darting into a cedar-tree. All the crow tribe, I think, love to badger and mock some of their neighbors.

How much business the crows seem to have apart from hunting their living! I hear their voices in the morning before sun-up, sounding out from different points of the fields and woods, as if every one of them were giving or receiving orders for the day: "Here, Jim, you do this; here, Corvus, you go there and put that thing through"; and Jim caws back a response, and Corvus says, "I'm off this minute." I get the impression that it is convention day or general training day with them. There are voices in all keys of masculinity and femininity. Here and there seems to be one in authority who calls at intervals, "Haw-ah, haw, haw-ah!" Others utter a strident "Haw!" still others a rapid, feminine call. Some seem hurrying, others seem at rest, but the landscape is apparently alive with crows carrying out some plan of concerted action. How fond they must be of one another! What boon companions they are! In constant communication, saluting one another from the trees, the ground, the air, watchful of one another's safety, sharing their plunder, uniting against a common enemy, noisy, sportive, predacious, and open and aboveboard in all their ways and doings—how much character our ebony friend possesses, in how many ways he challenges our admiration!

What a contrast the crow presents to the silent, solitary hawk! The hawks have but two occupations—hunting and soaring; they have no social or tribal relations, and make no show of business as does the crow. The crow does not hide; he seems to crave the utmost publicity; his goings and comings are advertised with all the effectiveness of his strident voice; but all our hawks are silent and stealthy.

Let me return to the red squirrel, because he returns to me hourly. He is the most frisky, diverting, and altogether

impish of all our wild creatures. He is a veritable Puck. All the other wild folk that cross my field of vision, or look in upon me here in my fragrant hay-barn study, seem to have but one feeling about me: "What is it? Is it dangerous? Has it any designs upon me?" But my appearance seems to awaken other feelings in the red squirrel. He pauses on the fence or on the rail before me, and goes through a series of antics and poses and hilarious gestures, giving out the while a stream of snickering, staccato sounds that suggest unmistakably that I am a source of mirth and ridicule to him. His gestures and attitudes are all those of mingled mirth, curiosity, defiance, and contempt — seldom those of fear. He comes spinning along on the stone wall in front of me, with those abrupt, nervous pauses every few yards that characterize all his movements. On seeing me he checks his speed, and with depressed tail impels himself along, a few inches at a time, in a series of spasmodic starts and sallies; the hind part of his body flattened, and his legs spread, his head erect and alert, his tail full of kinks and quirks. How it undulates! Now its end curls, now it is flattened to the stone, now it springs straight up as if part of a trap, hind-feet the while keeping time in a sort of nervous dance with the shrill, strident cackling and snickering. The next moment he is sitting erect with fore-paws pressed against his white chest, his tail rippling out behind him or up his back, and his shrill, nasal tones still pouring out. He hops to the next stone, he assumes a new position, his tail palpitates and jerks more lively than ever; now he is on all-fours, with curved back; now he sits up at an angle, his tail all the time charged with mingled suspicion and mirth. Then he springs to a rail that runs out at right angles from the wall toward me, and with hectoring snickers and shrill trebles, pointed straight at me, keeps up his performance. What an actor he is! What a furry embodiment of quick, nervous energy and impertinence! Surely he has a sense of something like humor; surely he is teasing and mocking me and telling me, both by gesture and by word of mouth, that I present a very ridiculous appearance.

A chipmunk comes hurrying along with stuffed cheek-pouches, traveling more on the side of the wall than on the top, stopping every few yards to see that the way is clear, but giving little heed to me or to the performing squirrel. In comparison the chipmunk is a demure, preoccupied, pretty little busybody who often watches you curiously, but never mocks you or pokes fun at you; while the gray squirrel has the manners of the best-bred wood-folk; he goes his way without fuss or bluster, a picture of sylvan grace and buoyancy.

All the movements of the red squirrel are quick, sharp, jerky, machine-like. He does nothing slowly or gently; everything with a snap and a jerk. His progression is a series of interrupted sallies. When he pauses on the stone wall he faces this way and that with a sudden jerk; he turns around in two or three quick leaps. So abrupt and automatic in his movements, so stiff and angular in behavior, yet he is charged and overflowing with life and energy. One thinks of him as a bundle of steel wires and needles and coiled springs, all electrically charged. One of his sounds or calls is like the buzz of a reel or the whir of an alarm-clock. Something seems to touch a spring there in the old apple-tree, and out leaps this strident sound as of spinning brass wheels.

When I speak sharply to him, in the midst of his antics, he pauses a moment with uplifted paw, watching me intently, and then with a snicker springs upon a branch of an apple-tree that hangs down near the wall, and disappears amid the foliage. The red squirrel is always actively saucy, aggressively impudent. He peeps in at me through a broken pane in the window and snickers; he strikes up a jig on the stone underpinning twenty feet away and mocks; he darts in and out among the timbers and chatters and giggles; he climbs up over the door, pokes his head in, and lets off a volley; he moves by jerks along the sill a few feet from my head and chirps derisively; he eyes me from points on the wall in front, or from some coigne of vantage in the barn, and flings his anger or his contempt upon me.

No other of our wood-folk has such a facile, emotional tail as the red squirrel.

It seems as if an electric current were running through it most of the time; it vibrates, it ripples, it curls, it jerks, it arches, it flattens; now it is like a plume in his cap; now it is a cloak around his shoulders; then it is an instrument to point and emphasize his states of emotional excitement; every movement of his body is seconded or reflected in his tail. There seems to be some automatic adjustment between his tail and his vocal machinery.

The tail of the gray squirrel shows to best advantage when he is running over the ground in the woods—and a long, graceful, undulating line of soft silver gray the creature makes! The gray squirrel is more strictly a wood-dweller than the red, and has the grace and elusiveness that belong more especially to the sylvan creatures.

The red squirrel can play a tune and accompany himself. Underneath his strident, nasal snicker you may hear a note in another key, much finer and shriller. Or it is as if the volume of sound was split up into two strains, one proceeding from his throat and the other from his mouth.

If the red squirrels do not have an actual game of tag, they have something so near it that I cannot tell the difference. Just now I see one in hot pursuit of another on the stone wall; both are apparently going at the top of their speed. They make a red streak over the dark-gray stones. When the pursuer seems to overtake the pursued and becomes "It," the race is reversed, and away they go on the back track with the same fleetness of the hunter and the hunted, till things are reversed again. I have seen them engaged in the same game in tree-tops, each one having his innings by turn.

The gray squirrel comes and goes, but the red squirrel we have always with us. He will live where the gray will starve. He is a true American; he has nearly all the national traits—nervous energy, quickness, resourcefulness, pertness, not to say impudence and conceit. He is not altogether lovely or blameless. He makes war on the chipmunk, he is a robber of birds' nests, and is destructive of the orchard fruits. Nearly every man's hand is against him, yet he thrives, and long may he continue to do so!

One day I placed some over-ripe plums on the wall in front of me to see what he would do with them. At first he fell eagerly to releasing the pit, and then to cutting his way to the kernel in the pit. After one of them had been disposed of in this way, he proceeded to carry off the others and place them here and there amid the branches of a plum-tree from which he had stolen every plum long before they were ripe. A day or two later I noted that they had all been removed from this tree, and I found some of them in the forks of an apple-tree not far off.

A small butternut-tree standing near the wall had only a score or so of butternuts upon it this year; the squirrels might be seen almost any hour in the day darting about the branches of that tree, hunting the green nuts, and in early September the last nut was taken. They carried them away and placed them, one here and one there, in the forks of the apple-trees. I noticed that they did not depend upon the eye to find the nuts; they did not look the branches over from some lower branch as you and I would have done; they explored the branches one by one, running out to the end, and, if the nut was there, seized it and came swiftly down. I think the red squirrel rarely lays up any considerable store, but hides his nuts here and there in the trees and upon the ground. This habit makes him the planter of future trees, of oaks, hickories, chestnuts, and butternuts. These heavy nuts get widely scattered by this agency.

One morning I saw a chipmunk catch a flying grasshopper on the wing. Little Striped-back sat on the wall with stuffed pockets, waiting for something, when along came the big grasshopper in a hesitating, uncertain manner of flight. As it hovered above the chipmunk the latter by a quick, dexterous movement sprang or reached up and caught it, and in less than one-half minute its fanlike wings were opening out in front of the captor's mouth and its body was being eagerly devoured. This same chipmunk, I think it is, has his den under the barn near me. Often he comes from the stone wall with distended cheek-pouches, and pauses fifteen feet away, close by cover, and looks to see if any danger is impend-

ing. To reach his hole he has to cross an open space a rod or more wide, and the thought of it evidently agitates him a little. I am sitting there looking over my desk upon him, and he is skeptical about my being as harmless as I look. "Dare I cross that ten feet of open there in front of him?" he seems to say. He sits up with fore-paws pressed so prettily to his white breast. He is so near I can see the rapid throbbing of his chest as he sniffs the air. A moment he sits and looks and sniffs, then in hurried movements crosses the open, his cheek-pockets showing full as he darts by me. He is like a baseball-runner trying to steal a base: danger lurks on all sides; he must not leave the cover of one base till he sees the way is clear, and then—off with a rush! Pray don't work yourself up to such a pitch, my little neighbor; you shall make a home-run without the slightest show of opposition from me.

One day a gray squirrel came along on the stone wall beside the road. In front of the house he crossed an open barway, and then paused to observe two men at work in full view near the house. The men were a sculptor, pottering with clay, and his model. The squirrel sprang up a near-by butternut-tree, sat down on a limb, and had a good, long look. "Very suspicious," he seemed to think; "maybe they are fixing a trap for me"; and he deliberately came down the tree and returned the way he had come, spinning along the top of the wall, his long, fine tail outlined by a narrow band of silver as he sped off toward the woods.

The Upland

BY HENRY A. BEERS

WE often go a-driving across the pleasant land,
In summer through the pine woods dark, or by the ocean strand;
But when the orchards blossom, and when the apples fall,
We seek the high hill country that props the mountain wall.

Old farms with mossed stone fences, old grassy roads that wind
Forever on and upward to higher fields behind,
By ancient bush-grown pastures, bestrewn with boulders gray,
And lonely meadow slopes that bear thin crops of upland hay.

As, terrace over terrace, we climb the mountain stair,
More solitary grow the ways, more wild the farms and rare,
And slenderer in their rocky beds the singing brooks that go
Down-slipping to the valley stream a thousand feet below.

Above us and above us still the grim escarpments rise,
Till homeward we must turn at last, or ere the daylight dies,
And leave unscaled the summit height, the even ridge o'erhead,
Where smolders through the cedar screen the sunset embers red.

What should we see, if once we won on the top step to stand?
A wondrous valley world beyond? A far-fetched tableland?
It almost seems as though it were the threshold of the sky,
And that the foot which crossed that sill would enter Heaven thereby.

And when, dear heart, the years have left us once again alone,
And from our empty nest the broods have scattered forth and flown,
Shall we not have the old horse round and take the well-known track
Into the high hill country, and never more come back?

Male Plumage

BY GEORG SCHOCK

ON an August morning Leonard Fortna sat in his room and hoped not to be disturbed all day. The room was not an office, not a study or a studio, but a kind of boudoir; it was very spacious, and cool and shadowy like a well, and the music which came from somewhere was as pervasive as the shadows. There were many appliances for rest: a broad sofa, a cushioned steamer-chair, a hammock to use when upholstery was too hot. On the top of the desk were two scrap-books and a paste-pot, a stamp-album, three bulb-glasses, a tobacco-jar, and a bird-house in the form of a church with a little steeple, not quite finished, the knife waiting beside it. The pigeon-holes were full of packages of seeds, packages of fish-hooks, out-of-date time-tables, cocoons, and about a dozen and a half of pipes; the ink-stand, pens, and blotter had been pushed aside to make way for a game of solitaire. A bunch of dusty canes stood in one corner of the room, in another a collection of fishing-rods and a pair of hip-boots. It was a beloved retreat.

There were three occupants besides Leonard, but none of them disturbed him: a white pointer lay under the sofa, a brown pointer lay under a chair, and Benny Stout was smoking one of Leonard's cigars and using a palm-leaf fan. Benny was perfectly happy to be there, and diffused the sentiment of uncritical admiration. His gentle, sad eyes smiled behind his spectacles, like the eyes of a deprecating child: anybody could have given orders to Benny.

A commodious rocking-chair was placed where it would catch any breeze that there might be, and in this, entirely filling it, sat Leonard Fortna himself. He was dressed in white trousers and a fine white shirt, and appeared exquisitely kept. Although he was now forty-seven years old, he did not show it; his hair was as black as ever, his olive skin was smooth, there was no sign of change in his large hands, soft, deft, and suave. His lustrous brown eyes were, as usual, only half open; he looked static. For a few minutes, as he smiled over the book in his hand, he forgot Benny, but he interrupted himself, and said: "Shall I drive ahead?" His voice was mellow.

"I wish you would," said Benny. "After what I left at home it is so cool and peaceful here, and that music and what you read make it seem like heaven. I could almost forget what brought me."

"Yes, it's a great book."

Leonard leafed it over, in search of another passage that would interest his hearer, and went on reading, showing considerable facility in his translation into Pennsylvania German, the only language Benny knew.

"'The Argus pheasant affords a much more remarkable case. The immensely developed secondary wing feathers are confined to the male, and each is ornamented with a row of from twenty to twenty-three ocelli above an inch in diameter. These feathers are also elegantly marked with oblique stripes and rows of spots of a dark color, like those on the skin of a tiger and leopard combined. These beautiful ornaments are hidden until the male shows himself off before the female. He then erects his tail, and expands his wing feathers into a great, almost upright circular fan or shield.'"

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed Benny, excited. "I have seen a peacock showing off, but I never heard of anything like that Argus pheasant."

"All to please his lady pheasant. With that motive even a bird will do anything."

"I like to watch my own live stock; I like that much better than farming; but I never knew that their ways were important. Oh, if only a man had nothing to do but learn about the birds and animals!"

"Yes, you would like that," said Leonard. "You were made to live among

theories and specimens," he thought; "you might have been quite successful as a minor scientist."

The music ceased. Through the quiet house a definite step approached, and a woman appeared in the doorway. She was in the late thirties, and large, with much wavy, light-red hair; her eyes were light gray with unnoticeable lashes, and so direct that she seemed not to be conscious of herself at all, but only of her purposes. As without haste to speak she stood looking into the room, her husband did not become less immobile, but his expression was indulgent, and there was undeluded admiration in his placid, luminous eyes.

"Mrs. Fortna, the burgess has been reading to me about such a wonderful bird, called the Argus pheasant. Would you like to hear about it?" said Benny, with wistful friendliness.

"I haven't time." She avoided looking at Benny, as she continued: "No work for the burgess this morning?"

"This is the dull season in the burgess business," he amiably replied.

"No work at all?"

"You go out, Salome, and persuade somebody to do something criminal, and hunt up the constable to arrest him and bring him here before me, and I shall punish him to the fullest extent of the law, hot as it is."

"Have you forgotten the garden? The weeds don't wait."

"I thought I might interrupt them this afternoon, if I am not obliged to go fishing. I wish a man could weed in a rocking-chair."

"'Go to the ant,'" she quoted, with a rather indulgent smile. Then she went away, and presently there was heard, instead of distant music, the noise of a sewing-machine. It sounded self-exonerating; if Lot had used a sewing-machine when he prepared to leave Sodom, it would have sounded so.

"She is a darling. Her very nagging is a sign of devotion," Leonard thought. "Benny, why do you fidget?"

"You think she will extend the mortgage, don't you?"

"Yes. You needn't worry."

"I can't help worrying. I paid the interest, but she wouldn't promise to extend; the best she would do was to tell me to come again in three or four days. With such a big family, and doctor bills every few months, and the farm needing so many things that cost bushels of money, I often lie awake at night and wonder what in the world I could do if she sold me up."

Some one outside was heard inquiring for Leonard Fortna, in a voice full of aggressive and business-like cheerfulness.

"Who is it?" asked Benny, apprehensively.

"That is Lewis Hess's voice. It was he who bucked the bull off the bridge; but I won't get out of my chair for him."

The man who strode in was muscular, with a weather-beaten face, a dimpled chin, and a bejeweled watch-charm. He shook hands with Leonard, and passed over Benny, who would have gone had he not been afraid of attracting attention if he got up.

"I didn't know you were in town," said Leonard, with cordiality. "We don't often see you. Of course, this little old place is too small for your interests."

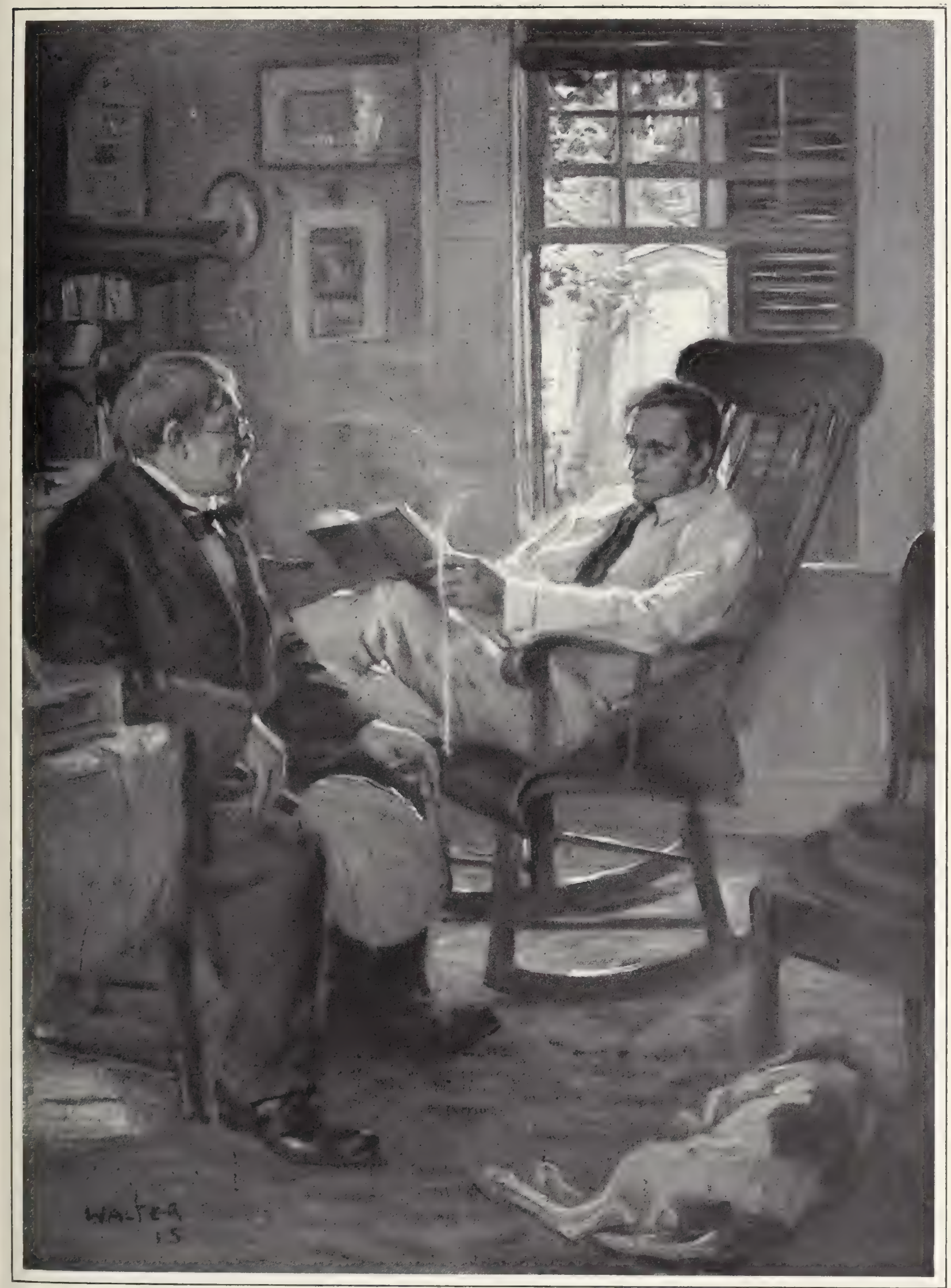
"It's quiet, of course, but it's a fine old town, with plenty of room for modern improvements. I wonder that you, so respected as you are, have not headed a movement to get them."

"Oh, what's the use? Those who agitate for modern improvements are generally looking for a rake-off, and I have money enough."

"Well, you don't encourage me to go on," said Lewis, laughing and speaking in the hurriedly persuasive manner that he used to country investors, "but I have a scheme now for a modern improvement, and I came to you first, as the town's leading citizen. Don't you want a block of bank stock?" he said to Benny.

For the next twenty minutes Benny listened to a monologue about affairs in which the command of sums that he thought enormous was assumed as a matter of course. At the end of that time the sewing-machine stopped, and Salome came in. Lewis sprang to his feet and bowed low; each measured the other with a glance; he showed deference, and she grace; her way of saying "Mr. Hess" made her alluringly remote.

"Mrs. Fortna, this gentleman has a scheme to start a bank in our town," said Benny, nervously.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER PASSAGE THAT WOULD INTEREST HIS HEARER

"Why did I let the little tattler stay?" Leonard thought. "Now she will hear all about it, and there will be no peace. Well, the fat's in the fire. Frank! Billy!"

The pointers came, wagging their tails, and he cuddled in his chair, pulled their ears, and gazed out between the bowed shutters at the blaze of sunlight on the tiny, innumerable leaves of willows, which was all he allowed himself to see of the hot world. The conversation between his wife and the promoter was eager, and displayed great energy and resourcefulness on both sides. Presently the brown pointer lounged resentfully out; the white pointer followed, yawning; Benny inconspicuously departed.

Leonard thought: "This fellow is exhausting the oxygen. Hard as it is, I shall have to move. I will bet myself ten dollars that my departure will not interrupt the conversation."

"Betting with myself is a capital way to earn money for fun. How shall I get the most fun out of my ten?" he reflected that evening, as he lay on his sofa in the moonlight, in a state of absolute peace. Nothing moved in the room except his cigar-smoke; near him lay the dogs, full fed and fast asleep; the house was dead still. Sometimes he heard footsteps outside, and the voices of young men and girls, and a little breeze made a caressing sound in the willows.

The air of the quiescent room was stirred by the return of Salome, who came in from the street, all elastic and smiling. If she had anything to say she was not given time to say it, for he greeted her boyishly.

"Well, I caught a fine lot of fish." He described them at length. "And I found a peewee's nest, made with moss, the neatest thing." He insisted upon making her understand exactly where it was.

She took off her hat and gloves while she waited for him to finish.

"Come here." He caressed her cheek with his hand as she sat on the sofa beside him. "Haven't seen you since one o'clock, and it is now nine."

The tone in which she replied was wonderfully different, it expressed such a different kind of love.

"I congratulate you, Leonard. You will be president of the new bank."

His hand dropped. "What? What have you been doing?"

"The moment I heard of the project I was determined that my husband should be president. I got all the information I needed from Mr. Hess. Now it is arranged. I am very anxious to tell you about it."

With less detail than he had used in telling about his fish she put it before him. She had made sure that Hess would not start with a capitalization of less than a hundred thousand dollars; she had seen her four sisters, and laid her plan before them; they had approved of it, and among them they had subscribed twenty-nine thousand dollars.

"Twenty-nine thousand dollars in this community in one afternoon!" Leonard exclaimed.

"Because you are to be president. Aren't you gratified? They are all enthusiastic over the idea of having a bank president in the family."

"And I am to be exalted by a junta of red-haired females!" thought Leonard. He said: "Lewis Hess isn't doing this for pleasure. Either he will be president himself, or he has picked his man. Have you thought of that?"

"Certainly; but he will know no more than that he has these subscriptions until the subscribers meet to organize and he finds himself outvoted."

"You have twenty-nine thousand; you need over fifty for a controlling interest."

"I shall use that five thousand cash of yours now waiting to be invested."

"Oh!"

"I am particularly glad that that is available. I need a respectable amount of cash when I apply for my charter, and cash is not always easy to find in a community like this."

"Well, that only gives you thirty-four."

"The rest I shall supply," said Salome, taking her gloves from the table and straightening them out. Her husband waited.

"I need seventeen thousand more to control the vote. I own bonds worth something over twelve thousand; two mortgages, one for three thousand, one for two; my farm is worth at least four, and my little red house on Franklin Street about two thousand."

"Then your idea is to realize on the bonds and the larger mortgage, and borrow on the real estate? It's a pity Benny Stout can't pay; the two thousand from his mortgage would come in well," said Leonard, temporarily interested.

"I'll raise it."

With an accession of irritation Leonard thought: "Oh, what would any man say to this? Going to glory on the money of my wife's family! Dear," he said, "I hope you will not insist on putting so much of your patrimony, to say nothing of your sisters', into what I consider a doubtful project."

"Dear, it can't be doubtful with you at the head of it."

"But I don't want to be at the head of it. I am no officer-seeker; and you have already made me burgess and elder and I don't know what; I am plastered all over with offices, all to please you."

"Leonard, my heart is set on this; I want to see you president. Do you think even our family feeling would have influenced my sisters to trust their money to any of the other brothers-in-law? There is not another man for whom they would have done it. The whole town respects your integrity and your ability, and it makes me so proud and so happy, my dear, dear Leonard!"

She was fairly blooming. She did not require him to say much, and he said very little as he caressed her. He thought, "She is a darling: a head as good as a man's, and a woman all the rest of her. I have a fellow-feeling for Benny's Argus pheasant. He needs his fine feathers to please his mate, and I need official positions."

He remained in this frame of mind for four comfortable days, and on the fifth he was certain that his peace was well protected by the isolating rain. Wrapped in a dressing-gown, and with the companionship of the white pointer, who was passing some of his abundant leisure in meditation, and of the brown pointer, who was licking his paws, he lay in his cushioned steamer-chair and read seed-catalogues with exciting illustrations of floral and vegetable ideals. He was incredibly tranquil until Benny came in.

Benny sat down uninvited: this was the room in which he had been perfectly happy, and now he was perfectly miserable. Even his clothes appeared depressed, and one leg of his trousers had worked up, showing a stocking as untidy as Hamlet's. He gazed at Leonard with red eyes, and the white pointer came over and sniffed at him.

"She will not extend," he said.

"What did you say?"

"She will not extend the mortgage on my farm. She must have her money by Friday; and either I must pay or she will sell it to somebody who will sell me up. I asked her how for God's sake I was to get it."

"You must have misunderstood her, Benny."

"No. That's what she said. I must lose my farm. She doesn't need the money as I need it, a rich woman like her."

"Can't you borrow?"

"I tried at one bank, but they say my place is so run down that it is not security for the amount. I think just as much of my home as anybody, and that is what they said about it."

"Haven't you any relative or friend who would help you out?"

"I have no one at all to turn to. All my relatives are as poor as I am; some of them I have had to help when I could; I can't now. I have no friends."

"You know the transfer of that mortgage from one owner to another does not necessarily mean that it will be foreclosed. It is more than likely that the new owner will hold it as an investment."

"He could sheriff me at any time, and I know he would. I have no luck."

"Benny is a young fellow — young, young! And he has five children, four of them sons! And he says he has no luck!" Leonard thought.

"I can only hope and pray that you can persuade her."

"I persuade her?"

"Can't you?" Benny left it all to him.

"I cannot."

"Maybe you would be willing to go on my note, so that I could borrow the money?"

"And what security have you to offer me if you have none for the bank?"

"I haven't a thing in the world except the farm and a lot of children."

"Why don't you try again to borrow on your farm? If one bank will not give

it to you, try another," said Leonard, a little more sympathetically.

"I don't want to borrow on my farm," Benny protested. "I want to own it clear. I don't want to have to keep on waking up at night and wondering what I can do if I am sheriffed. It seems to me that I can't stand it any longer."

Leonard broke into a quiet laugh. "You want to own it clear," he mimicked. "I don't blame you. I should prefer that, too, in your place."

"Won't you?"

"I will not. I promised my wife never to indorse," said Leonard, weightily.

"Then the best I can look for is to come down to being a tenant farmer."

Leonard continued to watch him, with the whimsical laughter in his eyes.

"I'll bet myself ten cents that inside of fifteen minutes my wife will come over from her side of the house to see me," he said, a short time later. "Ten cents: I can't afford to lose more than that to myself for a long, long time to come. So I shall have to move; there is not enough privacy for me here at present. I shall go to bed. No one expects anything of a man who is in bed."

He extracted himself from his chair and left the room in real haste; and two hours passed before he returned, refreshed, and found Salome waiting for him. Apparently she had sat there some time, with her hands clasped before her knees and her ears filled with the sounds of the rain; and at his approach she straightened into a more formal attitude, and looked at him intensely but not intimately. He did not look at her, for the displeasure he had felt with her was all behind him, and he was delighted with what he had in his hand. This was a dry twig, from which hung a dry cocoon, with the late occupant clinging to it. Although the furry body was rough and unfinished, the feathered antennæ were already perfect; the wide, gray wings, marked with iridescent eyes, were crumpled, fluttering heavily and throbbing.

"Look at the ocelli," said Leonard. "He was so late in appearing that I thought he was dead. I have been present at the miracle of birth," he added, gravely.

As he relapsed into his chair, removing his eyes temporarily from the moth, he happened to notice her, and saw that she was unusually handsome. The dampness made her light-red hair curl around her forehead and temples, and her lips were very red. Also he noted with a proficient glance her appearance of accentuated temperament and femininity.

"What's that white slip on the floor?"

"The check you gave Benny."

"Did he give it to you?"

"Before the ink was dry."

Although after circumventing her he retained no animosity toward her, he did retain, after his disproportionate kindness to Benny, a feeling of active championship for Benny, like that of the patron for the client. He laughed.

"The little beggar! I made it a condition that he was to cash the check, and give you the money, and say nothing to anybody, and I really thought he would hold his tongue; but he can't help telling everything he knows."

"He said he would keep it a secret from every one but me, but he wanted me to know how far above other men you are, and what a big heart you have. He said you had promised me not to indorse, but you had never promised not to lend; and you needed no security because you knew he was honest and would pay when he could."

After watching the moth for a moment, Leonard said, easily: "Well, dear, I meant you to hear about this in another way; but now you know it; and wasn't it a pleasure to you to see Benny so relieved and so happy?"

"You are very careful of Benny's feelings."

"You have a nervous animosity to Benny's type," he observed.

"I never had any respect for charity at other people's expense."

He glanced sharply at her; then, with reluctance, he explained. "I hated the idea from the beginning. I hated the means you employed: the money of your family and the sacrifice of Benny. I didn't care to be so taken for granted, either; I like a horse, but I have a fellow-feeling for a mule; so I let it all go."

"You would not have dared to treat a man so."

In the pause that followed she was realizing that she might work and plan

with all her might, pledge everything she had, do miracles, and he could still lie there, with laughter in his baffling eyes, and bring her efforts all to nothing; and he was appreciating the fact that her quiet virulence indicated a sense of injury which demanded more of an effort from him than he had yet made.

"After all," he recommenced, "if you are determined to go into this, you could realize on your house or on your farm."

"I was born on that farm: it was the home of my girlhood. I was married to you there. And I have always loved that little red house. I want to own them clear."

"Like Benny," he thought. He said, "You might have raised that small sum by subscription."

"My sisters have given me all they can. I can't ask any one outside the family, for Lewis Hess might hear of it. Besides, as you well knew, it was the cash that was important."

"You might have come to me; I could have realized on something. I told you this was half animosity to Benny; and you never could stand being crossed."

"I thought I had all I needed until I saw the check which proved that you had misled me. Of course, no one who knows you as I do would try to persuade you," she said, in a polite tone; and as he heard her accuse him as he in his own mind had often accused her, he winced.

"But the opinion every one has of you —doesn't that make you want to use your abilities? Are you really satisfied to live like an old maid with a competence?"

He gave her an odd, sad look. "I shouldn't be, if we had any one to profit by what I might make or do; but we have only ourselves. Benny has five."

She emitted a dry sob. At this moment the right word from him would have brought her to him in ardent submission, but the depth of his own feelings so embarrassed him that he wanted to talk on an indifferent subject.

"I thought I heard Hess's voice this afternoon. Did he consult you about his bank?"

"He did," she answered, with the smoothness of a person who suddenly finds himself in control of a situation. "He is going away to-day, but he will be back in a week, and then he wants to have the first stockholders' meeting in this room. Oh, he is such a man!" she said, with eager hostility.

It occurred to him that there was considerably more than he understood in her changes of expression. "Look here, Salome. What really happened?"

She sat smiling to herself.

"Why don't you answer me?"

She was silent, smiling.

"Have you been waiting here since Benny Stout left to treat me like this?"

"No! I have had other things to think of since Benny Stout left."

"You are not the woman to leave a check for two thousand dollars, even unindorsed, lying forgotten on the floor; and you have had other things to think of since Benny left." His luminous, astute eyes opened wide. She met them: she was not afraid.

"So he made love to you?"

Intensely recalling the respect with which Hess had consulted her about his business, which was delicious to her, made as she was for enterprise; then his challenging look and his unexpectedly soft lips, she looked deliberately at one and another of the trivial adjuncts of her husband's trivial occupations: the little church, the scrap-books, the bulb-glasses; and at him—dwelling upon his effeminate hands, his fat hips, his gown.

"Don't you know how you look?" said she.

"I am finding out how I look to you. Haven't you everything to make a woman happy?" said he.

"Everything that would have made me happy if I had been another kind of woman."

He arose, walked toward her, not without dignity, and taking her chin in his hand, he forcibly raised her head and looked straight into her eyes.

At that she flung her arms around him as he stood before her. "Leonard!" she appealed to him, "you were not always like this!"

"So? Is it as bad as that?"

She separated herself from him and walked out. She did not enter that room again for a week; but when the day for the stockholders' meeting came she had to enter it. That evening the room was coldly clean, the pointers excluded, the appliances for rest pushed back



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN HIS WIFE AND THE PROMOTER WAS EAGER

against the walls, and the desk closed upon Leonard's toys; three lamps were burning, straight chairs were arranged in rows, and an arm-chair behind a marble-topped table awaited the presiding officer. Salome had made it look like the scene of a cottage prayer-meeting.

The subscribers, most of whom were large, substantially dressed, dignified, country men and women, came early, and were received by Salome. The red heads of her four sisters were to be seen in a tall row, face to face with the empty chair; Benny, whose presence caused surprise, sat in the back of the room, in his flimsy Sunday suit and beaming apprehensively; and the door was watched for Lewis Hess, but he was late. The last person to appear was Leonard himself; and as he went from one person to another, speaking in his very quiet, cordial manner, those whom he addressed plainly felt distinguished.

"This meeting might have been to make him president; and, oh, what a president he would have made!" thought Salome.

He paid no attention to her. He stood behind the marble-topped table, ran his eye over the people, and, in his mellow voice, stated the object of the meeting, and asked for the nomination of a permanent chairman. He was nominated, and elected unanimously.

As he proceeded, restraint diminished. The news that the stock had been oversubscribed was received with approval but no surprise. Several motions were made and carried with such rapid precision that the voters themselves jested in whispers, it was so obvious that they were carrying out a cut-and-dried plan; but there was a slight pause, of respect for the importance of the transaction, when Leonard said, "The next business before the meeting is the election of a president."

Benny, who had been sitting on the edge of his chair, arose, weak but determined, and said, "I nominate Mr. Leonard Fortna."

He did not sit down; he continued: "For he is the man for this office. The whole county knows how successful he was when he was in business for himself; there is no one else in the community so respected and so trusted—his word is as good as when any other man swears on the Bible; but what he really is no one knows who does not know what he did for me. He advanced what I needed, without security, thousands of dollars, when my farm was going to be sold for a mortgage."

"This sounds as if it were being pronounced over my corpse!" thought Leonard. Then his face softened into a very happy smile, for his neighbors were nodding and clapping.

At this moment there was a forcible interruption. Some one dashed down the street, into the house with a bang of the door, into the room without ceremony. Lewis Hess had some difficulty in checking his own impetus.

"I returned to this town not fifteen minutes ago, and found waiting for me a notice of a stockholders' meeting which was then going on," he accused. "That was the first I knew of it. Now, who is responsible for this?"

"You are out of order, Mr. Hess, and when you speak please address the chair," Leonard blandly requested.

"I am addressing the whole meeting. I came here and worked hard, and got a lot of subscriptions. I went away for a week, to give some investors time to make up their minds and to attend to other business. I came back to find my enterprise taken out of my hands and carried on by I don't know whom. Now I want to know one thing: am I to be elected president of this bank? If not, I want to know it, so that I do no more work for nothing."

The stockholders exchanged compassionate smiles, and Leonard, without recognizing Hess, who was still on his feet, said, "There is a motion before the meeting to elect Leonard Fortna president of this bank."

The forms were complied with: the vote was a unanimous aye—a large and hearty sound.

"You can't do this!" shouted Lewis, his feelings breaking through his suave, promoter's manner. "It isn't legal. I'll sue." He tried to browbeat them until he saw that they all regarded him as an interesting exhibition; then, turning in Salome's direction, he appealed; but she looked stolid, and he saw that he would get nothing from her.

"You, Fortna, I knew you were a poor soul, but I didn't know you were a crook," he shouted. "I hope you will lose all their money for them, and land in jail."

He went, amid tolerant laughter. The elderly people were quite pleased with the excitement; they felt as if they had been at some sort of show; and the outsider's amusing behavior was talked about as much as the prospects of the new bank when the meeting was closed and they gradually departed. Benny went last of all; his joy made him almost frisk. The door was shut, and Leonard and Salome remained together, in the changed room, where the three lamps were burning, among the disorderly rows of chairs.

Both hesitated. "I went about to the people Hess had interviewed," said Leonard, "and I found them interested in the project, but they had no confidence in Hess. I found it easy to persuade them. I gave Benny one share, so that he could have a voice and nominate me. The charter will be applied for to-morrow. Are you pleased?"

That the man could shake off his middle age and display more than the energy of youth, and that he could be so magnanimous as to ignore Lewis Hess as an issue between them, was so wonderful that he could not speak; and as he waited, the thought passed through Leonard's mind, making him smile to himself: "Now I have done my best. Will it be enough? I feel like Benny's Argus pheasant."

She faltered, "What made you do it, Leonard?"

"I did it for you. I have been a lazy man because there was nothing to work for; I was always ready to work if it were worth while. When I found that I had nearly lost you, it was worth while."

Although she failed to perceive that she had been still nearer to losing him, she felt, while Lewis Hess passed out of her mind into oblivion, as bashful as a girl, and very little acquainted with her husband. She held out her hand to him, but he took her into his arms, which she found were not flaccid, and although the wounds they had dealt each other were sore, they kissed.

Half an hour later he returned to his room, in his gown again, followed by the rejoicing pointers, and dragging his steamer-chair. He turned out two of the lamps, lighted a cigar, laid himself out at ease, and folded his hands. Now he was alone with himself. The smoke rose; various expressions crossed his face; he gave a deep sigh of anticipative weariness; there followed, and remained, a look of humorous toleration. To-morrow, early in the morning, he would ride in triumph through Persepolis; but not until to-morrow.

Transit

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

LOVE came, but I only saw
The glow of the rose, I only heard
The high lark sing where the heavens lift
For the joy of a bird.

Love fled, but I only knew
The creep of the dark, of the winter's cold,
Of far-off sounds in an empty house,
When the day was old.

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXIX

The Menace of the Mountain

FAR away, sharply cutting the ether, rise the great sterile peaks and ridges. Here a stark, bare wall like a prison which shuts in a city of men forbidden the blithe world of sun and song and freedom; yonder, a giant of a lost world stretched out in stony ease, sleeping on, while over his grey quiet, generations of men pass — first savage, warring, brown races alien to each other; then following, white races with faces tanned and burnt by the sun, and smothered in unkempt beard and hair—men restless and coarse and brave, and with ancient sins upon them, but with the Bible in their hands and the language of the prophets on their lips; with iron will, with hatreds as deep as their race-love is strong. They with their cattle and their herds, and the clacking wagons carrying homes and fortunes, whose women were housewives and warriors too. Coming after these, men of fairer aspect, adventurous, self-willed, intent to make cities in the wilderness; to win open spaces for their kinsmen, who had no room to swing the hammer in the workshops of their far-off northern island homes; or who, having room, stood helpless before the furnaces where the fires had left only the ashes of past energies.

Up there, these mountains which, like Marathon, look on the sea. But lower the gaze from the austere hills, slowly to the plains below. First the grey of the mountains, turning to brown, then the bare bronze rock giving way to a tumbled wilderness of boulders, where lizards lie in the sun, where the mere-cat teases the gazelle. Then the bronze merging into a green so deep and strong that it looks like a blanket spread upon the uplands, but broken by kopjes, shelterless and lonely, rising here and there like watch-towers. After that, below and still below, the flat and staring plain, through which runs an ugly rift turning and twisting like a snake, and moving on and on, till lost in the arc of other hills away to the east and the south; a river in the waste, but still only a muddy current stealing between banks baked and sterile. A sinister stream, giving life to the veldt, like some gloomy giver of good gifts paying a debt of atonement.

On certain Dark Days of the winter of 1899-1900, if you had watched those turgid waters flow by, your eyes would have seen tinges of red like blood; and following the stain of red, gashed lifeless things, which had been torn from the ranks of sentient beings.

Whereupon, lifting your eyes from the river, you would have seen the answer to your question—masses of men mounted and unmounted, who moved, or halted, or stood like an animal with a thousand legs controlled by one mind. Or again you would have observed those myriad masses plunging across the veldt still in cohering masses, which shook and broke and scattered, regathering again, as though drawn by a magnet, but leaving stark remnants in their wake.

Great columns of troops which had crossed the river and pushed on into a zone of fierce fire, turn and struggle back again across the stream; other thousands of men, who had not crossed, succor their wounded, and retreat steadily, bitterly to places of safety, the victims of blunders from which comes the bloody punishment of valor.

Beyond the grey mountains were British men and women waiting for succor

from forces which poured death in upon them from the malevolent kopjes, for relief from the ravages of disease and hunger. They waited in a straggling town of the open plain circled by threatening hills, where the threat became a blow, and the blow was multiplied a million times. Gaunt, fighting men sought to appease the craving of starvation by the boiled carcasses of old horses, while, in caves and dug-outs, feeble women, with undying courage, kept alive the flickering fires of life in their children, and smiled to cheer the tireless, emaciated warriors who went to meet Death, or with a superior yet careful courage, stayed to receive or escape him.

When night came, across the hills and far away in the deep blue, white shaking streams of light poured upward, telling the besieged forces over there at Lordkop that rescue would come, that it was moving on to the mountain. How many times had this light in the sky flashed the same grave pledge, in the mystic code of the heliograph, "*We are gaining ground. We will reach you soon.*" How many times, however, had the message also been, "*Not yet—but soon.*"

Men died in this great camp at the Drietval from wounds and from fever, and others went mad almost from sheer despair; yet whenever the Master Player called, they sprang to their places with a new-born belief that he who had been so successful in so many long-past battles would be right in the end with his old rightness, though he had been wrong so often on the Drietval.

Others there were who were sick of the world and wished "to be well out of it"—as they said to themselves. Some had been cruelly injured, and desire of life was dead in them; others had injured, and remorse had slain peace. Others still there were who, having done evil all their lives, knew that they could not retrace their steps, and yet shrank from a continuance of the old bad things.

Some indeed, in the red futile sacrifice, had found what they came to find; but some still were left whose recklessness did not avail. Comrades fell beside them, but, unscathed, they went on fighting. Injured men were carried in hundreds to the hospitals, but no wounds brought them low. Bullets were sprayed around them, but none did its work for them. Shells burst near, but no savage shard mutilated their bodies.

Of these was Ian Stafford.

Three times he had been in the forefront of the fight where Death came sweeping down the veldt like rain, but It passed him by. Horses and men fell round his guns, yet he remained uninjured. He was patient. If Death would not hasten to meet him, he would wait. Meanwhile, he would work while he could, but with no thought beyond the day, no vision of the morrow.

He was one of the machines of war. He was as one with his General, he was the beloved of his men, but he was the man with no future, though he studied the campaign with that thoroughness which had marked his last years in diplomacy.

He was much among his own wounded men, much with others who were comforted by his solicitude, by the courage of his eye, and the grasp of his firm, friendly hand. It was at what the soldiers called the Stay Awhile Hospital that he came in living touch again with the life he had left behind.

He knew that Rudyard Byng had come to South Africa; but he knew no more. He knew that Jasmine had, with Lady Tynemouth, purchased a ship and turned it into a hospital at a day's notice; but as to whether these two had really come to South Africa, and harbored at the Cape, or Durban, he had no knowledge. He never looked at the English newspapers which arrived at Drietval River. He was done with that old world in which he once worked; he was concerned only for this narrow field where an Empire's fate was being solved.

Night, the dearest friend of the soldier, had settled on the veldt. A thousand fires were burning, and there were no sounds save the murmuring voices of myriads of men, and the stamp of hoofs where the Cavalry and Mounted Infantry horses were picketed. Food and fire, the priceless comfort of a blanket on the ground, and a saddle or kit for a pillow gave men compensation for all the hardships and dangers of the day; and they spent little thought on the morrow.

The soldier lives in the present. His rifle, his horse, his boots, his blanket, the commissariat, a dry bit of ground to sleep on—these are the things which occupy his mind. His heroism is incidental, the commonplace impulse of the moment. He does things because they are there to do, not because some great passion, some exaltation, seizes him. His is the real simple life. So it suddenly seemed to Stafford as he left his tent after he had himself inspected every man and every horse in his battery that lived through the day of death, and made his way to the Stay Awhile Hospital.

"This is the true thing," he said to himself as he gazed at the wide camp. He turned his face here and there in the starlight, and saw life that but now was moving in the crash of great guns, the shrieking of men terribly wounded, the agony of mutilated horses, the bursting of shells, the hissing scream of the pom-pom, and the discordant cries of men fighting an impossible fight.

"There is no pretense here," he reflected. "It is life reduced down to the bare elements. There is no room for the superficial thing. It's all business. It's all naked human nature."

At that moment his eye caught one of those white messages of the sky flashing the old bitter promise, "*We shall reach you soon.*" All at once he forgot himself, and a great spirit welled up in him.

"*Soon!*" The light in the sky shot its message over the hills.

That was it. The present, not the past. Here was work, the one thing left to do.

"And it has to be done," he said aloud, as he walked on swiftly, a spring to his footstep. Presently he mounted and rode away across the veldt. Buried in his thoughts, he was only subconsciously aware of what he saw until, after an hour's riding, he pulled rein at the door of the Stay Awhile Hospital, which was some miles in the rear of the main force.

As he entered, a woman in a nurse's garb passed him swiftly. He scarcely looked at her; he was only conscious that she was in great haste. Her eyes seemed looking at some inner, hidden thing, and, though they glanced at him, appeared not to see him or to realize more than that some one was passing. But suddenly, to both, after they had passed, there came an arrest of attention. There was a consciousness, which had nothing to do with the sight of the eyes, that a familiar presence had gone by. Each turned quickly, and their eyes came back from regarding the things of the imagination, and saw each other face to face. The nurse gave an exclamation of pleasure and ran forward.

Stafford held out a hand. It seemed to him, as he did it, that it stretched across a great black gulf, and found another hand in the darkness beyond.

"Al'mah!" he said, in a voice of protest as of companionship.

Of all those he had left behind, this was the one being whom to meet was not disturbing. He wished to encounter no one of that inner circle of his tragic friendship, but he realized that Al'mah had had her tragedy too, and that her suffering could not be less than his own. The same dark factor had shadowed the lives of both. Adrian Fellowes had injured them both through the same woman, had shaken, if not shattered, the fabric of their lives. However much they two were blameworthy, they had been sincere, they had been honorable in their dishonor, they had been "falsely true." They were derelicts of life, with the comradeship of despair as a link between them.

"Al'mah!" he said again. Then, with a bitter humor, he added, "You here—I thought you were a *prima donna!*"

The flicker of a smile crossed her odd, fine, strong face. "This is grand opera," she said. "It is the Niebelungen Ring of England."

"To end in the Twilight of the Gods?" he rejoined with a hopeless kind of smile.

They turned to the outer door of the hospital and stepped into the night. For a moment they stood looking at the great camp far away to right and left, and to the lone mountains yonder, where the Boer commandos held the passes and trained their merciless armament upon all approaches. Then he said at last: "Why have you come? You had your work in England."

"What is my work?" she asked.

"To heal the wounded," he answered.

"I am trying to do that," she replied.

"You are trying to heal bodies, but it is a bigger, greater thing to heal the wounded mind."

"I am trying to do that too. It is harder than the other."

"Whose minds are you trying to heal?" he questioned, gently.

"'Physician, heal thyself' was the old command, wasn't it? But that is harder still."

"Must one always be a saint to do a saintly thing?" he asked.

"I am not clever," she replied, "and I can't make phrases. But must one always be a sinner to do a wicked thing? Can't a saint do a wicked thing, and a sinner do a good thing without being called the one or the other?"

"I don't think you need apologize for not being able to make phrases. I suppose you'd say there is neither absolute saintliness nor absolute wickedness, but that life is helplessly composite of both, and that black really may be white. You know the old phrase, 'Killing no murder.'"

She seemed to stiffen, and her lips set tightly for a minute; then, as though by a great effort, she laughed bitterly.

"Murder isn't always killing," she replied. "Don't you remember the protest in 'Macbeth,' 'Time was, when the brains were out the man would die'?" Then, with a little quick gesture towards the camp, she added, "When you think of to-day, doesn't it seem that the brains *are* out, and yet that the man still lives? I'm not a soldier, and this awful slaughter may be the most wonderful tactics, but it's all beyond my little mind."

"Your littleness is not original enough to attract notice," he replied with gentle irony. "There is almost an epidemic of it. Let us hope we shall have an antidote soon."

There was a sudden cry from inside the hospital. Al'mah shut her eyes for a moment, clenched her fingers, and became very pale; then she recovered herself, and turned her face towards the door, as though waiting for some one to come out.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Some bad case?"

"Yes—very bad," she replied.

"One you've been attending?"

"Yes."

"What arm—the artillery?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Yes, the artillery."

He turned towards the door of the hospital again. "One of my men? What battery? Do you know?"

"Not yours—Schiller's."

"Schiller's! A Boer?"

She nodded. "A Boer spy, caught by Boer bullets, as he was going back."

"When was that?"

"This morning early."

"The little business at Wortmann's Drift?"

She nodded. "Yes, there."

"I don't quite understand. Was he in our lines—a Boer spy?"

"Yes. But he wore British uniform, he spoke English. He was an Englishman once."

Suddenly she came up close to him, and looked into his face steadily. "I will tell you all," she said scarce above a whisper. "He came to spy, but he came also to see his wife. She had written to ask him not to join the Boers, as he said he meant to do, or, if he had, to leave them and join his own people. He came, but not to join his fellow-countrymen. He came to get money from his wife, and he came to spy."

All at once an illuminating thought shot into Stafford's mind. He remembered something that Byng once told him.

"His wife is a nurse?" he asked in a low tone.

"She is a nurse."

"She knew then that he was a spy?" he asked.

"Yes, she knew. I suppose she ought to be tried by court-martial. She did not expose him. She gave him a chance to escape. But he was shot as he tried to reach the Boer lines."

"And was brought back here to his wife—*to you.* Did he let them"—he nodded towards the hospital—"know he was your husband?"

When she spoke again her voice showed strain, but it did not tremble. "Of course. He would not spare me. He never did—it was always like that."

He caught her hand in his. "You



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THEY STOOD LOOKING AT THE LONE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE BOER HELD THE PASSES

have courage enough for a hundred," he said.

"I have suffered enough for a hundred," she responded.

Again that sharp cry rang out, and again she turned anxiously towards the door.

"I came to South Africa on the chance of helping him in some way," she replied. "It came to me that he might need me."

"You paid the price of his life once to Kruger—after the raid, I've heard," he said.

"Yes, I owed him that, and as much more as was possible," she responded with a dark pained look.

"His life is in danger—an operation?" he questioned.

"Yes. There is one chance; but they could not give him an anesthetic, and they would not let me stay with him. They forced me away—out here." She appeared to listen again. "That was his voice—that crying," she added presently.

"Wouldn't it be better he should go? If he recovers there would only be—"

"Oh, yes, to be tried as a spy—a renegade Englishman! But he would rather live in spite of that, if it was only for an hour."

"To love life so much as that—a spy!" Stafford reflected.

"Not so much love of life as fear of—" she stopped short.

"To fear—silence and peace!" he remarked darkly with a shrug of his shoulders. Then he added: "Tell me, if he does not die, and if—if he is pardoned by any chance, do you mean to live with him again?"

A bitter laugh broke from her. "How do I know? What does any woman know what she will do until the situation is before her! She may mean to do one thing and do the complete opposite. She may mean to hate, and will end by loving. She may mean to kiss and will end by killing. She may kiss and kill too all in one moment, and still not be inconsistent. She would have the logic of a woman. Oh, how do I know what I would do—what I will do!"

The door of the hospital opened. A surgeon came out, and seeing Al'mah, moved towards the two. Stafford went forward hurriedly, but Al'mah stood like one transfixed. There was a whispered word, and then Stafford came back to her.

"You will not need to do anything," he said.

"He is gone—like that!" she whispered in an awed voice. "Death, death—so many die!" She shuddered.

Stafford passed her arm through his, and drew her towards the door of the hospital.

A half-hour later Stafford emerged again from the hospital, his head bent in thought. He rode slowly back to his battery, unconscious of the stir of life round him, of the shimmering white messages from the besieged town beyond the hills. He was thinking of the tragedy of the woman he had left tearless and composed beside the bedside of the man who had so vilely used her. He was reflecting how her life, and his own, and the lives of at least three others, were so tangled together that what twisted the existence of one disturbed all. In one sense the woman he had just left in the hospital was nothing to him, and yet now she seemed to be the only living person to whom he was drawn.

He remembered the story he had once heard in Vienna of a man and a woman who both had suffered betrayal, who both had no longer a single illusion left, who had no love for each other at all, in whom indeed love was dead—a mangled, murdered thing; and yet who went away to the island of Corfu together, and there at length found a pathway out of despair in the depths of the sea. Between these two there had never been even the faint shadow of romance or passion; but in the terrible mystery of pain and humiliation, they had drawn together to help each other, through a breach of all social law, in pity of each other. He apprehended the real meaning of the story when Vienna was alive with it, but he understood far, far better now.

A pity as deep as any feeling he had ever known had come to him as he stood with Al'mah beside the bed of her dead renegade man; and it seemed to him that they two also might well bury themselves in the desert together, and minister to each other's despair. It was only the

swift thought of a moment, which faded even as it saw the light; but it had its origin in that last flickering sense of human companionship which dies in the atmosphere of despair. "Every man must live his dark hours alone," a broken-down actor once said to Stafford as he tried to cheer him when the last thing he cared for had been taken from him—his old, faded, misshapen wife; when no faces sent warm glances to him across the garish lights. "It is no use," this Roscius had said, "every man must live his dark hours alone."

That very evening, after the battle of the Drietval, Jigger, Stafford's trumpeter, had said a thing to him which had struck a chord that rang in empty chambers of his being. He had found Jigger sitting disconsolate beside a gun, which was yet grimy and piteous with the blood of men who had served it, and he asked the lad what his trouble was.

In reply Jigger had said, "When it 'it 'm 'e curled up like a bit o' shaving. An' when I done what I could 'e says, 'It's a speshul for one now, an' it's lonely goin',' 'e says. When I give 'im a drink 'e says, 'It 'd do me more good later, little 'un'; an' 'e never said no more except, 'One at a time is the order—only one.'"

Not even his supper had lifted the cloud from Jigger's face, and Stafford had left the lad trying to compose a letter to the mother of the dead man, who had been an especial favorite with the trumpeter from the slums.

Stafford was roused from his reflections by the grinding, rumbling sound of a train. He turned his face towards the railway line.

"A troop-train—more food for the dragons," he said to himself. He could not see the train itself, but he could see the head-light of the locomotive, and he could hear its travail as it climbed slowly the last incline to the camp.

"*Who comes there!*" he said aloud, and in his mind there swept a premonition that the old life was finding him out, that its invisible forces were converging upon him. But did it matter? He knew in his soul that he was now doing the right thing, that he had come out in the open where all the archers of penalty had a fair target for their arrows. He wished to be "*Free among the dead that are wounded and that lie in the grave and are out of remembrance,*" but he would do no more to make it so than tens of thousands of other men were doing on these battle-fields.

"*Who comes there!*" he said again, his eyes upon the white, round light in the distance, and he stood still to try and make out the black, winding, groaning thing.

Presently he heard quick footsteps, and he turned.

A small, alert figure stopped short, a small, abrupt hand saluted. "The General Commanding 'as sent for you, sir."

It was trumpeter Jigger of the Artillery.

"Are you the General's orderly, then?" asked Stafford quizzically.

"The orderly's gone w'ere 'e thought 'e'd find you, and I've come w'ere I know'd you'd be, sir."

"Where did he think he'd find me?"

"Wiv the 'osses, sir."

A look of gratification crossed Stafford's face. He was well known in the army as one who looked after his horses and his men. "And what made you think you'd find me at the hospital, Jigger?"

"Becos you'd been to the 'osses, sir."

"Did you tell the General's orderly that?"

"No, your gryce—no, sir," he added quickly, and a flush of self-reproach came to his face, for he prided himself on being a real disciplinarian, a disciple of the correct thing. "I thought I'd like 'im to see our 'osses, an' how you done 'em, an' I'd find you as quick as 'e could, wiv a bit to the good maybe."

Stafford smiled. "Off you go, then. Find that orderly. Say, Colonel Stafford's compliments to the General Commanding and he will report himself at once. See that you get it straight, trumpeter."

Jigger would rather die than not get it straight, and his salute made that quite plain.

"It's made a man of him, anyhow," Stafford said to himself, as he watched the swiftly disappearing figure. "He's as straight as a nail, body and mind—poor little devil. . . . How far away it all seems!"

A quarter of an hour later he was standing beside the troop-train which he had seen laboring to its goal. It was carrying the old regiment of the General Officer Commanding, who had sent Stafford to its Colonel with an important message. As the two officers stood together watching the troops detrain and make order out of the chaos of baggage and equipment, Stafford's attention was drawn to a woman some little distance away, giving directions about her impedimenta.

"Who is the lady?" he asked, while in his mind was a sensible stir of recognition.

"Ah, there's something like the real thing!" his companion replied. "She is doing a capital bit of work. She and Lady Tynemouth have got a hospital-ship down at Durban. She's come to link it up better with the camp. It's Rudyard Byng's wife. They're both at it out here."

"*Who comes there!*" Stafford had exclaimed with a sense of premonition but now.

Jasmine had come.

He drew back in the shadow as she turned round towards them.

"To the Hospital—the Stay Awhile Hospital," he heard her say.

He saw her face, but not clearly. He had glimpse of a Jasmine not so daintily pretty as of old, not so much of a Dresden-china shepherdess; but with the face of a woman who, watching the world with understanding eyes, and living with an understanding heart, had taken on something of the mysterious depths of the Life behind life. It was only a glimpse he had, but it was enough. It was more than enough.

"Where is Byng?" he asked his fellow-officer.

"He's been up there with Tain's Brigade for a fortnight. He was in Kimberley, but got out before the investment, went to Cape Town and came round here—to be near his wife, I suppose."

"He is soldiering, then?"

"He was a Colonel in the Rand Rifles once. He's with the South African Horse, now in command of the regiment, attached to Tain. Tain's out of your beat—away on the right flank there."

Presently Stafford saw Jasmine look in their direction; then, on seeing Stafford's companion, she came forward hastily. The Colonel left Stafford and went forward to meet her.

A moment afterwards, she turned and looked at Stafford. Her face was now deadly pale, but showed no agitation. She was in the light of an electric lamp, but he was in the shadow. For one second only she gazed at him, then she turned and moved away to the Cape cart awaiting her. The Colonel saw her in, then returned to Stafford.

"Why didn't you come and be introduced?" the Colonel asked. "I told her who you were."

"Hospital-ships are not in my line," Stafford answered casually. "Women and war don't go together."

"She's a nurse, she's not a woman," was the paradoxical reply.

"She knows Byng is here?"

"I suppose so. It looks like a clever bit of strategy—junction of forces. There's a lot of women at home would like the chance she has—at a little less cost."

"What is the cost?"

"Well, that ship didn't cost less than £100,000."

"*Is that all?*"

The Colonel looked at Stafford in surprise. But Stafford was not thinking of the coin.

CHAPTER XXX

"AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET!"

AS the Cape cart conveying Jasmine to the hospital moved away from the station, she settled down into the seat beside the driver with the helplessness of one who had received a blow. Her body swayed as though she would faint, and her eyes closed and stayed closed for so long a time that Corporal Shorter, who drove the rough little pair of Argentines, said to her sympathetically:

"It's all right, ma'am. We'll be there in a jiffy. Don't give way."

This friendly solicitude had immediate effect. Jasmine sat up, and thereafter held herself as though she was in her yellow salon in Park Lane.

"Thank you," she replied serenely to

Corporal Shorter. "It was a long, tiring journey, and I let myself go for a moment."

"A good night's rest 'll do you a lot of good, ma'am," he ventured. Then he added, "Beggin' pardon, ain't you Mrs. Colonel Rudyard Byng?"

She turned and looked at the man inquiringly. "Yes, I am Mrs. Byng."

"Thank you, ma'am. Now how did I know? Why," he chuckled, "I saw a big B on the luggage, and I knew you was from the Hospital-Ship—they told me that at the Stay Awhile; and the rest was easy, ma'am. I had a mate along o' your barge. He was one of them the Boers got at Talana Hill. They chipped his head-piece nicely, just like the 4.7's flay the kopjes up there. My mate's been writing to me about you. We're a long way from home, Joey and me, and a bit o' kindness is a bit of all right to us."

"Where is your home?" Jasmine asked, her fatigue and oppression lifting.

He chuckled as though it were a joke, as he answered: "Australia onct and first. My mate, Joey Clynes, him that's on your ship, we was both born up beyond Bendigo. When we cut loose from the paternal leash, so to speak, we had a bit of boundary-riding, rabbit-killing, shearing and sun-downing—all no good, year by year. Then we had a bit o' luck and found a mob of warrigals — horses run wild, you know. We stalked 'em for days in the drought-time to a watercourse, and got 'em, and coaxed 'em along till the floods come, then we sold 'em, and with the hard tin shipped for to see the world. So it was as of old. And by and by we found ourselves down here, same as all the rest, puttin' in a bit o' time for the Flag."

Jasmine turned on him one of those smiles which had made her so many friends in the past—a smile none the less alluring because it had lost that erstime flavor of artifice and lure which, however hidden, had been part of its power. Now it was accompanied by no slight drooping of the eyelids. It brightened a look which was direct and natural.

"It's a good thing to have lived in the wide distant spaces of the world," she responded. "A man couldn't easily be mean or small where life is so simple and so large."

His face flushed with pleasure. She was so easy to get on with, he said to himself, and she certainly had a wonderfully kind smile. But he felt too that she needed greater wisdom, and he was ready to give it—a friendly characteristic of the big open spaces "where life is so simple and so large."

"Well, that might be so along o' some continents," he remarked, "but it wasn't so where Joey Clynes and me was nourished, so to speak. I tripped up on a good many mean things from Bendigo to Thargomindah and back around. The back-blocks has its tricks as well as the towns, as you would see if you come across a stock-rider with a cheque to be broke in his hand. I've seen six months' wages go bung in a day with a stock-rider on the gentle jupe. But again, peradventure, I've seen a man that had lost ten thousand sheep tramp fifty miles in a blazing sun with a basket of lambs on his back, savin' them two switherin' little papillions worth nothin' at all, at the risk of his own life — just as mates have done here on this salamanderin' veldt, same as Colonel Rudyard Byng did to-day along o' Wortmann's Drift."

Jasmine had been trying to ask a question concerning her husband ever since the man had mentioned his name, and had not been able to do so. She had never spoken of him directly to any one since she had left England, had never heard from him, had written him no word, was, so far as the outer acts of life were concerned, as distant from him as Corporal Shorter was from his native Bendigo. She had been busy as she had never before been in her life, in a big, comprehensive, useful way. It had seemed to her in England, as she carried through the negotiations for the *Valoria,* fitted it out for the service it was to render, directed its administration over the heads of the committee appointed, for form's sake, to assist Lady Tynemouth and herself, that the spirit of her grandfather was over her, watching her, inspiring her. This had become almost an obsession with her. Her grandfather had had belief in her, delight in her, and now the innumerable talks she

had had with him as to the way he had done things gave her confidence and a key to what she had to do. It was the first real work, for what she did for Ian Stafford in diplomacy was only playing upon the weakness of human nature with a skilled intelligence, with an instinctive knowledge of men, and a capacity for managing them. The first real pride she had ever felt soothed her angry soul.

Her grandfather had been more in her mind than any one else — than either Rudyard or Ian Stafford. Towards both of these her mind had slowly and almost unconsciously changed, and she wished to think about neither. There had been a revolution in her nature, and all her tragic experience, her emotions, and her faculties, had been shaken into a crucible where the fire of pain and revolt burned on and on and on. From the crucible there had come as yet no precipitation of life's elements, and she scarcely knew what was in her heart. She tried to smother every thought concerning the past. She did not seek to find her bearings, or to realize in what country of the senses and the emotions she was travelling.

One thing was present, however, at times, and when it rushed over her in its fullness, it shook her as the wind shakes the leaf on a tree—a sense of indignation, of anger, or resentment. Against whom? Against all. Against Rudyard, against Ian Stafford; but most of all, a thousand times most against a dead man, who had been swept out of life, leaving behind a memory which could murderously sting.

Now, when she heard of Rudyard's bravery at Wortmann's Drift, a curious thrill of excitement ran through her veins, or it would be truer to say that a sensation new and strange vibrated in her blood. She had heard many tales of valor in this war, and more than one hero of the Victoria Cross had been in her charge at Durban; but as a child's heart might beat faster at the first words of a wonderful story, so she felt a faint suffocation in the throat and her brooding eyes took on a brighter, a more objective look, as she heard the tale of Wortmann's Drift.

"Tell me about it," she said, yet turned her head away from her eager historian.

His words were addressed to the smallest pink ear he had ever seen except on a baby, but he was only dimly conscious of that. He was full of a man's pride in a man's deed.

"Well, it was like this," he recited. "Gunter's horse bolted — Dick Gunter's in the South African Horse same as Colonel Byng — his lot. Old Gunter's horse gits away with him into the wide open. I s'pose there must ha' been a hunderd Boers firing at the runaway for three minutes, and at last off comes Gunter. He don't stir for a minute or more, then we see him pick himself up a bit quick, but settle back again. And while we was lookin' and tossin' pennies like as to his chances out there, a grey New Zealand mare nips out across the veldt stretchin' every string. We knowed her all right, that grey mare—a regular Mrs. Mephisto, w'ich belongs to Colonel Byng. Do the Boojers fire at him? Don't they! We could see the spots of dust where the bullets struck, spittin', spittin', spittin', and Lord knows how many hunderd more there was that didn't hit the ground. An' the grey mare gets there. As cool as a granadillar, down drops Colonel Byng beside old Gunter, down goes the grey mare — Colonel Byng had taught her that trick, like the Roosian Cossack hosses. Then up on her rolls old Gunter, an' up goes Colonel Byng, and the grey mare switchin' her bobtail, as if she was havin' a bit of mealies in the middle o' the day. But when they was both on, then the band begun to play. Men was fightin' of course, but it looked as if the whole smash stopped to see what the end would be. It was a real pretty race, an' the grey mare takin' it as free as if she was carryin' a little bit of a pipkin like me instead of twenty-six stone. She's a flower, that grey mare! Once she stumbled, an' we knew it wasn't a mere-cat hole she'd found in the veldt, and that she'd been hurt. But they know, them hosses, that they must do as their Baases do; and they fight right on. She come home with the two all right. She switched round a corner and over a nose of land where that cross-fire couldn't hit the lot, an' there was the

three of 'em at home for a cup o' tea. Why, ma'am, that done the army as much good to-day, that little go-to-the-devil, you mud-suckers! as though we'd got Schuster's Hill. 'Twas what we needed—an' we got it. It took our eyes off the nasty little fact that half of a regiment was down, an' the other half with their job not done as it was ordered. It made the S. A.'s and the Dorchesters and the Wessex lot laugh. Old Gunter's all right. He's in the Stay Awhile now. You'll be sure to see him. And Colonel Byng's all right, too, except a little bit o' splinter—"

"A bit of splinter—!" Her voice was almost peremptory.

"A chip off his wrist like, but he wasn't thinkin' of that when he got back. He was thinkin' of the grey mare, and she was hit in three places, but not to mention. One bullet cut through her ear and through Colonel Byng's hat as he stooped over her neck, but the luck was with them. They was born to do a longer trek together. A little bit of the same thing in both of 'em, so to speak. The grey mare has a temper like a hunderd wildcats, and Colonel Byng can let himself go too, as you perhaps know, ma'am. We've seen him let loose sometimes when there was shirkers about, but he's all right inside his vest. And he's a good feeder. His men get their tucker all right. He knows when to shut his eyes. He's got a way to make his bunch—and they're the hardest-bit bunch in the army—do anything he wants 'em to. He's as hard himself as ever is, but he's all right underneath the epidermotis."

All at once there flashed before Jasmine's eyes the picture of Rudyard driving Krool out of the house in Park Lane with a sjambok. She heard again the thud of the rhinoceros-whip on the cringing back of the Boer, she heard the moan of the victim as he stumbled across the threshold into the street, and again she felt that sense of suffocation, that excitement which the child feels on the brink of a wonderful romance, the once-upon-a-time moment.

They were nearing the hospital. The driver silently pointed to it. He saw that he had made an impression, and he was content with it. He smiled to himself.

"Is Colonel Byng in the camp?" she asked.

"He's over—'way over, miles and miles, on the left wing with Kearey's brigade now. But old Gunter's here, and you're sure to see Colonel Byng soon—well, I should think!"

She had no wish to see Colonel Byng soon. Three days would suffice to do what she wished here, and then she would return to Durban to her work there—to Alice Tynemouth, whose friendship and wonderful tactfulness had helped her in indefinable ways, as a more obvious sympathy never could have done. She would have resented one word which would have suggested that a tragedy was slowly crushing out her life.

Never a woman in the world was more alone. She worked and smiled with eyes growing sadder, yet with a force hardening in her which gave her face a character it never had before. Work had come at the right moment to save her from the wild consequences of a nature maddened by a series of misfortunes and penalties, for which there had been no warning and no preparation.

She was not ready for a renewal of the past. A few minutes before she had been brought face to face with Ian Stafford, had seen him look at her out of the shadow there at the station, as though she was an infinite distance away from him; and she had realized with overwhelming force how changed her world was. Ian Stafford, who but a few short months ago had held her in his arms and whispered unforgettable things, now looked at her as one looks at the image of a forgotten thing. She recalled his last words to her that awful day when Rudyard had read the fatal letter, and the world had fallen:

"Nothing can set things right between you and me, Jasmine," he had said. *"But there is Rudyard. You must help him through. He heard scandal about Mennaval last night at De Lancy Scovel's. He didn't believe it. It rests with you to give it all the lie. Good-bye."*

That had been the end—the black, bitter end. Since then Ian had never spoken a word to her, nor she to him; but he had stood there in the shadow at the station like a ghost, reproachful, unresponsive, indifferent. She recalled

now the day when, after three years' parting, she had left him cool, indifferent, and self-contained in the doorway of the sweet-shop in Regent Street; how she had entered her carriage, had clenched her hands, and cried with wilful passion: *"He shall not treat me so. He shall show some feeling. He shall! He shall!"*

Here was indifference again, but of another kind. It was not a woman's vanity in fury at being despised. Vanity, maybe, was still there, but so slight that it made no contrast to the proud turmoil of a nature which had been humiliated beyond endurance; which, for its mistakes, had received accruing penalties as precise as though they had been catalogued; which had waked to find that a whole lifetime had been an error, and that she had no anchor in any set of principles or impelling habits. She had ever been impatient of conventions, always determined to have her own way, to get her share of life's fruits of pleasure by forcing the hand of Fate and Time. She had dared to be her own Providence.

And over all there hung the shadow of a man's death with its black suspicion. When Ian Stafford looked at her from the shadow of the railway station, the question had flashed into his mind, *Did she kill him?* Around Adrian Fellowes' death there hung a cloud of mystery which threw a sinister shadow on the path of three people. In the middle of the night, Jasmine started from her sleep with the mystery of the man's death torturing her, and with the shuddering question *which?* on her fevered lips. Was it her husband—was it Ian Stafford? As he galloped over the veldt, or sat with his pipe beside the camp-fire, Rudyard Byng was also drawn into the frigid gloom of the ugly thought, and his mind asked the question, *Did she kill him?* It was as though each who had suffered from the man in life was destined to be menaced by his shade, till it should be exorcised by that person who had taken the useless life, saying, "It was I! I did it."

As Jasmine entered the hospital, it seemed to her excited imagination as though she was entering a House of Judgment: as though here in a court of everlasting equity she would meet those who had played their vital parts in her life.

What if Rudyard was here! What if in this one day that she was to be here, he was to cross her path! What would she say? What would she do? What could be said or done? Bitterness and resentment and dark suspicion were in her mind—and in his. Her pride was less wilful and tempestuous than on the day when she drove him from her; when he said things which flayed her soul, and left her body as though it had been beaten with rods. Her bitterness, her resentment had its origin in the fact that he did not understand—and yet in his crude big way he had really understood better than Ian Stafford.

She felt that Rudyard despised her now a thousand times more than ever he had hinted at in that last stifling scene in Park Lane; and her spirit rebelled against it. She would rather that he had believed everything against her, and had made an open scandal, because then she could have paid any debt due him by the penalty most cruel a woman can bear. But pity, concession, the condescension of a superior morality, was impossible to her proud mind.

As for Ian Stafford, he had left her stripped bare of one single garment of self-respect. His very kindness, his chivalry in defending her; his inflexible determination that all should be over between them forever; that she should be prevailed upon to be to Rudyard more than she had ever been—it all drove her deeper into an isolation which would have been her destruction, but that something bigger than herself, a passion to do things, lifted to idealism a mind which in the past had grown wholly materialistic, which, in gaining wit and mental skill, had missed the meaning of things, the elemental sense.

Corporal Shorter's tale of Rudyard's heroism had stirred her; but she could not have said quite what her feeling was with regard to it. She only vaguely knew that she was glad of it, in a more personal than impersonal way. When she shook hands with the cheerful non-com. at the door of the hospital, she gave him a piece of gold which he was loth to accept till she said: "But take

it as a souvenir of Colonel Byng's little ride with 'Old Gunter'!"

With a laugh, he took it then, and replied, "I'll not smoke it, I'll not eat it, and I'll not drink it. I'll wear it for luck and God-bless-you!"

CHAPTER XXXI

The Grey Horse and Its Rider

IT was almost midnight. The camp was sleeping. The forces of destruction lay torpid and harmless in the starry shadow of the night. There was no moon, but the stars gave a light that relieved the gloom. They were so near to the eye that it might seem a lancer could pick them from their nests of blue. The Southern Cross hung like a sign of hope to guide men to a new Messiah.

In vain Jasmine had tried to sleep. The day had been too much for her. All that happened in the past four years went rushing past, and she saw herself in scenes which were so tormenting in their reality that once she cried out as in a nightmare. As she did so, she was answered by a choking cry of pain like her own, and, waking, she started up from her couch with poignant apprehension, but presently realized that it was the cry of some wounded patient in the ward not far from the room where she lay.

It roused her, however, from the half wakefulness which had been excoriated by burning memories, and, hurriedly rising, she drew up the rough blind of the window and leaned out into the night. The air was sharp, but it soothed her hot face and brow, and the wild pulses in her wrists presently beat less vehemently. She put a firm hand on herself, as she was wont to do in these days when there was no time for brooding on her own troubles, and when, with the duties she had taken upon herself, it would be criminal to indulge in self-pity.

Looking out of the window now into the quiet night, the watch-fires dotting the plain had a fascination for her greater than the wonder of the southern sky with its plaque of indigo sprinkled with silver dust and diamonds. Those fires were the bulletins of the night, telling that around each of them men were sleeping, or thinking of other scenes, or wondering whether the fight to-morrow would be their last fight, and if so, what then?

They were to the army like the candle in the home of the cottager. Those little groups of men sleeping around their fires were like a family, where men grow to serve one another as brother serves brother, knowing one another's foibles, but preserving one another's honor for the family pride, risking life to save one another.

As Jasmine gazed into the gloom, sprinkled with a delicate radiance which did not pierce the shadows, but only made lively the darkness, she was suddenly conscious of the dull, regular thud of horses' hoofs upon the veldt. Troops of Mounted Infantry were evidently moving to take up a new position at the bidding of the Master Player. The sound was like the ruffle of muffled hammers. The thought forced itself on her mind that here were men secretly hastening to take part in the grim lottery of life and death, from which some and maybe many would draw the black ticket of doom, and so pass from the game before the game was won.

The rumbling clatter of hoofs grew distinct. Now they seemed to be almost upon her, and all at once they emerged into view from the right, where their progress had been hidden by the hospital building. When they reached the hospital there came a soft command, and, as the troops passed, every face was turned towards the building. It was men full of life and the interest of the great game paying passing homage to their helpless comrades in this place of healing.

As they rode past, the troopers had a glimpse of the figure softly outlined at the window. Some made kindly jests, chaffing each other—"Your fancy, old slyboots? Arranged it all, eh!" . . . "Watch me, Lizzie, as I pass, and wave your lily-white hand!"

But others pressed their lips tightly, for visions of a woman somewhere waiting and watching flashed before their eyes; while others still had only the quiet consciousness of the natural man, that a woman looks at them; and where women are few and most of them are angels,—the battle-field has no shel-

ter for any other—such looks have deep significance.

The troops went by steadily, softly, and slowly. After they had all gone past, two horsemen detached from the troop came after. Presently one of them separated from his companion and rode on. The other came towards the hospital at a quick trot, drew bridle very near Jasmine's window, slid to the ground, said a soft word to his charger, patted its neck, and, turning, made for the door of the hospital. For a moment Jasmine stood looking out, greatly moved, she scarcely knew why, by this little incident of the night, and then suddenly the starlight seemed to draw round the patient animal standing at attention, as it were.

Then she saw it was a grey horse.

Its owner, as Corporal Shorter predicted, had come to see "Old Gunter," ere he went upon another expedition of duty. Its owner was Rudyard Byng.

That was why so strange a coldness, as of apprehension or anxiety, had passed through Jasmine when the rider had come towards her out of the night. Her husband was here. If she stretched out her hand, she could touch him. If she called, he would come. If she opened a door, she would be in his presence. If he opened the door behind her, he could—

She stepped back hastily into the room, and drew her nightrobe closely about her with sudden flushing of the face. If he should enter her room—she felt in the darkness for her dressing-gown. It was not on the chair beside her bed. She moved hastily, and blundered against a table. She felt for the foot of the bed. The dressing-gown was not there. Her brain was on fire. Where was her dressing-gown? She tried to button the nightdress over her palpitating breast, but abandoned it to throw back her head and gather her golden hair away from her shoulders and breast. All this in the dark, in the safe dusk of her own room. . . . Where was her dressing-gown? Where was her maid? Why should she be at such a disadvantage? She reached for the table again and found a matchbox. She would strike a light, and find her dressing-gown. Then she abruptly remembered that she had no dressing-gown with her, that she had travelled with one single bag—little more than a hand-bag — and it contained only the "emergency" equipment of a nurse. She had brought no dressing-gown; only the light outer rain-proof coat which should serve a double purpose. She had forgotten for a moment that she was not in her own house, that she was an army-woman, living a soldier's life. She felt her way to the wall, found the rain-proof coat, and, with trembling fingers, put it on. As she did so a wave of weakness passed over her, and she swayed as though she would fall; but she put a hand on herself and fought her growing agitation.

She turned towards the bed, but stopped abruptly, because she heard footsteps in the hall outside—footsteps she knew, footsteps which for years had travelled towards her day and night with eagerness; the quick, urgent footsteps of a man of decision, of impulse, of determination. It was Rudyard's footsteps outside her door, Rudyard's voice speaking to some one, then Rudyard's footsteps pausing, and afterwards a dead silence. She felt his presence; she imagined his hand upon her door. With a little smothered gasp, she made a move forward as though to lock the door; then she remembered that it had no lock. With strained and startled eyes, she kept her gaze turned on the door, expecting to see it open before her. Her heart beat so hard she could hear it pounding against her breast, and her temples were throbbing.

The silence was horrible to her. Her agitation culminated. She could bear it no longer. Blindly she ran to another door which led into the sitting-room of the matron, used for all purposes—the hold-all of the odds and ends of the hospital life, where surgeons consulted, officers waited, and army authorities congregated for the business of the hospital. She found the door, opened it and rushed in. One light was burning—a lamp with a green shade. She shut the door behind her quickly and leaned against it, closing her eyes with a sense of relief. Presently some movement in the room startled her. She opened her eyes. A figure stood between the green lamp and the farther door.

It was her husband.

Her senses had deceived her. His footsteps had not stopped before her bedroom door. She had not heard the handle of the door of her bedroom turn, but the handle of the door of this room. The silence which had frightened her had followed his entrance to this room.

She hastily drew the coat about her. The white linen of her nightdress showed. She thrust it back, and instinctively drew behind the table, as if to hide her bare ankles.

He had started back at seeing her, but had instantly recovered himself. "Well, Jasmine," he said quietly, "we've met in a queer place!"

All at once her hot agitation left her, and she became cold and still. She had been in a maelstrom of feeling a minute before, though she could not have said what the feeling meant; now she was dominated by a haunting sense of injury, roused by resentment, not against him, but against everything and everybody, him included. All the work of the last few months seemed suddenly undone—to go for nothing. Just as a drunkard in his pledge-made reformation, which has done its work for a period, feels a sudden maddening desire to indulge his passion for drink, and plunges into a debauch,—the last maddening degradation before his final triumph,—so Jasmine felt now the restrictions and self-control of the past few months fall away from her. She emerged from it all the same woman who had flung her married life, her man, and her old world to the winds on the day that Krool had been driven into the street. Like Krool, she too had gone out into the unknown—into a strange land where "the Baas" had no habitation.

Rudyard's words seemed to madden her, and there was a look of scrutiny and inquiry in his eyes which she saw—and saw nothing else there. There was the inquisition in his look which had been there in their last interview, when he had said as plainly as man could say, "What did it mean—that letter—Adrian Fellowes?"

It was all there in his eyes now—that hateful inquiry, the piercing scrutiny of a judge in the Judgment House, and there came also into her eyes, as if in consequence, a look of scrutiny too.

"Did you kill Adrian Fellowes? Was it you?" her disordered mind asked.

She had mistaken the look in his eyes. It was the same look as the look in hers, and in spite of all the months that had gone, both asked the same question as in the hour when they last parted. The dead man stood between them, as he had never stood in life—of more importance than he had ever been in life. He had never come between Rudyard and herself in the old life in any vital sense, not in any sense that finally mattered. He had only been an incident, not part of real life, but part of a general wastage of character; not a disintegrating factor in itself. Ah, no, not Adrian Fellowes, not him! It enraged her that Rudyard should think the dead man had had any sway over her. It was a needless degradation, at which she revolted now.

"Why have you come here—to this room?" she asked coldly.

As a boy flushes when he has been asked a disconcerting question which angers him or challenges his innocence, so Rudyard's face suffused; but the flush faded as quickly as it came. His eyes then looked at her steadily, the whites of them so white because of his bronzed face and forehead, the glance firmer by far than in his old days in London. There was none of that unmanageable emotion in his features, the panic excitement, the savage disorder which were there on the day when Adrian Fellowes' letter brought the crisis to their lives; none of the barbaric storm which drove Krool down the staircase under the sjambok. Here were force and iron strength, albeit the man seemed older, his thick hair streaked with grey, while there was a deep fissure between the eyebrows. The months had hardened him physically, had freed him from all superfluous flesh; and the flabbiness had wholly gone from his cheeks and chin. There was no sign of a luxurious life about him. He was merely the business-like soldier with work to do. His khaki fitted him as only uniform can fit a man with a physique without defect. He carried in his hand a short whip of rhinoceros-hide, and as he placed his hands upon his hips and looked at Jasmine meditatively, before he answered her question, she recalled the scene with Krool. Her

eyes were fascinated by the whip in his hand, and it seemed to her, all at once, as though she was to be a victim of his wrath, and that the whip would presently fall upon her shoulders, as he drove her out into the veldt. But his eyes drew hers to his own presently, and even while he spoke to her now, the illusion of the sjambok remained, and she imagined his voice to be intermingling with the dull thud of the whip on her shoulders.

"I came to see one of my troop who was wounded at Wortmann's Drift," he answered her.

"Old Gunter," she said mechanically.

"*Old* Gunter, if you like," he said, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Ah, the world gossips still!" she rejoined bitterly.

"Well, I came to see Gunter."

"On the grey mare," she said again like one in a dream.

"On the grey mare. I did not know that you were here, and—"

"If you had known I was here, you would not have come," she asked with a querulous ring to her voice.

"No, I should not have come if I had known, unless people in the camp were aware that I knew. Then I should have felt it necessary to come."

"Why?" She knew; but she wanted him to say.

"That the army should not talk and wonder. If you were here, it is obvious that I should come."

"The army might as well wonder first as last," she rejoined. "It must come."

"I don't know anything that *must* come in this world," he replied. "We don't control ourselves, and *must* lies in the inner Mystery where we cannot enter. I had only to deal with the present. I could not come to the General and go again, knowing that you were here, without seeing you. We ought to do our work here without unnecessary cross-firing from our friends! There's enough of that from our foes."

"What right had you to enter my room?" she returned stubbornly.

"I am not in your room. Something —call it anything you like — made us meet on this neutral ground."

"You might have waited till morning," she replied perversely.

"In the morning I shall be far from here. Before daybreak I shall be fighting. War waits for no one—not even for you," he added, with more sarcasm than he intended.

Her feelings were becoming chaos again. He was going into battle. Old memories wakened, and the first days of their lives together came rushing upon her; but her old wild spirit was up in arms too against the irony of his last words, "*Not even for you.*" Added to this was the rushing remembrance that South Africa had been the medium of all her trouble. If Rudyard had not gone to South Africa, that one six months eighteen months ago, when she was left alone, restless, craving for amusement and excitement and—she was going to say romance, but there was no romance in those sordid hours of pleasure-making, when she plucked the fruit as it lay to her hand—ah, if only Rudyard had not gone to South Africa then! That six months held no romance. She had never known but one romance, and it was over and done. The floods had washed it away.

"You are right. War does not wait even for me!" she exclaimed. "It came to meet me, to destroy me, when I was not armed. It came in the night as you have come, and found me helpless as I am now."

Suddenly she clasped her hands and wrung them, then threw them above her head in a gesture of despair. "Why didn't God or Destiny, or whatever it is, stop you from coming here! There is nothing between us worth keeping, and there can never be. There is a black sea between us. I never want to see you any more."

In her agitation the coat had fallen away from her white nightdress, and her delicate breast showed behind the parted folds of the linen. Involuntarily his eyes saw. What memories passed through him were too vague to record; but a heavy sigh escaped him, followed, however, by a cloud which gathered on his brow. The shadow of a man's death thrust itself between them. This war might have never been, had it not been for the treachery of the man who had been false to everything and every being that had come his way. Indirectly this vast struggle in which thousands of lives were being lost had come through his

wife's disloyalty, however unintentional, or in whatever degree. Whenever he thought of it, his pulses beat faster with indignation, and a deep resentment possessed him. It was a resentment whose origin was not a mere personal wrong to him, but the portrayal of all that invaded his honor and the honor of his country. The man was dead—so much. He had paid a price—too small.

And Jasmine, as she looked at her husband now, was oppressed by the same shadow — the inescapable thing. That was in a sense what she meant when she said, "There is a black sea between us."

What came to her mind when she saw his glance fall on her breast, she could not have told. But a sudden flame of angry passion consumed her. The passion of the body was dead in her—atrophied. She was as one through whose veins had passed an icy fluid which stilled all the senses of desire, but never had her mind been so passionate, so alive. In the months lately gone, there had been times when her mind was in a paroxysm of rebellion and resentment and remorse; but in this red corner of the universe, from which the usual world was shut out, from which all domestic existence, all social organization, habit or the amenities of social intercourse were excluded, she had been able to restore her equilibrium. Yet now here, all at once, there was an invasion of this world of rigid, narrow organization, where there was no play; where all men's acts were part of a deadly mortal issue; where the human being was only part of a scheme which allowed nothing of the flexible adaptations of the life of peace, the life of cities, of houses; here was the sudden interposition of a purely personal life, of domestic being—of sex. She was conscious of no reasoning, of no mental protest which could be put into words; she was only conscious of emotions which now shook her with their power, now left her starkly cold, her brain muffled, or again aflame with a suffering as intense as that of Procrustes on his bed of pain.

This it was that seized her now. The glance of his eye at her bare breast roused her. She knew not why, except that there was an indefinable craving for a self-respect which had been violated by herself and others, except that she longed for the thing which she felt he would not give her. The look in his eye offered her nothing of that.

That she mistook what really was in his eyes was not material, though he was thinking of days when he believed he had discovered the secret of life—a woman whose life was beautiful; diffusing beauty, contentment, inspiration and peace. She did not know that his look was the wistful look backward, with no look forward, and that alone. She was living a life where new faculties of her nature were being exercised or brought into active being; she was absorbed by it all; it was part of her scheme for restoring herself, for getting surcease of anguish; but here, all at once, every entrenchment was overrun, the rigidity of the unit was made chaos, and she was tossed by the Spirit of Confusion upon a stormy sea of feeling.

"Will you not go?" she asked in a voice of suppressed passion. "Have you no consideration? It is past midnight."

His anger flamed, but he forced back the words upon his lips, and said with a bitter smile: "Day and night are the same to me always now. What else should be in war? I am going." He looked at the watch at his wrist. "It is half-past one o'clock. At five our work begins — not an eight-hour day. We have twenty-four-hour days here sometimes. This one may be shorter. You never can tell. It may be a one-hour day—or less."

Suddenly he came towards her with hands outstretched. "Dear wife—Jasmine—" he cried.

Pity, memory, a great magnanimity carried him off his feet for a moment, and all that had happened seemed as nothing beside this fact that they might never see each other again; and peace appeared to him the one thing needful after all. The hatred and conflict of the world seemed of small significance beside the hovering presence of an enemy stronger than Time.

She was still in a passion of rebellion against the inevitable — that old impatience and unrealized vanity which had helped to destroy her past. She shrank back in blind misunderstanding from him, for she scarcely heard his words.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

SHE SHRANK BACK IN BLIND MISUNDERSTANDING

She mistook what he meant. She was bewildered, distraught.

"No, no—coward!" she cried.

He stopped short as though he had been shot. His face turned white. Then, with an oath, he went swiftly to the window which opened to the floor and passed through it into the night.

An instant after he was on his horse.

A moment of dumb confusion succeeded, then she realized her madness, and the thing as it really was. Running to the window, she leaned out.

She called, but only the grey mare's galloping came back to her awestruck ears.

With a cry like that of an animal in pain, she sank on her knees on the floor, her face turned towards the stars.

"Oh, my God, help me!" she moaned.

At least here was no longer the cry of doom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sunrise in New York

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

LIKE a prone Titan breathing in the night,
The city stretched to the horizon's verge;
Her blank immensity was ribbed with light,
Sprinkled, pin-pointed, and flung far to merge
With depths invisible that mocked the sight.
A thousand thousand voices, like a dirge,
Blent in one indistinguishable sigh
That rose insistent to the unheeding sky.

From the deep sea crept whispers of a wind,
From the sea's breast came promise of the sun;
And the gray heralds of the morn, entwined
And wrapped in misty vapors, one by one
Stole silver-footed where the lamps were lined
Like pallid sentinels whose watch was done;
And murmurs of the morn began to creep
Through every drowsy avenue of sleep.

I knew not that the night was changing so,
I could not tell day was so near at hand,
But with one rush the darkness seemed to go,
Revealing all the stark and wearied land,
The naked tenements and changeless flow
Of a great wrinkled river, to whose strand
Marched cyclopean monument and pile,
Fronting magnificently mile on mile.

The cañons of the city claimed their own,
Their pigmy population; every street
Gaped with immeasurable leagues of stone;
The iron earth herself engulfed the feet
Of hastening myriads, for the day had grown
Too pregnant with humanity to meet
The quick, reiterant demand of men
Who dreamed and woke—to find their dream again.

The Conservation of the Fertility of the Soil

BY A. D. HALL, F.R.S.

Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station

THE question of the maintenance of the fertility of the land under continuous farming is now occupying the attention of all settled peoples, because they are returning to a recognition of the fact that agriculture is the only permanent basis of national wealth. Particularly is this question pressing itself upon the United States, where the farming methods have been such as to result in a continuous decline of productiveness, until much of the land in the Eastern States is poverty-stricken and even derelict, and the occupiers who entered upon the immense reserves of fertility of the old prairie lands in the Middle West have been of late years migrating in increasing numbers to the virgin soils of the Canadian Northwest in their desire for land which has not been cropped out.

Three distinct stages may be observed in the development of agriculture, though they merge into one another, and may all be observed simultaneously in the same country because of differences in the quality of the land and the conditions of transit. In the most primitive stage the farmer is practically mining in the accumulated fertility of the soil; he grows a succession of salable crops without fertilizers and without any care for the future; he moves on to new land when his farming ceases to pay under this process of simple exploitation. Everything is taken away, nothing is put back, until the capital of the soil, if not exhausted to the extent that a seam of coal can be worked out, is yet reduced to the stage of giving a small and unprofitable annual return for the labor that is expended. In some cases the exhaustion is long delayed, so great has been the initial accumulated fertility, as in the Middle West and other natural prairies in Argentina, Russia, etc., where the farmers started with several feet of black soil; but it is none the less inevitable; and on the majority of virgin soils, of which only a small proportion possess great inherent riches, distinct impoverishment may be brought about within a generation or less. In the Eastern States, and on many of the poorer soils of Britain, and in the west of Europe, we may see such impoverished and unimproved land still continuing to return a minimum production in crops, or, more generally, in grazing animals, and yielding a bare existence to farmers whose outlay upon the land is practically *nil*.

But the farmers in western Europe early found that such pure exploitation of the soil becomes unprofitable, and evolved certain systems of farming of the type we may call "conservative," which will yield a continuous succession of crops, not perhaps at very high level of production, but capable of indefinite repetition, because various recuperative forces are brought into play to maintain the fertility of the soil. A good example of this conservative farming may be seen in the old four-course rotation which prevailed very generally in England prior to the introduction of artificial fertilizers in the second quarter of the last century. Under this system, to which the tenants were strictly tied by the covenants of hiring, a crop of wheat was grown once in four years; the grain was sold, but the straw had to be trampled down to manure and returned to the land; the wheat was followed by turnips, also converted into manure and returned to the land; the turnips by barley, of which the grain only

was sold; the barley by clover, which again had to be consumed upon the farm. Thus only wheat and barley grain and a certain amount of meat and wool grown by the consumption of the turnips and hay ever left the farm, and the output contained in all about one-fifth of the fertilizing materials which the various crops had drawn from the soil. Of these fertilizing materials the most important—the nitrogen—was replaced by the growth of the clover crop, which converts some of the unlimited stock of nitrogen in the air into the combined form required by plants. The losses of potash and phosphoric acid could not be thus replaced, but they were so small as to be repaired by the gradual decay of the minerals in the soil. At any rate, on such a system we find the fertility of the soil in England remaining pretty constant during the period of which we have any adequate records, and from Queen Elizabeth's time onward good average land was expected to yield about twenty bushels of wheat to the acre.

From about 1839 a new era set in. Guano, nitrate of soda, phosphate rock, and other fertilizers became available for agriculture; cheap freights brought to Europe the maize, the linseed, and other foods grown in countries with still unexhausted soils, so that the farmer was able to add fertility to his land from extraneous sources. In the most highly developed cases of this third stage—intensive farming—the soil becomes little more than a manufacturing medium transforming imported fertility into crops, and gaining rather than losing its own fertility during the process.

We may obtain some light upon the happenings in the soil under these systems of farming by a study of the Rothamsted experiments, which are now entering upon their seventieth year of continuous work upon the same land without a break in the treatment of the records. For example, one field has been cropped with wheat every year since 1843, and on two of the plots that concern our argument the treatment has been unchanged. Number 3 has remained without fertilizer of any kind, while Number 2 has received fourteen tons per acre of farm-yard manure year after year.

We will consider first the production and then the fertility of the soil, as measured by the amount of nitrogen that it contains. The nitrogen in the soil is of course not the only factor causing fertility, but it is the most valuable item in the capital of plant food possessed by the soil; and, what is important in this connection, it is the element which can be added to or wasted by the operations of the farmer. In the soil, nitrogen is combined with other elements, and is then utilizable by the plant; but the soil and plant are also in contact with the atmosphere, four-fifths of which consists of free nitrogen gas, of which the plant itself can make no use. But the soil is inhabited by various groups of bacteria, some of which enrich the soil by drawing nitrogen from the atmosphere into combination, while others waste the stock by breaking down its compounds of nitrogen and setting the element free as gas. Which of these two groups will predominate depends upon various conditions more or less under the control of the farmer.

Figure 1 shows the average crop on the unmanured plot for successive ten-year periods, together with the fluctuations in the nitrogen content of the soil since 1845, the earliest date at which the soil was analyzed. The curve of production shows that after a steady falling off in yield for the first twenty years or so, no further reduction of any magnitude takes place, so that for the last fifty years the yield has remained remarkably constant at about twelve bushels to the acre—*i. e.,* somewhere about the average production per acre of wheat over the whole world. Probably the production is still falling, but the decrease is concealed as yet by the fluctuations due to season, which are not smoothed out in the ten years' averages. This illustrates one important principle—the tendency of land under any continuous form of treatment to attain a position of equilibrium in which the production is constant and the outgoings are balanced by the incomings. The curve showing the amount of nitrogen in the soil would seem to prove that this equilibrium has not been finally reached, since the nitrogen continues to decline even though the production is fairly

constant, which eventually must lead to a lower fertility and a still lower yield. We may trace the result more exactly by taking out a balance-sheet for the nitrogen in the soil between 1865 and 1904. In those thirty-eight years we find that the soil has lost 550 pounds of nitrogen per acre; in the crops were taken away about 600 pounds; but as we also estimate that the rain brought down about 150 pounds of combined nitrogen, the soil has lost 100 pounds more than can be accounted for in the crop. So small an amount as 100 pounds, however, is more than covered by the inevitable errors of analysis; hence the figures really show that the nitrogen carried off in the crop is as nearly as possible balanced by the losses to the soil and the fraction brought down by the rain.

There are, however, other sources of loss not brought into the account—nitrogen removed in the drainage water and whatever is contained in the weeds that are annually removed from the plot. The annual loss from these sources may be small, but would still be appreciable, so that we are driven to the conclusion that some recuperative agency must be at work adding nitrogen to the soil to balance the deficiency. This plot, then, may be taken as representing the state of affairs to which all land must come under continual cropping with cereals without the addition of any fertilizer; production will eventually fall to a very low and comparatively constant level when the draft on the fertility due to the crop removed is balanced by recuperative agencies gathering nitrogen from the atmosphere.

If we now turn to Figure 2, there is supplied in the barn-yard manure about two hundred pounds of nitrogen, whereas only about fifty pounds are removed in the crop. Under these circumstances the fertility of the land and its productiveness rise, but after about twenty years the rise ceases, and, except for the fluctuations due to season, the production remains constant at a comparatively high level of about thirty-six bushels to the acre. Not only production, but also the amount of nitrogen, reaches a maximum, showing no increase during the last twenty or thirty years, despite the annual surplus that is added. If we take out a similar balance-sheet, we find that for 7,800 pounds of nitrogen added since 1865, less than 2,000 have been recovered in the crop, and only about 500 are present in the soil, indicating a loss of nitrogen of as much as 5,500 pounds, most of which has been liberated as gas by bacterial action in the soil. This plot again illustrates the tendency of land under unchanged treatment to reach a position of equilibrium, this time an equilibrium at a comparatively high level of production. We learn, moreover,

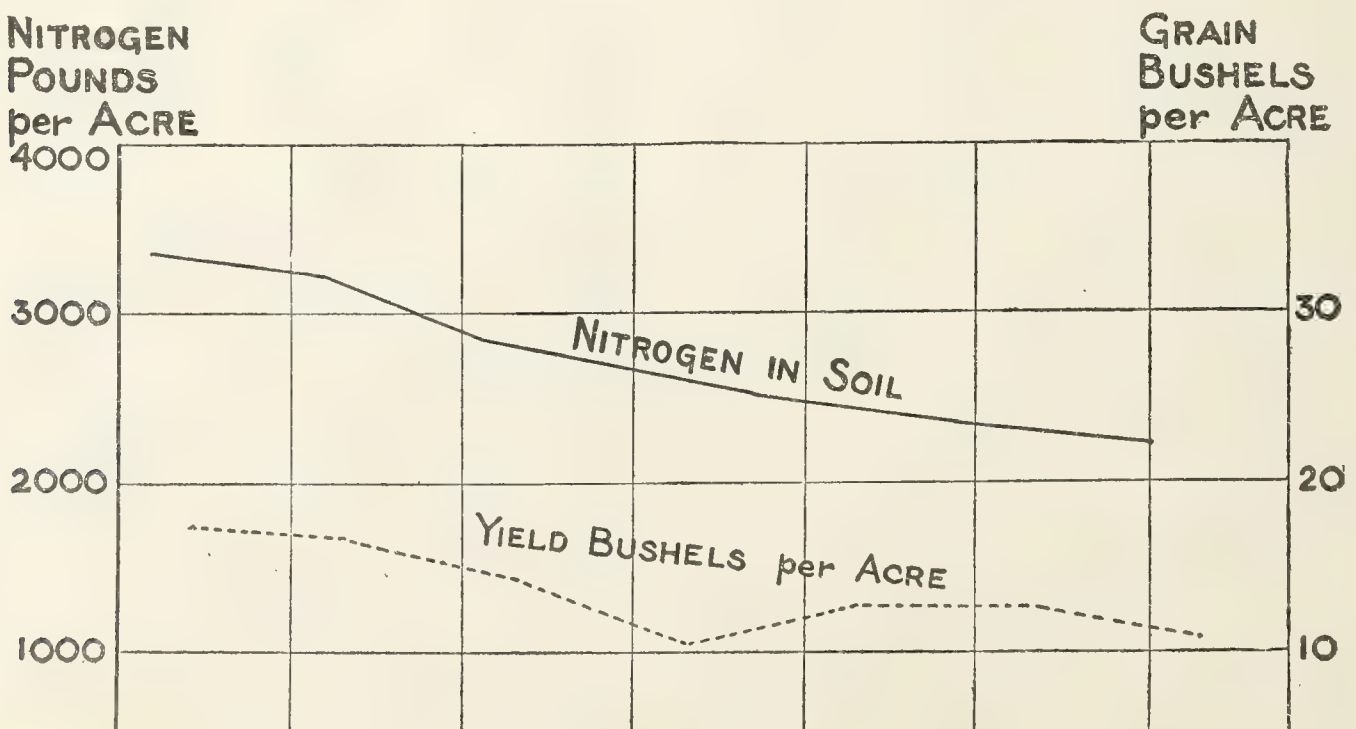


FIGURE 1.—FLUCTUATIONS OF CROPS AND NITROGEN CONTENT OF SOIL ON UNFERTILIZED PLOT

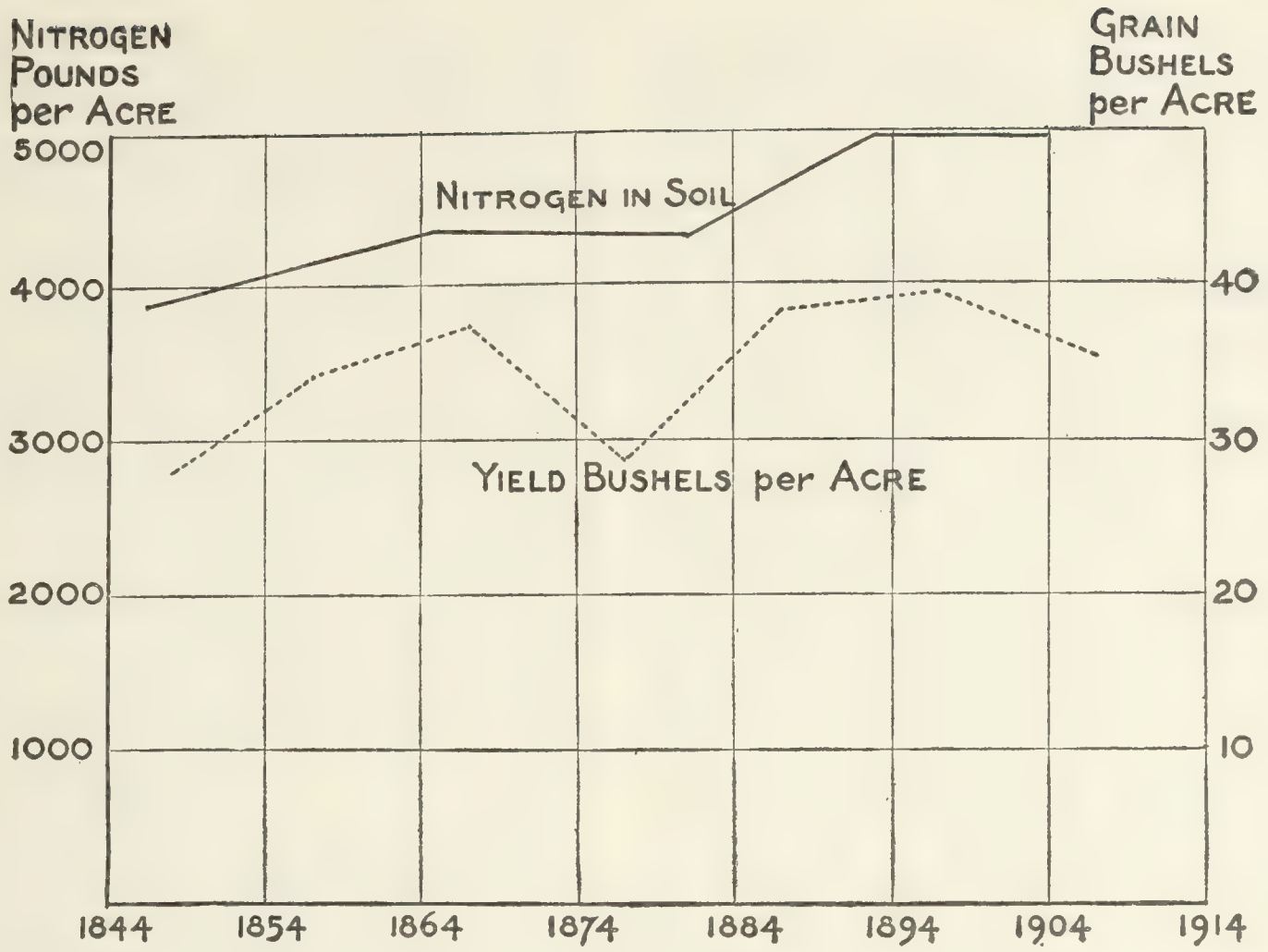


FIGURE 2.—FLUCTUATIONS OF CROPS AND NITROGEN CONTENT OF SOIL ON FERTILIZED PLOT

that as the fertility of the land increases, and particularly as it is enriched in organic matter, the wasteful actions destroying the compounds of nitrogen are progressively accelerated. The plot, in fact, reproduces the state of affairs that sets in when very rich virgin soils are first set to grow cereals regularly; not only is there a considerable draft upon the original stock of nitrogen due to the crop removed, but the plow starts into action the wasteful processes that destroy many times as much combined nitrogen as is utilized for crop production. Thus the soil capital wastes, and though there may have been originally enough present for one thousand maximum crops, we find that the capital becomes appreciably run down before one hundred of these crops have been realized.

Another portion of the same field illustrates not only the recuperative actions spoken of in connection with the unmanured plot, but also the source of original accumulation of fertility in the rich virgin soils. We are accustomed to say that the richness is owing to the long epochs of previous vegetation, though the growth of the higher plants alone cannot add to the stock of nitrogen in the soil; the plant would take nitrogen from the soil and return it, when it dies down, without grain or loss; but however long this cycle continues of nitrogen from earth to plant and back again, there would be no adding to the stock unless some other agency were at work. This agency has proved to be certain bacteria, found in all these rich virgin soils, which are capable of bringing atmospheric nitrogen into combination, provided only they are supplied with purely carbonaceous matter, like starch, sugar, and other plant materials containing no nitrogen. These materials the bacteria oxidize, and so derive the energy necessary to bring the nitrogen into combination.

Now a portion of the Rothamsted wheat-field has been allowed to run wild since 1881, when the wheat it carried was not harvested, but allowed to seed itself. Very few years sufficed to eliminate the wheat, which was unable to maintain itself against the competition of the weeds, and the land now carries a miscellaneous vegetation consisting mostly of grass. A soil sample was taken on starting, and when compared with another sample taken twenty-three years later showed that in the interval the land had gained nitrogen at the rate of about ninety pounds per acre. This ac-

cumulation of nitrogen is in marked contrast to the steady depletion that has been going on in the equally unmanured cropped land alongside, and the difference between the two plots lies in the fact that on the land running wild the vegetation is not removed, but is allowed to die down naturally. In this way material has been provided for the work of the bacteria which bring nitrogen into combination, whereas on the unmanured wheat-plot only a little root and stubble is plowed back every year, and the recuperative action of bacteria is correspondingly limited. This wild portion of the field, then, affords a strict parallel to the prairies before they were touched by the plow; they were accumulating nitrogen season by season because the carbonaceous material obtained by the plant from the air enabled the *azotobacter* in the soil to bring nitrogen gas into combination. It also shows us at work one of the two possible actions with which we are acquainted, whereby the nitrogen stock of the soil, and therefore its fertility, can be naturally maintained.

We now turn to one of the other Rothamsted fields for an illustration of the conservative system of farming. It is worked on the four-course rotation of turnips, barley, clover, wheat, but over half the field the clover is replaced by a year's bare fallow. We will confine our attention to one of the plots which never gets any fertilizer nitrogen, though it is given other requirements of the plant—phosphoric acid and potash; this plot is again divided at right angles into plots from which the turnip crop is wholly removed, and into others in which it is plowed back into the soil, to represent the usual practice of eating off the turnips *in situ* by sheep.

Now there are always two possible recuperative actions to make up for the nitrogen removed in the crop: the *azotobacter,* which works upon carbonaceous matter such as that returned in the turnip crop in this case, and the growth of the clover, for that crop gathers nitrogen from the atmosphere by means of the well-known bacteria living in the nodules upon its roots. In this experimental field we see that where neither is clover grown nor are the roots put back, the soil is slowly losing nitrogen; when either recuperative process occurs alone, a fair production of over thirty bushels of wheat is maintained without loss of soil nitrogen; when both take place, during the rotation the average removals from the soil become as high as thirty-five bushels per acre of wheat, thirty-four of barley, and more than two tons of clover hay; yet the soil is, if anything, gaining rather than losing in fertility, though no extraneous nitrogen is being introduced.

Thus we see that we can maintain indefinitely a production of over thirty bushels per acre of wheat, and their equivalent in other crops, by natural agencies alone, without recourse to external supplies of nitrogen, provided we can replace the small quantities removed of phosphoric acid and potash, which of course cannot be regenerated from the atmosphere. This is, in fact, the method of conservation of fertility which Professor Cyril G. Hopkins is so ably pressing upon the farmers of Illinois and of the Middle West. They have learned by experience that they cannot continue indefinitely to grow corn and wheat without fertilizers, and Professor Hopkins has demonstrated that by adopting a rotation which includes clover they can gather enough nitrogen from the atmosphere to replace that which is taken away in the crop. It is necessary, however, to forge one link in the chain artificially; to supply by fertilizers the phosphates, of which so vast a stock is accumulated in North and South Carolina, Florida, and Tennessee, and also some source of lime whereby the almost inexhaustible supplies of natural potash in the soil will be rendered available for the plant. Thus fed with phosphates and potash, the clover will grow freely, and in its turn provide nitrogen for the other crops.

This level of production to be obtained by natural agencies, though far higher than the average of the United States, which is only thirteen bushels, and equal to that of Great Britain (thirty-two bushels per acre), is still below that which the modern intensive farmer must attain, and the lesson that we have to draw from the highly manured plot at Rothamsted is that any higher

level of production, say that of forty bushels of wheat, is attended by an increase in the wasteful actions in the soil out of all proportion to the increase in crop. To raise our level of production from thirty to forty bushels per acre means the addition to the soil not merely of the nitrogen contained in the extra ten bushels, but of a quantity three or four times as great to repair the waste. At the present time the average production of wheat in the world is much the same as the average in the United States, and we can provide for the needs of the increasing population for a long time to come if, by some such method as we have indicated, it can be raised to the thirty-bushel level.

We see, indeed, that such a reform in farming is being forced upon the world, because the more primitive process of merely exploiting the land is coming to an end. Everywhere the population is growing up to the limit of the soil available for farming, and there are few or no tracts of virgin soils still unsettled, so that the farmer must settle down to farm instead of to mine in the soil. Moreover, in the more distant future we must come to intensive agriculture, with a production as much above the thirty bushels of conservative farming as that is above the thirteen bushels of the present primitive farming. The pressure of population has, indeed, already forced China and Japan into this position, and to what pitch of productiveness the soil may be raised and maintained by purely natural agencies may be learned from that most interesting book, *Farmers of Forty Centuries,* which the late Professor King, of Wisconsin, had just brought to completion before his death. There he shows that in the Far East an agricultural population of two or even three thousand persons per square mile can be maintained on the land, as compared with something like thirty per square mile in the best farming districts of the United States, and less than three hundred per square mile in Belgium, the most densely populated country in Europe.

The main obstacle to intensive farming at the present time is the waste of nitrogen by which it is attended, and one of the most pressing questions before us is the reduction in that waste. The losses, as we have seen, are due to bacteria which attack the nitrogen compounds with liberation of nitrogen gas, these bacteria being most active in soils rich in organic matter, until at Rothamsted we only recover in the wheat crop about one quarter of the nitrogen applied in the heavy dressing of farm-yard manure. The problem before us is to bring the soil bacteria under control, and we already begin to see in various ways that such control is not impossible. The researches of Russell and Hutchinson at Rothamsted have already proved that in one simple way we can so rearrange the micro fauna and flora of the soil as to obtain a much higher duty from the reserves of nitrogen therein contained.

By putting the soil through various processes of partial sterilization, such as heating, or treating with antiseptics like chloroform or toluene, we can eliminate certain organisms which keep in check the useful bacteria in the soil—*i. e.,* the bacteria which break down the nitrogen compounds to the state of ammonia, a form assimilable by plants. Heating the soil to the temperature of boiling water for two hours will double its productivity, and such treatment has been found to be commercially profitable in the case of greenhouse soils. At present the processes have not been extended to the open field, but progress is being made in that direction, and gives some promise of a method by which ultimately the unseen fauna and flora of the soil will be domesticated, the useful race encouraged and the noxious repressed, just as the larger flora and fauna have been reduced to our service since the days when primitive man first turned from hunting to agriculture.

First Days in Seville

BY W. D. HOWELLS

CORDOVA seemed to cheer up as much as we at our going. We had undoubtedly had the better night's sleep; as often as we woke we found Cordova awake, walking and talking, and coughing more than the night before, probably from fresh colds taken in the rain. From time to time there were church bells, variously like tin pans and iron pots in tone, without sonorousness in their noise, or such wild clangor as some Italian church bells have. But Cordova had lived through it, and at the station was lively with the arriving and departing trains.

We were to take the mail-train to Seville; and in Spain the *correo* is next to the Sud-Express, which is the last word in the vocabulary of Peninsular railroading. Our correo had been up all night on the way from Madrid, and our compartment had apparently been used as a bedchamber, with moments of supper-room. It seemed to have been occupied by a whole family; there were frowzy pillows crushed into the corners of the seats, and, though a porter caught these away, the cigar stubs, and the cigarette ashes strewing the rug and fixed in it with various liquids, as well as some scattering hair-pins, escaped his care. But when it was dried and aired out by windows opened to the sunny weather, it was by no means a bad compartment. The broad cushions were certainly cleaner than the carpet; and it was something—it was a great deal—to be getting out of Cordova on any terms.

We were running at once over a gentle ground-swell which rose and sank in larger billows now and then, and the yellow Guadalquivir followed us all the way, in a valley that sometimes widened to the blue mountains always walling the horizon. We had first entered Andalusia after dark, and the scene had now a novelty little staled by the distant view of the afternoon before. The olive orchards then seen afar were intimately realized more and more in their amazing extent. None of the trees looked so old, so world-old, as certain trees in the careless olive groves of Italy. They were regularly planted, and most were in a vigorous middle life; where they were old they were closely pollarded; and there were young trees, apparently newly set out; there were holes indefinitely waiting for others. The orchards filled the level foregrounds and the hilly backgrounds to the vanishing points of the mountainous perspectives; but when I say this I mean the reader to allow for wide expanses of pasturage, where lordly bulls were hoarding themselves for the feasts throughout Spain which the bulls of Andalusia are happy beyond others in supplying. With their devoted families they paraded the meadows, black against the green, or stood in sharp arrest, the most characteristic accent of the scene. In the farther rather than the nearer distance there were towns, very white, very African, keeping jealously away from the stations, as the custom of most towns is in Spain, beyond the wheat-lands which disputed the landscape with the olive orchards. One of these towns lay white at the base of a hill topped by a yellow Moorish castle against the blue sky, like a subject waiting for its painter and conscious of its wonderful adaptation to water-color. The railroad banks were hedged with Spanish bayonet, and in places with cactus grown into trees, all knees and elbows, and of a diabolical uncouthness. The air was fresh and spring-like, and under the bright sun, which we had already felt hot, men were plowing the gray fields for wheat. Other men were beginning their noonday lunch, which, with the long nap to follow, would last till three o'clock, and perhaps be rashly accounted to them for sloth by the industrious tourist who did not know that their work had begun at dawn and would not end till dusk. Indolence may be a vice of the towns in

Spain, but there is no loafing in the country, if I may believe the conclusions of my note-book. The fields often looked barren enough, and large spaces of their surface were covered by a sort of ground palm, as it seemed to be, though whether it was really a ground palm or not I know no more than I know the name or nature of the wild flower which looked an autumn crocus, and which with other wild flowers fringed the whole course of the train. There was especially a small yellow flower, star-shaped, which we afterward learned was called Todos Santos, from its custom of blooming at All Saints, and which washed the sward in the childlike enthusiasm of buttercups. A fine white narcissus abounded, and clumps of a mauve flower which swung its tiny bells over the sward washed by the Todos Santos. There were other flowers, which did what they could to brighten our way, all clinging to the notion of summer, which the weather continued to flatter throughout our fortnight in Seville.



THE CATHEDRAL AND TOWER OF THE GIRALDA

I could not honestly say that the stations or the people about them were more interesting than in La Mancha. But at one place, where some gentlemen in linen jackets dismounted with their guns, a group of men with dogs leashed in pairs and saddle-horses behind them, took me with the sense of something peculiarly native where everything was so native. They were slim, narrow-hipped young fellows, tight-jerkined, loose-trousered, with a sort of divided apron of leather facing the leg and coming to the ankle; and all were of a most masterly Velasquez coloring and drawing. As they stood smoking motionlessly, letting the smoke drift from their nostrils, they seemed somehow of the same make with the slouching hounds, and they leaned forward together, giving the hunters no visible or audible greeting, but questioning their will with one quality of gaze. The hunters moved toward them, but not as if they belonged together, or expected

any sort of demonstration from the men, dogs, and horses that were of course there to meet them. As long as our train paused, no electrifying spark kindled them to a show of emotion; but it would have been interesting to see what happened after we left them behind; they could not have kept their attitude of mutual indifference much longer.

At the stations there were sometimes girls and sometimes boys with water for sale from stone bottles, who walked by the cars crying it; and there were bits of bright garden, or there were flowers in pots. There were also poor little human flowers, or call them weeds, if you will, that suddenly sprang up beside our windows, and moved their petals in pitiful prayer for alms. They always sprang up on the off side of the train, so that the trainmen could not see them, but I hope no trainman in Spain would have had the heart to molest them. As a matter of taste in vegetation, however, we preferred an occasional effect of mixed orange and pomegranate trees, with their perennial green and their autumnal red. We were, in fact, so spoiled by the profusion of these little human flowers, or weeds, that we even liked the change to the dried stalk of an old man, flowering at top into a flat basket of pale-pink shrimps. He gave us our first sight of sea-fruit, when we had got, without knowing it, to Seville Junction. There was, oddly enough, no other fruit for sale there; but there was a very agreeable-looking booth at the end of the platform placarded with signs of Porto Rico coffee, cognac, and other drinks; and outside of it there were wash-basins and clean towels. I do not know how an old woman with a blind daughter made herself effective in the crowd, which did not seem much preoccupied with the opportunities of ablution and refection at that booth; but perhaps she begged with her blind daughter's help while the crowd was busy in assorting itself for Cadiz and Seville and Malaga and Cordova and other musically syllabled mothers of history and romance.

A few miles and a few minutes more and we were in the embrace of the loveliest of them, which was at first the clutch on the octroi. But the octroi at Seville is not serious, and a walrus-mustached old porter, who looked like an old American car-driver of the bearded eighteen-sixties, eased us—not very swiftly, but softly—through the local customs, and then we drove neither so swiftly nor so softly to the hotel, where we had decided we would have rooms on the patio. We had still to learn that if there is a patio in a Spanish hotel you cannot have rooms in it, because they are either in repair or they are occupied. In the present case they were occupied; but we could have rooms over the street, which were the same as in the patio, and which were perfectly quiet, as we could perceive from the trolley-cars grinding and squealing under their windows. The manager (if that was the quality of the patient and amiable old official who received us) seemed surprised to see the cars there, perhaps because they were so inaudible; but he said we could have rooms in the annex, fronting on the adjoining plaza and siding on an inoffensive avenue where there were absolutely no cars. The interior, climbing to a lofty roof by a succession of galleries, was hushed by four silent señoras, all in black, and seated in mute ceremony around a table in chairs from which their little feet scarcely touched the marble pavement. Their quiet confirmed the manager's assurance of a pervading tranquillity, and though the only bath in the annex was confessedly on the ground floor, and we were to be two floors above, the affair was very simple: the chambermaid would always show us where the bath was.

With misgiving, lost in a sense of our helplessness, we tried to think that the avenue under us was then quieting down with the waning day; and certainly it was not so noisy as the plaza, which resounded with the whips and quips of the cabmen, and gave no signs of quiescence. Otherwise the annex was very pleasant, and we took the rooms shown us, hoping the best and fearing the worst. Our fears were wiser than our hopes, but we did not know this, and we went as gaily as we could for tea in the patio of our hotel, where a fountain typically trickled amidst its water-plants and a noiseless Englishman at his separate table almost restored our lost faith in a world not wholly racket. A young Spaniard with two young Spanish girls helped out



A Religious Procession

the illusion with their gentle movements and their muted gutturals, and we looked forward to dinner with fond expectation. To tell the truth, the dinner, when we came back to it, was not very good, or at least not very winning, and the next night it was no better, though the head waiter had then made us so much favor with himself as to promise us a side-table for the rest of our stay. He was a very friendly head waiter, and the dining-room was a long glare of the encaustic tiling which all Seville seems lined with, and of every Moorish motive in the decoration. Besides, there was a young Scotch girl, very interestingly pale and delicate of face, at one of the tables, and at another a Spanish girl with the most wonderful fire-red hair, and there were several miracles of the beautiful obesity which abounds in Spain.

When we returned to the annex it did seem, for the short time we kept our windows shut, that the manager had spoken true, and we promised ourselves a tranquil night, which, after our two nights in Cordova, we needed if we did not merit. But we had counted without the spread of popular education in Spain. Under our windows, just across the way,



PALMS INCASE THE STATELY PLAZA SAN FERNANDO

there proved to be a school of the "Royal Society of Friends of Their Country," as the Spanish inscription in its front proclaimed; and at dusk its pupils, children and young people of both sexes, began clamoring for knowledge at its doors. About ten o'clock they burst from them again with joyous exultation in their acquirements; then, shortly after, every manner of vehicle began to pass, especially heavy market wagons overladen and drawn by horses swarming with bells. Their succession left scarcely a moment of the night unstunned; but if ever a moment seemed to be escaping, there was a maniacal bell in a church near by that clashed out, "Hello! Here's a bit of silence; let's knock it on the head!"

We went promptly the next day to the gentle old manager and told him that he had been deceived in thinking he had given us rooms on a quiet street, and appealed to his invention for something, for anything, different. His invention had probably never been put to such stress before, and he showed us an excess of impossible apartments, which we subjected to a consideration worthy of the greatest promise in them. Our search ended in a suite of rooms on the top floor, where we could have the range of a flat roof outside if we wanted; but as the private family living next door kept hens, led by a lordly turkey, on their roof, we were sorrowfully forced to forego our peculiar advantage. Peculiar we then thought it, though we learned afterward that poultry farming was not uncommon on the flat roofs of Seville, and there is now no telling how we might have prospered if we had taken those rooms and stocked our roof with Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. At the moment, however, we thought it would not do, and we could only offer our excuses to the manager, whose resources we had now exhausted, but not whose patience, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem and regret.

When we definitely turned our backs on the potential poultry farm offered us

at our hotel, we found ourselves in as good housing at another, overlooking the length and breadth of the stately Plaza San Fernando, with its parallelogram of tall palms, under a full moon swimming in a cloudless heaven by night and by day. By day, of course, we did not see it, but the sun was visibly there, rather blazing hot, even in mid-October, and showing more distinctly than the moon the beautiful tower of the Giralda from the waist up, and the shoulder of the great cathedral, besides features of other noble, though less noble, edifices. Our plaza was so full of romantic suggestion that I am rather glad now I had no association with it. I am sure I could not have borne at the time to know, as I have only now learned by recurring to my Baedeker, that in the old Franciscan cloister once there had stood the equestrian statue of the Comendador who dismounts and comes unbidden to the supper of Don Giovanni in the opera. That was a statue which, seen in my far youth, haunted my nightmares for many a year, and I am sure it would have kept me from sleep in the conditions, now so perfect, of our new housing if I had known about it.

The plaza is named, of course, for King Fernando, who took Seville from the Moors six hundred years ago, and was canonized for his conquests and his virtues. But I must not enter so rashly upon the history of Seville, or forget the arrears of personal impression which I have to bring up. The very drive from the station was full of impressions, from the narrow and crooked streets, the houses of yellow, blue, and pink stucco, the flowered and fountained patios glimpsed passingly, the half-lengths of church towers, and the fleeting façades of convents and palaces, all lovely in the mild afternoon light. These impressions soon became confluent, so that without the constant witness of our note-books I should now find it impossible to separate them. If they could be imparted to the reader in their complexity, that would doubtless be the ideal, though he would not believe that their confused pattern was a true reflex of Seville; so I recur to the record, which says that the morning after our arrival we hurried to see the great and beautiful cathedral. It had failed, in our approach the afternoon before, to fulfil the promise of one of our half-dozen guide-books (I forget which one) that it would seem to gather Seville about it as a hen gathers her chickens, but its vastness grew upon us with every moment of our more intimate



THE BRIDGE LEADING TO TRIANA

acquaintance. Our acquaintance quickly ripened into the affectionate friendship which became a tender regret when we looked our last upon it; and vast as it was, it was never too large for our embrace. I doubt if there was a moment in our fortnight's devotion when we thought the doughty canons, its brave-spoken founders, "mad to have undertaken it," as they said they expected people to think, or any moment when we did not revere them for imagining a temple at once so beautiful and so big.

If our record can be trusted, as I am not always sure it can, I found the cathedral at our first visit not so good as that of Burgos or Toledo. My note-book says it is not so good as that of Cordova; but here I now distinctly differ with it, unless it means the fine plateresque temple planted in the midst of those labyrinthine striped-calico arcades of Abderrahman's mosque. Our first visit to the Seville cathedral, however, was kept from the commonplace of a duty-round of the side-chapels by two things which I can remember without the help of my notes. One, and the prime one, was the Murillo's "Vision of St. Anthony," in which the painter has most surpassed himself, and which not to have seen, Gautier says, is not to have known the painter. It is so glorious a masterpiece, with the Child joyously running down from the clustering angels toward the kneeling saint in the nearest corner of the foreground, that it was distinctly a moment before I realized that the saint had once been cut out of his corner and sent into an incredible exile in America, and then munificently restored to it, though the seam in the canvas only too literally attested the incident. I could not well say how this fact then enhanced the interest of the painting, and then how it ceased from the consciousness, which it must always recur to with any remembrance of it. If one could envy wealth its chance of doing a deed of absolute good, here was the occasion, and I used it. I did envy the mind, along with the money, to do that great thing.



In Attitudes of silent Devotion

Another great thing which still more swelled my American heart and made it glow with patriotic pride was the monument to Columbus, which our suffering his dust to be translated from Havana has made possible in Seville. There may be other noble results of our war on Spain for the suzerainty of Cuba and the conquest of Porto Rico and the Philippines, but there is none which matches in moral beauty the chance it won us for this Grand Consent. I sup-

pose those effigies of the four Spanish realms of Castile, Leon, Aragon, and Navarre, which bear the coffin of the discoverer in stateliest processional on their shoulders, may be censured for being too boldly superb, too almost swagger, but I will not be the one to censure them. They are painted the color of life, and they advance colossally, royal-robed and mail-clad, as if marching to some proud music, and would tread you down if you did not stand aside. It is perhaps not art, but it is magnificent; nothing less stupendously Spanish would have sufficed; and I felt that the magnanimity which had yielded Spain this swelling opportunity had made America her equal in it.



ANCIENT ROMAN COLUMNS LIFTING ALOFT THE FIGURES OF HERCULES AND CÆSAR

We went to the cathedral the first morning after our arrival in Seville, because we did not know how soon we might go away, and then we went every morning or every afternoon of our fortnight there. Habitually we entered by that Gate of Pardon which in former times had opened the sanctuary to any wickedness short of heresy; but, as our need of refuge was not pressing, we wearied of the Gate of Pardon, with its beautiful Saracenic arch converted to Christianity by the Renaissance bas-relief obliterating the texts from the Koran. We tried to form the habit of going in by other gates, but the Gate of Pardon finally prevailed; there was always a gantlet of cabmen to be seen beside it, which brought our sins home to us. It led into the badly paved Court of Oranges, where the trees seem planted haphazard and where there used also to be fountains. Gate and court are remnants of the mosque, patterned upon that of Cordova by one of the proud Moorish kings of Seville, and burned by the Normans when they took and sacked his city. His mosque had displaced the early Christian basilica of San Vicente, which the still earlier temple to Venus Salambo had become. Then, after the mosque was rebuilt, the good San Fernando in his turn equipped it with a Gothic choir and chapels and turned it into the cathedral, which was worn out with pious uses when the present edifice was founded, in their *folie des grandeurs,* by those glorious madmen in the first year of the fifteenth century.

Little of this learning troubled me in my visits to the cathedral, or even the fact that, next to St. Peter's, it was the largest church in the world. It was sufficient to itself by mere force of architectural presence, without the help of incidents or measurements. It was a city in itself, with a community of priests and sacristans dwelling in it, and a floating population of sight-seers and worshipers always passing through it. The first morning we had submitted to make the round of the chapels, patiently paying to have each of them unlocked and wearily wondering at their wonders, but only sympathizing really with the stern cleric who showed the ceremonial vestments and jewels of the cathedral, and whose bitter face expressed, or seemed to express, abhorrence of our whole trivial tourist tribe. After that morning we took our curiosity into our own keeping and looked at nothing that did not interest us, and we were interested most in those fellow-beings who kept coming and going all day long.

Chiefly, of course, they were women. In Catholic countries women have either more sins to be forgiven than the men, or else they are sorrier for them; and here, whether there was service or not, they were dropped everywhere in veiled and motionless prayer. In Seville the law of the mantilla is rigorously enforced. If a woman drives, she may wear a hat; but if she walks, she must wear a mantilla under pain of being pointed at by the finger of scorn. If she is a young girl she may wear colors with it (a cheerful blue seems the favorite), but by far the greater number came to the cathedral in complete black. Those somber figures which clustered before chapel, or singly dotted the pavement everywhere, were deeply veiled and flitted in and out like shadows in the perpetual twilight. For far the greater number, their coming to the church was almost their sole escape into the world. They must all have had their parish churches besides the cathedral, and a devotee might make the day a social whirl by visiting one shrine after another. But I do not think that many do. The Spanish women are of a domestic genius, and are expected to keep at home by the men who expect to keep abroad.

I do not know just how it is in the parish churches; they must each have its special rite, which draws and holds the



THE CITY VIEWED FROM THE GUADALQUIVIR

frequenter; but the cathedral constantly offers a drama of irresistible appeal. We non-Catholics can feel this even at the distance to which our Protestantism has remanded us, and at your first visit to the Seville cathedral during mass you cannot help a moment of recreant regret when you wish that a part in the mystery enacting was your birthright. The esthetic emotion is not denied you; the organ-tide that floods the place bears you on it, too; the priests perform their rites before the altar for you; they come and go, they bow and kneel, for you; the censer swings and smokes for you; the little wicked-eyed choir-boys and mischievous-looking acolytes suppress their natures in your behalf as much as if you were a believer, or perhaps more. The whole unstinted hospitality of the service is there for you, as well as for the children of the house, and the heart must be rude and the soul ungrateful that would refuse it. For my part, I accepted it as far as I knew how, and when I left the worshipers on their knees and went tip-toeing from picture to picture and chapel to chapel, it was with shame for the unscrupulous sacristan showing me about, and I felt that he, if not I, ought to be put out and not allowed back till the function was over. I call him sacristan at a venture; but there were several kinds of guides in the cathedral, some in the livery of the place and some in civil dress, willing to supplement our hotel interpreter, or lying in wait for us when we came alone. I wish now I had taken them all, but at the time they tired me, and I denied them.

Though not a day passed but we saw it, I am not able to say what the cathedral was like. The choir was planted in the heart of it, as it might be a celestial refuge in that forest of mighty pillars, as great in girth as the giant redwoods of California, and climbing to a Gothic firmament horizoned round us with sunset light from near a hundred painted windows. The chapels on each side, the most beautiful in Spain, abound in riches of art and pious memorials, with chief among them the Royal Chapel, in the prow, as it were, of the ship which the cathedral has been resembled to, keeping the bones not only of the sainted hero, King Fernando, but also, among others, the bones of Peter the Cruel, and of his unwedded love, Maria de Padilla, far too good for Peter in life, if not quite worthy of San Fernando in death. You can see the saint's body on certain dates four times a year, when, as your Baedeker will tell you, "the troops of the garrison march past and lower their colors" outside the cathedral. We were there on none of these dates, and, far more regretably, not on the day of Corpus Christi, when those boys whose effigies in sculptured and painted wood we had seen in the museum at Valladolid pace in their mystic dance before the people at the opposite portal of the cathedral. But I appoint any reader, so minded, to go and witness the rite some springtime for me. There is no hurry, for it is destined to endure through the device practised in defeating the pope who proposed to abolish it. He ordained that it should continue only as long as the boys' actual costumes lasted; but by renewing these carefully wherever they began to wear out, they have become practically imperishable.

If we missed this attraction of the cathedral, we had the high good fortune to witness another ceremony peculiar to it, but perhaps less popularly acceptable. The building had often suffered from earthquakes, and on the awful day, *dies iræ,* of the great Lisbon earthquake, during mass and at the moment of the elevation of the Host, when the worshipers were on their knees, there came such a mighty shock in sympathy with the far-off cataclysm that the people started to their feet and ran out of the cathedral. If the priests ran after them, as soon as the apparent danger was past they led the return of their flock and resumed the interrupted rite. It was, of course, by a miracle that the temple was spared, and when it was realized how scarcely Seville had escaped the fate of Lisbon it was natural that the event should be dramatized in a perpetual observance. Every year now, on the 1st of November, the clergy leave the cathedral at a chosen moment of the mass, with much more stateliness than in the original event, and lead the people out of one portal, to return with them by another for the conclusion of the ceremonial.

We waited long for the climax, but at

last we almost missed it through the over-eagerness of the guide I had chosen out of many that petitioned. He was so politely, so forbearingly insistent in his offer to see that we were vigilantly cared for, that I must have had a heart harder than Peter the Cruel's to have denied him, and he planted us at the most favorable point for the function in the High Chapel, with instructions which portal to hurry to when the movement began, and took his peseta and went his way. Then, while we confidingly waited, he came rushing back and with a great sweep of his hat wafted us to the door which he had said the procession would go out by, but which he seemed to have learned it would come in by, and we were saved from what had almost been his fatal error. I forgave him the more gladly because I could rejoice in his returning to repair his error, although he had collected his money; and with a heart full of pride in his verification of my theory of the faithful Spanish nature, I gave myself to the shining gorgeousness of the procession that advanced chanting in the blaze of the Sevillian sun. There was every rank of clergy, from the archbishop down, in robes of ceremonial, but I am unable honestly to declare the admiration for their splendor which I would have willingly felt. The ages of faith in which those vestments were designed were apparently not the ages of taste; yet it was the shape of the vestments and not the color which troubled the eye of unfaith, if not of taste. The archbishop in crimson silk, with his train borne by two acolytes, the canons in their purple, the dean in his gold-embroidered robes, and the priests and choristers in their black robes and white surplices richly satisfied it; and if some of the clerics were a little frayed and some of the acolytes were spotted with the droppings of the candles, these were details which one remembered afterward and that did not matter at the time.

When the procession was housed again, we went off and forgot it in the gardens of the Alcazar. But I must not begin yet on the gardens of the Alcazar. We went to them every day, as we did to the cathedral, but we did not see them until our second morning in Seville. We gave what was left from the first morning in the cathedral to a random exploration of the streets and places of the city. There was, no doubt, everywhere some touch of the bravery of our square of San Fernando, where the public windows were hung with crimson tapestries and brocades in honor of St. Raphael; but his holiday did not make itself molestively felt in the city's business or pleasure. Where we could drive we drove, and where we must we walked, and we walked of course through the famous Calle de las Sierpes, because no one drives there. As a rule no woman walks there, and naturally there were many women walking there, under the eyes of the popular cafés and aristocratic clubs which principally abound in Las Sierpes, for it is also the street of the principal shops, though it is not very long and is narrower than many other streets of Seville. It has its name from so commonplace an origin as the sign over a tavern door, with some snakes painted on it; but if the example of sinuosity had been set it by prehistoric serpents, there were scores of other streets which have bettered its instruction. There were streets that crooked away everywhere, not going far in any, and breaking from time to time into irregular angular spaces with a church or a convent or a nobleman's house looking into it.

The noblemen's houses often showed a severely simple façade to the square or street, and hid their inner glories with what could have been fancied a haughty reserve if it had not been for the frankness with which they opened their patios to the gaze of the stranger, who, when he did not halt his carriage before them, could enjoy their hospitality from a sidewalk sometimes eighteen inches wide. The passing tram-car might grind him against the tall grilles which were the only barriers to the patios, but otherwise there would be nothing to spoil his enjoyment of those marble floors and tiled walls and fountains potted round with flowering plants. In summer he could have seen the family life there; and people who are of such oriental seclusion otherwise will sometimes even suffer the admiring traveler to come as well as look within. But one who would not press their hospitality so far could reward his forbearance by finding some of the patios too new-looking, with rather a glare from

their tiles and marbles, their painted iron pillars, and their glass roofs which the rain comes through in the winter. The ladies sit and sew there, or talk, if they prefer, and receive their friends, and turn night into day in the fashion of climates where they are so easily convertible. The patio is the place of that peculiarly Spanish rite, the *tertulia,* and the family nightly meets its next of kin and then its nearer and farther friends there with that Latin regularity which may also be monotony. One patio is often much like another, though none was perhaps of so much public interest as the patio of the lady who loved a bull-fighter and has made her patio a sort of shrine to him. The famous *espada* perished in his heroic calling, no worse if no better than those who saw him die, and now his bust is in plain view, with a fit inscription recognizing his worth and prowess and the heads of some of the bulls he slew.

Under that clement sky the elements do not waste the works of man as elsewhere, and many of the houses of Seville are said to be such as the Moors built there. We did not know them from the Christian houses; but there are no longer any mosques, while in our wanderings we had the pretty constant succession of the convents which, when they are still in the keeping of their sisterhoods and brotherhoods, remain monuments of the medieval piety of Spain; or, when they are suppressed and turned to secular uses, attest the recurrence of her modern moods of revolution and reform. It is to one of these that Seville owes the stately Alameda de Hercules, a promenade covering the length and breadth of aforetime convent gardens, which you reach from the Street of the Serpents by the Street of the Love of God, and are then startled by the pagan presence of two mighty columns lifting aloft the figures of Cæsar and of the titular demigod. Statues and pillars are alike antique, and give you a moment of the Eternal City the more intense because the promenade is of an unkempt and broken surface, like the cow-field which the Roman Forum used to be. Baedeker calls it shady, and I dare say it is shady, but I do not remember the trees—only those glorious columns climbing the summer sky of the Andalusian autumn, and proclaiming the imperishable memory of the republic that conquered and the empire that ruled the world and have never loosed their hold upon it. We were rather newly from the grass-grown ruin of a Roman town in Wales, and in this other Iberian land we were always meeting the witnesses of the grandeur which no change short of some universal sea-change can wholly sweep from the earth. Before it Goth and Arab shrink, with all their works, into the local and provincial; Rome remains for all time imperial and universal.

To descend from this high-horsed reflection, as I must, I have to record that there did not seem to be so many small boys in Seville as in the Castilian capitals we had visited; in the very home of the bull-feast we did not see one mimic *corrida* given by the *torreros* of the future. Not even in the suburb of Triana, where the small boys again consolingly superabounded, was the great national game played among the wheels and hoofs of the dusty streets to which we crossed the Guadalquivir that afternoon. To be sure, we were so taken with other things that a boyish bull-feast might have rioted unnoticed under our horses' very feet, especially on the long bridge which gives you the far upward and downward stretch of the river, so simple and quiet and empty above, so busy and noisy and thronged with shipping below. I suppose there are lovelier rivers than that—we ourselves are known to brag of our Pharpar and Abana—but I cannot think of anything more nobly beautiful than the Guadalquivir resting at peace in her bed, where she has had so many bad dreams of Carthaginian and Roman and Gothic and Arab and Norman invasion. Now her waters redden, for the time at least, only from the scarlet hulls of the tramp steamers lying in long succession beside the shore where the gardens of the Delicias were waiting to welcome us that afternoon to our first sight of the pride and fashion of Seville. I never got enough of the brave color of those tramp steamers; and in thinking of them as English, Norse, French, and Dutch, fetching or carrying their cargoes over those war-worn, storied waters, I had some finer thrills than in dwelling on the Tower of Gold which rose from the midst of them. It was built in the last century

of the Moorish dominion to mark the last point to which the gardens of the Moorish palace of the Alcazar could stretch, but they were long ago obliterated behind it; and though it was so recent, no doubt it would have had its pathos if I could ever have felt pity for the downfall of the Moslem power in Spain. As it was, I found the tramp steamers more moving, and it was these that my eye preferably sought whenever I crossed the Triana bridge.

We were often crossing it on one errand or other, but now we were especially going to see the gipsy quarter of Seville, which disputes with that of Granada the infamy of the loathsomest purlieu imaginable. Perhaps because it was so very loathsome, I would not afterward visit the gipsy quarter in Granada, and if such a thing were possible I would willingly unvisit the gipsy quarter of Seville. Let no Romany Rye romancing Barrow, or other fond fibbing sentimentalist, ever pretend to me hereafter that those persistent savages have even the ridiculous claim of the North American Indians to the interest of the civilized man, except as something to be morally and physically scoured and washed up, and drained and fumigated, and treated with insecticides and put away in moth-balls. Our own settled order of things is not agreeable at all points; it reeks and it smells, especially in Spain, when you get down to its lower levels; but it does not assail the senses with such rank offense as smites them in the gipsy quarter with sights and sounds and odors which to eye and ear, as well as nose, were all stenches.

Low huts lined the street, which swarmed at our coming with ragged children running beside us and after us and screaming, "Minny, mooney, *money!*" in a climax of what they wanted. Men leaned against the door-posts and stared motionless, and hags, lean and fat, sat on the thresholds and wished to tell our fortunes; younger women ranged the sidewalks and offered to dance. They all had flowers in their hair, and some were of a horrible beauty, especially one in a green waist, with both white and red flowers in her dusky locks. Down the middle of the road a troop of children, some blond, but mostly black, tormented a hapless ass colt; and we hurried away as fast as our guide could persuade our cabman to drive. But the gipsy quarter had another street in reserve which made us sorry to have left the first. It paralleled the river, and into the center of it every manner of offal had been cast from the beginning of time to reek and fester and juicily ripen and rot in unspeakable corruption. It was such a thoroughfare as Dante might have imagined in his Hell, if people in his time had minded such horrors; but as it was we could only realize that it was worse than infernal—it was medieval—and that we were driving in such putrid foulness as the gilded carriages of kings and queens and the prancing steeds and palfreys of knights and ladies found their way through whenever they went abroad in the picturesque and romantic Middle Ages. I scarcely remember now how we got away and down to the decent waterside, and then by the helpful bridge to the other shore of the Guadalquivir, painted red with the reflections of those admirable tramp steamers.

After that abhorrent home of indolence, which its children never left except to do a little fortune-telling and mule and donkey trading, eked out with theft in the country round, any show of honest industry looked wholesome and kind. I rejoiced almost as much in the machinery as in the men who were loading the steamers; even the huge casks of olives, which were working from the salt water poured into them and frothing at the bung in great white sponges of spume, might have been examples of toil by which those noisome vagabonds could well have profited. But now we had come to see another sort of leisure—the famous leisure of fortune and fashion driving in the Delicias, but perhaps never quite fulfilling the traveler's fond ideal of it. We came many times to the Delicias in hope of it, with decreasing disappointment, indeed, but to the last without entire fruition. For our first visit we could not have had a fitter evening, with its pale sky reddening from a streak of sunset beyond Triana, and we arrived in appropriate circumstance, round the immense circle of the bull-ring and past the palace which the Duc de Montpensier has given the church for a theological seminary, with long stretches of beautiful gardens.

Then we were in the famous Paseo, a drive with footways on each side, and on one side dusky groves widening to the river. The paths were lit with gleaming statues, and among the palms and the eucalyptuses were orange-trees full of their golden globes, which we wondered were not stolen till we were told they were of that bitter sort which are mostly sent to Scotland, not because they are in accord with the acrid nature of man there, but that they may be wrought into marmalade. On the other hand stretched less formal woods, with fields for such polite athletics as tennis, which the example of the beloved young English Queen of Spain is bringing into reluctant favor with women immemorially accustomed to immobility. The road was badly kept, like most things in Spain, where when a thing is done it is expected to stay done. Every afternoon it is a cloud of dust and every evening a welter of mud, for the Iberian idea of watering a street is to soak it into a slough. But nothing can spoil the Paseo, and that evening we had it mostly to ourselves, though there were two or three carriages with ladies in hats, and at one place other ladies had dismounted and were courageously walking, while their carriages followed. A magnate of some sort was shut alone in a brougham, in the care of footman and coachman with deeply silver-banded hats; there were a few military and civil riders, and there was distinctly a young man in a dog-cart with a groom, keeping abreast the landau of three ladies in mantillas, with whom he was improving what seemed a chance acquaintance. Along the course the public park gave way at times to the grounds of private villas; before one of these a boy did what he could for us by playing ball with a priest. At other points there were booths with chairs and tables, where I am sure interesting parties of people would have been sitting if they could have expected us to pass.

The reader, pampered by the brilliant excitements of our American promenades, may think this spectacle of the gay world of Seville dull; but he ought to have been with us a colder, redder, and sadder evening when we had the Delicias still more to ourselves. Afterward the Delicias seemed to cheer up, and the place was fairly frequented on a holiday, which we had not suspected was one till our cabman convinced us from his tariff that we must pay him double, because you must always do that in Seville on holidays. By this time we knew that most of the Sevillian rank and riches had gone to Madrid for the winter, and we were the more surprised by some evident show of them in the private turnouts where by far most of the turnouts were public. But in Spain a carriage is a carriage, and the Sevillian cabs are really very proper and sometimes even handsome, and we felt that our own did no discredit to the Delicias. Many of the holiday-makers were walking, and there were actually women on foot in hats and hobble-skirts without being openly mocked. On the evening of our last resort to the Delicias it was quite thronged far into the twilight, after a lemon sunset that continued to tinge the east with pink and violet. There were hundreds of carriages, fully half of them private, with coachmen and footmen in livery. With them it seemed to be the rule to stop in the circle at a turning-point a mile off and watch the going and coming. It was a serious spectacle, but not solemn, and it had its reliefs, its high-lights. It was always pleasant to see three Spanish ladies on a carriage seat, the middle one protruding because of their common bulk, and oftener in umbrella-wide hats with towering plumes than in the charming mantilla. There were no top-hats or other formality in the men's dress; some of them were on horseback, and there were two women riding.

Suddenly, as if it had come up out of the ground, I perceived a tram-car keeping abreast of the riding and walking and driving, and through all I was agreeably aware of files of peasants bestriding their homing donkeys on the bridle-path next the tram. I confess that they interested me more than my social equals and superiors; I should have liked to talk with those fathers and mothers of toil, bestriding or perched on the crupers of their donkeys, and I should have liked especially to know what passed in the mind of one dear little girl who sat before her father with her bare brown legs tucked into the pockets of the pannier.

Dolliver's Aid to the Injured

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE air was sultry, the sky was obscured by a heavy, sweeping curtain of cloud, and the landscape had taken on a grotesque aspect in the weird, greenish light that sometimes precedes a thunder-storm. It was the late afternoon of a very hot Sunday in August, and the Dollivers, who had been spending the week-end motoring in New Jersey, had put up the cover of their car, buttoned down the side curtains, and were scudding toward New York, while occasional hurrying pedestrians cast envious glances at them as they whirred past.

"Lots of these people are going to be drenched, aren't they?" said Marjorie at last, in a carefully casual tone.

"They are," succinctly returned her husband. "We're not playing the automobile game any more, you remember."

"Oh, I'll remember," she promised, drolly.

"Well, don't you imagine for one fleeting instant that I'm going to forget it," he advised. "Hereafter the pathetic, perspiring pedestrians panting along the way may continue to pant, as far as we're concerned, and those who are so ill-advised as to be overtaken by a flood may swim out. This ark's full."

"Woof!" barked Marjorie. "Woof, woof!"

"That's all right, but this time you beware of the dog. His bite's going to be worse than his bark," warned Page, whereat his wife laughed outright.

The young people had owned their car only a few months, and had begun their motoring career with altruistic dreams of pleasures shared not only with their acquaintances but with occasional casual wayfarers along their road—dreams born of their own wistful imaginings before the advent of the little car, when they, too, had stood on curbstones and watched oblivious motorists whirl past, flaunting empty tonneaus behind them. In pursuit of these ideals the Dollivers had had some strange adventures.

There had been the episode of the eccentric railway president, whom they had picked up one afternoon on a dusty road, supposing him to be only the shabby old man he appeared, and who subsequently had accused Page of being "a leetle too smooth," and had ironically dubbed him "Golden Rule Dolliver. There had been the case of the two old ladies, one of whom had missed her purse after a drive with these hospitable young strangers, with disconcerting results. Once they had been taken for kidnappers, and only the day before they had sacrificed a part of this very week-end trip in order to help once more a woman who had systematically made use of them and their car for weeks, and they had become conspicuously involved in consequence in an attempt at fraud on the part of one of her relatives.

After this last affair they had agreed that "this automobile game," as they called their little philanthropic experiment, was too dangerously liable to misinterpretation to be continued indiscriminately, and that in future they must confine its activities to persons of their acquaintance, who, presumably, would know how to play it. Notwithstanding the philosophy with which he had seemed to dismiss the matter on the day of its occurrence, the memory rankled more deeply in Dolliver's mind than in Marjorie's.

"What manner of worms are we, that we should never turn?" he now demanded, whimsically argumentative. "Haven't we been smitten on both cheeks and yet again, just because we're always asking people to fill up our empty seats?"

"I know, but—in spite of it all, it does seem selfish not to, doesn't it?"

"Sure it does! That's where the fun comes in. I like to be selfish."

"You?" Marjorie laughed again, with a quick little glow in her eyes. "You're exactly like Susie Damn."

"Susie who?"

"Damn. Don't you remember her?

She was one of those tippy dolls with a weight in the bottom, so she always came up smiling, however hard and often she was knocked down. You can't help it, Page. You're made that way."

"Oh, I am, am I?" he retorted. "Well, I'm going to help it this time. You see those two women just ahead? Yesterday we'd have insisted upon taking them home, but you watch us discreetly and consistently mind our own business today!"

"Oh, Page, see what lovely clothes they have!" commented Marjorie, as they passed the two women in question. "But if we should pick them up, I suppose one or the other of them would prove to be an adventuress," she added, sighing.

"Or take you for one," he supplemented.

They ran along for a few minutes in silence, and then he added: "Here it comes! Now we'll catch it!"

A cloud of dust swept toward them on a blustering wind, and following that came the first big, pattering drops of rain, accompanied by increasingly brilliant lightning and an almost continuous rumble of thunder. Dolliver, who had diminished his speed before meeting the blinding dust-cloud, now slowed still more and glanced at Marjorie, who was staring unheedingly out into the rain; then, with a smothered, impatient ejaculation, he opened the throttle so sharply that the automobile sprang forward like a live thing under spur. A moment later, frowning and without comment, he swung the car abruptly to the left and stopped it, with the fore-wheels in the grass by the side of the road.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm going back," he doggedly returned, reversing the engine.

"Oh, dearest! You mean — no, of course you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I'm going back to get those two women."

"Oh, you jewel! I was just going to beg you to. They had on such lovely clothes! And perhaps they are nice people, after all. There must be some, you know."

"Now, none of that!" he expostulated. The car was racing with the storm. "This is not the automobile game at all. This is first aid to the injured—no social amenities attached. We'll pick up those ladies out of the wet, and we'll put them down again at the nearest possible dry spot, but we will not concern ourselves as to who they are or where they came from, nor yet as to their ultimate destination; and as to permitting ourselves to be drawn into their affairs to the slightest degree, we shall po-litely but posi*tive*ly re-fuse. Agreed?"

"Agreed," she responded, happily. "I'll sit here beside you and we'll sternly discourage conversation — but, oh, I'm so glad we're going back, and I do hope we get there before their things are ruined!"

"Well, *I* hope this isn't the time we get into a scrape we can't get out of," he grimly retorted.

A moment later they discovered the women they sought, who were trying to supplement the thin shelter of a small tree by huddling under a beautiful but wholly inadequate lace parasol, for by this time it was raining smartly. One of them was elderly, although very erect and alert, with a firm, well-modulated voice and an unhurried manner, and the other was young and strikingly beautiful. They accepted at once, very gratefully, Dolliver's offer to carry them on to a dry spot.

"This is wonderful of you!" exclaimed the girl, as she followed the other into the tonneau. "Imagine turning back in a storm like this to pick up two strangers!"

"We couldn't bear to think of your being soaked through," said Marjorie. "Are you very wet?"

"Nothing has suffered as yet except my granddaughter's parasol," replied the older woman, "but in five minutes more—" The remainder of the sentence was lost in a crash of thunder. Meanwhile, after hastily refastening the side curtain, Dolliver had decided to light his lamps, for daylight was ending prematurely in the storm; and as he slipped past Marjorie and into his seat again, shaking the water from his arms and shoulders, their elderly guest concluded, "It is most kind—most thoughtful of you to come to our rescue."

"Not at all," returned Page, deliberately trite. "It gives us great pleasure. Where may we take you?"

"To Meadowvale, Mr. Latham's coun-

try place over on the Short Hills road, if you chance to be going that way," was the reply. "Otherwise to the nearest place where we can find shelter and a conveyance or a telephone. But on no account let us take you out of your way in this storm," she urged, whereupon Marjorie stole a triumphant glance at her husband, but found him unresponsive and apparently unmoved by this evidence of consideration on the part of their passengers.

"It will be quite simple to leave you at Meadowvale," he said. "Either road is convenient for us. It's the second turn to the right, isn't it?"

"I think so. At any rate, you turn just beyond the Stanfords', that large place with the stone wall and the wrought-iron gates. Meadowvale is less than a mile beyond."

"And please don't think I was taking my grandmother out for a four-mile walk in this weather," added the girl, with a little laugh. "We've been taking tea with some friends near here, and the Lathams, whom we're visiting, were to send their car back for us in an hour. It didn't come, and as we knew our hostess had another engagement we decided to set out on foot. Our friends protested, but we had no idea it would rain so soon and we expected to meet the car any minute, and — so here we are, thanks to you, when otherwise we might be drowning under that leaky little tree back there. You ought to be given a life-saving medal."

"Oh, we like to!" eagerly began Marjorie, and then, remembering that the automobile game was over, she finished, politely: "I mean, one is glad, of course, to do what one can. I dare say had the circumstances been reversed you would have done no less for us."

"Which does not in the least diminish our gratitude to you," smiled the elder of their guests, graciously. "I'm afraid, though I can't see out, that a good many people less fortunate than we are being drenched. Have we passed many?"

"Several," said Dolliver. Just then, by one of the coincidences in which life abounds, he leaned forward, attracted perhaps by some vague familiarity of outline or attitude, to look more sharply at a man standing in the comparative protection of the high hedge surrounding a country place, at the same time exclaiming: "Why, that looks like—no, it isn't. Yes," as a brilliant flash of lightning made everything distinct for an instant, "by George, it is!" He stopped the car, hastily explaining to the ladies in the tonneau: "Here's a man I know. Would you mind—I'm afraid he may be a little wet, but would you mind if I asked him to join us?"

"Certainly not," cordially returned the grandmother. "Surely, we should be very ungrateful indeed to deny your friend the shelter you have so generously given to two strangers."

Page accordingly backed the car toward the figure crushed into the hedge, and called:

"Come in out of the wet, won't you? This is Dolliver — Page Dolliver," he added, as the other peered through the darkness of the storm, apparently questioning that this invitation could be meant for him. "Hurry up, man! You'll melt!"

"By Christopher, this is luck!" responded a pleasant masculine voice, at the sound of which, Marjorie afterward remembered, the girl gave a little gasp. "I thought I'd have to swim for it. I'm already pretty wet, you know," he warned, pausing in the act of unbuttoning the curtain flap.

"Never mind. There are plenty of rugs and things. I think you can manage. There are two ladies back there whom we picked up down the road a bit, but they say you may come in."

"I'm deeply grateful to them—and to you." The young man stepped quickly into the dusky tonneau, turning as he did so to refasten the flap against driving gusts of rain. "And I'll try to do as little damage as possible. As the moving figures in a flood, you people certainly do outclass the Noah family, and thanks to you I'm not really so very wet yet, except on the surface. There, I think that's all tight. Now, is there a heavy rug in which I can insulate myself, so to speak, before I sit down? Ah, thank you," as the girl, who had drawn nearer her grandmother to make room for him, silently thrust into his hands a rug she had already pulled from the rack, which he wrapped around him before slipping into

the seat beside her. "It's very generous of you to let me share—" He broke off sharply, and Dolliver, who had been waiting for an opportunity to introduce his friend, unobservantly seized the moment.

"Marjorie, this is Mr. Karr," he said. "My wife—here beside me. These other ladies, like yourself, we have just—"

Marjorie, who had twisted in her seat in an effort to help Karr with the rug, had seen him look for the first time at his companions in the tonneau, and now she clutched her husband's arm. Dolliver turned to see in the lightning's flickering glare the two young people staring into each other's agitated faces, while the grandmother's expression was one of stern rigidity. For a few seconds the only sound was of the pouring rain and the crashing thunder. Then the grandmother spoke.

"We already know Mr. Karr—rather well," she said. "Now if you'll be kind enough to drive to Meadowvale as rapidly as possible, please?"

"Certainly," said Dolliver. As he started the car he leaned toward Marjorie, muttering: "Great Scott, what have we got into now?"

"I beg your pardon," young Karr was saying at the same time, in the tense tone of one who suffers. "I didn't know—of course, I couldn't dream that—that it would be you—here."

In talking it over afterward the Dolliver agreed that if the lady had accepted this statement at its face value and held her peace, nothing more would have happened, but they differed concerning the reasons for her subsequent course. Marjorie contended that she was too angry, believing herself outwitted and ensnared, to permit Karr to carry off unchallenged his apparent assumption that she was still unaware of the superior strategy through which she fancied he had brought about the present situation; while Page argued that in her startled perception of the dangers of this swift crisis, the grandmother simply committed the immemorial error of conspirators and intrigantes at crucial moments and overplayed her part. At any rate, to young Karr's somewhat broken explanation she returned, with cold if somewhat precipitate severity:

"That is scarcely worth while, is it? Surely you do not expect me to accept this as coincidence."

"This—meeting, you mean? Certainly it's coincidence, Mrs. Toland. What else could it be?"

"The trap was skilfully arranged, I admit," she continued. "We stepped into it without suspicion. But you must see that it is all quite obvious now."

"Gran, dear!" the girl expostulated, faintly.

"What's obvious?" puzzled the man. "I don't understand."

"Please don't be childish, Mr. Karr, nor assume that I am," was the cold response. "When your friends, having passed us, return after some time to pick us up, selecting us from among the scores whom they must have seen hurrying for cover, and when within five minutes after this you are discovered waiting under a hedge by the wayside, surely the inference is too obvious to admit of discussion."

"Page!" ejaculated Marjorie, in an indignant undertone. "Did you hear that? Does she think that we—" Dolliver lifted a silencing hand and half turned toward the group in the tonneau, his lips parted to speak, but Karr had already taken up the charge.

"Nevertheless, you're mistaken, Mrs. Toland," he said, firmly. "And whatever you prefer to believe of me, you must not misunderstand the motives of Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver. If they returned to pick you up after passing you, it was solely in response to their own kindly impulse and had no connection whatever with me or my affairs, of which they know nothing. My later advent upon the scene was entirely accidental and unpremeditated, and this encounter was as great a surprise to me as it could possibly have been to you. You must believe this in justice to Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver."

"And also in justice to Mr. Karr," began Page; but the girl interrupted, in a tone as distinct and cold as Mrs. Toland's:

"I think you forget, grandmother, that Mr. Karr has made it perfectly clear that he has as little desire to meet us as—as we have to meet him."

"Why do you say that?" demanded the young man. "How can you say that?"

"Never mind now," interposed Mrs.

Toland. "This is neither the time nor the place to discuss it. Can't you drive faster, Mr. Dolliver? Haven't we passed the Stanford gate yet?"

"I think we're not far from it," Page replied. "It's impossible to make much speed in this downpour. The road's too slippery. Is the rain driving in at all back there?"

"Make all the haste you can, please," she bade him, heedless of his question, and turned again toward Karr, who meanwhile was urging the girl to speech.

"Why do you say I haven't wanted to see you?" he persisted. "What could I have done that I haven't done?"

"Nothing, I suppose — since you couldn't explain it," she returned, bitterly.

"Natalie, I positively forbid you to talk about this matter here," sternly interposed her grandmother again, raising her voice to make it heard over the beating of the rain, and then waited for a terrific crash of thunder to subside before continuing: "And if this contretemps is as accidental as you would have us believe, Mr. Karr, you will not take advantage of it to force upon my granddaughter a situation from which she would otherwise have been protected."

"I have already assured you," he told her, clearly, "that the encounter is wholly accidental, and I was about to remove myself and so terminate this very painful scene, when Natalie said something that—well, that must be explained, that's all! I want to know what you expected that I didn't do?" he continued, doggedly.

"But you didn't do anything," exclaimed the girl, with a little catch in her voice. "You just accepted it—tacitly acknowledged everything—"

"Accepted it! Good Lord!" he cried. "Didn't you make it sufficiently clear that I must? Did you expect me to go on indefinitely being turned away from your door and having my letters sent back unopened? A man doesn't do that, you know."

"But you never even tried!" she retorted, sharply. "You never came—never telephoned—"

"Never tried! Never came! What do you mean?" Both were talking at once and neither paid the slightest attention to Mrs. Toland, who was vainly trying to check their impetuous utterances. "Don't you know—"

"You never even answered my letter!" charged the girl, concluding her accusation.

"Letter?" Karr caught at the word. "What letter? I've had no letter from you! Natalie, did you write to me—after—?"

"Certainly not!" Mrs. Toland seized the opportunity, but was unable to hold it. The girl was not to be restrained.

"Yes, I did. I can't help it, Gran, I did! What's the use of denying that I wrote to him? He knows I did!"

"Natalie, control yourself!" Mrs. Toland's voice was incisive, and for a moment her granddaughter yielded to the habit of submission to authority. It was here that Marjorie leaned nearer her husband, softly protesting:

"Page, we've no right to hear this. It's too intimate! We must talk—and keep talking!"

"Greatness isn't the only thing that's thrust upon one," he retorted. "Besides, this begins to look like a battle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Don't distract their attention."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Toland had continued: "I have already pointed out, Mr. Karr, that you have us at a disadvantage. I can neither alight, with my granddaughter, in this storm, nor can I insist, under the circumstances, upon your doing so. But I assure you this affair has been settled once for all, and it will be perfectly useless to reopen it. Moreover, you force me to remind you that we are not alone, and that this is essentially a family matter."

"It is essentially a matter concerning Natalie and me, Mrs. Toland," asserted the young man, "and I begin to suspect that the family has already assumed a much larger part in it than is just to either of us—and I'm going to find out, here and now."

"Bully for you!" muttered Dolliver, but only Marjorie heard. "More power to your elbow!"

"Natalie, didn't any of my messages reach you?" asked Karr.

"What messages? There were no messages. Days and days went by—and you never came—never made a sign—

nor sent any word at all—and then I wrote, begging for some explanation—"

"But I did! Dearest, dearest, I besieged your house! I called, I wrote—telephoned — telegraphed — the answer was always the same: 'Miss Brainard is not at home.' The letters came back unopened, the telegrams were never answered, and at last, naturally—I didn't want to annoy you—and I gave it up. I realized, of course, that the thing had shocked you—hurt you cruelly—and that you had every right to demand of me an explanation; but I did not expect you to deny me all opportunity to make it. I did not expect to be condemned without any hearing whatever."

"But—but I don't understand," faltered Natalie.

"Perhaps Mrs. Toland can explain," grimly suggested her lover.

"I can." The grandmother's tone was crisp and clear and full of dignity. "And it is quite characteristic of you, Mr. Karr, that you should first place me at a disadvantage and then force this explanation."

"I am at least giving you an opportunity to explain," he submitted. "That's more than you did for me." Here Marjorie and Page exchanged furtive glances of delight. When Mrs. Toland spoke again, the increased frigidity of her tone indicated that the shot had taken effect.

"You are entirely aware, I think, Mr. Karr," she began, "that although Miss Brainard's family had at first no active objection to you personally, we have at no time considered the proposed marriage between you and my granddaughter as at all desirable or even suitable."

"I have been given to understand as much," he mentioned, dryly.

"And for that reason—as well as because she is so young—we declined to announce the engagement formally."

"Hoping that something would occur to break it off," he translated.

"Believing that my granddaughter herself would perceive with experience that she would be much wiser to marry a man of her own circle, who could give her the social position to which she is accustomed and for which she has been rather brilliantly equipped, as well as the means to enjoy it."

"In other words, you felt that she would be throwing herself away on a nobody," he observed.

"The phrase is yours, Mr. Karr."

"But correctly conveys your meaning, nevertheless. May I suggest that we have been over this ground rather exhaustively before, Mrs. Toland?"

"And, anyway, in the end you did consent, you know," Natalie reminded her.

"In the end we — acquiesced, reluctantly," discriminated the grandmother, "because Mr. Karr was importunate and you were headstrong, and the situation—which would never have been permitted to reach that point had I been at home—seemed to call for tact and discretion. We hoped and believed, however, that the arrangement would prove to be only temporary. But we also believed—and upon this I cannot place too strong an emphasis—we also believed, Mr. Karr, that you were at least an honorable man, of unimpeachable morals and exemplary life. When this belief proved to be unfounded, the tentative engagement between you—"

"It was not tentative! Why do you all persist in belittling it?" contended Natalie. "Whatever may have happened since, we were formally and definitely engaged, with the full consent of the family!"

"I repeat, the tentative engagement ended at once, automatically," continued Mrs. Toland, unmoved. "Under no circumstances would Miss Brainard's family permit her to associate with—much less to marry—a man of lax morals and dissipated habits."

"And you find it convenient to assume that I have both." Karr was evidently holding himself in strong restraint.

"The facts speak for themselves," she returned, with cold finality. "The men of our circle do not figure in gambling-house scandals, Mr. Karr."

Marjorie shot a quick glance at Dolliver, who winked reassuringly, shrugged a shoulder ever so slightly, and brushed away an imaginary cobweb with a little movement of his fingers.

"Oh, Rob, why were you there?" appealed the girl. "There *must* be some explanation!"

"Mr. Karr's reasons for visiting places

of that character cannot concern us in the least, Natalie," admonished her grandmother. "It is indisputable that he was arrested there by the police, like any other common gambler, which is quite sufficient to exclude him from our horizon."

"Natalie, on my word of honor I was never in a gambling-house before in my life," said Karr, very earnestly. "Will you believe that?"

"Y-yes, if you say so, Rob; but why—"

"I went this time solely out of curiosity, and because George Holmes asked me to. He was a classmate of mine at college and lives in Denver. He's a mighty good sort, but he has one weakness—he will gamble. He told me that he was going to Gildersleeve's that night, and invited me to go with him."

"And you went, of course, for his sake," swiftly interpreted the girl. "Don't you see, Gran? He went to be with this Mr.—with his friend—hoping that he might influence him not to—"

"No, I didn't, Natalie," disclaimed her lover. "Don't make any mistake about this. There aren't any missionary motives mixed up in it at all. Holmes has a conscience of his own, in perfectly good working order. He doesn't need mine. He has also a lot of money, and it is distinctly none of my business what he does with it. I have already told you that I went solely out of curiosity."

"Page, I like that man!" impulsively breathed Marjorie.

Dolliver nodded, smiling, and bent over the wheel, trying to see the road ahead. The rain still fell heavily, but the lightning had almost ceased and the thunder was dying away in distant rumbles.

"And does that seem to you a very lofty or a very adequate motive, Mr. Karr?" inquired Mrs. Toland.

"It seems to me a very natural one," he returned, simply. "In the first place, Gildersleeve's house is celebrated in every club in town for the beauty of its decorations. It was done by Sutphen Brown and is called one of his masterpieces, which in itself is enough to make a man want to see it. Then we've been hearing a good deal lately about the frankness with which these gambling-places are conducted under the very noses of the police, and of the numbers of well-known men who frequent them—notably Gildersleeve's—and when Holmes offered to take me there it occurred to me that it would be interesting to see how much of all this was true and what a gambling-house was like, anyway—and I found out. We'd been there just half an hour when the place was raided, and for some reason—perhaps because they knew we were not habitués of the house—the police chose Holmes and me, with three or four others, as scapegoats, and let the rest go. Of course, we gave assumed names and had comparatively little difficulty in getting off, but somebody recognized us—"

"And the next day we learned from the morning paper that the man whose attentions to my granddaughter we had countenanced and for whom we had, therefore, to a certain extent, made ourselves social sponsors, had figured in the vulgar, sensational, disgraceful exposé of a notorious gambling-house."

"And does that seem to you a sufficient reason for denying me all opportunity to explain how my presence there came about?" he demanded.

"That it came about at all, Mr. Karr, makes any explanation futile," was her sharp retort. "A man may step from my drawing-room into the police court, if his inclinations lead him that way—but he cannot return to my drawing-room."

"Score one for grandmother," murmured Dolliver in his wife's ear. Marjorie's hands were clenched, her eyes brilliant, and her cheeks pink with excitement.

"But is that all?" cried Natalie.

"All?" echoed her grandmother. "What do you mean?"

"Why—there must have been something more—something worse—than that! Rob, on your word of honor, was that all that happened?"

"On my word of honor, Natalie, that was the extent of my transgression. I've told you the whole truth. You believe that, don't you? The whole truth!"

"Without altering the situation by a hair's breadth," Mrs. Toland hastened to supply, "since you have not been able to deny the essential facts in the matter."

"But he has, Gran! Don't you see?

The essential thing is his reason—his motive in being there. That makes all the difference."

"I have already said, Natalie, that we are not concerned with Mr. Karr's reasons, plausible or otherwise, for indulging his somewhat questionable tastes, nor in the arguments with which he seeks to justify his conduct. The situation should not have been possible under any circumstances, and that it was possible has eliminated him, as far as we are concerned, from any future consideration."

"Apropos of reasons, we are forgetting the other wing of the situation," said Karr, "and unlike you, Mrs. Toland, we are very much interested, Natalie and I, in the arguments her family can offer in justification of their own conduct in this affair."

"Well, I wondered how long it was going to take them to get to that!" whispered Marjorie, with a catch of her breath. "I almost asked her myself!"

"Yes, you didn't finish telling us about that." The girl quickly caught up the thread. "You very deftly shifted the burden of defense to Rob's shoulders, didn't you?"

"I do not recognize the necessity of any defense, Natalie, and I have explained very fully, it seems to me."

"You've not explained why I was told that no message had come from Rob."

"My dear child, you had already had a very painful shock in this wretched affair and we thought it best to spare you every possible additional strain. We knew that as soon as you were able to see all this rationally—in perspective, as it were—you would inevitably come to feel as the rest of us did about it."

"'We thought,' 'we knew.' You mean *you* thought and told mamma what to do, as usual," keenly charged Natalie.

"And did it never occur to you, Mrs. Toland," pressed the young man, "that as Natalie's fiancé it was my right to explain this thing to her and her right to hear me if she wished? Has it occurred to you that we are individuals, living our own lives?"

"It occurred to us not only that we had the right, but that it was our duty to safeguard a very young and inexperienced girl against the continued advances of a man who had already proved himself unworthy of her," stated Mrs. Toland, with great dignity.

"Even to the extent of intercepting letters, telegrams, and telephone messages intended for her?" he thrust, and instantly the grandmother parried:

"Certainly to the extent of protecting her from her own foolish impulses, resulting from the blind, sentimental infatuation which had led her into this unfortunate situation in the first place, and from which she could hardly be expected to free herself at once."

"And do you mean to tell me"—the girl's voice shook—"that you all—*all* of you—lied to me—"

"Natalie! You forget yourself, my child!"

"Yes, lied to me—and lied about me—all that time? That you let me sit there hour after hour—day after day—watching—waiting—praying for just one little word from Rob—just one little sign—"

"My dear love!" Karr's voice was husky.

"You let me think that he was disgraced—and ashamed—and a coward—that he was afraid even to come and see me again—and all the time you were lying to me about him and to him about me! You even— Where's the letter I wrote him? What have you done with that?"

"Your mother has it."

"Where did she get it?"

"The servants had instructions to take all outgoing mail to her."

"Oh! *Oh!* How—how *dared* you!"

"My poor child, all this just shows how necessary it was. Even yet you are unreasoning and irresponsible in this matter—a victim of the strange sort of infatuation a young girl occasionally conceives for a man entirely unworthy of her. Some day, Natalie, you will understand and be grateful—"

"You had no right to assume that he had 'proved himself unworthy,' as you say. He hadn't!"

"Well, at any rate, he has now," observed Mrs. Toland.

"Now?" Both challenged her at the same instant.

"By your own confession, Mr. Karr, whatever your real motive in visiting that gambling-house may have been, you were entirely unrestrained by any sense of the

impropriety of visiting an establishment the very existence of which was a defiance of law and order and an open flaunting of one of the most pernicious forms of vice. By your own confession you choose your friends from among persons whose habit it is to frequent resorts of that character, and you regard the whole matter so lightly that, even accepting your defense at its face value, your unprincipled curiosity led you to countenance and encourage by your presence a practice universally condemned by all right-thinking people. I need scarcely add that my granddaughter is not accustomed to the atmosphere which you seem to find it so easy to enter, and I assure you her family will think no price too high to rescue her from such associations and such a future as a life with you promises. The very fact that you were willing, under all the circumstances, to force yourself upon us at a moment like this and to compel discussion of a question already closed only proves again that—" She stopped short, caught her breath, paused for a tense moment, and demanded: "Where are we? Why haven't we arrived at Meadowvale? We should have been there long ago! Mr. Dolliver, where are you taking us?"

"I don't think I can tell you exactly," replied Page, leaning forward to peer out into the darkness. "I must have taken the wrong turn somewhere, and I've been running around a little, trying various roads, thinking I might strike the right one somehow. We can't be very far from it now, I think."

"Why, Page, are we lost?" cried Marjorie. "How funny! How can we be?"

"This is very strange indeed — very extraordinary, Mr. Dolliver," sternly said Mrs. Toland. "It was a perfectly straight road—and a very short distance, if you had turned at the Stanford place."

"Yes, but you see I didn't," answered Page, mildly. "I must have run past it somehow in the storm."

"Impossible!" Mrs. Toland seemed dangerously near losing her temper. "This whole situation is intolerable, and your pretense of coincidence and accident is preposterous! Mr. Dolliver, I insist upon knowing where you are taking us!"

"In view of your own practices, as revealed by your conversation — which you will understand I couldn't avoid overhearing," he imperturbably returned, "it is not surprising, madam, that you should suspect conspiracy and intrigue back of every unexpected situation; but you will perhaps pardon me if, under all the circumstances, I don't care to defend myself. Moreover, I have just got my eye on a familiar landmark, and, as I thought, we're not far from Meadowvale. I'll deposit you there in about five minutes."

"Now, you see, dear, it all comes to this in the end," said Karr. "This whole thing was very evidently a conspiracy on the part of your family to separate us. They were looking for a peg upon which to hang a case against me, and they found it in this Gildersleeve incident—in which connection, by the way, I want to say that Mrs. Toland was quite right about one thing. I had no business to go to the place at all."

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Toland.

"However, I've told you how and why I went," he resumed, without heeding the interruption, "and I told you in all my letters how deeply and sincerely sorry I am for the whole affair. Now, you're not going to let this part us, are you, Natalie?"

"You know I'm not!"

"Then the next question is what are we going to do?"

"Do?"

"Because I have an idea that you're not going to have a very happy time at home from now on, dearest. They're never going to approve of your marrying me, you know, and they may even try— Natalie, are you sure you trust me now?"

"Perfectly, perfectly sure!"

"Then will you—would you—would you be willing to come to me—to marry me, Natalie—soon? Very soon?"

"Certainly not!" Again Mrs. Toland took up her cudgels. "Don't be preposterous as well as impertinent, Mr. Karr! Natalie is only a child."

"Natalie is a woman—and is to be my wife," he told her, distinctly. "It may be easier for you in the end, Mrs. Toland, if you will remember that now. Natalie, will you marry me—soon?"

"Yes, if—if you think best, Rob."

"My *dear!* Then—this is the 25th—

will you marry me a month from to-day? The 25th of September?"

"Y-yes, Rob."

"Natalie, I warn you now that you will never marry Robert Karr with either your mother's or my consent."

"Then I shall marry him without it, grandmother, but I am going to marry him—I am—on the 25th—of September." The reply began ringingly and ended in a happy little sob. Then, as Page turned in at the Meadowvale gate, she cried, brokenly: "Oh, you dear Dolliver people! I hope you realize—for I can never tell you— But you'll come to our wedding, won't you? You will, won't you?"

"Indeed we will, you sweet child!" cried Marjorie, winking the tears out of her eyes.

"Be—because," finished the other, unsteadily, "there never would have been any wedding if it hadn't been for you!"

A moment later they left Mrs. Toland and Natalie at the Lathams' door, after conventional farewells for the benefit of the servants, and drove away, with Karr still in the tonneau. For a few minutes they were all silent. Then the car jolted a little, and Page said hastily, as if he had just been shaken out of a dream:

"By the way, where do you want to go now?"

"I? Oh—I don't know." Karr, too, came back to the realities of the moment with a start. "It doesn't matter. Drop me anywhere. Here, if you like. But first I want to tell you—to thank you—Oh, well, I can't! I hope you understand!"

"We do," said Dolliver, gripping the hand the other had arisen to lay on his shoulder. "We're in love ourselves!"

"And I want to apologize to you both for thrusting my personal affairs on you as I have, but you see—"

"You don't owe us any apology," interrupted Dolliver. "If anybody apologizes it should be ourselves."

"You? Why?" asked his friend.

"Because we listened," supplied Marjorie. "I knew I oughtn't to — it was very rude indeed — but I just couldn't help it!"

"Well—that wasn't what I was going to say—though it's true enough," said her husband.

"What then?" asked Karr. "What have you to do penance for?"

"For getting lost." Page's tone sounded almost sheepish.

"But, man alive, that was the luckiest thing for me that ever happened! Where should I have been if you hadn't?"

"That's it," said Dolliver. "It was sheer, brazen, officious effrontery on my part—but that's what I thought. So I did it."

"Wha—what?" gasped the other.

"Page Dolliver!" cried Marjorie, "you didn't—you don't mean—"

"My dearest girl," her husband expostulated, still somewhat embarrassed, "you didn't think I was really lost, did you? I could drive a car through this neighborhood blindfolded!"

"Well, I *thought* it was funny," she began, but Karr fell to laughing and stood stooping over them, clinging to the rug-rod with one hand and ecstatically beating his host about the shoulders with the other, incoherently praising him the while. When they had grown a little used to the idea, Marjorie exclaimed:

"But, Page, how *could* you?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "I felt like the god in the machine for a while there, and I guess it went to my head a little."

"But—dearest—it was almost a trick, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Quite. But we already had the name, and it occurred to me at once that we might as well enjoy a little of the game, so I just made the most of it."

"I thought you weren't going to play any more games," she reminded him, drolly. "I thought this was going to be strictly—"

"First aid to the injured?" he interrupted. "Well, wasn't it? Besides—this automobile game *is* a good game, after all, isn't it, girlie? Let's play it some more—with discretion—shall we?"

The Undergraduate

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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IT was a somnolent afternoon in May. There was a grass-cutter on the college lawn outside, and a persistent oriole in the elms. We were on Browning; "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" was the lesson. As the application to life and idealism became clear, the mystery of the poem began to stir the men before me. In spite of the drowsy noises and the warm sleepiness of the air, I could see interest awaken in their faces, and feel their minds stretch to take in the thought of the poet. When I reached "Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set, and blew. Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," I could pause in a tense silence, and say, "That's all for to-day," with quite a pleasant glow of successful achievement.

They picked up their hats and most of them scurried for the ball-game. But a row gathered in front of my desk. "What is my mark, please?" one asked, and jarred unpleasantly on my optimistic mood. "Am I going to be warned this month?" said another. "Are we going to have this in the examination?" a third pleaded. Then up stood, then out stepped, then in struck, amid all these, a fourth with a cold, hard-souled look to him. "What is there *practical* in all this literature, Professor?" he queried, obstinately; and might have added, "Your answer won't interest *me*."

I went into my office, and sat down to think it out. I remembered a phrase of my old teacher: "The astonishing power of the undergraduate mind to resist the intrusion of knowledge." I remembered the multitudinous articles, essays, letters, reports I had been reading on the failure of the colleges; the shot and hail which (in papers they never read, and speeches they never hear) had been pouring on these boys; and, thinking not so much of the disappointment of this last attempt of mine as of other more serious discomfitures, I wondered if it were not all true. Then I began to take stock. And as I thought over my years in college and my years of teaching, and the misunderstandings and the blindnesses of them, and the charming boys I had known, and the wasted energies, and all the mistakes to be made in dealing with plastic but incalculable life, I found myself coming out at a door quite different from the one by which I had entered. I felt as great an impatience with the howl and outcry against the colleges and the undergraduate as with the story-tellers who have been romanticizing college life until they have distorted it. The saying of gentle Traherne came into my mind, "Prize what you have," and I began to wonder if before we accept the growing condemnation of college life, and the failure of the college to educate, it would not be well to understand and to appreciate the undergraduate.

It is not an easy thing to do. On the one hand, there is sentimental fiction, which has cast a delusive glamour upon him. On the other, there is the business man who says he is untrained, the literary man who calls him illiterate, and the educator who asserts that he is unwilling. There is his own personality, which is in a transition stage, and so doubly hard to comprehend. And there are his poses, many and various, which must be discounted before we can begin. Nevertheless, it is a dull observer who cannot be certain that three estimable virtues—courtesy, energy, and loyalty—flourish in the colleges.

The word "undergraduate"—in certain periodicals—has always an adjective linked to it, such as "uncouth," "boisterous," "noisy," "ill-mannered." We who live with him wonder why. Noisy and boisterous he is, but usually on highly proper occasions. He cheers at the theater

instead of clapping; personally I like it; and the actors seem to like it, too. He improvises scratch quartets between lectures, and chants in the corridors. Why not! Uncouth he may be occasionally when, in the presence of his elders, especially the women, he remembers that, after all, he is little more than a boy, and stumbles over a chair or pronounces with difficulty. Ill-mannered he certainly is not. The old days, when tutors were stoned in their rooms and bulldogs set on the lecturers, have gone, at least in the colleges with which I am familiar. Courtesy is as much a part of college custom as cleanliness; the politeness of one's class is a wall through which it is difficult to break. An insulting answer in a recitation-room is nearly as rare as a burst of tears. If a piece of chalk should hit me when my back was turned —and in the old days they did not stop with chalk—I should believe that it was an accident, and probably be right. It is true that courtesy is only a by-product of education, to use Dr. Wilson's happy phrase. But there is more of it in the colleges than in the world outside.

Again, it is an old reproach against the college student that he is idle and lazy. Our present race of undergraduates are energetic beyond belief. Besides study—and, in spite of the current opinion, all of them do study—they are busy in a hundred directions. It was only recently that the faculty extorted an unwilling promise from the workers of the *Yale News* not to carry on their competition after midnight! Football, baseball, the crew, mean hours every day of hard labor (not fun, mind you) for half the year at least. Fraternity campaigning leaves the men exhausted in mind and body at the end of the "rushing season." The Y. M. C. A., business managerships for the many organizations, to say nothing of the hundred activities by means of which the needy support themselves, make college life a whirl of action, in which only the negligible and the despised hang back. You must make an appointment, as with a corporation president, if you wish to see a college leader out of recitation hours! That these efforts are well directed, that this is the ideal of academic leisure, I do not contend. But energy is certainly not a vice. No one—except the fat monks of the English monasteries — criticized the Northmen for their energy. And there is even more energy in our colleges than in American life.

But the great and shining virtue of the undergraduate is loyalty. At least one eminent philosopher thinks that in this word the greater virtues are summed. However that may be, wherever college life is sounded, in athletics, in friendship, in devotion to the college, in many regions less obvious, it seems to be compacted of loyalties. This it is, I believe, that makes our boys seem more earnest, while less serious, than the English student; that makes them seem naïve in contrast with older men who have lived in a world where ends are followed less blindly. The difference is not to their discredit. Once there came into my class of good-natured, immature sophomores a Russian who had taken part in the revolution, and escaped with just his life and his revolutionary ardor. At first the contrast between this desperate idealist, who knew how to use weapons, manage men, risk lives for a cause, and these well-fed youngsters who had never conceived of any social order but their own, was almost ludicrous. When he spoke in his quick, sharp voice, they squirmed uneasily in their seats. It seemed unfair that ideas (for he had them) should assail them on their unprotected rear! But as I thought them over, the difference lessened. Their blind loyalty to one another, to their captains, to their college and its spirit, differed, after all, only in object and in maturity from his; in its way was just as fine.

I do not mean that the loyalty of the undergraduate appears in the form of emotion or sentimentality. Talk about "the dear old college" and "my old chum" has been given the expressive epithet "rah rah" and laughed out of the vocabulary — at least in the more sophisticated institutions. The undergraduate, indeed, has become a man of the world. He hides his feelings except at the football games; his talk is, half of it, badinage; and he is wonderfully successful at seeming to take life with no seriousness whatsoever. Furthermore, there are the cynics, and the prematurely mature, who wonder very rightly, like

a character in a recent college novel, whether the college isn't there to serve them, and not they the college.

Nevertheless, this subterranean loyalty flows under the whole college structure, and wells up in the most surprising persons and places. To act against the "spirit" of the place is the unpardonable sin. "He has a pretty poor spirit" is the current anathema. Not to come out for a team, or an editorial board, or a musical club, if one has the ability, is damning—and almost incomprehensible. To be snobbish is to be unpopular—not on moral grounds, but because it hurts the tradition of democracy (democracy means "being civil to one's classmates"), which every American college believes that it alone conserves. To be lazy, to be over-studious, to be dissolute, to be spendthrift, all offend in some subtle or obvious fashion the spirit of loyalty. Loyalty unites itself in the subconsciousness with the desire for social honors—the Mammon of our colleges—and is an inextricable part of the motives of those whose chief ambition is to make this society or that. It accounts for much of the strength of college friendships. It is a powerful lever to keep a man up in the world after graduation, and many among us have been kept moving ahead by the old college feeling that one must be loyal to the expectations of one's friends. In stories of broken-ribbed quarter-backs and water-logged crews the thing has been sentimentalized until it is hard to make it appear the simple fact of college life and the all-pervading force that it is. But however we may dislike some of the results, or deplore some of the ends and ideals of college loyalty, it is folly and destruction to attack it, or depreciate in the least degree its remarkable value for American life. The energy and the loyalty of the undergraduate are like the waters of a mountain stream. Running wild, they are wasteful and dangerous, though, to complete the figure, highly picturesque. Dry them up, or fight them back, and you do no good to any one; harness or direct them, and you will have a tremendous power at your command.

But how? I am not so rash as to attempt a final answer to that question. I am content at this point to maintain that until we prize what we have it is useless to criticize the undergraduate. And I hope to make clear that even then we must carry our criticism beyond an analysis of faults.

These are said to be many and black. To begin with, it must be admitted, even by those who are most in sympathy with him, that much of his splendid energy is undeniably wasted. I say "much" advisedly, for it is mere pedagoguery to suppose that all effort not directed toward intellectual development is wasted. Nevertheless, far too much of this college energy is burned as incense for the lesser gods. Interpret education as broadly as you will, even then it is difficult to reconcile the mad endeavor to do something and be something in the estimation of the little college community with any true function of the college. It is the approval of their classmates that our undergraduates seek, the approval and the material reward of approval: an election to a society, which means in this college world comfortable self-respect and an assured position, and in the next, the outer world, valuable friendships, useful connections that one does not have to wait for graduation to appreciate. Not that this approval is undesirable. You wish it for your son—and no one can blame you. But a student body which seeks social recognition as an end is likely to be somewhat uncritical of the things which public opinion approves. It is hard enough to fulfil the requirements for success, without the added labor of estimating their value. It is much easier to plunge along blindly, do what is expected of you, and drown your critical faculties in busyness, than to reason out the true serviceableness of your efforts for the college or yourself.

They waste much of their energy, some of the best of these undergraduates, because their range of sympathies, of interests, of ambitions, is too narrow. No one expects a boy of seventeen, just entering college, to be especially broad-minded; but though the vision of the Freshman and the Sophomore and the Junior grows clearer and truer, it broadens very slowly, and sometimes not at all. This last statement would be ludicrously untrue of individuals. Of the majority of college students it is true. They are narrow in

their sympathies; and under existing conditions this is also not unnatural. Who expects the average youth of, say, twenty, to be thoroughly sympathetic with art, literature, music, research; or with economics, politics, and the principles of finance; more especially when all these activities have scarcely touched him at home? As a thoughtful Senior once said: "In summer, when I go home, it seems as if no one outside cared about the things you try to interest us in here." Fortunately we are on the eve of a "growing-up" of our student body. A great and important change has begun in our universities in the past ten years. One's classes "feel" differently. They respond, however irregularly, to the intellectual, the scientific, the esthetic appeal. The symphony concerts, the good plays, the "outside lectures" have a larger and larger following. In the little Elizabethan Club just started at Yale, where for the first time (here at least) graduates and undergraduates meet upon an equal basis of club membership, the talk is various and good; and the best talk, I think, comes from the boys. The undergraduate's vision is narrow, but it is narrow because his sympathies are too often dormant—and the fault is not his.

It is their ideals that, with more justice, one complains of—their ideals which the very blindness of their loyalty prevents them from estimating truly. I was present not long ago at a class meeting where certain leaders were urging the men to get out and do something worthy of their class. An eager youth jumped to his feet, ran his hands through his hair, and burst forth: "Look here, you fellows, there's the Y. M. C. A. That's a college activity. You ought to go to the meetings. You fellows that aren't out for the teams or the musical clubs ought to see whether you can't do something *there*. It's a good thing, anyhow, and religious and all that; but what I'm saying is that it's a college activity and ought to be supported. Where's your spirit, anyhow!" As I listened, I saw in imagination the spirit of the elder Dwight recoiling in horror from this profanity; of the reverend president, Ezra Stiles, calling for a sign from Heaven to proclaim the blasphemer preordained to damnation. But it was not blasphemy. My youth was speaking according to his lights. Supporting the college, *as he understood it,* was a duty beyond which he could not see.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the effect of this uncritical loyalty upon the undergraduate's attitude toward the curriculum. The results have often been described — although often with more vehemence than truth. Let me say, however, as emphatically as I can say it, that the current idea of the student who never studies, never is interested in his work, is nonsense. A very respectable quantity of honest studying is accomplished in our American colleges. The observers who think differently are often deceived by the fashionable pose which dictates that a man shall say to his fellow, "Don't know a thing about the lesson," no matter how hard he may have worked the night before. Neither in England nor in Germany (at least in the universities) are there so few men who get through with little or no study at all. As for quality, that is a different question. Intellectual broadening, mental training, culture, and all that a college in its strict sense is designed to achieve, get just the loyalty and enthusiasm to which their place among the various "college activities" entitle them. They have a place. Only the men who do not count neglect them. But they stand below the extra-curriculum activities. They are overshadowed by the lesser gods.

Again this applies to the mass only. Individuals, hundreds of them, do not come into the scope of this criticism. I could pick at a moment's notice groups of men from this college to meet any objection—whether of educator, esthete, man of the world, scholar, or business man—which might be brought against college life and college education. Individuals, the student Dogberrys, whose ridiculous themes get into print, whose spellings are hawked about for the amusement of their elders, who write letters to the papers and sign themselves, "Yours respectively," do not enter into it. They are exceptions. They are the product not of the college, but of defective schools, or, more frequently, defective homes. Nevertheless, the immature, the dangerously narrow ideals are there, and they strongly affect, if they do not make, the

public opinion of the undergraduate world. You cannot blink them away, and they control and direct too much of the energy, too much of the loyalty, in itself above praise.

Who is to blame? First and foremost, only in small part, the undergraduate. He is a creature of his environment, past and present. The faculty, then? In some measure, of course. Given a faculty of mighty teachers, men of intense personality, of real intellectual eminence, and we would send our false gods scurrying. They do retreat in every college before the attacks of this man or that who succeeds in making literature or economics as vital (and this is difficult) as baseball or a senior society. But a faculty made up of such individuals would be like Cromwell's army—every man a potential general. It can't be done—especially at the price we are willing to pay for them. Furthermore, many a professor enlisted for peace, not for war; and when one considers what is expected from modern scholarship, who can blame him for disliking to spend all his energies in battle with those who do not care to learn? Let us not excuse the faculty, however, but rather hold them in reserve for another discussion.

Who else is to blame? The schools? Their problem is quite certainly the same as that of the colleges. We change the venue without settling the case by calling them into question. The parents and the home? Here we seem to reach one terminal, at least. What did you send your son to college for? To be educated, of course. But, in all honesty, what is the meaning of college education for you? Were you not content to have him take a degree, without too close questioning as to how he took it? Were you not, on the other hand, *eager* that he should live to the full the much-vaunted college life, achieving his part of popularity and social success? Be sure that your half-expressed desires will become guiding principles for him. He knows and fears two public opinions, his school's and yours. If, in your guidance, a little conventional talk about doing well in his studies (easily said and easily seen through) fails to hide a far greater desire that he shall "make a society" and be popular in his class, how in any justice can you complain if the intellectual influences of the college pass over him and do no more than wet his plumage? In your capacity of bank president or superintendent or lawyer, you ask for men who have been trained to think, who are mentally better and broader for their education. In your capacity of father, do you not send your boys to college with the well-understood agreement that they shall be straight, energetic, and socially successful (admirable aims in themselves), and the further understanding that they shall do nothing to prevent the faculty from educating them? But no one was ever educated by merely consenting to the operation. The will to believe may be an end in itself; the will to be educated is only the first step in the process.

I do not wish to seem sourly pedagogical, or opposed to the joy of living which should be in the blood of every man in college. Nor would I minimize the enduring pleasure of college life, which, though a sentimental glamour may have been thrown upon it by the lime-light of romantic fiction, is certainly one of the most picturesque and most likable features of American life. If it came to a question between efficiency and happiness in college, I for one should hesitate. It is not a little thing to have felt the Falstaffian joy: "Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry!" And it is not necessary to be Falstaff in order to possess it in college. But it does not come to such a question. There is no fear that intellectual interests will make joyless, sallow bookworms of our undergraduates. As a figure in argument, the "grind" has been overworked. He exists, of course, but his real activity is in the mind of the bluffer, the shirker of intellectual labor, who, imagining a soulless engine quite different from the mild and plodding original, shudders at what he has escaped. There is no danger of suppressing the fun in college life. It is unsuppressible. One wonders if there might not be even a little more if the competition for teams and crews were less killing; if there were more time for the imagination to play. The successful men in college do not seem to be very

happy. Most of them — especially the athletes—are overworked!

It is a concerted attempt by faculty and parents that we need. A model curriculum will not do it. We have altered and systematized our curriculums, since the break-up of the old classical courses left chaos behind, until the efficiency should have increased fifty per cent. Teaching in nearly all subjects has had energy poured into it, until one expects every year to see some result commensurate with the expenditure of devotion, and in no satisfying way discovers one. In truth, we have to work harder at our teaching than in the days when more students were eager to be taught—and that we have kept the colleges from going backward is at least not discreditable. But in so far as all this regards methods and systematization, it is just machinery, effective and laudable, but machinery. We have splendid devices for leading the horse to water—but he must wish to taste of the Pierian spring before we can make him drink.

It is upon the aims and the ideals of the boy that we must work. Send him to college believing that you believe in broadening the intellect, in training the mind, in deepening the appreciation of life, and it will be relatively easy (for no healthy animal likes the preliminary stages) to educate him. If you want education from the colleges, see to it that your boys respect the fruits of education when they arrive.

And yet it is unjust to fall into the scolding vein and charge our fathers and mothers with conditions for which they are only partly responsible. The final explanation of our difficulty is to be found in the peculiar social and intellectual circumstances of American life in this generation; and this is at the same time the most encouraging and the most discouraging feature of the situation. No need to repeat at length what has often been said. Bred of democracy, fostered by the best in our national ambitions, a passionate desire to educate every one first built up our school system, and then burst upon the colleges. This was good; but it has been followed and accompanied by an equally passionate desire on the part of a prosperous generation to set the mark of gentility upon its sons. And the easiest, because the most recognized way, has been to send them to college. To criticize the desire is to criticize the American plan. But when—as so often—it has been blind; when the college has been regarded as a finishing-school, and the nature of the desired finish determined upon grounds in which real intellectual training and true culture have had small part, then the results are what I have been trying to outline in the previous paragraphs. It is an error not unlike that of the undergraduate: an admirable ambition, prompted by loyalty to the American spirit, backed by praiseworthy energy, directed toward a goal over which our educational leaders shake their heads.

Well, it is not so black a business as the excited rhetoric into which a teacher naturally falls (and here apologizes for) would make it appear. God's in His heaven, a great deal of excellent education is squeezing somehow or other into the pores of an awe-inspiring number of fine young fellows. If it were not that the days of easy success were passing; if it were not that the English, the French, and the German competition was beginning to mean something; if it were not that we Americans, having made our country, are finding that we do not yet know how to live in it, why, then there would be little sense in all this sound and fury. But all these things are true, and soon will be pressing.

What is the remedy? In principle, it is very simple; in detail and practice, excessively difficult; and it is quite beyond my power or my purpose to turn it into a formula to fit the manifold conditions of our many colleges. Surely the remedy is to guide the current instead of fighting against it. Bergson has convinced many of us that the *élan vital,* the life-force, is far too subtle to be comprehended by the mathematical laws of science. And the boy *is* the *élan vital!* We must realize that these waves of misguided enthusiasm which beat through our colleges are part of the national life, and cannot be made to run backward. We must swing their energy toward some worthy purpose. It is a weary thing for the tired teacher to say, but to succeed we must intellectualize the business and scientific energy of the country (for it

is just that which the undergraduate displays in his blind and immature fashion). We must intellectualize it as a century ago the colleges intellectualized the professional and theological energy. And we must teach the student how to live, not the life of Greece or Rome or Victorian England, but the life his time and his country allow him.

In comparison, it is relatively easy to make the undergraduate feel that the things of the mind are at least as interesting as the things of the body. But to do this we must have teachers of the first water; we must have, above all, the influences of the home back of us. We must have time and intelligent support. In the meanwhile — even though the Pharisees rage—do not be too severe upon our strenuous, lovable undergraduate. Do not minimize college life; rather help us to vitalize it.

Along toward the end of Senior year they begin to come out to see you, the boys that you have grown to know well and be fond of. And after a cigarette or two, and a preliminary skirmish on the prospects of the crew, or last summer in Switzerland, or some new book, out comes the real difficulty. They are nervous about next year. They feel hopelessly incapable, untrained, ignorant. The things they have learned to do well have lost their price. Of course they joke about it, and so do you, but the feeling is there underneath. It is then that you realize most keenly their mistakes and your own; then that you feel what a delicate mechanism a man is, and how difficult to throw into gear. And it is only when they are leaving, only when they begin to wake up to what will be required of them, that they reach the mood for education, the mood in which even we blundering professors could make education a success! This is what I regret.

In the Night-Watches

BY JAMES B. KENYON

THOU camest in the silent night;
  Thy voice was hushed and low,
And round thee, like a misty light,
  Thy garments seemed to flow.

Thy presence wrought the old sweet spell;
  I felt my pulses thrill,
As on my brow thy kisses fell
  Like snowflakes, pure and chill.

I heard thee lightly breathe my name,
  And while I strove to rise,
Upon me dawned a starry flame—
  The splendor of thine eyes.

I woke—to know thou still dost keep,
  While weary years pass by,
Somewhere thy long and hallowed sleep
  Beneath a distant sky.

For me alone the broken rest,
  Waste dreams that come and pass;
For thee the calm, untroubled breast,
  Strange flowers, and alien grass.

The Bodice

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

JOHN DIMMER pushed the papers aside and put down the pen. He stood up, looking vaguely round the room, as if he had been away from it. Certainly it was an ugly room, and he hated it; yet to-day it represented, with the one above, which was Clara's bedroom, a withdrawn space upon which one could count. To-day was Wednesday, and his fourteen-year-old daughter Hester was marshaling the weekly charwoman. Together, or in doleful units, they, on Wednesdays, invaded every corner of the house; only sparing, through certain hours, the minister's study and the invalid's bedroom.

Struggling with his sermon for the Thursday night meeting, John Dimmer had felt that home, through these domestic orgies, was no true place for a husband and father; all this noisy activity sapped his dignity of sex.

He stepped out into the passage, flinging as he trod upon it a disconsolate glance at the torn covering on the floor. The passage was nothing but a short tunnel: front door at one end, steep staircase at the other. In the middle on one side was his study door, and facing it was the door of the living-room, where he and Hester, and Clara also, when she had one of her "good days" and could come down-stairs, had their meals and lived their subdued family life. The minister was a great, rugged fellow, and, standing still for one rueful second of survey, he reflected that he could practically stretch from the front door to the stairs, or, again, from his study to the sitting-room. What a box of a place for three human beings! And one of them had expansive ideals; that was himself. Another might have, for all he knew!

Hester, on her knees, was dusting the legs of the hat-stand in the hall and doing it very badly. In all her domestic duties she betrayed a curious, soft incompetence; as if, all the while, she also were very far away. Dimmer was in the dark about this girl of his. Was she gifted, or was she just a simpleton? So often the dividing-line wavered or became actually lost. So far he merely knew her as what may be called an affectionate expense; as a person who, for instance, was always breaking the lenses of her spectacles; and he had to pay for new ones. She was clumsy and she was short-sighted.

She looked up from the floor and met his questioning glance; it was dissatisfied, too—he was always depressed because she had not inherited her mother's fragile prettiness. Yet Hester's expression, if heavy, was also luminous; it promised and suggested.

"You can never get the dust quite out of curly legs," she said, with firm apology. That was Hester. She did nothing well, and always she apologized; sweetly, yet with conviction.

"I would not trouble," said the father.

Funny little problem of a girl! She at once flung aside the duster and started drawing with her rough forefinger upon the worn oilcloth that covered the floor. Hester was always doing things like this; she had a steady passion for outline.

"I am going to sit with mother," John said, gently, still staring at her, still pondering. "When I come down in ten minutes or so, will you have a cup of tea ready for me in the study? I must go out visiting this afternoon."

"In ten minutes," she nodded; and moving her finger delicately, seemed to be shading something off. "I'll have it ready, of course, but you never can make really decent tea in this house, Daddy. The water is so hard. I will do my best."

She spoke cheerfully; she always did; and he knew that the tea, if he got it at all, would be horrible.

He went wearily up the stairs; oh, they were so cheap and ugly! He was a peasant born, and had always lived in houses very much like this; not one of them had ever been home.

He had that curious, disquieting touch of pure aristocracy which the humbly born sometimes have; and it makes tragedy for them. He longed quite naturally for things that should be severe yet fine. Why, he did not know; yet they seemed to be his simple right. He starved for beauty in a finished form; the lack of it was, in very subtlety, killing him. He fretted so much that sometimes he lost patience even with his dearest. Hester's complacent helplessness estranged him; Clara's sound common sense and sober spirit drove him back into himself. This sick wife of his became a bracing east wind, and his soul was of the south.

He opened her bedroom door. The room was warm, with a clear fire. Clara, wrapped to her chin in a useful brown wrapper, was propped up on a couch near the window. Dimmer looked over her head before he spoke, and he saw radiating rows of new houses just like his own; a melancholy pattern of mean streets; then flat, meadlike land, and beyond that the flat sea.

Clara was unusually busy; she was stitching fast — almost savagely, you might say. But directly her husband came into the room she doubled forward and hastily stuffed the garment, whatever it was, under the pillow that covered her feet above the sofa-rug.

She was always cold and always pale. Her illness was so vague, so insidious and elusive, that it seemed to John as if a touch would either kill or cure her. She tucked her work away from him, and her action was so hasty, so modestly secretive, that he was tenderly reminded of those days, years ago, when she had made baby-clothes. Deliciously then she had hidden them away if any one came in; flushing, sparkling, as she flushed and sparkled now. Yet that had been a poetic confusion and very rosy; this was gray.

He sat down. He asked her how she was feeling, and she, with the usual uncomplaining monotony, told him. After that there seemed nothing much to say; for they were never talkers together. Also, they were heart-sick; coming more closely to them every day was the big terror. Clara felt sure and John was half persuaded that before winter was over she would be dead.

She cuddled down on her pillows, plainly glad to be there, and lovingly she watched her husband. He was so big, so clever and strong. From his dear face her eyes traveled anxiously to the pillow which covered her feet. She was a fragile flower of a thing, and that brown dressing-gown—cobbled, since Hester had made it — was an assault to the proud, fine lily, her throat! John was thinking this; and he would have arrayed her in silk: green, perhaps, so as to make leaves for the lily!

"Tired?" she asked, and put her lean hand softly on the back of his tanned one.

"Very, my dearest."

"Won't the sermon run? Don't the words come right, John?"

"The sermon is all right." He spoke brusquely, since never could he talk of his sermons to Clara. "It is the deacons I worry about. The congregation is not satisfied with me; no congregation ever has been; you know that. Yet I have served in the ministry for twenty years. They say, the deacons, that I don't stir up souls enough. The plain truth, Clara, my dear, is just this: your John is a failure." He frowned, looking over her head again at the narrow, gray houses and the wide, gray sea.

"Don't say that—don't, don't. It hurts me, and it makes me feel so useless and such a burden."

She spoke poignantly, and all the more so, as he truly gauged, because in her heart she shared the deacons' opinion of his preaching. He had never, from the pulpit, touched Clara; and as for Hester, you could never be sure if the child ever listened. She was probably making mind-pictures of your face, and not missing one movement of your hand.

"A burden! Not a bit; my only blessing," he answered, valiantly. Then, as sounds of scouring ascended the stairs and seemed to assail the very door, he added: "And the only comfort I can come to; on Wednesdays, anyway, when the Baggage is here! She is conscientious, poor old bundle, but she emphasizes a man's miseries. I can't endure such a forlorn form of labor. As for Hester—well, the child doesn't manage very well. If brooms were pencils and our floors covered with clean paper, she would be excellent."



Drawn by S de Ivanowski

"THEY SAY THAT I DON'T STIR UP SOULS ENOUGH"

"She ought to be taught drawing by a good master," the mother said, sounding both proud and doleful. "I am sure she is clever. But what is the use of talking? We haven't any money—everything depends upon money—and she can't be spared from home, either, just yet."

"Why 'yet'?" he asked her, crisply.

She did not answer; subtly she regarded him, and as he met the glance and became submerged by it the cold dread caught them up. It was a wave, washing cruelly over each head, and they sat drenched with agony.

He dropped his head down upon her pillow, lips touching her hair—and it was thin.

"I can do nothing," he moaned, "nothing. You will die; you are slipping from me fast, my Clara, and it seems so cruel."

"There is one thing we must never do: rebel against God," she returned, and spoke with vigor.

She sat suddenly up on the sofa, looking gaunt. She wrung his hand so hard that it hurt; yes, her small, weak fingers made him wince and gave him back bravery. She sat suddenly up and, doing this, shot off the pillow from where it lay across her feet.

It fell to the floor and, her round eyes closely following it, she became very white. She cried out. She curved her hands, as if to protect John from something terrible. It was an instinctive gesture, and he noticed it and pondered upon it before he understood.

The white pillow was on the floor, and the work that she had been busy upon when her husband came in was betrayed. It had fallen out. John got up. He went to the foot of the sofa and stooped. She was watching, her wasted face, so pinched, so pretty still, was sharp with torture. He picked up the pillow first and laid it across her feet, where it had been. Then he picked up her work and flung it across her tense knees, that were so straight under the striped blanket.

It was a black stuff bodice. Clara lay quite still, staring at it, and she did not seem to find sense enough to hide it away for a second time. Her eyes, very bright, filled with tears. John stared at the bodice, too; stupidly at first, uncomprehendingly, in the man's way. Then he also cried out and grew white.

"Crape!" he said, foolishly. "Crape—Clara—crape!"

It seemed as if he ran to her for soothing; as if he could only say that sinister word and her name; calling upon her in his dismay.

"It is old," she returned, also foolishly, in her agitation seizing upon the trivial side. "I picked it off the cloak I had for poor mother; my mourning when she died. I damped it and pressed it, John. Doesn't it look nice—nearly new? Don't look so—struck, my dear. Hester can never sew properly, and she wouldn't have the heart to sew then. You"—Clara had regained her unquenchable common sense—"could not afford to pay for new black. There are always so many expenses when—when anything—of that sort happens."

He did not speak at first. He could only stare at her, marvel at her, yearn for her. He loved her, and he was impatient with her. He was touched to agony, and yet he was disgusted. Was she obtuse, or was she lofty, with a loftiness far beyond his understanding?

He did not know, he could not fathom, as he sat there with his eyes fast upon that grim bodice lying across her knees. Yet of one thing he was sure. He loved this dear wife, and he was losing her. He very nearly put his weary head down; not upon the pillow this time, but, soft, upon her breast. Her steady, sane eyes prevented him. Her big, big love for him, her quiet acceptance of things, her mother-heart, reaching out to awkward Hester, doing service beyond the grave, awed him. So he remained silent and rigid. He was thinking.

Of his early youth he thought, and of all that life had promised then. His were the sad musings of a middle-aged man who has missed. He had been fervid to enter the ministry, and most ambitious. Sure he was that he must soon become a very famous preacher. And how he had worshiped Clara, decking her with poetic phrases all the time! She had accepted them prettily, yet he had felt, even then, that she was longing to utilize them. It was as if she felt that all this adulation did not bring them in a single penny, and that it was a pity. He had moved in a dream and through fire in those days. But whether he

prayed or wooed, God had been smiling on him all the time. This was sure.

"Don't let it worry you," Clara was saying.

He came out of his reverie; she dragged him from it with the wrong word.

"Worry!" he returned, almost scornfully, and stood up at once. "No, I won't. I promise you."

He stooped down and kissed her, then he went toward the door, leaving her lying straight, with the menace of that awful bodice across her knees.

"I must go and see old Voller this afternoon," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, while his face was torn. "Shall I send Hester up to you now, dear?"

"No, not yet"; she turned and smiled brightly at him. "I shall go to sleep as like as not."

At the bottom of the stairs and outside his study door Hester was waiting, with her usual domestic expression, vague and urbane. John concluded that something was wrong. Behind her was the study interior, and the fire was out. Between them—he absorbed, she incompetent—they had done this; or was she also absorbed—and with an equal right to be! She had stuck the poker between the bars, and he saw no signs of tea upon the table.

"It won't be long," she said, affably, "but we never can get the kettle to boil up nicely on Wednesdays."

"Tea! I won't wait for it." He spoke vacantly and picked up his hat. Then, giving Hester an odd look, he kissed her. This was unusual. She flushed, and closely studied his face.

"I am going to Voller's," he said, brushing his soft hat upon his sleeve before he set it on his head. "Anything I can bring?"

"Oh yes; would you mind? Bring a dough-cake. It will slip quite well into your pocket and save me making one to-morrow. That oven always burns your fingers so."

"A dough-cake? Very well." He turned away and went out of the shiny front door with the glass panels.

He had regarded this only child of his, seeing his own thick features and that look—which was also his—of longing and of non-attainment. Yet she was young; there was hope for her. She was his, and soon she would be all that he had. This feeling, with its attendant agonies and tenderness, he had instilled into the kiss he left between her puckered brows.

As he walked through the little front garden he knew perfectly well that Clara from the window overhead was watching him. She always did, and she would expect him to look back and wave farewell as usual. He could not; to save his life he could not do this to-day. It was such a common thing to do when his soul was in very tatters.

He felt that his burden was more than he could bear. Clara was dying—and just because he had not enough money to buy life for her. Childishly, he wanted to say to God, not in rebellion but through pain, "I cannot bear any more."

Directly he got away from his own house and from all those others that were just like it; directly he got to the sea, smelling it and feeling the clean sharpness of shingle beneath his foot, he became more calm and quite hopeful. He regained his sense of religion, and began, with joy in the free working of his brain, to think out afresh his Thursday sermon.

He had taken for his text, "*For his God doth instruct him to discretion and doth teach him.*" He walked by the sea meditating upon this; first keeping close to the waves, and then taking a narrow path that ran along the top of the low, sandy cliff. It was fringed with tamarisk-trees. John Dimmer stood still, in a swift mood of rapture and deep thanksgiving; to look at big waves through thin tamarisk-trees was so lovely! The sea always thrilled him.

Sometimes this sea of his, the English Channel, was such a foolish little thing, with mere ripples; it just played at being a sea. Sometimes the chalk in it was deeply stirred, and it then became a bed of beautiful pale opal; lying far out, with pale sands between it and the shingly shore. Sometimes it was turbid with dark seaweeds, sullen and malevolent, making you shudder, reminding you of jealousy, that most cruel quality of the heart. Sometimes it carelessly flung at your feet delicate pink and purple flowers torn from some mermaid's garden. To-day it was rough, yet without menace, and John Dimmer, standing enthralled behind thin tamarisk-trees,

thought of a clumsy young collie with large, white paws.

He walked on at last, soothed and made sure. In some subtle way he was healed for the moment: the Lord through His sea had delivered His servant. In this pious way the minister framed it. And he was sorry when he got to Daniel Voller's, for he wished to remain at ease and quite alone.

Voller was a baker in the old village; the colony of houses where Dimmer existed was new; moreover, it was built upon land which Voller had owned. He lived in an old house which stood in an old orchard. It was a farm-house, and bulky, thatched barns grouped round it; the baker's shop was built on, merely as a thrifty afterthought. Voller had been a busy man, and he was still a wealthy one. He had farmed and he had baked. He had bought land for a little, and sold it, in building lots, for more.

John Dimmer walked up the flagged path in his uplifted mood, with his head well back upon his big shoulders, with his rapt eyes surveying the old house. It was built of flint stones, in the way they had at this end of Sussex; yet softened by mellow, old, red brick chimneys and by brick, again, round the window-frames. In this way the builder of long ago had made of it a house, austere and yet seeming to smile. The mellow October sun lay across its face, and all over the walls, crawling like crooked fingers, were the branches of overgrown fruit-trees. There was a general air of neglect. Fruit hung yet upon some of the trees in the tangled orchard. It was a pretty day of flying color—scatter of leaves and scudding of young clouds.

They had wheeled Daniel Voller out into the orchard because it was warm, and also because, it being Wednesday, the shop closed early. Usually he sat on a raised platform sort of place in the shop, missing nothing that went on. You associated him—at least the minister did—with the smell of baking and with the tempting, golden crusts of new loaves. This afternoon he sat motionless in the wavering sun. He was a large, white man, immovable, save for his angry black eyes that moved all the time: little eyes, so full of life, in that flabby, still expanse of his face! John, who had comic fancy now and then, had said that Voller must have made his own face out of his own dough. His eyes, come to think of it, were very like those ripe, black plums upon the trees above his head; and yet they were terrible—full of hate and fire, full of some rebellious pathos. They held all sorts of things. Perhaps, thought Dimmer, studying them, the baker's soul had grown beyond his own recognition and despite him.

Well, here he was in the orchard today, where Michael Campion, after dressing him, had wheeled him. Michael and Rose, his wife, were Voller's servants, and they managed everything since he had become paralyzed. He depended wholly upon them; he distrusted, abused, and hated both. He was stuck in a broken kitchen chair upon which little wheels had been put. He wore a skull-cap, and it had uncomfortably got tilted over one eye. Across his insensate hands flies crawled, if they wanted to, or a wasp would leave the rotting fruit and come to him. He felt nothing. He sat before the ancient house of flint stone and red brick, in the middle of his orchard that was overgrown: a rank place, its groundwork all riotous cow-parsley and high nettles.

He could not move even a finger when he saw the minister coming, but his eyes twinkled a greeting which was not unkindly. These two liked each other; just why they did not know. Also, they had a visible bond of calling, in a way, for John Dimmer's father had also been a baker. Yet that had been in a Midland town, a manufacturing place; not in an old village and in an old flint house near the mutable sea.

There was a second chair. Dimmer sat down and started talking, in his visiting way: of the weather and the prospects, of moon and tides, of the coming winter. They both wished that it would not prove harsh—Voller for his own sake, Dimmer for his wife's. And as they sat and peacefully talked—the minister with an easy flow, the baker with slow and painful gutturals—the too-ripe fruit would fall now and then from the trees and into the tangle of delicate parsley and dangerous nettle. At every thud Daniel Voller's little eyes sparkled with helpless fury.

"I told Rose to have those apples picked," he said. "She don't heed me. They'll be too rotten even for the cider-press soon. So long as you ain't struck helpless, Mr. Dimmer, you've no ground for complaint agen the Almighty. I can't even dress myself. Look at them buttons!" His eyes signaled, since his fingers could do nothing, to his waistcoat, which was fastened amiss—button not mating with buttonhole.

"That's Michael," he spluttered; "he pitches my clothes on me. He is a scamp, and his wife is a sloven. Thank goodness she don't belong to me. I've got no women-folk of my own to expect money when I die. Rose and Michael don't get a penny; they've robbed me enough in my lifetime. No women-folk of my own"; he repeated this, seeming to brood upon it, and his eyes, full of old violences revived, settled upon Dimmer. "Now your case is different—wife and daughter. If one don't bring sorrow upon you, the other will."

John Dimmer, comparatively new to the place (he had answered a call here from a ministry he had filled in a London suburb), had heard tales of Daniel Voller—all sorts of tales. There had been built up around the paralyzed man a fabric of picturesque roguery; simple neighbors perhaps felt, in the elementary way by which they prove suffering, that so great a blow could not have fallen save upon a great sinner. The minister had been told that in youth and middle life the baker drank hard, and was so brutal to his childless wife that at last she had to run away from him. Later on, quite alone, he was suddenly struck down by paralysis; falling in his bakery, as some said. But others said, and this was the more compelling version to Dimmer, that he had been praying and found it impossible to rise from his knees. They said this, perhaps, because never publicly had he been known to pray. Never had he entered church or chapel, never had he given a penny, either to organized charity or to the beguiling wayside beggar.

"One has brought sorrow on me already," John Dimmer said, speaking confidingly of Clara, and suddenly wishing to tell his trouble. "My wife, I mean. She is ill, and I fear she may be dying."

"Why, man, better dead," laughed the baker. That laugh of his made you understand how bitterly, how savagely he was longing to move; yearning to deliver himself of any gesture—to twitch those numb hands on which the happy, passing insect pitched, to turn that head of his in which the alert eyes seemed such a fierce irony. "My wife," he proceeded, "is dead. A strange woman in a strange place, who nursed her at the last, sent me a newspaper cutting which said so. She asked me to send money to repay her for funeral expenses and all her trouble. I never"—he laughed again—"sent one penny. Why should I? As like as not she was lying and had been paid already. She ran off, you know, my wife—ran to perdition. She left a letter behind saying she was going to earn her own living at her own trade and live at peace away from me. She was an artificial-flower maker. Very likely she did earn her living, but she went to perdition all the same. A married woman who runs off runs there and nowhere else. It was her duty to stay with me, however hard I hit her. You, as a minister of the gospel, must agree to that."

His eyes held a challenge. Dimmer's threw no returning flash. He was thinking of the dead wife: fugitive—a delicate woman at a delicate trade. He was thinking hard. This aspect, of running away from violence, had never occurred to him as a theory and a matter for disputation; for his life with Clara had been so calm. And he had learned, with much patience, though many pains, that of one human being you must never expect unfailing consolation.

"God," said Voller, in his thick way, as if every word hurt him to say it, "made woman last. He left out the heart; she's got none."

"Women are all heart. We do not understand them, and we never shall. They are the very embodiment of tenderness, and we can't reach up to their level. It is true, I assure you."

Dimmer spoke passionately, and his face glowed. He looked at the baker. Those eyes that were so impishly active in the already stiffened face expressed wonder, warmth, and dissent; and once more you felt how keenly he was longing to move, to take your hand perhaps,

or to shake his fist in your face—Dimmer neither knew nor cared which. He only knew that oddly, in some mystic way which he could not interpret, he was made to speak—to strip his spirit, for the paralyzed man to see in all its workings. He had, in effect, left the tangled orchard. He was not talking to this baker. He was inspired and beside himself. Emotionally, he stood alone in the desert.

He proceeded to picture for Voller, whose own wife had run away and left him, the scene which he so recently had lived through in Clara's room. He told it well and without reserve. The drama of it, the suffering, the sanity, and all the loftiness of the sick woman's act stood by these two men as they sat in the orchard. The baker listened. His eyes never left the minister's face; at first they blazed, and they protested. You felt sure that, by his will, his every muscle twitched; yet, by his cruel disorder, he remained apathetic, save for those changing eyes.

"Crape, which she wore for her own mother, damped, unpicked, and ironed —all those things the women do!—for Hester to wear when she is dead," said John, his voice faltering. "I call that heroism; it is beyond mere heart. First of all, it was beyond me even to grasp, and I employed common words—the common thoughts of a common mind. She affronted me by her beautiful candor and her naked courage, by her classic acceptance of the thing."

He had been speaking as he preached, forgetting Voller altogether. When he ceased, he came back with a thud, just as apples fell thudding from the trees around him. He fell back and down into the orchard, and once more he breathed the cold, motionless airs of the afflicted man. He ceased speaking; suddenly he was abashed. Why had he spoken?

Voller's eyes were acute upon him, and they streamed with tears—tears that seemed gray, that ran unheeding down his flabby, pasty, immobile face.

"I didn't think," he said, stumbling as he spoke, "that any woman could love so much, Mr. Dimmer."

They looked hard at each other and were hushed. This moment was stupendous. John, after much delicate weighing as to whether he should or should not, as to which would hurt his brother least, took his own handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the baker's tears away.

Then he put the handkerchief back and spoke quite naturally. "You see," he said—and how different his voice was!—"it is merely a matter of money; there is nothing organically wrong with her. Our life has been a constant struggle of the pocket, and she is worn out. That is all."

"It is always a matter of money, whether you live or die," said Voller, brutally. "When I had my stroke ten years ago, they told me I might have been cured if I had gone abroad for baths and such like. But what about my farm and my bakery business if I had gone? Robbed right and left; ruined, as like as not. They don't rob me much as it is, good-for-nothing Rose and her good-for-nothing husband. You did a kind thing by me just now. Do another. Button up my waistcoat right, will you?"

John did it, and the difference in his dressing seemed subtly to make more of a man of the baker.

"If I could take her abroad"—the minister reverted to the topic of Clara—"and keep her there all her life, or at least every winter; let her have the sun, you know, and pretty things to wear and look at: books and flowers and trinkets —the things that rich women have as a matter of course—then"—his voice thrilled—"she would open out and be a flower. But it is impossible. And as she said herself, what right have we to expect it?"

He stood up. He felt that they had lived their moment. It was a pity to spoil by any overweighted speech such a frail occasion. It had been all the more exquisite because of its air of restraint, and because he knew quite well that his neighbor could meditate no sloppy act of charity by which to rob him of his dignity and so infuse regret.

"If I were a fashionable preacher"—he put his warm, large hand upon the cold and unresponsive one in farewell—"the deacons would head a subscription for me, and she could go away. But I am a failure."

"So I've heard," returned Voller, with

his halting speech, "and I like you all the better for that. Good day; and I'm glad you came." He laughed, yet there was no horror in the sound this time, only merriment and good humor.

John, going home, contemplative, behind thin tamarisk-trees, and looking at that playful young collie, the boundless sea, clean forgot that he had not in his pocket the dough-cake.

After this day, so pretty—autumn airs and manly confidence—came the bleak, long months of winter. In Dimmer's house they were discouraged; everything made for misery. Clara was weaker, decidedly. Hester was more vaguely absorbed and more stupid, the house was dirty, and the minister heart-sick. Moreover, do what he would, he could not preach in such a way as to satisfy the deacons and reach the rather remote feelings of his congregation. Even the gray sea failed him, and there were days when he walked wretchedly by the edge of it and found it just as unresponsive as those new, gray houses inland. He doggedly composed sermons that he felt were dead utterances; all the fire of his nature had sunk to the weakest embers and stolidity; he was waiting for Clara to die.

Somehow, perhaps out of shyness, he never again went near Daniel Voller, although he heard that he had been taken ill and had kept to his bed since Christmas. He was well aware that in rigid accord with his Christian beliefs and his avowed ministry he ought to visit this sick man, find him, perhaps, in a malleable mood, and, perhaps, convert him. Yet he could not. Conscience tugged him one way and told him to go. Yet the mysterious something which is even stronger than conscience whispered also and said, "Don't go!"—told him that he had done his work with the baker on that queer day in the orchard.

Therefore, in March, when they told him that Voller was dead, he felt no pang of remorse, and as he walked toward the flint and brick house on the day before the funeral he was joyful. Now this was natural enough. For the orchard would be empty, and the prisoner who, in October, had sat chained there between the weighted trees was free and he was whole.

Rose Campion, weeping, yet in rather a stagy way protesting meanwhile that she and Michael had lost a good master, led him up into the raftered old bedroom where the dead man lay. John Dimmer, left alone and looking at the peaceful, great face and at the dignity of that poor body outlined under the white sheet, felt poetically that there was some noble, new air to Voller; in his tangled orchard, left alone, had the solitary man smoothed out things for himself before the end came?

He remembered that October day. It was all such a mystical happening, and so outside of his daily life, so part of his lonely walks by the sea and his aloof spiritual struggle, that, so far from feeling glad, he was at first assaulted when he was told that Daniel Voller, after making just provision for the Campions, had left the whole of his considerable fortune to—him? No. The baker had evolved a more delicate form of legacy. He had left everything to Clara.

A few days later they were all three sitting in the shabby parlor at teatime. Hester had made buttered toast—which at once diffuses an air of comfort. For a wonder, she had not burned it, and it waited, succulent, between two plates on the fender until the kettle boiled, which would not be long.

They were in a giddy mood, for good fortune was still fresh. Clara sat upright in the easy-chair, and by her attitude seemed to flout those pillows propped at her back. She appeared to have regained instantly that capable housewifely air which was so a part of her and of John's early memory of her.

He turned his head to look at Hester. She was by the window, tracing with her finger upon the dusty pane. She always seemed to live her life alone.

"We will go abroad," Clara said, softly, following his glance and tenderly regarding that queer little figure—clumsy, yet strangely compelling—by the window. "She shall be trained. I am sure she is gifted. We shall live to be proud of her."

"Yes," the minister nodded. "If there is anything in her, it shall be brought out. She shall have what I've never had, a chance." To Hester he added, speaking loudly, "Why don't you come to the fire? You'll be frozen over there."



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

"I AM SURE SHE IS GIFTED. WE SHALL LIVE TO BE PROUD OF HER"

"I'm very happy, Daddy, as I am." There was new youth and some fun in her voice—a *timbre* he had not heard for ever so long. "I would be happier with a bit of real paper. Give me some, please. The kettle won't boil yet. It is too big."

He went over to her, taking a letter from his pocket and tearing off the clean sheet from the back. As he looked at the written part he happily grinned. That letter had hurt him; it had alarmed him horribly—and now he could flout it!

"Do you keep the windows dirty purposely so that you can draw on them?" he asked his child, very tenderly; and meeting her bright, short-sighted eyes behind the big spectacles, he found them full of dancing tears.

He returned to the fire and to his wife, who had been watching. They all three felt, without saying anything about it, that blest and triple sense of husband, wife, and child. Certainly they were, as a family, almost more happy than they could bear without sacrificing dignity. They were all three of them reserved and nerved to long endurance; the emotional rigors of the winter had been horrible.

"You must see the deacons and send in your resignation," said Clara, when he was back by her side. He seized her hand, crumpling up its delicacy in a keenly humorous grip.

"Darling, the deacons have already asked me to do that. The letter came ten days ago. I did not trouble you with it. I have it in my pocket now; we will perhaps keep it as a happy document. Pity that I tore off the spare sheet just now for Hester to draw upon." He laughed. Clara looked perplexed. She did not follow some of his moods.

"I will take you abroad—" He was still crushing her hand, and she found it rapture. "You and Hester; somewhere with plenty of sun and lots of sea."

"We shall want nice clothes, three regular, proper outfits," Clara said, and she thoughtfully fingered her useful brown dressing-gown. He saw, and it pleased him, that she had arranged round the neck a little collar of old lace, and fastened it in front with a big cameo. Collar and brooch had been her mother's. Now this quality of coquetry was one of the things he adored in his wife; and it was in this that Hester had failed him.

"And new things for you, John. A dozen white shirts at the least. It has always been my ambition for you to buy them a dozen at the time. I should like"—her voice dropped, yet only a little, and her calm eyes spoke many volumes—"Hester to wear that bodice I made. We must wear mourning for Mr. Voller. I took such trouble with it, and it really looks nice. When I went into black for my mother, I bought such good stuff that even now it is as good as new. It is a pity to waste it, and— Well, I feel something even more than that. She ought to wear it."

Now here was a flight of Clara's which he could never follow. Give him his way and he would have burned that bodice; yet he no longer found Clara blunt; she was only mysterious.

"Just as you like," he returned, meekly.

He was already thinking not so much of clothes and of money as of his ministry. He must retire from that altogether, since he always had been and must remain a failure. Yet, of course, he would work. First, a little bright holiday—his very first care-free one in all his life. Then definite work of some sort, in what mode he did not know, yet God would show him. Labor would be done, with fire, with pain, with constant humility—and always for God!

Clara was looking at him questioningly. Her hand remained in his, a close, warm grip of the body; yet his mind she could not read or reach. He now, in his turn, took a flight. Each of them had a pair of wings, and they circled differently. That was all.

The Young Woman

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

ELSA was being dictated to: a process alien to her nature. She sat, cramping herself over the extended shelf of the roll-top desk, painfully jotting down shorthand in the narrow notebook; and Mr. Fitch loomed over her oppressively near. In fact, she felt as if she were resisting the dark strength of his personality, a huge wave that threatened to overwhelm her. His voice was intimate, low, determined, and now and then she felt his breath on her hand.

"—and it is the business of this Conference," he was saying, slowly, "to deal with these little waifs, not as little criminals, but as the victims of their heredity and environment."

Elsa did not follow the sense of this: over her shorthand notes, on which her eyes were focused, she saw in a blur his dark, large figure sharply splashed by the low electric drop-light drawing, it seemed, perilously closer. She was aware that she had a heart; she was aware that her mind could not concentrate, her thoughts scattering while she became tense with a delicious fear. Then she looked up startled, for Mr. Fitch was bitterly chuckling, as he sat back in his revolving chair and stuck his hands in his trousers pockets.

"'Victims of their heredity and environment!'" he muttered, glancing into her eyes, as Elsa thought, maliciously; "I'm sick of victims of heredity and environment. Are you a 'victim,' Miss Brack? Look at me; I'm a 'victim.'"

He laughed, but she could not laugh with him. Bidden to look at him, she obeyed, and her worst fears were reinforced. He was fairly tall; he was square-shouldered; he was dressed smoothly. The head was large, the hair light brown, the eyes brown, the nose slightly aquiline, and there was a cynical twist at the corner of his smiling mouth. But what was back of this exterior came shining through: the fighter, overflowingly masculine, absorbingly interesting to all that was feminine in her. She felt madly alone with a fascinating enemy.

Yet they were not utterly alone, there on the seventh floor of the Keystone Building at ten o'clock of a misty autumn night. Five wood-and-glass partitioned offices stretched in a row, and three of them had their shadows gilded by thin electric lights. In the other two were clerks, the plaintive scratching of whose pens could be dimly heard among the night noises of Pittsburg; the hoarse whistling of the trolleys making the loop, and the wailing sirens and the melancholy bells on the Monongahela River. The insisting, unceasing smell of soft-coal smoke, blowing from a thousand red furnaces in the night, came with strands of sooty fog through the open window.

Elsa had to speak; she felt she was blushing; she felt as if she were a bad child being scolded.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a strained voice.

He clasped his large, powerful hands at the back of his head.

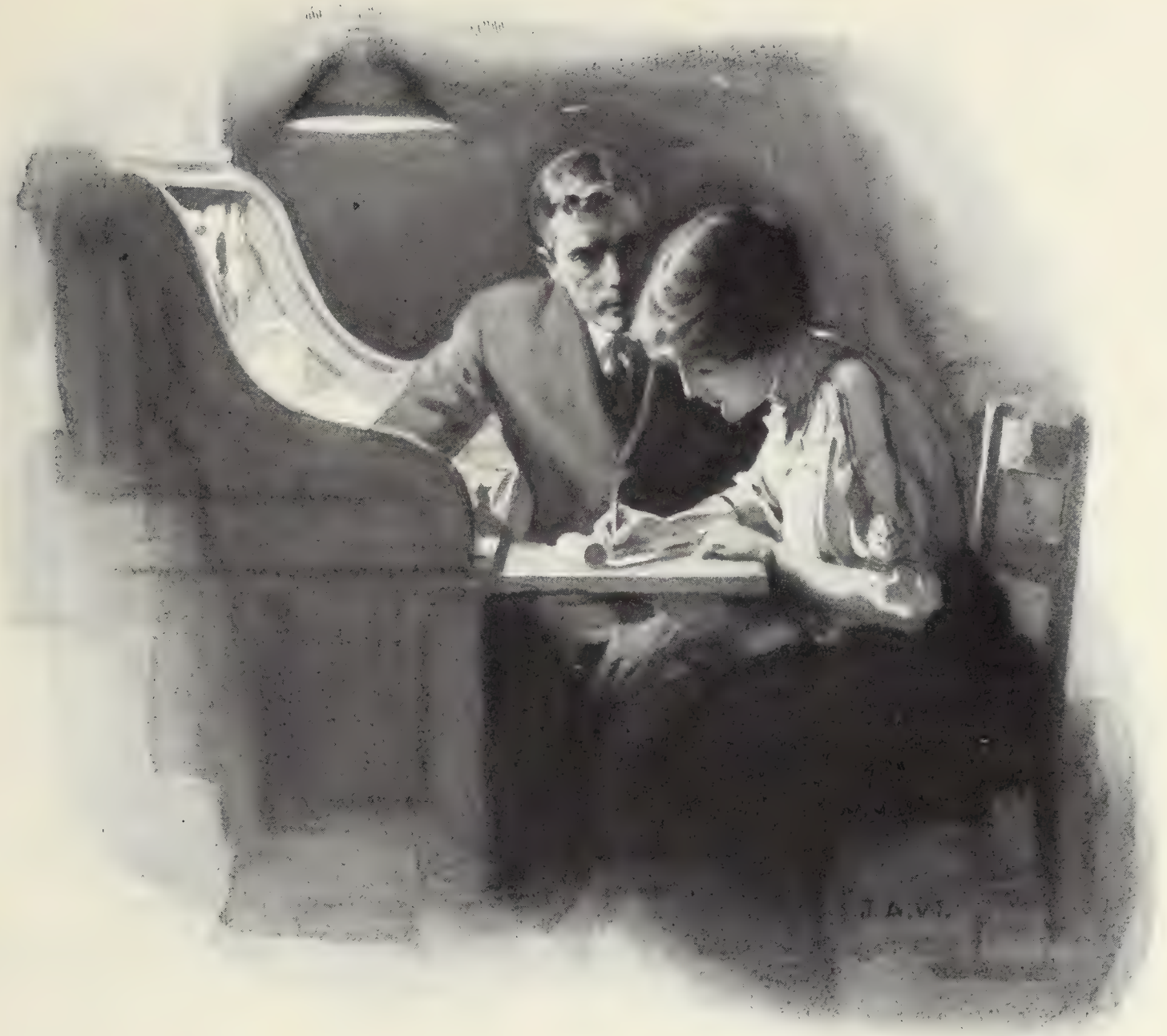
"Mean? I mean that I'm sick of piffle; sick of 'social work'; sick of looking after a lot of kids that ought to be spanked. And I'd spank 'em myself if I had the chance." He raised his clenched fists in the air before him. "Glory, I'm simply loony for a man-size job!"

She was shocked; she had not dreamed that any one could be in "Child Welfare" work who had not dedicated himself. And she was not sure that she desired Mr. Fitch to furnish her with personal revelations; at the same time, inexplicably, these words gave her a fierce pleasure, and she found herself saying:

"So this work is new to you?"

"New to me?" he echoed. He rose to his full height. "Just take a look, Miss Brack."

She followed him to the window, and was thrilled when he lightly pushed her before him to look out. She felt him



MR. FITCH LOOMED OVER HER OPPRESSIVELY NEAR

leaning closely beside her, stooping to be on her level. At first all that she saw was lower buildings looming through the mist and the vague lights in the deep street corners, then she beheld green and red lamps almost lost on the river.

Mr. Fitch pointed. "See that flare up there?"

She saw a welling reddish flame far in the night, with a gust of lightnings lurid against the heavens.

"Yes," she whispered.

He spoke low in her ear: "That's the big Bessemer converter in the Penn Steel Works—that's where I was brought up." He laughed softly. "Went in as a boy, a common laborer; then I worked on the blooms, and many a summer night, after a twelve-hour day, I staggered out of the heat and lay awake all night, dizzy and spinning. Yes, I know what work is like. Later I got to be superintendent. No soft soap over there: I've hit a man with a big rod of iron and nearly killed him when the gang came after me. I've speeded up the blooms to make a record until they've carried the fellows out fainting." He laughed cynically. "And now here I sit telling the good people to provide playgrounds for the 'victims of environment and heredity.' Playgrounds? Think of the railroad yards around here: those are the playgrounds for boys."

A spell came over Elsa's spirits: a mystery, an enchantment, a terror. She saw beneath those lurid lightnings his strange past, his rooted life in this grimy giant industrial city. And she felt his correspondence with the city: the brutality, the labor, the manhood, the practicality, the dominance, all shot through and enveloped with the mystery of fire and smoke and steel. It was something so foreign to her own past; hence it was enchanting, it was life.

And here he was, so close beside her, speaking intimately with an almost mystic masculine quality; something that belittled her and held her in a snare, while she thrilled from head to foot. She

did not dare move; she did not dare speak.

"Well," he said, weariedly, "we'd better finish up that work. Two more weeks of this rush job; two more weeks of night work. And we've been at it four nights already."

He started back for the desk, and his moving off was a tremendous relief. Elsa felt freer; she did not want to sit down at the desk-flap again.

At this moment there were light steps in the hall, and through the half-open doorway appeared a small, timid, eye-glassed man, very pale, very earnest; a man, thought Elsa, typical among social workers.

"Mr. Fitch," came a thin whisper. "Busy? Am I disturbing you?"

"No, Brown, come in. What is it?" asked Mr. Fitch.

Brown came in, with papers in his hand, and leaned over the big fellow, whispering eagerly, pointing, looking up into Mr. Fitch's eyes with quick interrogations. And Elsa exulted: Brown was so pitiably little, so feminine, so good and kindly; and Mr. Fitch was such a big brute, so masculine, careless, and cruel. Suddenly Mr. Fitch looked up, wrinkling his forehead.

"This 'll take all night, Miss Brack. You'd better run along. And seven-thirty sharp to-morrow night."

She took her hat from a stand in the corner and pinned it on, then she folded her note-book and pushed it in a pigeon-hole of the desk. Five minutes later she was hurrying through a deserted, misty street, the great arc lights fluttering overhead. She walked desperately to the corner, hailed a trolley-car, and got on. And as she sank in a seat she confronted herself and was aghast.

"Elsa Brack," she whispered to herself—"Elsa Brack, what has been happening to you?"

At a little before noon the next day five medical students, all in long, white coats, were working in the dissecting-room. One of these, a woman—Elsa herself—was absorbed in a vital moment: she was dissecting a hand. She leaned over the slightly sloping table, a small but strong figure, with lean hands beautifully busy. Her face, quiveringly alive, was now a mere transmitter between the Facts beneath and the Mind above. The eyes were wide apart, the forehead high and broad, the mouth sensitive; and a pallor of complexion was offset by very red lips, very blue eyes, and very brown hair. Her self-forgetfulness was complete: she lived and had her being—her whole body rhythmically thrilling — in that which lay on the table: the Miracle.

The noon bell rang, shocking her out of her trance, and she looked up. Far over the concrete floor she saw a young man come through the doorway, under the light, unusually white, that came only through the wide skylight overhead.

The young man, who was short and exceedingly dark and handsome, came up close to her. He smiled a greeting.

"What are you on to-day, Miss Brack?" he asked.

"A hand," she replied, completely forgetting the hand, for the young man insisted by his glance and smile that she think of him.

"Well, you're a wonder," he laughed. "You look as if you'd been buried alive."

"I guess I have been," she murmured.

"Better quit, then," he advised in an intimate way. "Well, so long; I must dig."

Then as she watched his back recede she knew that she could work no longer. The very fact that he had failed in his attempt to cast the power of his personality over hers by singling her out among women made her feel, like the rush of a wave through her body, the power of Mr. Fitch. How small and futile were these other men! She felt a trifle dizzy. She washed, laid aside the white coat, and left the room. And she found herself exulting in her peril.

"My whole career," she thought, "my whole future, all that I have worked for all these years—what has become of it all? Nothing matters except this thing. And what is this thing?"

The streets, though sunny, seemed dark to her. "Noon to seven-thirty sharp," she thought. "That's seven and a half hours! How shall I live through such a long time?"

At dusk she stood at the window of her room, still brooding.

"I wonder how it feels," she thought, "to work so close to fire: to work half-naked, in the glare and the flames, until one lies awake all night, dizzy and spinning." She smiled. "Heredity and environment! What a bold boy he must have been, stealing rides on freight-trains, running across the tracks in front of engines!"

She drew the curtain aside and waved her hand. Before the little house, on the tree-shaded pavement, a very young woman, scarcely more than a girl, was approaching, eyes lifted. It was half-past five, home-coming time for lucky office people. Although the house stood on a pleasant street in the East End, already the skies were darkening with the heavier twilight of the smokes; a wind snipped dried leaves from the trees, and in the murk the sooty, pungent air was cool. A light here and there appeared behind a window, and as Elsa turned away she saw that the little room was already dark. A deep and lovely sadness came to her; she gave herself to the enfolding darkness; she was years younger, a little girl waiting for her father to come home.

A light, eager tread; the door opened and, silhouetted by the hall light, swayed the garments of the girl, her jaunty hat feather-pierced, her loose, light coat catching gold along its fringes.

"Oh, El, where are you?" she cried.

"Here I am, En," said Elsa, softly. The girl's name was Enid Wardell.

"El!" she cried. They embraced; and against Elsa's hot cheek was laid a cool one. Suddenly, drawing the eager girl close, she felt how immeasurably older than Enid she was; she felt vastly maternal; she felt that Enid was living through joys and pleasures which long ago she had dropped by the way. Her love for the girl was wistful yet indulgent.

"Well," she asked, "what is it this time? Mr. Lindsey again?"

"El," whispered Enid, softly, "what do you think? He's to call for me, and I'm going out to supper with him. Quick, light the gas! I think there's a button off my blue dress."



SHE SAW HIS STRANGE PAST IN THIS GRIMY INDUSTRIAL CITY

Elsa's face seemed quite stern when the gas over the mirror of the bureau flared screeching up. Mr. Lindsey was chief clerk in the office where Enid was a stenographer; and there was no doubt that the two would eventually marry. All of Enid's bearing and expression proclaimed her love: she was soft, yellow-

haired, pretty; she was eager and young; and as she stood in her under-waist, with bare arms aloft and dainty fingers working over the abundant hair, she made an appealing figure. Her babble was endless.

"He has a new suit—gray—awfully becoming; it has three buttons instead of four down the front. If he only wouldn't wear that ghastly green necktie! It doesn't go with his dark complexion. I saw him a minute when I came in from lunch; and you know how shy he is! Well, he put a note on my desk under the typewriter. I didn't find it for an hour. Here it is."

She pulled it forth from her bosom, and Elsa read:

"DEAR MISS WARDELL,—To-day is my birthday, so sha'n't we go out to supper? I'll call for you. If you mean yes, stick this note in your hair.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN LINDSEY."

Enid had to sit down in hearty reminiscent laughter. "I stuck it in," she said, "but I didn't dare look. And we haven't seen each other since. Do you think he'll come?"

For answer they heard the door-bell, two flights down, ring twice. Enid got into her blue dress, and Elsa buttoned it down the back.

"Am I all right?" asked Enid. "Do I look *lovely,* Elsa?"

"Yes," said Elsa, kissing her. "Perfectly lovely. Have a wonderful time!"

"Ouch!" cried Enid, frightened. "El! Why, you nearly killed me! What's the matter?"

She stared wide-eyed. Elsa looked curiously pale, and her eyes shone.

"Oh, it's nothing." Elsa forced a laugh. "Now run along."

Enid glanced at her again. "I'm almost afraid of you," she whispered.

"Oh, run along, child!" cried Elsa. "He's waiting." She took Enid gently by the arm, pushed her out into the hall, and shut the door on her.

Then she put out the light and sat down beside the slowly growing illumination of the curtained window. She was face to face now with the peril; she knew now clearly how matters stood. And she thought first of a supper-table in the corner of a brilliant restaurant and of herself at one side and Mr. Fitch at the other. And her life stood before her from the earliest days.

From her earliest days, indeed! From the strangeness of that night when, a little girl of six, she first confronted death. Her mother had understood her; that she remembered well. Where her father misjudged, her mother had divined. The small garden-inclosed cottage stood a little out from the western Maryland village, out along an unfrequented road in a narrow valley. One of the terrible mysteries of her childhood was the fact that the earth beneath was said to be a network of the tunnels of a coal-mine; she feared that, digging in the garden, she might fall through; and often at night her thoughts went down to those lamp-flaring toilers beneath her: she up on her white, clean bed, they burrowing below in the icy damp darkness.

But on that particular night she had not gone to bed at all; no one took any notice of her, and she crept around the house, keen with curiosity and feeling delightfully wicked. Whenever she came near the door of her mother's room a stout nurse told her to get along, until at last her father came hurrying out, and she followed him down the stairs. He flung open the front door, and she stood at his feet, peering out into the blowing darkness. A strange lamp glowed out there, and then suddenly the glazed appearance of the big doctor. He tramped up on the porch, clutched her father's arm, and the two men spoke together over her head. She felt frightfully neglected and forlorn when suddenly the doctor stopped, lifted her to the level of his clear gray eyes, and regarded her keenly.

"A little woman!" he murmured. "Sweetheart, how are you?"

And for some strange reason she began to cry. She was set down and left in the blindness of tears, until she felt herself lifted again, a long time afterward: possibly she had slept in between. It was her father this time, and she was startled to hear his sobbing and to get his kisses. They bobbed up the steps together, and she blinked in the light. Now she knew it was her mother's room, and her father was holding her over the bed.

"Say good-by to mother," he whispered.

"Good-by, mother," she said, dutifully. And then she saw her mother, and all of life was revolutionized. She had the sudden feeling that what had seemed familiar was strange and unknown, that space was full of new mysteries. And somehow she knew that she would never see her mother again: all at once her heart seemed broken, and she sobbed against her father with her whole body. There was no comfort then until she found herself on the knees of the doctor, who was feeding her some scrambled eggs. She was quite hungry, and the eggs tasted delicious.

"Well, sweetheart," said the doctor, "you must grow up to be a fine woman now. And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Her heart went out to the big man. "I'm going to be a doctor," she said.

That, curiously enough, was the way it all began. From then on she was doctor, rather than mother, to her dolls; and the desire to study medicine came as an imperceptible conclusion to that chance remark.

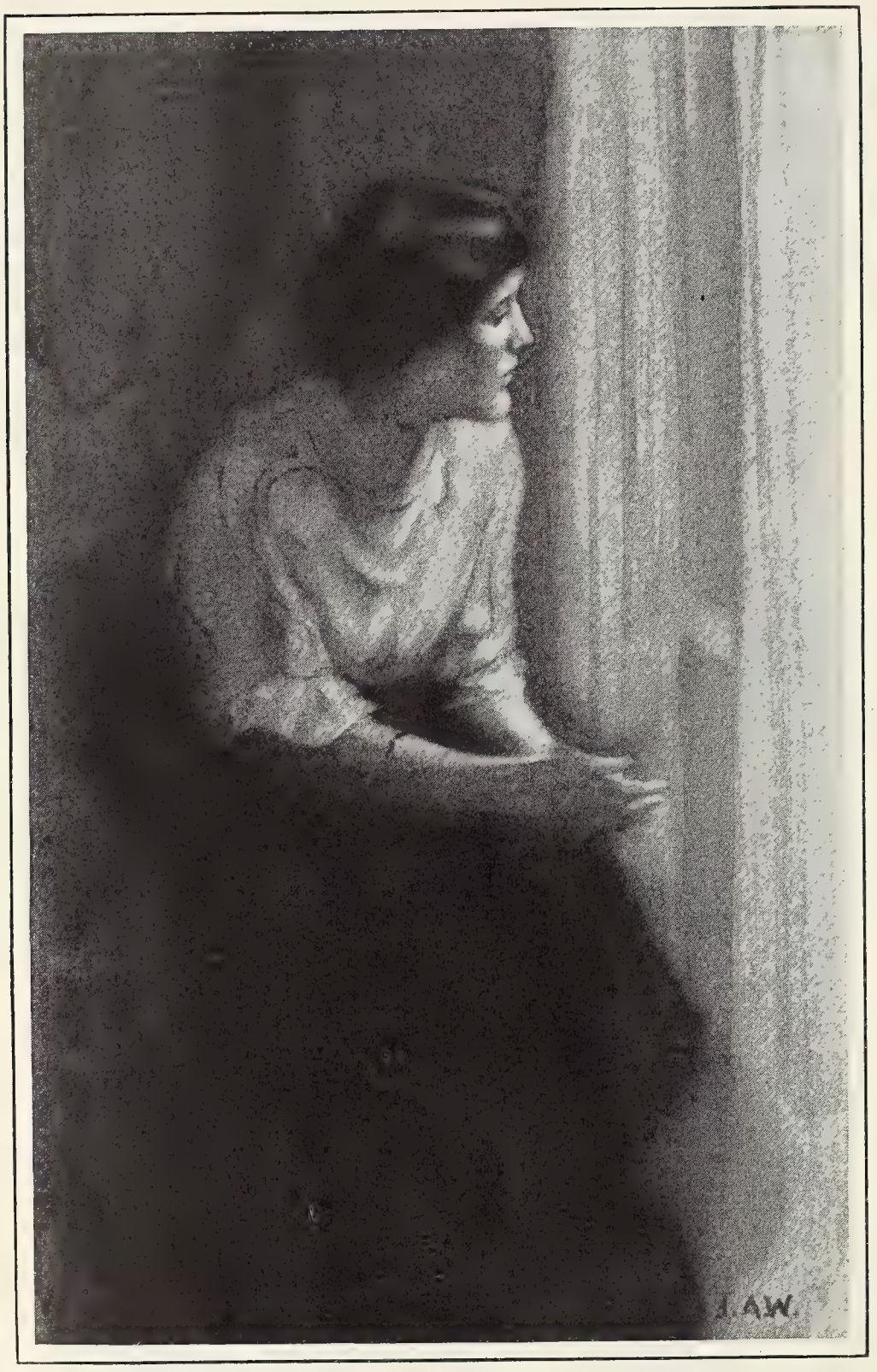
Her next great longing was the incessant wish to leave home. While she was still a public-school girl she would go down to the railroad station and watch the swift trains from Pittsburg on their way to Washington. Some of these would stop, and bright faces looked down upon her, then the wheels turned, and these strangers passed on to the great world. Then her heart rebelled, suffocating her; she, too, wanted to rush out to the great cities and the adventures of life.

A hitch came in the high-school days in the shape of a clumsy big boy who first taught her that she was a girl, and that girls are little women. He put her through the usual process: the carrying of her books, the offer of a rose over the garden gate at twilight, the doing of her sums for her; then finally the walk alone, the strange kiss, the secret. Her sense of importance at being in love was tremendous: she was sure she was not young any more; and the praise and the eyes of Harry Hinton sent her to her mirror to discover for the first time what an interesting face she had and how exceedingly pretty was the very brown hair.



With Arms aloft and dainty Fingers working over the abundant Hair

Then she told Harry that she intended to be a doctor, and trouble began. Outraged, he conveyed word to her father; she was questioned; and her love for Harry was killed by one lusty blow. Her love for her father suffered a similar fate.



She was Face to Face now with the Peril

But it was two years before she got away.

Then she was eighteen; now she was twenty-three: more than five years of breathless discoveries mixed with bitter "grinding." There had been a little money left by her mother which tided her over this period; but against the day of utter poverty she had put in the summer studying stenography and typewriting. Enid had helped her; and thus she was able to take the night work with Mr. Fitch. These five years had in many ways been pleasant: Enid had friends. And yet Elsa had often felt a secret, harsh loneliness, a sense of not being understood, a hunger for she knew not what.

Was it possible—she asked herself—that all of the bitter years had been a life of lies? Her heart sorrowed within her. It seemed to her that she had cleverly fooled herself, that she had been on a quest that must be vain for a woman; for the years, like a weak flame, were utterly blown out by the first breath of passion. She had thought that she had known love and passed it over, a negligible thing. But she had merely been an unmated woman who knew nothing of life: life, with its warm loveliness and its ardent terrors, masking itself, shutting itself up in the huge shape of a man.

Yet had not her mind known? Working over the wonders of the body, the miracle of nerve networks, the marvels of tissue and bone, surely she had seen what it meant to be a woman; surely she had known that if she were ever to fulfil herself she must be thinker and dreamer, user of the intricate brain, toiler with the miraculous hands; but more, more than that. She had the body of a wife and a mother; she was made also to be a bearer for the tides of the race. Yes, her mind had known; but now — now her whole body knew; and she was like the pollen and the seeds, borne by the resistless powers that sow the harvests.

She stared at a lamp across the street that came and went through leafy boughs, and then she grew ecstatic with her peril. Her whole career at stake! All the years, girlhood, womanhood, the beckoning future! All to be flung into the night and scattered by the chanting wind.

She put on her little coat and her

hat, opened the door, and stole down the stairs. Mrs. Mayhew came out of the sitting-room to meet her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, standing back on the third step, the hall light flickering in her amazing face.

"You're not going out?" asked Mrs. Mayhew.

"I'm sorry," said Elsa. "There's some work I've got to do. No, I can't stay for supper. Dreadfully sorry, but really . . ."

She had hold of the door then, vehemently nodded her head, and shut herself out into the night. Then as she descended the steps the rain smote her face.

"My umbrella!" she thought; but Mrs. Mayhew could not be faced again. Then she chanted half aloud: "But I want it to rain on me; I want it to rain on me!"

When Elsa reached the door of the Children's Society, she found it locked, and had to knock and wait tremblingly. The frosted glass gave a diffused glow of one of the office lights, and soon this was blotted out by the looming shadow of Mr. Fitch. A wave of faintness swept Elsa; her forehead was moist. Then the door opened with a jerk.

"Curse those kids!" growled Mr. Fitch, setting the latch. "Never do what they're told! Come along."

He impolitely preceded her down past three offices (she saw little Brown working in one of them), and she hurried after his big strides into the narrow room, hung her dripping hat and coat on the stand, pulled her book from the pigeon-hole, and sat down at the desk-flap. Mr. Fitch was swaying back and forth in his springy chair, his hands clasped behind his head.

"Read over the last I dictated," he ordered.

She feared that her voice would betray her; and indeed when it passed between her lips it was strange and feeble.

"—and it is the business of this Conference to deal with these little waifs, not as little criminals, but as the victims of their heredity and environment."

In the silence she heard the rain, and only the rain. It was splashing against the window in one steady gust after another; and she knew it was drenching the mills, and soaking, until it shone in the lantern-light, the coal in the barges, and sweeping the streets. The huge city was driven indoors by it; the population clung to its warm rooms and its cheerful lights; and she, too, was sheltered, sheltered after the fierce hurry in the blindness of the storm. She could not control herself longer then: she began to shiver.

Then the huge wave of dark strength came overwhelmingly close to her; she was faint with exquisite apprehension; and glancing up, she caught that mystic masculine power of his eyes. His voice was low, intimate, drawing her closer.

"Say, you—you're simply soaking wet! Didn't you have an umbrella?"

She smiled painfully, and could barely utter a sound.

"Forgot it."

He rose and slammed down the rolling top of the desk. "Well, then, home with you! Heredity and environment can wait. My umbrella is big enough for two."

"Oh no," she found herself saying; "I'm not going home."

"But you must," he growled. "I'm not going to have you down with pneumonia. I'm an 'uplifter,' you know," he laughed, hoarsely; "I'm a 'social worker.' I"—he leaned over her, and his smile was delightful—"I'm going to save you, Miss Brack."

Yes, she concluded in a flash of sanity, he merely regarded her as the latest plaything that had come to him. Her lips were dry.

"I can take care of myself, Mr. Fitch," she said, and wished she hadn't said it. A harsh note spoiled the glory of the night.

He paused, his eyebrows working up and down in a curious, ridiculous way.

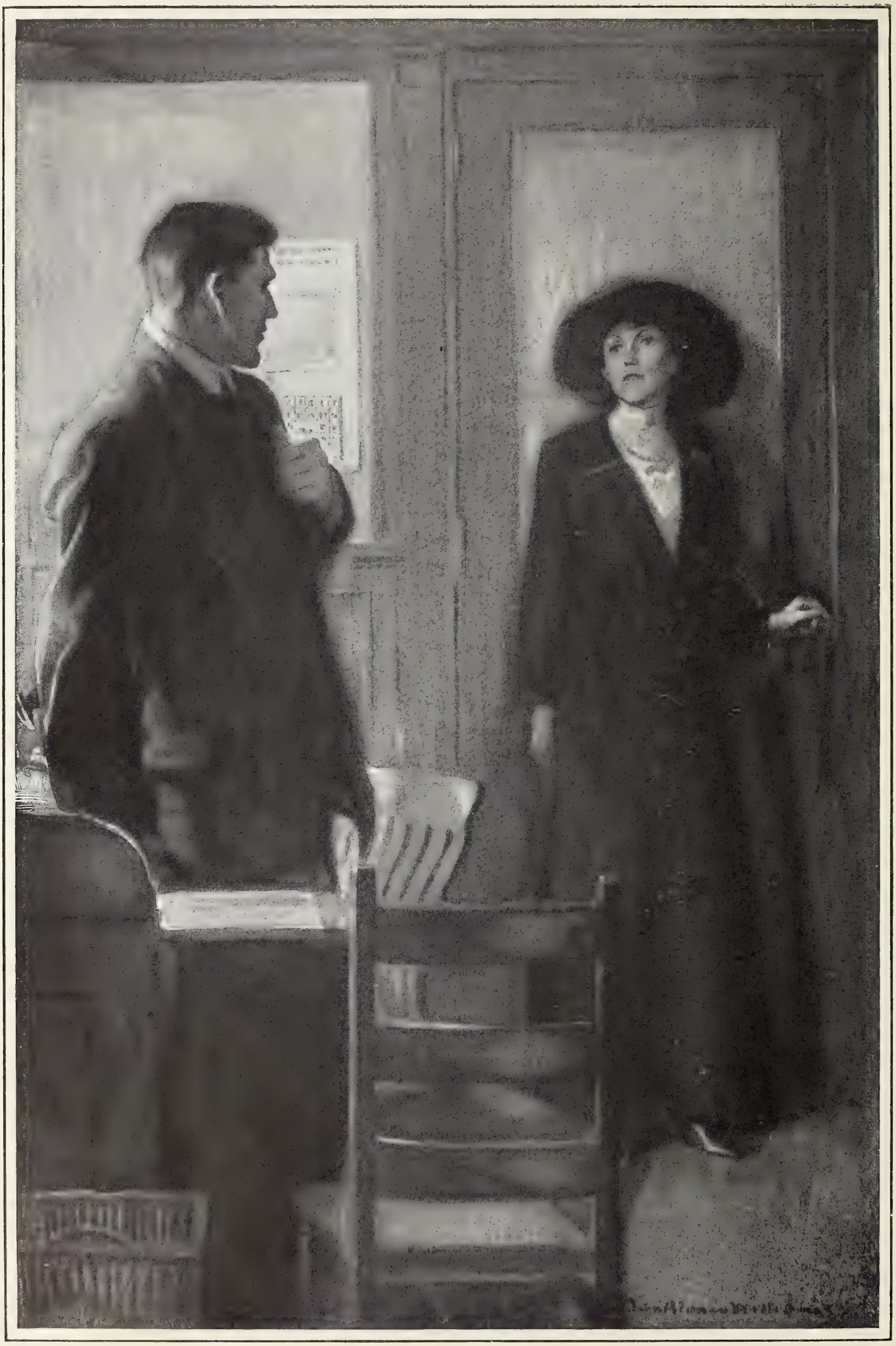
"Oh, come now—" he began.

"I'd much rather go on with the work," she interrupted.

He looked angry for a moment, and she remembered that he had once hit a laborer with an iron rod. But she sat still looking straight in front of her, and all at once he turned and walked to the window.

Then, without turning, he spoke cynically:

"You're studying medicine, eh?"



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"MR. FITCH, I'VE GOT MY OWN LIFE TO LIVE. GOOD NIGHT"

The question stabbed her. "Yes," she murmured.

"What 'd you do that for?" he growled. She did not answer.

"Modern woman, eh?" he went on.

She was silent, a slow rage beginning to kindle in her. He turned, surveyed her with lowered head, and smiled.

"I suppose," he said, "you're never going to marry." Then he stuck his hands in his coat pockets and began walking up and down the room. "These modern women! They're loony, utterly loony. Now what's a woman made for? Lord! did you ever meet a woman doctor? Ugh! I take to the tall timber whenever a specimen comes my way. Say, Miss Brack . . ."

He paused. She was in an explosive mood now; she thought: "At the college they think I'm a powerful person; but he thinks I'm a kitten, a child, a toy—tramples all over me—I hate him."

"Say, Miss Brack," he repeated, "I've got my own ideas of woman, you know." He sat down, and there was something absorbingly real and beautiful in his candor.

"I want a woman to be feminine and old-fashioned; to be gentle and sweet; to serve the man she loves; to be his true mate; to be a mother that lives in her children. That's the sort of thing I worship. A woman of that kind could twist me around her little finger."

The words dominated her: she saw then that nothing in the world was truer than this. Surely her whole nature cried out that such was her destiny; that in this natural functioning lay marvel on marvel, wonder on wonder, beyond all splendor of anatomy and therapeutics. She leaned her cheek on her hand, half shut her eyes, and smiled.

He rocked back in his chair. "I've got to think of marrying," he said, abruptly. "I've been coasting about too long, and I'm not getting a bit younger as time passes. I'm going to get down to brass tacks. I'm going out and get one of the big steel companies to give me a man-size job. Then I'm going to go wife-hunting."

In the pause she heard the rain again, gust on gust slashing the window, and somewhere, in glimmering rubber, men were waving lanterns in the dismal railroad yards, and the leaping headlights were blotted with the storm. The rage in her was accumulating through all the ecstasy of the moment. It was too shameful, too shameful!

Mr. Fitch leaned close to her; his voice was startlingly tender: "Really, I don't want you to sit around all soaked like that! Won't you let me take you home?"

The explosion came: she did not know what she was doing, what she was saying. She arose slowly.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Fitch," she said, in clear and final tones, "I must resign this work. And I'm very sorry."

He stared at her, stunned. "Resign? Why in the world—"

"I'm too tired at night," she lied. "And I'm sorry I couldn't give notice. I shall have to go now."

He arose, still staring at her. "Well, you're the queerest ever! Do you mean it?"

She went to the stand and carefully put on hat and coat; then she faced him.

"Mr. Fitch," she said, in a low voice, "I've got my own life to live. Good night."

He understood, and he was obviously overpowered. But he had the look of an angry bull.

"Oh," he growled, "all right. But I owe you some money."

"Please send it," she said at the door, and passed out.

She was curiously calm when she emerged on the street and walked straight into the rain. And down it came, pasting her hair to her cheeks and forehead, blinding her eyes, dripping from her nose. She was herself again: Elsa Brack: one with all the years of her life. By one brave, decisive act she had freed herself. She laughed softly: almost wept. She had pushed him out of her life; she had resisted and overcome; she had torn the embedded arrow from her heart. Yes, she was a modern woman, and modern women could handle their lives in a new way.

"And I'm out of a job," she laughed to herself, "and I haven't any money!"

What Americanisms Are Not

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Emeritus Professor of English, Yale University

AT the close of the Revolutionary War there was a belief widely prevalent that the political separation of the United States from Great Britain would be the precursor of a linguistic separation. It prevailed on both sides of the Atlantic. Differences of expression, it was maintained, would spring up, and would increase rapidly or slowly as the case might be. These in time would result in the formation of languages, allied to be sure, but varying in so many details that the one speech would eventually become largely unintelligible to the users of the other. References to this new Anglo-American tongue, speculations as to its probable character, were not infrequent in the periodical literature of the thirty years which followed the Revolution. Variations of usage were carefully noted. With the limited knowledge of the language possessed at that time, no small number of these assumed differences were, as might be expected, purely imaginary. They were largely the creation of men on both sides of the Atlantic who were ignorant of their own speech. In particular, the traveler in the United States was wont to designate as Americanisms words which had not only been used from an early period in one or both of the two principal divisions which make up Great Britain, but were in use at the very time. He chanced never to have heard them in his own home. When he heard them in America, he rushed to the conclusion that America was responsible for them.

It is hardly necessary to add that this anticipated cleavage of idiom failed to be realized. There has passed away entirely the once not uncommon belief that a distinct form of language would be developed on this side of the ocean. No pretense is now put forth anywhere that between the speech of England and America, separated by three thousand miles of water, there is even a remote approach to the nature and extent of the differences which divide the tongues of Spain and Portugal, occupying contiguous portions of the same peninsula. Indeed, if we can trust some observers, a still stronger comparison might be made. The historian Freeman, after spending many months in the United States, expressed the opinion that Scotland and England, though divisions of the same island, were further apart in various particulars, including that of language, than were England and America. He held the opinion stoutly, though well aware that some deemed it paradoxical. "The differences between England and Scotland," he wrote, "seem to me greater than the differences between England and America." One not a native of Great Britain is hardly competent to form a judgment on this point. But the comparatively little distinction that prevails between the speech of the educated class of England and that of the United States is something that cannot easily be disregarded.

Here is not now the place to discuss the agencies which brought about this condition, not of complete similarity, but of similarity so close that the variations present no difficulty of mutual understanding. Necessarily differences were from the outset certain to arise. The settlers of a new country would meet objects they had never seen or heard of before. They would have to create new institutions, to develop new methods of procedure, to follow out new lines of thought and action. For all these new terms would be required. The language they had brought with them was unequal to the demand made upon it. To its relief the colonist was forced to come either by using old words in a new sense, or by coining new words, or by borrowing words from other tongues. To all these methods he resorted. Such necessary de-

partures from the usage of the old country were at first violently denounced on the one side, and occasionally apologized for most abjectly on the other. Yet, after all, the new terms entitled to be called Americanisms which have been introduced into cultivated speech are comparatively few in number. "Cultivated speech," it will be noticed, is the phrase used. That affords the only legitimate basis of comparison between the language as used in England and in America.

Many have been the articles and books written about Americanisms. Of the words and expressions so called, there have appeared also about half a dozen vocabularies. These have varied largely both in quality and size. Still there is not one of them which does not contain matter worthy of consideration. He who discusses the subject could hardly get along without consulting them constantly. Yet while this can be justly said, it has also to be said that there is not one of them which is really satisfactory. It is not with the intention of expressing the slightest disrespect for the many laborers who have worked in this field that the assertion is made that nowhere has there been any scientific treatment of the subject. In all these dictionaries, indeed, whether special or general, the most heterogeneous mass of words have been gathered together and put forth indiscriminately under the name of Americanisms. Terms relating to diverse and unrelated classes of things have been brought together under that title. Words which belong to the uneducated, wherever in the wide world the English language is spoken, have been so designated. Even words which have been constantly employed in the literary tongue from time immemorial can be found enrolled in these collections.

Besides irrelevant matter of various sorts with which dictionaries of Americanisms have been swollen, there is one utterly objectionable kind which has made up no small share of the material they contain. This is the discussion not of what is peculiar to the speech in America, but of what is proper or improper in speech itself. The observations made may be good or they may be bad; but in neither case are they pertinent. They have as much to do with the language spoken in England or Australia as they have to do with it as spoken in this country. This characteristic is especially noticeable in the earlier vocabularies. In them the subject of Americanisms proper pops in only occasionally, and when it does, it is with something of the apologetic tone of Paul Pry when he hopes that he doesn't intrude.

In this particular the later glossaries of Americanisms have shown vast improvement over the earlier. But they are all liable at any moment to wander away from their legitimate field of inquiry to lug in words which have no business in such a collection, apparently for no other reason than to discuss some question of usage, and in most cases to discuss it unintelligently. One particularly glaring illustration there is of the way in which such have been shoveled into vocabularies of terms assumed to be peculiar to this country. There are at least three dictionaries of Americanisms in which for some inexplicable reason the noun *female* is included. One of them, indeed, puts forth a sort of pretext for its introduction. "The idiom," says the writer—"idiom" is a pretty large word for the usage remarked upon—"has now become so offensive to English taste, while in the same time maintaining a firm hold in America, that it may still properly be classed as a pseudo-Americanism." The other, which appeared as late as 1912, does not give even this ridiculous excuse for inserting the word. It boldly includes it as if there were no doubt of the propriety of so doing. But not content with its insertion, it proceeds to add erroneous statements about its use. Unfortunately these are copied from what is said of *female* in the sense of "woman" in the *New Historical Dictionary*. It is one of the very few instances in that invaluable work in which the statements made are not merely inadequate but distinctly misleading. There is not given in its account of the word in this sense a solitary instance of its employment after the time of Steele from a single writer who can be regarded as an authority upon usage. Yet not merely scores but hundreds of examples could have been secured from later authors of altogether greater ability and

authority than he. It ends, too, with a quotation from a newspaper in which *female* in this signification is designated as "a word of opprobrium." It hardly needs to be said that the opinion of an anonymous writer carries no weight whatever in discussing a question of usage. In this instance it would pretty certainly carry none if he were known.

As the reasons for inserting the word in a dictionary of Americanisms are incomprehensible, so the remarks made about it are somewhat trying to any one acquainted with its history. "Used," it says, "by Wyclif, Shakespeare, etc., in alluding to women in general, but now contemptuously." The fact is that the word in this sense, though used by Wyclif, Shakespeare, and their respective contemporaries, was used by them very little; whereas from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present time it has been used by modern authors a very great deal, never more so than during the nineteenth century. This statement can easily be confirmed by examining the employment of it by writers of fiction. There is not a great novelist from the time of Fielding and Richardson to the end of the last century in whose productions it cannot be found. Furthermore, it is never found in them as "a term of opprobrium." It almost passes comprehension that any reader of fiction who has interest in linguistic matters can have failed to notice this fact, even if he has done no more than glance over the novels of Madame D'Arblay, Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Reade, Trollope, George Eliot, and Stevenson. In all of them he would find examples of the usage; in most of them many examples. A concrete illustration is perhaps more impressive than a general statement. Let us take one of the most famous novels of the nineteenth century, the *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray. In that one work the noun *female* in the sense of "woman" occurs exactly twenty-three times. Were the attributive employment of it to be also reckoned — as in "female companion," "female subscriber" — the number would be more than doubled. To speak precisely, it so occurs just thirty times. This makes fifty-three instances of this use of the word in one single work.

To the student of speech the repugnance now shown by many to the word *female,* with the ridiculous linguistic reason given for it, is of exceptional interest. It is perhaps with us the latest manifestation of a phenomenon which appears every now and then in the history of language. This is the crusade which is directed for a period against the use of some special word or phrase. It starts out from the whim or prejudice of a particular person or of particular persons, and steadily gathers strength by persistent agitation. The war waged upon *female* is a striking illustration of the nature and force of movements of this sort. It is not only modern; it is very late modern. Active hostilities against it have apparently been carried on mainly by members of the supposedly aggrieved sex which it designates. As men have never objected to being termed males, it looks very much as if women, or rather some women, had begun to feel ashamed of being females. Still, until the attack upon the word is sanctioned by the refusal of the classic writers to employ it, the feelings about it of its assailants are not entitled to recognition in dictionaries.

But the very fact that such a word could be inserted in vocabularies of terms presumably peculiar to this country renders it desirable before going further into the subject to get a clear conception of what an Americanism is not. Three general principles can be laid down by which to test the right of any sort of expression to that appellation, even in its widest sense. In the first place, a word is not an Americanism because it designates objects, customs, or institutions peculiar to this country. These are not distinguishing characteristics of American speech; they are American contributions to the common speech. No other satisfactory words or phrases can be substituted for them. The foreigner, when speaking of them, is no more able to refrain from employing them than is the native. To call the Congress of the United States an Americanism is as absurd as it would be to call the Parliament of Great Britain an Anglicism. The same thing can be said of the Senate

as compared with the House of Lords, or the House of Representatives as compared with the House of Commons. Again, a dollar or a dime is no more an Americanism than a pound or a shilling is an Anglicism. Examples of this sort could be cited almost endlessly. One might well ask pardon for referring to them, were it not that these terms and others of the same general nature have made up no small share of the words contained in dictionaries of Americanisms.

It may be well, indeed, to have a glossary of terms of this character. As such a work would consist largely of names given to political issues and to political parties, it would be of great service to him who is making a study of the history of this country and its institutions. But to designate the words contained in it as denoting an element of language peculiar to American speech gives an utterly wrong impression. They are no more so than the names of the States which make up the Union. To term them Americanisms is therefore a misnomer. We do not consider Whig and Tory Anglicisms. Neither is such an issue, for instance, as Home Rule so called, though the discussion of it concerns only the British Islands. If for any reason that phrase should chance to be transferred to this country, it would necessarily be used here with an entirely different signification. In truth, in political history the same word or phrase may be necessary to the speech of the two great English-speaking countries and yet have meanings not only absolutely different but exactly opposite. Take, as an illustration, the expression "tariff reform." In Great Britain it means to impose or to raise duties on imported articles; in the United States it means to lower them or to take them off entirely.

In the second place, a word is not an Americanism because the only known instance in which it has been employed has been by an American. This sort of error is responsible for the attribution to this country of many terms which have never had a real existence. An American, like any one else, may choose or happen to coin a new word. It never becomes current. The probabilities are that no one save its inventor has ever found occasion to use it. Yet if it chance to catch the eye of some curious but not altogether wise collector of what he calls Americanisms, it is at once enrolled in his list on the strength of this single instance of its occurrence. The proceeding is absurd because the term not merely lacks universality of use, but really lacks any use at all. As a matter of fact, not a day passes but some new words spring into existence somewhere. They are evolved on the spur of the moment, usually in spoken intercourse. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred not one of them ever gets into print. If by any accident it gets there once, it never appears again. Accordingly, it dies unnoticed and unrecorded. Such words do not belong to the language, as used in America or anywhere else. They are peculiar to a single person, often peculiar to a single moment of that person's life. Accordingly, they have no business to lumber up dictionaries. Were, indeed, all individual coinages of this sort to be collected and included in these works, there would be little limit to the number of volumes necessary to contain them. As well might one take a census of the insects whose life is hardly the length of a summer's day as to put on permanent record these ephemeral productions of the hour.

To some extent this is true even of the words used in local communities. They have a right to a place in a dialect dictionary, but not in a dictionary of the general speech. Even in a dialect dictionary they ought to be inserted as belonging to the region or particular place where they are heard. Peculiar words and expressions spring up in every locality. They are not known outside of it. Unless they chance to get into print they are not recorded. There are few communities which could not contribute from the language, as spoken, words which have not been included in any vocabulary. For instance, there is one which can be heard in widely separated districts of the United States, both North and South. This is the verb *sagatiate*. It is a half-humorous word of salutation. Instead of saying to others, "How are you?" or, "How are you getting along?" men say, "How do you

sagatiate?" To some Americans the word will be familiar; to many it will be entirely unknown. Occasionally met with in private letters, it has very rarely got into print. One form of it appears in the account given by Uncle Remus of the adventures of the Rabbit with the Tar baby. "'How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?' sez B'rer Rabbit, ses ee." But the word itself has never been included in any vocabulary of Americanisms.

Instances like this could be multiplied largely. Of course, if any unusual word, even were it the coinage of the moment, chance to be embalmed in the writings of a man of genius, it becomes by that very fact an integral part of the language. It requires record even if no other author can be found to have shared with him in its use. When Othello speaks of "antres vast"—*antars* or *antrees* in the original editions—it is right to insert the word in every English dictionary purporting to be complete. This would be true even were there not a single other example of its employment to be found anywhere. But such action is something entirely different from putting on permanent record the vast number of words which have their birth in the daily press and die as soon as they are born. Yet the results of misdirected energy in searching for such expressions have tended to increase largely the vocabularies which go under the name of Americanisms. They swell the number to be found in them, however, without adding the slightest to their value. In truth, they detract from their value, because they give a wrong impression as to the actual fact.

Full as absurd is it to reckon among Americanisms technical and scientific terms because some American took the pains to devise them for some special purpose or to convey by them some special signification which he had in mind. Inability to understand this elementary principle has contributed extraordinary additions to the vocabularies of words assumed to be peculiar to this country. In some editions of Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms* was included *metaphenomena,* with the definition of it as denoting "the primordial facts of our being which, though known by necessity of reason to exist, are not the immediate objects of consciousness." There also appeared the verb *logicize,* meaning "to reason." Both these words were credited to a philosophical work written by Chancellor Tappan, of the University of Michigan. Both of them without doubt expressed exactly the meaning which it was in his mind to convey. But they are purely technical terms. Accordingly, they have no more business to be included in a dictionary of words peculiar to this country than the name of a new chemical compound here produced. Fancy the existence of Americans who go about discussing the primordial facts of their being, and in so doing terming them *metaphenomena.* Fancy them, when they give reasons for some view, asserting that they are *logicizing.* Yet it is a natural inference from the inclusion of these words that they are in the mouths of all of us to indicate what we are doing and saying. In the last edition of his dictionary Bartlett had the good sense to drop *metaphenomena.* He insisted, however, that we were continuing to *logicize.* Consequently, he retained that verb. We can now be consoled by finding from the *Historical Dictionary* that the English had been doing it before us long ago.

Thirdly, a word in common use in English speech, wherever that is spoken, has no right to be termed an Americanism simply because he who invented it and first employed it chanced to be an American. As properly might we say that the immense majority of the words belonging to our language are Anglicisms. The moment a word is adopted by the members of the whole English-speaking world its origin is of no importance, so far as the use of it is concerned. Its place of birth is unquestionably a subject of legitimate inquiry in connection with its history. About that there is always interest, and sometimes great interest. But it is a limited interest. As soon as the word becomes universally accepted, its origin is of moment only to the linguistic scholar. It has then ceased to be a Scotticism, or an Irishism, or an Americanism, or whatever other term may describe the particular region from which it came. *Telegram,* for illustration, may have sprung,

and probably did spring, into existence in this country. In time it was adopted everywhere. When the use of it had become general, it ceased to be an Americanism. It had been made part of the common speech.

If the mere origin of a word is to be taken as satisfactory proof of its being an Americanism, *schooner* is better entitled to that distinction than a goodly number of those which are regularly included. There is little if any doubt that both name and vessel had their birthplace in Massachusetts in the early part of the eighteenth century. From there they were carried not merely to all English-speaking lands, but to various countries of the European continent. Yet not a dictionary of Americanisms includes the word, though its use in the now disappearing *prairie-schooner* can be found in most. In leaving it out their compilers are right. Unfortunately, it is evident from their course in inserting other words that they are right only through ignorance of its history. The fairly well-known account of its origin runs to the following effect. When the new type of sailing-craft was launched at Gloucester in 1713, one of the bystanders who saw it moving over the water cried out, "Oh, how she scoons!" "A scooner let her be, then," was the reply of the builder. Then it was that the name by which this sort of vessel was christened at the moment came into being. There is no inherent improbability in this story. True, no such verb as *scoon* has ever been recorded. But, as it has already been intimated, few are the communities in this country which would not furnish words and phrases which, though heard in conversation, have never got into print.

At all events, this account of the origin of the word is generally, perhaps universally, accepted by linguistic scholars. Originally it was spelled *scooner* or *skooner*. The early insertion into it of an unnecessary *h* is only another unimportant contribution to the bad spelling of the English language which many worthy persons cherish as its chief glory. In this respect its history is not unlike that of the *anchor* which the schooner carries with her. By our Anglo-Saxon forefathers *anchor* was spelled *ancora*. After dropping the final *e* to which the termination *a* had been weakened, the word got along very comfortably for centuries as *ancor*. But the loss of its final vowel was made up to it at last by the insertion of an unneeded letter *h*. This was a blunder based upon a wrong spelling of its remote original. But blunder as it is, it has become so endeared to our hearts that few of us would now consent to drop it without passionate protest. Still the point to be made emphatic here is not the erroneous spelling of *schooner*, but the fact that the word in spite of its origin here has no right to be enrolled as an Americanism in any proper sense of that term.

Such views of the whole subject strike out of consideration, on the one hand, no small number of so-called Americanisms which never had any real existence; and on the other hand, words which, whether originating here or not, have come to be adopted, sometimes speedily, sometimes slowly, in all English-speaking countries. This latter point can be brought out distinctly by one or two examples. Early came into the tongue as spoken in this country the word *bluff* as a name given to a precipitous headland. It is now beginning to be used wherever English is spoken. A more noteworthy history has *prairie* as the designation of the broad, treeless plains of the Mississippi valley. In the British periodicals this word at first was not unfrequently made a subject of comment which ordinarily took the form of censure. One of the great delights of the *Quarterly Review* in its earlier years was to fall foul of everything coming or purporting to come from America. Expressions assumed, often erroneously, to be peculiar to this country were soundly castigated. Naturally the employment of *prairie* was made a subject of protest by one of its writers. Why should that word be used, was the burden of his cry, when *savanna* already exists?

It is fair to this critic to add that he refrained from committing himself to a too sweeping censure. There was a lurking suspicion in his mind that there might be a difference between a *prairie* and a *savanna*. Not so restrained had been a critic in the rival periodical some years before. The spirit of the *Edin-*

burgh Review as regards America was widely different from that of the *Quarterly;* but in this particular instance the ignorance was much more dense. In 1810 it had a highly favorable notice of the first number of the *American Mineralogical Journal.* But before it set out to praise, it felt obliged to protest against the language employed. It censured what it called the Gallicisms found in the opening article. "The two first words of it bespeak," it said, "a foreign idiom characterizing, as might be expected, the Anglo-American language in which the journal is written." What, it may be asked, were these two first words that revealed to the reviewer the existence of the Anglo-American idiom? One of them was *pieces* to denote the separate articles contained in the journal. That *pieces* had been in use for centuries to designate short literary or scientific compositions was unknown to the critic. As it was unknown to him, he assumed that it was unknown to the language. Furthermore, there were no prairies to be found in Great Britain. Hence there had been no occasion to speak of them. Accordingly, as they could not be seen there, it was manifestly improper, in the critic's opinion, for the word denoting them to have a place in the language.

Many, indeed, were the words censured as Americanisms by English critics at the beginning of the last century. The words themselves and the comments made upon them supply us now not merely with amusement, but almost invariably with amazement. Yet the writers who contributed to these reviews were highly educated men. Not only, too, were they men of distinctly greater ability, as a rule, than most of their fellows; they were possessed of much more learning. In the matter of their own tongue, however, they failed lamentably. They exhibited in that the regretable peculiarity of talking about something of which they fancied they knew everything, but of which they knew really little or nothing. Nor did mere lack of knowledge constitute the main defect of their comments. It was knowing so much that was not so. In this respect prejudice and dislike naturally intensified credulity. The *Quarterly Review,* in particular, during the early years of its existence, did its utmost to bring about the comity of nations by giving glowing descriptions of the generally horrible conditions prevailing in the United States, based upon information supplied by the veracious traveler. Necessarily the language employed had no chance to escape.

As one illustration out of many, take the statement contained in an article which appeared in the number for January, 1814. In it we were informed that one of the projects entertained by us was that of getting rid of the English language altogether. This was not to be done by merely corrupting it. To that we were inevitably addicted by the mere fact of being inhabitants of this country. Consequently the writer of the article contented himself with simply giving a few illustrations of the way in which Americans were barbarizing the tongue, "as when they *progress* a bill, *jeopardize* a ship, *guess* a probability, proceed by *grades,* hold a *caucus, conglaciate* a wave, etc.; when the president of Yale College talks of a *conflagrative* brand, and President Jefferson of *belittling* the productions of nature." But it was no petty changes of this sort that were in our thoughts. We were aiming to abolish the English language itself and substitute a new language of our own. We were told that one of the proposals seriously brought forward was the adoption of Hebrew as the national tongue. This information fixes the authorship of the particular article pretty certainly upon Gifford, the amiable editor of the *Review.* In his notes to Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* he assured us that prejudice in favor of the Old Testament was carried by the Puritans to New England. "In the rebellion of the Colonies," he wrote, "a member of that state seriously proposed to Congress the putting down of the English language by law, and decreeing the universal adoption of Hebrew in its stead." This fact seems to have escaped the researches of historians on this side of the Atlantic. It is perhaps due to their failure to find "the state of New England," from which the author of the proposal is represented as having come.

Concerning Angela

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ANGELA's eyes were gray. But lest you confound their gray with the gray of the sea, which is half green, or the gray of the rain, which is half brown, or the gray of the clouds, which is half blue and wholly unsatisfactory, I will explain that Angela's eyes were golden-gray. There is no exact shade in earth or sea or sky with which to compare them. Set under sleepy lids and shadowed with dusky lashes, they were extraordinary eyes. They suggested topaz or a little cat, according as you loved Angela or didn't.

Edwin loved her, and those eyes were jewels in his dreams. Really, when you add them to Angela's blush-rose face, her bud of a mouth, her small, straight nose, and her soft, ruddy hair, there was some excuse for Edwin.

Upon the first occasion of his meeting Angela he had fallen headlong into love, though the odds of favor and finance were all against him. But Edwin was the kind that fights best in the face of apparent defeat, and when Angela pleaded another engagement, or laughed at him, or even calmly turned aside with no excuse at all, Edwin only set his teeth and came again. On his way from San Francisco to Yokohama he had stopped off at Honolulu for a day. He met Angela and stayed a year, at the end of which time for all the good it did him he might as well have been in Africa.

Angela's father, we may explain, was so rich that his name in any part of the islands was as good as a certified check. He owned so much sugar stock that when an extra dividend was declared his share of it clogged the mails, and he was so busy that he scarcely knew Angela by sight. Edwin's father, on the other hand, was only a bank president. He had never been to any school but Princeton, and his monthly allowance, a beggarly pittance, was, on an average, eleven thousand six hundred dollars less than Angela's monthly stipend for extras.

You will observe that Edwin was not a *parti* for Angela. True, he had shoulders, he had a chin, his eyes were endearingly clear, and his smile was a wonder of small-boy sweetness; yet he stood without the pale.

"When the wolf comes in at the door," as Angela sapiently remarked to her mother, "then love flies out at the window."

Mrs. Raeburn looked at her daughter and sighed. She was a fragile woman with a tentative smile, and Angela had brought her up in the way she should go.

"What would you call a wolf at the door?" she asked, timidly.

"Four thousand eight hundred a year," said Angela, promptly. That was the amount of Edwin's allowance, to which by means of inconsiderable labor in a bank he now added an inconsiderable postscript.

Mrs. Raeburn continued to embroider an ornate *R* upon a square of damask.

"When I married your father he was getting seventy-five dollars a month," she suggested, meekly.

"When I was born," said Angela, "he was making ten thousand a year."

"That was ten years later."

"And the cost of living is ten times higher now," said Angela, who read the magazines and an occasional newspaper.

"My dear, if you loved him—" said her mother.

Said Angela: "I couldn't love any man who wasn't a success."

Mrs. Raeburn dared an appeal to a higher court. "But what is success?"

"Success," said Angela, blinking her gold-gray eyes like a sleepy cat, "is getting what you want and keeping it."

It was not, after all, so poor a definition, though Mrs. Raeburn, shaking her head above her embroidery, recoiled from it inconspicuously.

"Anyhow," said Angela, closing the argument, "he's never asked me to marry him—yet." And she laughed and

stretched her pretty arms above her head and yawned.

Through all of one winter—or what stands Honolulu for winter—through all of one spring, and through most of one languid summer did Edwin lay siege. September came, and Edwin upon a certain night sought Angela and sat beside her until the other suitors had departed.

"I'm going to send you home," said Angela, when the hall door shut gently for the third time. "It's shockingly late, and I was out last night."

"I'm going," said Edwin. He twisted in his chair. "I waited because I had something to say to you."

Angela lifted her eyebrows.

"My dear boy, is it any use? Haven't we—?"

"Oh, it isn't that," he interrupted, curtly.

Angela suffered a feeling of resentment. To be bored by an offer of marriage is one thing, but to be told by the stricken swain that no offer is intended is quite another matter.

"Beg your pardon," said Angela, coldly; "it began so much the same—"

Edwin flung his thunderbolt.

"I'm sailing for the coast on Saturday."

Followed a silence in which Angela regarded him coolly out of mysterious gold-gray eyes. To an innocent observer she might have seemed more than ever like a little cat who sees a bird slipping away from it.

"Saturday," she repeated, with an inflection of sweet indifference. "The *Korea?*"

"Yes," said Edwin, without elaboration.

"Too bad," said Angela, lazily. "You'll miss the Teunnison's dance."

Edwin looked at her keenly. She was too quick for him, was Angela. As he looked, the faintest quivering of her lips steadied into a smile.

"Can't be helped," he said, stubbornly. "My old man wants me. I had a letter to-day. He says what am I doing down here so long, and that there's a desk waiting for me in the bank."

"I thought he'd written you before," suggested Adela, a trifle skeptically.

"This time," said Edwin, "he's had appendicitis."

Angela shrugged and laughed. "Nothing to be alarmed about—I've had it—mother's had it—father's had it."

"You're not my old man," he assured, with a magnificent disregard. "He never has anything that he can stand off. I bet it nearly killed him to go to a hospital. It makes me half-sick to think of it."

"How silly!" said Angela, with superior amusement.

At which the worm turned, very quietly but with a certain permanence of effect.

"Suppose he had died—in New York—and me in Honolulu," said Edwin, slowly, "wasting my time fooling around—" He rode roughshod over Angela's unconscious gasp. "We're all that's left of the family—the old man and I. Suppose he had died? I'm afraid to look a cable in the face now for fear of what might be in it. I tell you, that letter this morning broke my nerve. I've got to go home. There's too much land and water between us. It's all right for you—you've been here all your life—everybody that belongs to you is here; but you put a few thousand miles or so—you put ten days' straight travel between you and your people, and see how it feels. Suppose he had died—it would have been ten days—ten whole days, mind you—before I could have got back. Good God!"

"Edwin!" said Angela, frightened.

"I beg your pardon," said Edwin. He stood up unexpectedly. "That letter's on my nerves. I'm pretty foolish about him, you see. We never make much fuss over it—but he used to be great to me when I was a kid—used to get down on the floor and play soldiers with me. I never knew my mother. She died when I was born. The old man got me off to school—he used to come down for football and all that. Went to Princeton himself, you know. He's a good Indian, the old man is." Beneath the flippant phrase the flame of a deep feeling showed unmistakably clear.

"He's—all right now, isn't he?" asked Angela.

"I'm not taking any more chances," said Edwin, grimly. "Can I see you again before Saturday? I'd like to say good-by." Before she could chill or thaw—if she had chosen to do either—he

added, thoughtfully, "Would your mother let you dine with me at the Young, Friday night?"

"Why, yes—" said Angela, half puzzled.

"Good enough," said Edwin. "At seven?"

She nodded, and Edwin left. Behind him a hideous doubt remained.

A man who is badly in love with a girl—thus Angela argued—does not, upon the last night, invite her to dine with him at a restaurant. Rather, he seeks out an inconspicuous corner of her veranda—a walk between hedges—the exquisite and shaded solitude of her drawing-room. Supposedly, he has that to say which makes the populace unwelcome. Not for him is the disturbing and inevitable sequence of the menu card.

"H'm'm!" said Angela, and went upstairs to bed. On her way she stopped in at the open door of her mother's room and yawned elaborately.

"Half after eleven—I thought he would never go!"

Mrs. Raeburn, who had been dozing comfortably above a volume, opened her eyes with a start.

"Oh!" she said, dazedly. "It's you, dear. Has he gone?"

"Only just," said Angela.

"Then I can go to bed now," Mrs. Raeburn conjectured, agreeably. She was accustomed to play propriety like an invisible influence above-stairs, while Angela in the wildernesses of the drawing-room coquetted with Destiny.

"Poor duckie!" said Angela, and kissed her mother on the ear. Presently, out of her maiden meditation, she spoke again. "Edwin Ladd's going back to the States on the *Korea*."

"No!" cried Mrs. Raeburn, implying extraordinary surprise.

"Saturday," said Angela.

"Isn't it sudden?" observed her mother, timidly.

Angela shrugged. "He's been here a year—"

"That's why I thought—" Mrs. Raeburn faltered.

"I'm going to dinner with him at the Young, Friday night," said Angela.

"Now, my dear—"



"HE'S NEVER ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM—YET"

Angela kissed her mother upon the ear again.

"Please don't," she said; "there's a duck!"

"I don't really think—"

"It's done in the States," said Angela, "all the time."

"I suppose, since he's sailing on Saturday—" Mrs. Raeburn conceded.

"Or even if he weren't," said Angela, stubbornly.

She went to bed and lay awake for the greater part of four hours, in which she reviewed and counter-reviewed unceasingly the circumstantial evidence of Edwin's infatuation.

Flowers and candy she ignored imperially. There had been orchids and roses and violets and valley-lilies at Angela's shrine so long that she accepted their existence quite casually. Chocolates were equally a drug upon the market. She cast up in her mind the number of times in which Edwin had descanted upon her utter desirability, and took a certain consolation from the memory. With a thrill of happiness she said to herself that upon three distinct occasions he had asked her to marry him. But with a thrill of discomfort she remembered that upon three distinct occasions she had refused him.

"Oh-h!" said Angela, softly, drew a deep, restless breath, and turned her pillow. The long braid of her ruddy hair lay over one shoulder. She tossed it across the pillow and flung one slender arm over her head. The moonlight came in at the open window and along the floor, glinted upon the brass of the bed, melted dimly into darkness, and shone out again with the passing of some vagrant cloud upon Angela's sleepless face. Suddenly in the moonlight the lips trembled, the chin quivered, and a small, strangled sound came from the slim, white throat.

Angela flung herself over in bed. She lay face down upon the pillow and her shoulders heaved.

Then she turned slowly back, and the pillow where her face had lain was warm and wet.

"Poor little fool!" said Angela, between her teeth. You see, she did not like to be beaten. A little later she slept —and dreamed appropriately of Edwin.

It was a distressful week for Angela. As Friday night approached she considered strongly the advisability of breaking the engagement. Again she reflected that New York was not next door to Honolulu, and that out of sight was out of mind. In the end she was ready some thirty minutes ahead of time, reproaching herself bitterly for lack of pride.

Edwin was punctual—no more and no less. He commented pleasingly upon Angela's appearance, and held her hand no longer than the interval required by polite usage in greeting a friend.

Angela wore a white gown of Parisian extraction, and a large black hat whose brim, curving floppily, shaded her eyes. She accepted his tribute in silence, smiling faintly.

"Suppose we go on," said Edwin.

They entered a machine, the god of which was apparently absent, traversed divers quiet streets, and so came at last to dinner and the Young. The head waiter led them to a small, expectant table where violets adorned a shallow bowl, and silver glittered brightly.

"You like alligator pears?" inquired Edwin, earnestly; "seems to me I remembered—"

The courses came and went. It was a delicate repast and seemly, but, to Angela, lacking in flavor. She perceived a negative value attaching to successive dishes. Edwin ate largely. With the soup he enlarged eloquently upon his regret in leaving.

"By Jove! I almost hate to go. This is the most hospitable place in the world. People whom I had absolutely no claim on—"

"You'll forget them in a month," said Angela. She smiled so as not to seem bitter.

"What if I do—and I sha'n't, mind you—that doesn't take away from my appreciation now, does it?"

"We're a back-water," said Angela, somberly. Not even the smile allayed that. "We're out of the world—a splotch on the Pacific."

"You're the sunniest, windiest, happiest island there is—"

"Is that why you're leaving it?"

"One's got to get back some time or other—and my father—it's too far."



FOR ONE MORE CHANCE TO REFUSE HIM SHE WOULD HAVE BARTERED MUCH

"Exactly," said Angela.

They consumed a very fair entrée in comparative quiet.

"Tell me," said Angela at last, "what will you do—back there?"

Edwin laid down his fork and looked suddenly off across the room into the corner of Forty-second and Broadway. Then he said what he would do. It began with going down to the bank to see his father, and ended with a week in New York. He remembered to add that he should miss—

"Oh, *don't!*" said Angela, a trifle savagely. "Why should you?"

Fish, roast, and salad came and departed while Angela and Edwin played with generalities. All about them the clink of silver and glass, the chatter of careless humans, and the footsteps of soft-moving Chinese waiters went constantly on, and momently Angela's heart sank lower. For one more chance to refuse Edwin she would have bartered much, but the bargain was not offered her, and every hour that ticked itself away brought nearer the ultimate good-by. She forced herself to swallow coffee and watched with a brooding gaze the waiter's deft acceptance of his tip.

"Now take me home," she said, and Edwin took her home.

In all that hour and a half of tête-à-tête across the violets he had not once said, looked, or leaned to anything beyond a casual and friendly regret at leaving her.

So Angela led the way to the machine,

and later up the steps of her own home, into the familiar quiet of her drawing-room. She drew the pins from her hat, and laid the heavy, black-plumed thing upon the table. Her eyes and her throat ached impartially for tears; added to which a fierce resentment of her own weakness tortured her grimly. She saw herself laying adroit openings for Edwin's advances, and saw that Edwin passed them unobservant, advancing not at all. Subtle conversational ruses she employed to lead him into personalities, but whereas of old all roads led to Rome, there was now not one that she could find. All the ghosts of her rejected suitors came trooping from the corners of the room and made mouths at her. "This," she fancied them saying, "is only what you did to us—how does it feel—and you so proud?"

Angela writhed under her own scorn, even while she laughed and shrugged and spoke prettily of all sorts of things. And all the time the clock on the mantel struck off seconds and minutes and hours, and the end of the world came nearer.

When the hour-hand touched ten, Edwin got to his feet deliberately.

"I've still got to pack — just a suit-case."

"Oh—" said Angela, and stood up as well. "Did you say good-by to mother?"

"Before you came down-stairs."

"We shall all miss you," said Angela, almost too evenly.



ANGELA STOOPED SWIFTLY AND CAUGHT UP THE GLITTERING THING

"I've had some bully times here," said Edwin.

A pause fell. He thrust one hand into his trousers pocket—possibly to keep it out of harm's way—and held out the other.

"Good-by, Angela!"

"Good-by," said Angela, rather low. She kept her eyes down persistently.

"Good-by," said Edwin. "Sometime, maybe—"

"You *know* it isn't likely," said Angela.

He crushed her hand unexpectedly, and in that moment Angela's downcast eyes saw something glitter faintly on the floor. She put out one small, slim, suede-shod foot and covered the glitter gently. Lest the glitter depart in fragments, she reduced the pressure on that foot to a minimum, standing heavily upon the other.

"Good-by," said Edwin again. He had forgotten to release Angela's hand. Apparently some weighty reason dragged upon his utterance. He spoke slowly,



EDWIN STOOD BESIDE THE COUCH. "ANGELA! WERE YOU—CRYING?"

with long pauses. "It's no good asking you to remember me, I suppose?"

"Why?" said Angela.

"So many other fellows—so much to do—out of sight, you know, out of mind."

"It's like that with you?" said Angela.

"Not on your life," said Edwin, briefly. He set his teeth and produced a smile, the wide, endearing smile of the small boy who hankers after jam-pots.

"It's a small world," he suggested, hopelessly. "We might come together again, some day."

"I doubt it," said Angela, out of a delicate gloom.

For two young people of average intelligence their remarks betrayed an appalling stupidity. The clock ticked more brightly than Angela spoke, the white cat on the hearth purred more vigorously than Edwin answered. Suddenly he took his courage into his two hands.

"Good-by," he choked, and was gone. Angela's responsive whisper followed him out of the door.

Within the room, when he had left it, a comedy of emotions enacted itself briefly. Angela stooped swiftly to the floor and caught up the glittering thing which her foot had hidden. It showed itself a scarf-pin, a black enamel upon an oval surface of gold. With one movement she hid it in the laces above her heart, with another she crossed to the couch against the wall, with a third she flung herself prone upon the pillows, and with a fourth she sobbed.

The clock ticked and the white cat purred in an emptiness of expectation. There was no step along the hall.

"But I haven't—heard—the—door—" said Angela to herself, breathless and shaken. She clutched the little pin, close hidden, and shivered with long sobs.

"He must—have—gone," she said to herself; "he never missed it; he must have—"



SHE SMILED WHEN HE KISSED HER HAND

Then a step came back down the hall, a swift, storm-driven step. It stayed not for chairs and it stopped not for stools. It crossed the wide threshold and stopped resistless just within the lamplight.

"Angela," said the voice which belonged to the step, "I've come back to ask you to marry me."

It was an average voice, and roughened by emotion, but it is doubtful if choiring seraphim upon the last day will make sweeter sound to Angela's greedy ears.

While she drew her breath sobbingly the step came on with a rush, and Edwin stood beside the couch.

"What are you doing?" he demanded, awe-stricken. "Angela! Were you—crying? Angela! For God's sake, speak to me!"

Angela spoke to him. She sat up and dried her eyes upon his handkerchief, which she dragged with an adorable air of proprietorship from his left cuff.

"You dropped your tie-pin," she explained, brokenly, "and I hid it—with my foot. I thought you would come back to look for it—and I thought if you found me—crying—I've read stories like that—"

Edwin gasped. "I came back to ask you to marry me. I never even missed the thing—but I couldn't go off like that—it's no use, Angela—you don't mean you wanted me to see—"

"Well, what do you suppose?" said Angela.

"Then," said Edwin, slowly, but breathing very hard, "you must—"

Angela nodded, redder than the reddest jacqueminot.

"But you came back," she insisted, "anyhow;—not for the pin—"

"I came back for you," said Edwin, flatly.

"Well," said Angela, daringly, "here I am."

She smiled when he kissed her hand.

she smiled when he put his arm around her, but when he stooped to her lips she shut her eyes, and the smile flickered out in a breathless glory.

When he kissed her, Edwin came back to earth.

"I've got four hundred a month, you've got twelve thousand," he stated, briefly.

"You should have thought of that before," said Angela.

"I did," said Edwin, honestly. "I heard a fellow say at the University Club one night that every fortune-hunter on the Pacific coast was after you—so I made up my mind to go home. Then the old man got appendicitis—"

"Will I have to live on your four hundred?" asked Angela.

"Not if you're too deeply attached to your twelve thousand," said Edwin. "You can buy your clothes, but I pay the housekeeping. Do you get me?"

"I do," said Angela.

She let him kiss her again.

"Tell me," she said at last, "did you do it to make me give in—pretending you weren't going to ask me again, and all that?"

Edwin stared.

"I've got passage on the *Korea* tomorrow morning," he said. "I'm not so foxy as you think."

"I didn't know," murmured Angela.

"If I change my passage to the *Manchuria*—that's two weeks off—will you go home with me?" he inquired.

Angela said he must be crazy; then she said she didn't see how she possibly could; then she said what would people say; then she said she would, and what should she be married in?

"Oh, any old thing," said Edwin, "so long as you're inside of it."

He kissed the lids of her gold-gray eyes.

"I thought you never would—" he whispered, chokingly.

"I thought *you* never would," said Angela.

Pine-trees

BY JENNIE COKER GAY

THE wind is low and the world is still,
  And sighing trees invite;
And oh, how brown the needles lie!
  And oh, the sand is white!
And the steady pines reach up and up
  To stillness and to light.

To stillness and the sun by day,
  The sun so far and far;
But when the night across the west
  Lets down its somber bar,
The steady pines reach up and up
  To stillness and a star.

Ah, should you wish to seek the light,
  Whatever it may be,
Come dwell where slender stems upreach,
  Aspiring constantly;
Come dwell where silence lends the search
  A fine intensity.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE observer of current literature must be struck by the overwhelming prevalence of fiction in the stream. This is saying the fact so feebly that we should like to say it over again if that would enforce it; but perhaps it will be better if we merely invite the reader to make a recent experience of ours his own. Let him, if he has the money to waste, buy all the magazines of the month, all the newspapers of the day and week, and diligently note their contents. Then he will find that the magazines have so largely, so mainly run to fiction, to stories long and short, that a good half of the best periodicals is often devoted to them. Once or twice a year the most exemplary of our miscellanies issue a fiction number, and eschew fact almost altogether; and many times in the year it is the editor's pride and pleasure to offer the reader six or eight complete short stories in a single issue. At least half a dozen monthlies and semi-monthlies, by no means the worst, are wholly abandoned to different lengths and breadths of fiction; and not more than half a dozen organs of profession or opinion exclude the various forms of fable. The insidious short story and the ophidian serial subtly insinuate themselves into our most serious reviews. Every country newspaper has its story, long or short; every evening paper in every city has its novel or novelette; every Sunday issue of every journal includes in its huge mass whole heaps of fiction.

We have not made an actual count of what we may call libriform fiction published each year, but it is our reasonable conviction that the novels transcend in number all the other books of every kind, and that the short stories of a single month, of every single month, surpass in their sum the count of those Arabian entertainments which have forever recorded themselves as the Thousand and One Nights; that is to say, in a twelvemonth there are twenty-five thousand short stories published. Who reads them all, and, worse yet, who writes them all, and do they represent at least twice as many stories rejected? Think of four thousand short stories written every month, and you have the effect of a conjecture which if it is only in part statistical is prodigious. Say there are only two thousand short stories written in a month, and only a little more than twelve thousand in a year, and you still have a total involving an amount of generous ambition, of trusting toil, of heartbreaking disappointment, which the soul shrinks from appalled. In the horrid prospect, one were willing the whole twelve thousand should be printed and the reader left to take the consequences. After all, it is not a single reader who takes the consequences. Counting only ten readers to each story (there are more, probably fifty or five hundred), there would be enough readers to take the consequences, if they were equally apportioned, without serious structural damage.

In this cheerfuller view (we find ourselves arriving at it, much to our own surprise, from somewhat gloomy premises) we would by no means suppress or abolish the short story, however futile we find it. We live in a world abounding in futilities, including ourselves, and we must not be too hard upon one another. As to the quality of the short stories whose quantity a recent general reading of the magazines has realized to us, our experience of it has not been without an agreeable surprise. With some sense of our temerity in the hazard, we venture to say that their average is much higher than that of short stories in the further if not the nearer past. Their authors really know how to fancy doing them if not actually to do them; their endeavor is in the right direction, and often their performance is parallel with it. As yet the minor morals of their technique leave much to be desired

and reformed; the authors in their struggles with the stage directions of their dialoguing remain the victims of the conventional inversions which only a few of them have disused. Most of them still put the verb before the noun or pronoun and write *ejaculated Angelina* or *pronounced the irascible mother,* as no one does or ever could do in orally reporting a conversation. Their young women habitually burst into tears, or hide their faces in their hands, or fling themselves into Jack's arms. As yet their authors have not conceived of decently leaving the reader to suppose the clasping and kissing which perhaps goes on in life, and which their illustrators graphically report in embraces frank as those of the lovers on the benches in the Park.

The witness who turns from these ashamed, accounts for their public shows of tenderness upon the supposition that the lovers have no homes where to indulge them; but it does not seem too much to ask the authors and illustrators of our short stories to imagine their readers able to imagine the scene which follows an acceptance or an adieu or a forgiveness.

The Greeks, who knew pretty well everything, knew that a death scene was most effective when unseen; their dramatists had the victim slain behind whatever corresponded to our curtain in their theater; and we cannot believe that any ancient Greek writing a modern short story would suffer the displays of impassioned affection which put the reader to the blush in our actual fiction. Instead of letting the heroine fling herself into Jack's arms, as she is now always doing, the temperate Greek would achieve a far finer effect by having her breathe an all but inaudible yes, and then closing the scene upon the merely physical consequence. Anything more, in his ideal, would be as unconvincing as a homicide on the stage, or one of those repasts where the more obviously the actors gorge themselves with meat and drink the more the spectator doubts their hunger.

We are aware that few of our modern short-story-tellers could be ancient Greeks if they would, and we do not exact the classic decencies from them. All that we can hopefully do is to remind them that such reticences were the means of the supreme triumphs of art when art was at its best, and to suggest some endeavor of the sort. None of them will be able to practise such reticences in full, but we believe that the more they try for them, the more they will feel their charm, their power. They will, of course, the best-intentioned of them, not be able to control the illustrators of their fables. The graphic artist will tell the literary artist that it may be all very well for him to let his reader suppose those shows of passion, but it is *his* office to portray them, to render the fact in black and white, and to allow the happy lovers no more reserves than if they were actually sitting on a bench in the Park, with their arms round each other. If the literary artist, still mindful of the Greek ideal of reticence, should insist, the graphic artist might appeal to the editor and, if need were, to the publisher, and these would undoubtedly abet him, and whatever were the modesty of the text, we should continue to have those spectacles which now render our lavishly illustrated periodicals of the esthetic effect of a promenade in the Park on a warm afternoon of early spring.

Those who have not noticed the fact can have little notion of the number of the lovers who now abandon themselves to their emotions in the pages of our periodicals, in spite of that primary rule of good manners which forbids their display in society. Yet the authors, the artists, the editors, the publishers may say that they are only giving the public what the public wants, and they may point in proof to the boundless popularity of their periodicals, freighted every day, week, and month with a thousand short stories, written and pictured as they now are. They may say, and with truth, that these stories have grown more and more lifelike, and they may safely ignore the fact that in civilization life has clothes on, and that it is not artistic to portray it without them.

In this case it might become a stand-off between us, and in order to define our position more accurately we might find it well to repeat that it is not so much the quality as the quantity of the shorter

fiction that dismays us. It is perhaps for the worse that it has grown better. Its growing excellence has increased the demand for it, and it is a serious question how far its production can go before exhausting the veins of imagination now so unsparingly worked. One of the interesting conjectures of science of late has been that there are bounds to space, and it is quite certain that within easily calculable time all the anthracite and bituminous coal under the earth will be consumed; in a period not so readily to be fixed, all the fruitful soil on the face of the earth will be carried down the rivers into the sea; there are people who anticipate with a prophetic shiver the day when the sun itself will be sensibly colder; and is it unreasonable to suppose that with the drain of twenty-five thousand short stories a year the time will come when the mines of fiction will refuse to yield so much as the merest anecdote?

What, then, is to take the place of the short story in the magazines and newspapers? We invite the reader who has perhaps again been losing courage to join us again in cheering up. It was not wholly without prophetic instinct that the reporters began some time ago to call the record of this or that fact "a story." Now, we believe, they call every such record a story, and so affiliate themselves with the inventive artists who deal in fictitious stories. Our notion is not that they should go further in that way and verge upon the dangerous bound of faking, but that they should realize the approach of the time when the resources of invention shall be exhausted, and should prepare themselves to supply the daily, weekly, monthly demand of the reading public with narrative drawn from the exhaustless abundance of human events.

We have not yet fully developed our theory of what the direct history of life should be if it is to supplant fiction and do the office of that secondary effect of reality which now delights and edifies the reader. As yet, we should be obliged to confess that daily history has practically no animating esthetic, and is quite without that perspective which fiction finds its main justification in supplying. But somehow daily history can be taught to supply this. Perhaps the schools of journalism now established in several of our universities will make the matter part of their inquiry. Let them begin with the foundation-stone of all journalism, all daily history, the assignment-man, the lowliest of the reporting kind, and hew him and shape him and polish him and breathe into him the breath of esthetic life, of art. In the mean time we can only demand for him a clear space in which he shall be incommoded by no rivalry. For one month ensuing upon the publication of this suggestion let him do his best in a field where he is now hampered and abashed to his worst. For the days and the weeks of one month let there be no make or manner of fiction printed, and far less pictured, in our dailies, weeklies, or monthlies. We can well believe that this proposition will astound the reader, but if it could be acted upon we think the experiment might be of such interesting and far-reaching consequence in the evolution of the human mind that it would not be regretted.

Suppose, as we have been assuming, that in a certain month of the year lately ended there appeared in the various publications of this city one thousand short stories. The authors of these stories had the whole realm of fancy to draw from, without fear of its final exhaustion. But in that month did they offer their readers any such incident as the reporters, the local historians, the lowly assignment-men, provided from the world of fact pressing us so close on every side? We have only to mention the Rosenthal assassination, with its accompanying circumstance and ensuing consequence, and we fling down a gauntlet which no champion of fiction will dare lift. Or take the case of the man doomed ten years ago to death who never ceased to protest his innocense and to try to establish it until he won his freedom that he might the more convincingly prove it; what hero of fiction ever equaled him in peril and escape? If we survey the human events throughout this fair land of ours, the divorces, the elopements, the disasters by fire and flood, the defalcations and the frauds, the lynchings, the nameless horrors of white slavery, the intentional and accidental shootings, with the brighter

aspects of humanity which nature offers us in the foundation of free libraries, the gifts of incalculable sums to charities relieving innumerable needs, the acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, the miraculous escapes from dangers, the philanthropic discoveries of science, the daring researches in disease where the explorer risks infection and death: if we do this and bring the tremendous actuality home to our hearts, we must own that nature immeasurably transcends art as we have known it in the thousand short stories of the same period.

Autobiography in its protean forms would attract readers who are now weary and will be wearier of fictitious narratives before the resources of the novelists or novelettists are exhausted. From the pleasure which the incidents of one case of sickness—a good long typhoid fever, say—afford the sufferer as he recalls them to some patient listener (eagerly watching his chance to cut in with an exactly similar, or totally dissimilar, case of his own) we could not predicate too vast a popularity for the history of human events now briefly summarized in the patent-medicine advertisements; a love-affair disguised beyond recognition or attribution to the parties really concerned could be endlessly varied and repeated without fear of wearying the younger reader. Travel is still an unexplored realm compared with that of fiction; the smallest occurrence on the highway of land or sea will always command breathless attention if properly worked up. The tragical moments of a delayed lunch are full of fascination for any one whose train has broken down or been snowed up short of the station where the dining-car was to have been put on; the hair-breadth escapes of those who have just missed collision with an iceberg, or have been providentially arrested two hundred yards short of an open switch, abound in a breathlessness which no experience of any young American in marrying the heiress-apparent of an imaginary principality of central Europe could rival. If we descend to the fish-story, the snake-story, even the horse-story of ordinary life, we have themes which, truthfully treated, would be of a clutch, or, as the advertising critics would say, of a charm so "gripping" that no tale of fancied adventure could match them. The very last Christmas we ourselves heard a bear-story at dinner which, though much slighted by the hero in the telling, supplied us with goose-fleshing thrills of the first quality.

We leave out the larger fiction, the long tale, the full-size variety which broadens out in the average novel; we keep to the consideration of the short story alone; and we say that if the chronicle of daily life were ever as closely and circumstantially written as the short story is now written, there is no fable that could hold against fact in the ordeal of the deadly parallel column. The change to fact from fable is not merely something desirable; it is something exacted by the conditions of our nature. We cannot draw forever upon our imagination. Once it was said there were only sixty plots, and that all the rest were merely variations of the original sixty. With twelve or twenty-five thousand variations every year, how can production possibly continue? But as one human face miraculously differs from every other, so every human soul supplies situations and incidents eternally novel and eternally different from those of every other human soul. It is time we began to reverse the old axiom and say, Life is long and Art is fleeting.

EDITOR'S STUDY

IMAGINE an automobile in Eden. The picture raises questions that no one could be expected to answer: Who could have constructed the machine? How could it have got there, as there is no reason to believe that there were any roads in Paradise, let alone good ones? Then, too, since Darwin, the Garden itself may be thought to be only part of an allegorical representation, and we should have to imagine our automobile driving up to the door of a cave-man. In any case, taking all the premises for granted, including good roads, the imagined situation brings into the most violent contrast possible our extreme modernism and the primitive estate of humanity.

But, for the violence of the contrast, and as being more typical, we prefer Paradise as the scene of our imaginary spectacle. Adam is really primitive and, according to our hypothesis, still in a state of innocence—indeed, we are not told at what period of his presumably millennial existence his transgression and exile from Eden occurred. The cave-man is certainly very far removed from Paradise—far enough perhaps for some simple ideas of mechanical contrivance to have been entertained by him. So far from being primitive, he may have been a degenerate from some higher standard of living. It is rather hard to understand why the term "cave-men" should ever have been generically applied to the primitives. There could not have been caves enough, naturally provided, to go around, and we must suppose that those not fortunate enough to find them were forced to build artificial substitutes, thus taking an important step toward a kind of architecture.

So we are introducing our automobile to Adam, who has not felt the touch of necessity, the mother of invention. Not that to the cave-men it would have failed of astonishment, though, like the effects of Captain Stefánsson's rifle and binoculars on the Eskimos, they might have relegated it at once, and as a matter of course, to the region of the supernatural, making it a brother of the thunder and lightning. But to our first parents it would not have had even that order of familiarity, as they had no sense of the supernatural. The divine was to them near and natural. No; to them the monster machine would have been something utterly alien and stunning. Even to us it is not without its terrors.

We had hardly committed our hypothesis to paper when we came upon the striking passage in Michael Fairless's *Roadmender,* in which the hero is represented as lying by the mill-stream and gazing at the huge wheel "which, under multitudinous forms and uses, is one of the world's wonders, because one of the few things we imitative children have not learned from Nature. Is it perchance a memory out of the past when Adam walked with the Lord in the cool of the day? Did he see then the flaming wheels instinct with service, wondrous messengers of the Most High vouchsafed in vision to the later prophets?"

Now this is the last vision that could have come to him in the Garden, unless indeed he had been permitted to behold some such machine as we have forced upon him. A simpler vehicle, even a common cart, would have sufficed. Nothing could have been more remote from his conception or imagination than a machine of any sort. The primitive man had no prophetic vision, only the sense of the near and immediate.

Here was a vehicle involving not only the wonder of the wheel, but subtler forces of Nature utilized as motor-power, the application of which by us is the result of all mechanical progress since the time of Tubal Cain. Doubtless to Adam, after the first moment of stupefaction had passed, it would have seemed only another but very peculiar animal come to him to be named. For Adam

knew only living things, and this is true also of the patriarchs, except for tents and a few crude utensils and agricultural implements, none of which things—not even the simplest of costumes—belonged to the innocent occupants of the fruitful and temperate Garden.

Since, as a matter of fact, conscious mind is developed in man only as acting and reacting upon the material world or upon other minds thus developed in common with his own, Adam could not have had very much of what we call a mind—just enough above that of other animals to be able to name them, hardly to classify them. Even if he had had for his first wife that serpent-woman Lilith, before Eve came, the dower she brought him would have been a fund of mystical lore rather than a mental endowment, and while it might have served on occasion to overawe Eve with, it would not have helped him here, in the presence of this strange machine. The chauffeur — for there must have been a chauffeur, though he and the vehicle probably would have seemed joined together, forming a single grotesque creature like man and horse in the old Greek imagination of a centaur—if he had been as up to our date in scientific matters as Edison himself, and if he had attempted to account for himself and his equipage in the language of Paradise, would have found himself short of terms before he had fairly begun. And what a story he would have had to tell! What lurid side-lights, disclosing the vices and miseries of the mortal race, he could have thrown against the shining radiance of its mighty and subtle achievements — unveiling to this still happy pair the many-colored history of their descendants! But all this belonged to an unimaginable world beyond the as yet unimaginable flaming sword of the cherubim barring the way to the Tree of Life, after this pair had eaten the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Not able, without a taste of that fruit, to distinguish between good and evil—so pathetically distinct to all mortal men —they probably had little discourse of reason concerning anything, so as to make any kind of distinction, whatever Milton has indicated to the contrary. The automobile in Eden is hardly more of an anachronism than the theological conference which Milton describes between our first parents and the angel.

But we have only to suppose the chauffeur to momentarily detach himself from the machine, for one sharp distinction to become apparent. The centaur-like illusion vanishes, and in the fact that here is something which has no will, but is subject to the will of others, is shown the essential difference between an individual being and a contrivance, or machine. There is no Eden word for it, or even for a tool, or for anything cut off from life, but the reality is there—if anything so unreal can be called a reality,—also the manifest novelty of it.

It is the first step into that alien world which lies beyond. The idea is calculated to stir in Adam a romantic impulse, the foretaste of a pilgrimage prompted by wonder and hardly thought of as exile, of a mastery over things, of adventure. The impulse is real, though Adam has no word for it, and it is facially expressed only by his far-away look. While he is rapt in a bewildering dream beyond any that Lilith could ever have inspired, Eve has turned to the chauffeur, as ready for conversation with him as she is said to have been, later, with the serpent. The surprising novelty has awakened in her a flaming curiosity which impels her to immediate and definite inquiry with a view to action. Here was something which was bigger and more wonderful than an apple, and though not so goodly to look upon or so tempting to any of the senses, was more teasing to the inquisitive mood—and certainly it was a New Fashion! Besides, it might be serviceable—so thought the woman whose female descendants were to domesticate animals while the males were to make them simply prey for food and victims of sport.

The chauffeur is not likely to be so elementally simple in his explications as the serpent would be; but, once started upon so eager a quest, Eve's mind is not exactly being "made up," as we say, but is actually in the process of being for the first time made, as the dialogue goes on—a process which is facilitated by her firmness in keeping her interlocutor within narrow bounds, and which is quite as novel and interesting to her as the working of the machine, for it is upon

this that her new mind is fixed. It is not surprising if, by and by, she insists upon taking a turn herself around the Garden under the guidance of this strange charioteer.

Soon afterward Adam is recalled from the long but not very definitely punctuated range of his musings by the chauffeur's invitation to them both "to take a spin." Then it is that, taking notice for the first time of the stranger's apparel, another and somewhat startling distinction occurs to them both, and begging him to wait, they scamper into the thickest visible foliage of the Garden, from which they presently emerge, quite overshadowed by branches hastily torn from a fig-tree, and fully prepared for their journey away from Eden, away even beyond the land of Nod, facing their human destiny.

Well, we *have* been carried away by our wild and anachronistic hypothesis, undertaken so tentatively at first, but finally acquiring irresistible momentum, like the lightning-sped wheels in the Prophet Nahum's vision. But what is to be expected when one trifles with an automobile, even in Paradise? Is it any wonder that it should have proved more beguiling and persuasive than that subtilest beast of the field, the serpent, and a full and sufficient substitute for any form of diabolical temptation? How often in our day it is called the "devil-wagon," not because of anything tempting in its make-up, but for its execution! We have made it serve to whisk our first parents out of Eden, without any explicit disobedience on their part in eating forbidden fruit. They have in another way come to the knowledge of good and evil, and it has proved to be fascinatingly interesting. They were not warned to beware of the automobile.

After all, we are not so far away from the truth, from an evolutionary standpoint, in the method which we have chosen for their departure. Our only mistake is in making history teach by example before there is any history. The anachronism itself is the living truth. It is not true that our progress is a propulsion from behind, nor are we drawn on by any definite signal in advance of us, but of the two directions of motive futurity would claim predominance as well as the greater significance. It is the undefinable what-we-are-to-be which determines our destiny, in so far as destiny has a living and natural meaning.

If Adam and Eve did not leave Paradise in an automobile, yet that vehicle was a signal type of the world which drew them to the destiny that inevitably determined their departure, by virtue of their own prophetic dilection.

Eden, without so much of contrivance as would be indicated by a rag, or a string, or a blanket, or a baby-carriage, was the soil of a primitive naturalism, which could become humanism only by such apparent self-contradiction as is involved in the making of a machine—in the breaking of the sheath of that intimacy with living things proper to animalism, thus passing into a world to be handled and fashioned, and to be measured and understood by a mind whose development is impossible save through that detachment.

This world of artisanship and art, of speculation and faith, which seems so alien to Nature, permits a new and psychical intimacy therewith, also with an invisible Spirit dominant and openly persuasive, nearer than if it walked with man in the cool of the day, and to be loved only as we love one another. The way to that Tree of Life which grows only in the garden of Humanism, where the fruits of the soul's creative activity ripen — living truth, beauty, and love—was away from Eden.

The impulse of departure compels the return on some higher plane—that is our destiny. A cycle is completed by way of contradiction. In the case of man alone the contradiction involves fallibility and recovery—these together constituting his successive progressions. The existence of matter, distinctly cathodic as it is to our observation, is not that kind of contradiction or inversion of creative activity which is manifest in the arbitrary will of man and in his conscious intellection as developed in the handling of matter. But the leverage which he gains, through all his inventions, conventions, and symbols, is for the ascent of the soul. We handle matter that the spirit may live. We strive and travail that the soul may have free play. We emphasize Time in the interests of Eternity.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Fancy and Fate

BY MARION PUGH READ

WHEN Caroline Spence, in her second year at the Friends' School of Ellen and Sabina Blake, made the momentous discovery that composition is but written language, then did the little chatterbox Caroline come into her own. Who that heard her masterpiece, "Forgetting to Feed Pets," could ever forget the dove that languished, or the mocking-bird that lay stiff and cold in the corner of his cage, when little Lucy remembered, too late, his needs. But in "Summer Days" she reached the perfection of her art. Ellen and Sabina put it away among the school treasures to serve as a model of elegant achievement; along with "Visions of Heaven" and "Thoughts on the Equator," inspired outpourings of an earlier pupil, one precocious little Emma Eliza Dunn. Caroline was not precocious; her effusions simply charmed by their quality of transparency. Not one but was a very perfect reflection of some phase or other of that superabundantly happy little spirit of which Caroline herself was the visible form.

It was not delight, however, but disaster, that Caroline's success brought to Edward Jackson, who, having in an evil day listened to her glowing tales of composition day, did not rest until he had introduced the custom into Dr. Sheridan's School, where he was the particular, if unwilling, pet of the Doctor's sister Loretta, herself of a literary inclination. But when on the first Friday he came unprepared, and on the second offered one neatly copied page each from Burke's "Trials of the Pilgrims" and Longfellow's "Thoughts in a Cemetery" her favor was sharply withdrawn. Thus it happened on a certain bright Saturday morning in April that Edward was sauntering down the village street meditating on his sentence of the day before; either on the following Friday he should produce *three* legitimate compositions or—take the consequences, all too plainly indicated, of a letter to his father.

Revolving a hundred schemes in his mind—for however he might fail in the final consummation, it was not plot or invention that Edward lacked—the idea of Caroline Spence, the author of his misfortune, had just occurred to him as one who might and ought to be used to avert the threatened calamity, when suddenly, turning a corner, he came upon Caroline herself.

Now, Caroline was in trouble too this morning. Inspired with a sudden need to know whom she was to marry and faithfully



FATE HAD BEEN RESERVING HIM FOR HER

believing she would have to abide by the issue—for the test, Sarah Doolittle insisted, who had instructed her in its mysteries, was absolute—she had been counting white horses for days. This morning at last she had reached the fortieth only to turn and find the lot had fallen on that curious village character, old Chair-maker Reeves! Now she knew why no one had ever been willing to marry him. Fate had been reserving him for her!

"Oh," she cried, "I won't marry him! *I won't!*" But Sarah's words kept ringing in her ears: "Thee may think thee won't, but thee *will! Fancy* hasn't got anything to do with it—it's *Fate!*" There he was coming toward her in all his lankness, as though to claim her immediately. Summoning all her powers, Caroline turned and fled. She was still running when Edward stopped her.

"Busy?" he inquired, briefly.

"Why, no," Caroline said. "This is Saturday."

"I thought thee seemed in a hurry," he temporized.

"No," Caroline hastened to disclaim her telltale haste, "I'm not in any hurry!"

"Hum-m," Edward mused; his manner was abstracted. "I thought I'd like to have a little talk," he volunteered. "I had some things to say—but this is too public," he broke off. "S'pose we get over the fence here."

It was by Dr. Cornthwait's neglected old orchard they happened to be standing. Edward led the way to the far corner, where an old russet tree had been blown over in a storm of the previous summer, its shriveled little apples still clinging to the branch.

"This 'll do. They're all deaf in there," he said, glancing over at the house barely visible through the trees. For all that he dropped his voice as he began, while Caroline, sitting down on the mossy trunk, gave him her eager attention. Old Chair-maker Reeves was forgotten.

"I thought I'd like to tell *somebody*," Edward explained. "Then after it was over they'd understand how it was. Of course, thee won't tell a soul?"

"Oh no."

Edward held her with his look. "That's a promise. Well, then," he resumed, "there's going to be a fight."

"A fight!" Caroline thrilled with the horror of it.

Edward nodded. "Yes, our boys are going to fight the *Rats*."

The "Rats" were a gang of boys from the mill settlement across the creek. Under the guidance of a certain red-headed Irish daredevil, they carried on an endless warfare.

"They'll kill thee!" Caroline cried.

"No," Edward returned as cheerfully as possible. "They probably won't *kill* us—not many of us, that is. If any one falls, it 'll be the leaders in front. We've got to fight till one or the other of them goes down."

"Who—who are the leaders?" Caroline asked, though her quick fear divined their names.

Edward's surprised glance was a reproach. "I'm leading our boys, of course," he said, modestly. "Bat Hogan's on the other side." Bat was the daredevil.

"Then thee'll get killed?" Caroline was forced to include.

"Maybe not," he returned, valiantly. "Anyhow, it has to be done."

"But why? Why doesn't thee just say thee *won't* fight?"

Edward's expression was one of scornful pity for her entire sex. "Because that's not the way *boys* do. If anybody wants to fight, we fight. I guess we could hold our own all right if I just had a little spare time to practise. Fight's next Friday after school. Trouble is"—at last he came out with it—"I won't have the time. I've got three compositions to write between now and then."

"Oh, if that's all!" Caroline cried, delightedly. "That's just what *I* can do! Let me write the compositions, and thee practise. Maybe it won't be just right, but thee can write some others some day to make up."

Edward took out his knife and began to whittle. "I'm not sure," he considered, "that wouldn't be rather a good plan. Of course, if it was just me—but there's all the boys."

"Oh yes, I'll do them!" Caroline cried, happy in his decision, and a little silence fell between them. Caroline couldn't help thinking of the enemy soon to be arrayed against him.

"Are they—are they *all* very large?" she asked.

Edward could remember no small ones. "Yes," he conceded, "they're a pretty wild set over there."

Caroline looked over at him as he stood there, unconcerned in the face of danger. The coming conflict cast its glamour upon him. Edward might prove himself a hero afterward, but, like every departing warrior of old taking leave of his maiden, he had no need ever to be a greater hero than he was on the eve of battle. Caroline's heart was stirred by new emotions. Suddenly she knew. *It was Edward she loved!* She had always liked him—but now!

"Oh," she cried to herself, and with the cry old Chair-maker Reeves came to life again, "I want to marry Edward! I want to marry Edward!"

There was anguish, but exquisite bliss in the discovery.

Edward's reflections were still apparently where she had left them. "Yes," he said, breaking the silence, "I'd just as lief be six feet two a while."

"I hadn't!" was Caroline's involuntary exclamation, wrung from her by the misery of her lot. It was not altogether old Chair-maker Reeves she dreaded—she might manage to keep out of his way—it was that mysterious thing called *Fate* behind him. "I hope," she finished, "I'll never grow up!"

"Why not?" Edward asked in surprise.

"Because—oh, don't thee ever tell, will

thee?—I just have to marry old Chair-maker Reeves when I do."

"When did he ask thee?"

"He hasn't asked me yet, but he's going to. I can't explain"—Caroline's confidence was but partial, too—"and when he does I'll have to."

"P o o h!" Edward said. "Come around to me if he bothers thee, and I'll marry thee first myself, and then he can't."

"Oh, will thee?" Caroline exclaimed, radiantly.

"Yes," Edward agreed, not without a sense of equity. "I'd just as lief as not."

Then was Caroline happy. "Suppose, though," she ventured, "he never bothers me."

"Come around, anyhow," Edward volunteered, "and I'll marry thee—any time thee needs me to."

Caroline would have loved to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, but something in his careless attitude as he whittled away seemed to preclude caresses. Instead she beamed upon him in utter content. If forty white horses should gallop past in a herd, they couldn't trample down her happiness now.

"Well," Edward said, presently, snapping his knife shut, "I guess I'll have to be getting the boys together—that is, if thee's sure about those compositions."

"Oh yes! What 'll I write about?" she happened to think. "What's the subjects?"

Edward turned on her sharply at this first sign of defection. "Subject's part of the composition," he informed her, sternly.

"Oh, subjects are easy," Caroline assured him. "I just sit down and look around a minute and I have lots. I didn't know but thee had to write about something in particular. Sometimes we do."

"Of course they're easy," Edward retrieved himself. "I only meant pick out what thee likes. It's all the same to me. S'pose we meet again Tuesday night and see how things are coming on. Five o'clock, say, here?"

"Yes, right here!" Caroline echoed, happily. This was now an established trysting-place. One day life would be all a tryst, . . . they would meet and never part. . . .

"We'd better go out different ways," Edward cautioned, "and one at a time. Thee get through the front fence and I'll get through the back. We'll each come in that way Tuesday," he directed.

Long after he was out of sight Caroline lingered still, storing her mind with an invisible picture of this hallowed little spot. Even Edward's whittlings and the gnarly little apples on the branch were rich in sentiment. It was with a little sigh for Tuesday that she finally left.



CAROLINE'S HEART WAS STIRRED BY NEW EMOTIONS

The time was long until then, but not long enough for the compositions. Caroline had been dropped too low and lifted too high to meditate effectively on any other theme than one. Consequently, the next meeting was not such a happy one.

"Well, we've got our plans a little farther along," Edward announced. "We've decided where we'll fight. Thee knows the old sawmill woods? Well, out beyond there there's a hollow—we thought that would be a good place for it. It's kind of out of the way there, shut in by hills; and then Chestnut Creek runs through. It's always better to have a battle by running water."

"Why?" Caroline couldn't help wondering.

"To revive the wounded. Thee hasn't had much history yet, I guess. There have been battles where the rivers ran *red* afterward."

Caroline previsaged the future in a little the round "Oh!" of woe.

"Compositions done?" Edward inquired, casually, picking off the little brown apples and throwing them with sure aim at an invisible enemy stationed just in front of a knot-hole in a French pippin-tree at the other side of the orchard.

"No-o, not exactly," Caroline had to confess. "I've had so much to think about! But thee doesn't need them yet. I'll get them done."

Edward looked very dubious. "I guess I'd better get at them myself," he decided. "I did think I'd practise a little harder than ever, but I'll have to give that up. I've decided there's no use exposing all our boys to danger. Bat and I might just as well fight it out single-handed and decide things that way."



NEVER IN HER LIFE HAD COMPOSITIONS BEEN SO HARD

"Then thee won't have any one to help thee?"

"No, I s'pose not," his admission fell reluctantly. "But I'll be glad to think the others are safe, no matter what happens to me."

"Oh, thee'll be killed!" Caroline cried.

"No—perhaps not." Edward brought out what cheer he could. "Of course, he's a good deal bigger than me," he mused, "and I guess he hasn't done much all his life *but* fight. But still—" He ended with the courageous hopefulness of one too dauntless to measure his foe.

Caroline's heart was too full for utterance. "Anyhow, thee's *got* to practise. Don't even think about those compositions," she begged.

"Well," Edward gave in reluctantly, "s'pose we meet this time Thursday. They'll have to be *done* then."

Done they were then, though never in her life had compositions been so hard for Caroline. Try as she might, her thoughts would go straying to the mossy trunk of a fallen old apple-tree, . . . to a hero too eager for battle, . . . to Chestnut Creek running *red*.

Very late on Thursday evening she met him at the appointed place. Edward had, in fact, just given her up when she ran up panting. Eagerly she reached down into the depths of her dress and produced the manuscripts, folded into a tight little wad as if they were secret missives she was delivering.

"I had to make them small so they'd hide better," she said. "But they'll smooth out."

"Three?" Edward inquired, proceeding to make sure, very casually, for himself.

"Yes, and every one's over a page. One's a page and a half!"

"H u m-m, n o h a r m, I s'pose," Edward conceded, admirably concealing his relief. "A page is *enough*."

Caroline noticed no defection of gratitude on his part. Instead, his folding them back into their creases preparatory to stowing them away in his remotest pocket and buttoning his coat securely over them signified his approval. Her part was done. From now on she could give herself up to suspense.

"Oh," she sighed, "I wish that fight was over!"

"Oh, well," Edward said, easily—it seemed an auspicious moment to begin to let her down—"maybe it won't come off, after all. He's kind of backing out. I guess," he summed it up, "he's *heard* a few things."

"Oh, then," Caroline cried, radiantly, "we can be happy right away!"

She had never experienced anything to equal it. For her the mossy trunk of a fallen old apple-tree would always wear a halo of sweetest romance and the shades of a soft spring evening be tinged with exquisite bliss.

Not all her glowing sweetness was lost upon Edward in his satisfied mood. "That's a pretty dress," he discovered.

For him, too, this hour had its charm; for him, too, the future stretched on without a cloud. Loretta, not old Chair-maker Reeves, was his slain dragon. Secure against the morrow, he had three separate charges of ammunition against which she would be powerless.

For it was not a case again of over-appreciation on Edward's part; of his rarest inspiration these were most truly the fruit; and easily might a hundred subjects have been discarded before he chose, "Why I Want an Album," "Favorite Flowers," and "Love."

Didn't Matter to Him

THE good Samaritan was taking his constitutional walk in the country one afternoon, when Tim Connors, the man of all work from a neighboring farm, was seen approaching in the distance.

"Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast?" said the Samaritan.

"Up hill is it?" said Tim, with a wise smile. "Oh, begorra, what's the difference? The nag's blind and he can't see it."



THE LADY: *Can't you wait a little while?*
FATHER TIME: *Sorry I can't oblige you, madam, but I must be on my way.*

It Is to Laugh

BY F. C. WELLMAN

THERE'S an inexpensive recipe for curing sundry ills,
Such as gout and indigestion, bilious fever and the chills,
Which the family physician
Would ascribe to malnutrition,
And attack with drugs and physic and with medicated pills.
You'd be astonished, really, at the benefit it yields,—
Simply mix a little merriment and laughter with your meals.

It doesn't matter greatly what you drink or what you eat,—
You can feed on roasted chicken or the toughest cuts of meat.
If you don't believe it, try it,
Mingle laughter with your diet,
And your gastronomic functions would digest a rubber sheet;
For the pancreatic organs do their work with double zest
If you intersperse the menu with a jolly little jest.

If the biscuit should be overweight—an ounce or two to spare—
Don't gulp it down in silence with a cold and stony glare,
But use a lot of butter
And laugh instead of mutter,
And the stomach will receive it like the daintiest of fare.
The gastric juice will jump at it as if 'twere angel food,
If you only masticate it in the proper kind of mood.

You may be doing penance as a Horace Fletcherite
And chewing fifty-seven times each morsel that you bite,
But however much you chew it,
Oh, be joyful as you do it
And give a happy chuckle as it passes out of sight.
You might chew your food forever with a sour, gloomy mien,
And the Fletcheristic doctrine wouldn't rectify your spleen.



DISTRACTED FATHER: *Er-by-the-way, Mr. Burglar, do you know of a good reliable kidnapper?*

In the Fashion

MR. FARMAN acquired great wealth quite suddenly by the death of a relative, and consequently his wife immediately became a climber. Her knowledge of social customs left much to be desired, but she would not admit her ignorance of such matters.

Their nearest neighbors were a very exclusive and wealthy family, who were extremely conservative regarding their friends. Mrs. Farman, very much desiring the acquaintance of this family, sent a card as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Farman present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Hartt, and hope they are well. Mr. and Mrs. Farman will be at home on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock."

The family receiving it were quite equal to the occasion, and Mrs. Farman received the following reply:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hartt return the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Farman, and inform them that they are very well. Mr. and Mrs. Hartt are glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. Farman will be at home on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Hartt will also be at home."

Quite Safe

LITTLE Adelaide's aunt sent her a very pretty gold purse and her father added a five-dollar gold piece to the gift.

One afternoon, Adelaide came to her mother crying, and said:

"Oh, mother, I've lost my purse. I can't find it anywhere."

"And your lovely gold 'penny,' dear," replied the mother, "that is lost, too?"

"Oh, no, that isn't lost," said the little girl, quickly, "it's shut up tight in the purse, mother."

Quicker

ETHEL'S grandma was very anxious that her little grandchild should be taught to be industrious, and while visiting at the house she taught the little girl to knit and started her on a pair of stockings, with the stern admonition to keep at the work until it was finished.

Several months later, Ethel came on a visit to her grandma's, and brought with her an uncompleted stocking upon which she knitted industriously.

"Well, Ethel," asked grandma, "have you got along nicely with your knitting since I came home? Which stocking are you on now?"

"On the second, grandma," replied the little girl.

"That's very good, dear," said grandma, very much pleased, "but where's the other stocking?"

"Oh," said Ethel, "I should have told you, grandma—I began on the second one."



MISS HEN *(anxiously)*: *And would you still love me if I were a real short person?*



Between Friends

MRS. JONES: *How did you like my gown at the dance last night?*
MRS. BROWN: *You looked simply wonderful—I didn't recognize you for fully fifteen minutes.*

The Right Kind

TWO girls were squeezed in on one seat of a crowded elevated car. All about them, above the din of the rushing train, could be heard their giggles and chatter. "Let's go to the matinée next Wednesday afternoon," said one of them. "Oh no. The days are far too beautiful to be shut up in a stuffy theater," said the other. "Instead, let's go to the park to play golf, and let's take our own lunch and sit under the trees to eat it."

"All right. That's a go. I'll bring the sandwiches. What kind shall I bring?"

Before the first girl could answer, the cross-looking man at their left, who had been endeavoring to read his paper ever since they had crowded into the next seat, shouted at the top of his voice—much to the delight of the other passengers, "Tongue!"

Wanted to Know It

AN old-time Yankee from a Vermont town recently went to the city for the purpose of purchasing a new family carry-all.

"I presume you want a carriage with rubber tires," said the dealer.

"No, sir," was the emphatic response. "We ain't that kind. When we're drivin', we want to know it."

Indulgent

AMONG the guests bidden to a musicale in Washington was an ill-tempered person, who only came because he deemed it wise in view of the fact that he was under some social obligations to the hostess.

He had a good time, however, for the majority of the performers were so mediocre a lot that he was afforded numerous opportunities to indulge his powers of sarcasm for the benefit of those guests who sat near him. At one juncture, when a certain violinist had "done things" to the "Spring Song," some one whispered to him, "Are you a lover of music?"

"I am," said the "grouch," "but don't ask them to stop on my account."

The Same Result

LITTLE Gertrude was giving a birthday party and there was some slight delay in providing seats for her little friends. Gertrude was very much disturbed in consequence.

"Wait a little, dear," said her mother, "everything will be all right in just a moment."

"Well, you see, mother," replied the little girl, solemnly, "it isn't that we haven't chairs enough, but I have asked too much company."



THE LADY *(to sportsman who has been shouting himself hoarse)*: *Oh, mister, it's no good hollerin' at gran'paw. He's deef—pore old dear. Heave this lump of coal at him.*

A Pure Mathematician

LET Poets chant of Clouds and Things
In lonely attics!
A Nobler Lot is his, who clings
To Mathematics.

Sublime he sits, no Worldly Strife
His Bosom vexes,
Reducing all the Doubts of Life
To Y's and X's.

And naught to him's a Primrose on
The river's border;
A Parallelepipedon
Is more in order.

Let Braggarts vow to do and dare
And right abuses!
He'd rather sit at home and square
Hypotenuses.

Along his straight-ruled paths he goes,
Contented with 'em,
The only Rhythm that he knows,
A Logarithm.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Better than He Knew

THE old friends had had three days together.

"You have a pretty place here, John," remarked the guest on the morning of his departure. "But it looks a bit bare yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," answered the host, comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."

What She Wanted

ONE day in the spring the orphans from the asylum were taken in motor-cars out to the park. A society woman, accompanied by her stylish little daughter, was driving through the park in a big limousine car. They stopped and watched the procession of the little orphans, and the mother explained that the little boys and girls had no homes and no fathers or mothers.

After she had finished, she discovered that her little daughter was almost crying; her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, what's the matter, dearest," she asked.

"Oh, mother," was the sobbing reply, "I want to be an orphan. Can I?"

Unselfish

LITTLE Ralph belonged to a family of five. One morning he came into the house carrying five stones which he brought to his mother, saying:

"Look, mother, here are tombstones for each one of us."

The mother, counting them, said:

"Here is one for father, dear! Here is one for mother! Here is brother's! Here is the baby's; but there is none for Delia, the maid."

Ralph was lost in thought for a moment, then cheerfully cried:

"Oh, well, never mind, mother; Delia can have mine, and I'll live!"

Why Man of Today Is Only 50 per cent. Efficient

BY WALTER GRIFFITH

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring, and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried —all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this — a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to a stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are ten to one that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come

on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak—but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull, and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though every one should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Personally I am enthusiastic on internal bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover Illustration for "The Little Wet Foot"

AS THEY PACED SLOWLY BY, I HEARD HIM CALL HER "ANNE"

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A Venetian Playground

BY HARRISON RHODES

UNTIL the last decade there was scarcely anything in the world so mysterious and unknown as the Italian summer. Somehow, it was known, the Italians existed through it, emerging in the autumn in excellent health and spirits. There were rumors, as it were, of the existence of Vallombrosa on its cool uplands, and of Viareggio, Leghorn, and Ancona on the edge of the encircling sea, places to which, it was alleged, the native inhabitants of the peninsula resorted during the terrible hot months. But foreigners, broadly speaking, ventured upon no experiments. They dreaded fevers, torrid heats, and unknown dangers. They fled, shrieking, from Rome and Florence when, with May, the landscape turned richer and lovelier with the ripeness of coming summer, — escaping from Venice just as, with the soft airs of June, life by the lagoons grew idle, sunwarmed, and truly Venetian.

All this is changing now. The Apennines have been found out, the Adriatic has been discovered, and, perhaps most pleasant of all, the long stretch of sands which keeps back the sea from Venice has lately grown gay with great hotels and dashing villas, and populous with half the nations of Europe. The Lido, along whose deserted sands Byron spurred his horse in solitary and melancholy gallops, is now, so even the good red Baedeker informs us (though without enthusiasm), the leading sea-bathing resort of Italy. The town of Venice itself, from mid-June to mid-September, gives itself the airs of a watering-place. It has moments of almost seeming to admit that its chief importance is its nearness to the Lido. You may say that you like Venice because you can go to the Lido, or that you like the Lido because you can go to Venice. In either case the combination of the two is one of the oddest, pleasantest, newest things the world has to offer the summer idler. And because it is such a very new thing that there should be anything new to write about Venice, it may be worth while setting down idle notes and summer memories.

The Lido pays its compliment to Venice; it never forgets that fifteen minutes in a small steamer chugging briskly across the blue waters of the lagoon will bring its visitors to the miraculous city. It would be impossible to write or to think of the Lido without remembering always that in the golden hazes of the background rise the towers of Venice. Indeed, the Venetian enchantment is cast upon each moment. Flat upon the sands, the sentimental bather gazes out upon the Adriatic and remembers how it bore

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through the centuries the proud navies of the republic. Down leafy lanes and by-paths the pedestrian walks with Venetian ghosts and memories. Through gaps in the trees he catches glimpses of gaily painted sails, gondolas afloat upon the placid shallows, and mirage-like towers of distant island churches shimmering beyond the long reaches of the lagoon. Each night the sun goes down across the waters, and from the little church of St. Elisabeth, by the landing-place, you can see the Palace of the Doge, the great Church of St. George, and the new campanile of St. Mark's against the rosy sky; through the night the lights twinkle along the Riva and the Piazzetta, and the siren city calls.

But though Venice may haunt the Lido, the Lido has, most adequately, its own brisk life, its own hullabaloo and hurly-burly, its twentieth-century note. Transported beyond the Venetian spells, it might still wring that tribute of praise from the reluctant red Baedeker. At the Venice station the omnibus-boats of its hotels seem exceptionally efficient and up to date. They swagger down the Grand Canal, impudently swashing its ancient palaces with small, modern waves, and finally, dashing into opener waters, churn their way unconcernedly past the great water-front of the Queen of the Adriatic to the Lido and its great hotels, to more important matters—to tea-rooms, to bands playing loudly, to fair women from Poland and brave men from Hungary and Rumania, to roller-skating-rinks, to bathing establishments, to American bars—in short, to a life which the old Venetians who built those palaces along the canal would probably have thoroughly enjoyed.



A Stroll on the Bathing-beach

The visitor of supreme elegance will probably have engaged apartments at the Excelsior. His omnibus-boat makes its way to the hotel entrance by a small canal leading in from the lagoon toward the sea, passing, in the new villa district, a succession of *art-nouveau* habitations of an excessive and stimulating ugliness. The hotel itself is elegant, commodious, and comfortable. The red Baedeker might quite well put four stars in front of its name. But the hybrid Moorish style of its architecture will repel any one who has not at once felt instinctively that unsuitability and bad taste are what fantastically give the Lido much



GAILY PAINTED SAILS GIVE COLOR TO THE LAGOON

of its charm. The local paper, *L'Onda del Lido* (The Wave of the Lido), speaks with great gaiety and wit of an alleged project for a tunnel under the lagoon between Venice and its sea-beach, and, if such a monstrous thing were possible, it is certain that the Venetians would delight in it — would prefer transportation underground to the sail across the loveliest stretch of water in the world. The Lido is, in fact, a kind of safety-valve for Venetian youth, it offers so much opportunity to be un-Venetian.

This theory alone will explain Lido architecture. It seems sometimes as if the Italians had grown so satiated, so stifled with the land's appalling beauty, that in an odd yet almost comprehensible reaction they have turned to all the latest eccentricities and horrors. It unquestionably gives the Venetians of to-day pleasure to shoot clay pigeons in a yellow Moorish pavilion built over the water, and to receive their friends in a villa across whose pink front a flight of painted blue-purple swallows wheel their way, entangling themselves at last in an artless and sprawling branch of yellow cherry blossoms. Once in the earlier days of the Lido the fashion was for yellow-pine versions of Swiss mountain chalets, a quieter but more subtly unsuitable style for the sand-dunes. Now they content themselves with the more obvious *art nouveau*.

To observe the Lido sympathetically one must constantly think of its being a kind of land of Venetian revolutions. Readers who can remember their childhood's geography books will recall the fascinating story of the one horse of Venice, which was the chief ornament and greatest curiosity of the Public Gardens. Now there are quite a dozen horse-drawn cabs at the Lido, and a riding-school. The bicycle, too, gained its first hold upon the Venetians here. A few years ago, smart young men about Venice kept ponies and dog-carts at the Lido, and gravely drove up and down the

half-mile between the sea and lagoon with enormous effect. Now the roads have been extended a good five miles to the ancient fishing village of Malamocco, and these same dashing creatures find it *chic*



THE VENDER OF SEA-HORSES

to have a motor. Next year they will be in the mode, and aviate.

No passing mention of these various branches of *lo sport* should, however, distract attention from the fact that the Lido is above all a sea-bathing place. In fact it is probable that at no other resort in the world does sea-bathing have such importance. From the pretty terrace of the Excelsior you can look north over more than a solid mile, two or even three tiers deep, of *capanne*—private bathing-houses—a bristling line of little pyramidal roofs broken by the big Stabilimento which accommodates its thousands. The *capanne* belong variously to the hotels, to the Stabilimento, and to the municipality of Venice, and are to be let by the week, month, or season. Many of them are prettily thatched in rustic fashion. They are not mere bathing-houses, but are designed for use through long lounging hours. They are, so the circular advertising them says, "most indicated for families," who may use them, so it gravely advises, "for sea, sun, and sand baths, as well as for inhalations of marine air." And, indeed, the proprietors of *capanne,* as well as the less exclusive patrons of the Establishment, neglect none of these opportunities. A bath at the Lido is often a matter of hours, and the inhalations of marine air are usually continued upon the terrace of the Establishment, where the band plays in the afternoon and fortifying drinks—most indicated for bathers—are to be secured.

Bathing is more elegant in the morning and from one's own thatched hut, but it is more fun in the afternoon and from the Establishment. The bath-houses are capacious and well-equipped, and good-natured *bagnini*—bathing attendants—in white sailor costumes are on hand to install you and run your errands. There is a general geniality about the service, and a recognition of the cosmopolitan quality of the duties demanded. One smiling creature, last summer, as he opened your cabin, closed for the moment the English grammar which he was studying in the interests of communication with the *forestieri.* There is, too, if you come often enough, a cheerful, familiar greeting and a quarter-hour's pleasant gossip whenever you have time.

The gentleman, for example, who checks your valuables while you bathe may be occasionally seen at the theater of an evening, clad in doublet and hose, and singing in the chorus when they give "Rigoletto" or the "Barbiere." In his day, you will discover, he paid many visits to London, and to New York, where he sang in the chorus at the Metropolitan. He now retires willingly to a more inactive and more social occupation, and plans to rear his seven male offspring to sing in

due time in the opera chorus. He has his own philosophy of life, too, and cheerfully threatens to divorce his wife should she present him with even one female child. Conversation with him is indeed a pleasant prelude to the bath.

Other characters there are—or were—of longer standing; for the Lido in a quiet way has been a sea-bathing place for a long, long time. Three years ago died there a bronzed and weather-beaten old man who for forty years had stood at the entrance to the bath-houses offering for sale shells and small dried sea-horses tied by the tails in groups of three. These latter, of assorted sizes, were a family, he explained—a "*famiglia—padre, madre, figlio.*" He grew older and his eye dimmed, but he always smiled insinuatingly and muttered his chant of *famiglia.* At the end his mind seemed to go; there was nothing left but the vacuous smile and the vacant mouthing of the phrases about the father, mother, and son. It had been a pleasant joke to buy his dried sea-horses; it was "in the character" of the Lido in the old days. But one man paid for it with forty years of his life, and won only poverty and senility at the end. His brother, also a Malamocco man, now sells shells and "families," but he is, in spite of his gray hairs, a mere youngster at it, having carried his basket only thirty years.

The Lido's beach is of fine sands gently sloping to what is almost always a smiling and tranquil sea. There are all the provisions for safety—an inclosure of ropes, a watch-tower where a red-capped *bagnino* sits, and a boat manned by two brown sea-dogs. And it is true that when the little tide of the Adriatic is at its flood it is possible to go beyond one's depth without superhuman exertions. But three-quarters of the time you wade to something below your shoulder and find the firm, clean sand stretching level beneath your feet for a preposterous distance toward Trieste. For the average bather, water deep enough to swim in and not deep enough to drown in is the ideal. And we are, fortunately, in regions where there is no nonsense talked about temperatures. The rugged heroes of the North may like to toss back their locks and plunge into icy seas; here in the South they love the Adriatic when it has grown warm under the kisses of the sun.

There is that of crystalline clearness, of lovely color, of warmth, of suavity, of a quality at once soothing and tonic in the waters of the Adriatic which might provoke a poet to his song. Breasting the little waves till they buoyed him up beyond the crowd, he could not but feel, ahead of him, across the waters, Istria and the long reaches of the Dalmatian coast; to his left, the ruins of the once proud cities of Aquilæa and Grado; to the right, the protecting dikes of the Republic stretching by Malamocco and Pelestrina to little Chioggia, once so fierce as to war with great Venice herself. Even the seas that break upon Italian shores brim with lovely associations for us strangers of the North—for, upon reflection, the swimming poet had best be a Northerner; the Italian by his side would soon prefer to return to the sands and observe the ladies.



SETTING OUT FOR THE MORNING BATH

In this matter of ladies and the Lido, no deception whatever shall be practised upon the reader. He shall not approach the Stabilimento without having been forewarned. Bathing costumes vary over the world; at the Lido the simple, tight-fitting, one-piece jersey suit is the favorite costume of many ladies, particularly Germans. The jersey suit is prevalent and, indeed, much admired, but no such unembarrassed and primitive costume will be obligatory upon those who do not favor it.

It is now superfluous to say that life in the waves and upon the sand is informal. There are turning-poles, trapezes, and rings fixed in the beach, and young Italy, which is generally lithe and active, disports itself upon them, plays leap-frog, too, and has jumping contests. An occasional Venetian club or gymnastic circle, distinguished by suits alike and red caps, does water and land evolutions with the utmost gaiety and childishness, ending perhaps with a living pyramid, which is allowed to crumble into the waves to the accompaniment of screams of feigned terror from those composing the higher tiers Meanwhile the sand-bath claims its lethargic devotees, and all about male bathers lie like walruses, broiling their bodies in the sun. This systematic tanning is naturally done with a minimum of costume, and here again the German seems to lead. His paler Northern skin is an odd contrast to the browner bodies of the Southern and Southeastern races about him. He is, clothed as well as unclothed, a prominent figure in the international picture of the Lido.

The internationalism of the picture is, to degenerate, civilized eyes, more apparent when there are more clothes to make and to differentiate the man. In consequence, rather than the sands, the terrace of the Establishment, the restaurants, the skating-rinks, the theater, the corridors and verandas of the hotels should be studied. Lido society will be found to be an odd mixture. Venice and Germany predominate, though England, France, America, and the rest of Italy do their part. But the result, were this all, could be matched in many of the usual European bathing places. The Venetian Lido, however, like Venice of old, looks toward the Orient and all the strange half-Oriental countries beyond the Adriatic. To it come Russians from the Black Sea coasts, Rumanians, Servians, Dalmatians, Greeks from Athens and Alexan-



THE SAND-BATH CLAIMS ITS LETHARGIC DEVOTEES

dria. Poland, fortunately, has no sea-coast except what adjoins that of Bohemia, and by the dispensations of Providence the Hungarian shores of the Adriatic are almost destitute of sand beaches. The boats from Trieste and Fiume come laden with strange races, strange tongues are spoken on the Lido, and stranger clothes worn.

Except on the rarer occasions when a real Oriental woman visits the Lido veiled, Paris and Vienna may be said to keep feminine dress at the Lido within certain recognized limits. But as to the widely held theory that London reigns supreme in male attire, the time has come to kill or at least to scotch it. Can Regent Street, one may ask, purvey the cameo scarf-pin so favored by the youth of Venice, or Bond Street cut the belt so nattily constructed as part of the trouser itself? What does Piccadilly know of the Rumanian waist-line, the Dalmatian flowing sleeve, or the Croatian button in three colors of mother-of-pearl? And even the more rigid rules of correct fashion at Belgrade, Spalato, or Pumpernickel are relaxed in these soft breezes of the Lido. Personal fantasy works its will upon the male wardrobe, and the individual note, so much praised by writers upon esthetic dress, makes its rather frightening appearance. If you have a fancy for the military tone, the jacket, of chestnut brown, should be cut with a collar high enough to prevent the need of linen, closely fitted, and belted in at the back. The flowing sleeve with notched cuffs is graceful with this, and double rows of buttons down the front, of amber shell ringed with black bone, are in taste. If all white is preferred and something nautical is liked, no waistcoat should be worn, and the canvas coat should fly open over a thin silk shirt turned to a V-shaped decolletage. This, with white shoes and neat yachting cap, might be called the "Sailor Prince" style, and is especially recommended for Germans and blonds. The brown costume well befits a dark Dalmatian.



AN INVADER FROM TRIPOLI

The Stabilimento boasts, besides its tea-room and café, a restaurant, a reading-room, a whole arcade of shops devoted to the usual Italian and Oriental horrors of the seaside, and a roller-skating-rink. Much must and shall be said of skating, but it shall be said of the sport as it is practised at the Excelsior

in its most exalted and fashionable form. The reader must, in imagination at least, roll over the same smooth asphalt as supports lovely contessas and even princes of the blood. The Excelsior's skating-rink — not skating-ring, a charmingly common spelling in Italy—is in the open air, a pleasant great terrace with a view of the sea on one side and a pretty garden with flowers and fountains beyond. Along the part next the hotel are easy wicker chairs and tables invitingly laid for tea — "most indicated" in this fashionable air. In pleasant rooms opening upon this terrace there are card-tables, where ladies of title may play cards, smoke cigarettes, and listen to the addresses of ardent young men who profess to love them. Outside, the skating goes on, very largely boys' and girls' sport, and, in the afternoon, also pretty children's. The Italian girls are amazing—fresh and gay and young and wholesome-looking, natural and exuberant, and yet quite definitely nicely bred, as well as excessively in the world of fashion. The men are well set up and smartly dressed, pleasant, handsome creatures, as most young Italians are. And every one has a cheerful, innocently lively kind of time, more in the manner of America than would be possible in either France or Germany.



UNA VENEZIANA

The skating is perhaps both absurdest and prettiest in the evening, after dinner. The garden is bright, and in it an illuminated fountain plays. The band plays, too. The young gentlemen are in immaculate dinner jackets and spotless white gloves. The charming *signore* and *signorine,* though generally wearing hats, have permitted themselves a discreetly alluring decolletage. You catch occasionally the gentle swash of the Adriatic on the sands, you see the lights of villas twinkling in the night, and off at sea can dimly make out ships coming in from Constantinople and the Levant. The alien races, sometimes with the "individual note" in evening dress, mingle with the Italians on the asphalt. Within, at the card-tables, the riper beauties let their cigarette smoke float voluptuously into the soft air, and listen to more ardent addresses from their admirers. Outside, to the music every one sways and glides. "*Lo* skating," says the lyric *Onda del Lido,* is "*dolce e liete come una carezza*"—sweet and joyful as a caress. This, of course, it is not; and yet, in so whole-hearted and elegant a way do the visitors at the Lido pursue their preposterous amusement that no right-minded person by the rink's edge can fail to enjoy the sight, the cool ice on the table by his side, and the conversation of the lovely Venetian contessa who, it is hoped, is giving him a half-hour of her bewildering society.

There are evenings understood by the elect not to be of the highest fashion at the skating; these may perhaps be devoted to the lyric drama or to a "spectacle of variety." The theater at the Lido



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

DINNER BRINGS FORTH A CONCOURSE FROM MANY LANDS

is an unpretentious, ugly building of the chalet period of design. It has, however, much to recommend it in hot weather. It stands pleasantly surrounded by green trees, and its sides may be opened wide to cool evening breezes. The best seats are comfortable wicker armchairs placed so far apart that between them the longest legs in the world can be stretched easily. Sitting so at one's ease, would it be reasonable to expect as well a performance of the highest merit? The vaudeville and the operettas of midsummer would not perhaps stand much chance at the summer capitals of the world, but the Lido audience, like most audiences in Italy, is simply and easily pleased. The season of opera, real opera, with which the summer begins is more characteristically Italian, more interesting to the stranger. Italy remains the country where pathetically poor, struggling little enterprises may still be undertaken with the grand air. An opera season in Italy is always an opera season. The stalls at the Lido may cost only three francs, the foreigners may not yet have arrived in throngs, but the critics of the Venetian press vivaciously sharpen their pencils, and the little theater opens, in the classic manner, with "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," just as, so long ago, that gorgeous Teatro de la Fenice, in Venice itself, might have started its season, with the world's greatest artists and the world's most frivolous public. There are factions at the Lido for the rival prime donne and intrigues against the primo tenore; mingled applause and hisses after the arias. If the leading musical authorities drinking coffee and disputing during the intermissions are recognizable as gondoliers over from Venice, or *bagnini* through with the day's work at the Stabilimento, they are for all that *conoscenti;* the traditions of the Italian opera are being preserved.



Reflections in the Lagoon

Sometimes there are dances at the hotels; often concerts on the terrace of the Stabilimento; often it is pleasant just to dine, as, indeed, it has been pleasant earlier just to lunch. There are restaurants in plenty, and generally tables un-

der the trees or on a terrace, where snuff-brown awnings may be let down and heavy canvas curtains banded with white pulled when the sun is too hot. Perhaps the prettiest place to dine is at the big hotel, where the *salle à manger* is up two or three stories. The view extends on all sides, out to sea, north beyond the tiny pointed roofs of the *capanne,* westward to where Venice sparkles in the dying day. The food is excellent, the head waiter points out to you the young royal duke and his brother the prince who are dining at a near-by table. The Hungarian lady whom you had thought you perhaps might learn to love enters in an incredible dress of emerald green which, though it ought not to, suits her. The waiter, bending attentively at your side, murmurs suggestions in French; he is far too fashionable a waiter to speak mere Italian, even to Italians. Your spirits rise and your bill discreetly mounts. There is a charming broad elevated terrace outside, with wicker chairs and tables, with trees, and blossoming plants in huge jars, and actual beds and parterres of flowers set here and there upon the tiled floor. From below drifts up the sound of music at the skating, and beyond the illuminated fountain tosses its parti-colored spray. It is all prettily gala and Aladdin's-palace-like.



A Lido Type

There are night fêtes in Venice, too—*festegiamenti,* with illuminations and fireworks and *serenate* upon the Grand Canal, to which one may drift from the Lido in a gondola. And, indeed, in the greatest of summer festivals, that of the Redentore, the Lido has its own traditional part. All through the night of July 19th the Venetian populace streams across the famous bridge of boats over the broad canal to the great Palladian church of the Giudecca, or sits gaily at supper in the thousands of illuminated boats which lie tight-packed on the neighboring waters. But before the dawn streaks the east it is the immemorial custom to cross the lagoon and watch the sunrise from the Lido sands. And, going back across the centuries, the most famous of all Venetian festivals, that splendid sailing of the Doge in the *Bucentaur* to the Wedding of the Sea, was concluded by a landing at the Church of St. Nicolas on the Lido, where the great prince of the republic worshiped and venerated the relics of the saint.

The church, often affectionately called San Nicoletto—the little St. Nicolas—is the goal of one of the pleasantest of Lido walks. It lies near the old red brick fort which guards, or used to guard, the entrance to the port. Here in the old days they despatched armed fleets across the seas and welcomed conquering heroes home. Here, too, foreign princes were met by the representatives of the State, and here took place that famous reception of Henry III., King of France and Poland, when temples and arches rose to honor the republic's guest. Venetian galleries are filled with pictures of the great days of San Nicolo, of the crowded lagoon on Ascension Day, when the Sposalizio del Mare took place, and of the land thronged and gay for some popular festival. The little St. Nicolas is a sunny, sleepy, quiet place now, the fort is half disused, and the crowds now go to the landing of Sta. Elisabetta, the tram-cars, and the big hotels. Nicolas

lives with memories. Near his church in a corner of the fort is the queer, neglected little cemetery of the Protestants, where Byron wished that he might sleep one day. By the lagoon's edge is that queer burying-ground of the Venetian Jews, under whose cypresses one cold, gray morning George Sand, seated on an ancient tombstone, sobbed out to Alfred de Musset the confession of her unfaithfulness to him. Through these green ways of the Lido went Goethe, Shelley, half the figures that make modern letters memorable. The history of this stretch of dunes is a long one. The market-gardeners who in the warm hollows raise early vegetables for the Venetian markets only do what their grandfathers did, and their grandfathers' grandfathers back to the Middle Ages. Malamocco prospered, was engulfed by the sea, was rebuilt, and is now ancient again. Yet through it all, Venice rises from the sea like a phenix from ashes, with renewed life and fresh impulses—even lately real-estate speculation along the Grand Canal has paid better than in some boom towns of our own West. She is the perpetual delight of the world, the carnival-ground of the nations. Her renown is such that for her sake pilgrims come even in winter when she is bleak and shivering, when she is not Venice, and there is no Lido. They should learn that in summer the lotus blooms as nowhere else in Venetian gardens and upon the Lido's sands.

"Sweet, When Life Is Done"

BY ANNE BUNNER

SWEET, when life is done, what of love?
You might leave me first—by what sign
Shall I know you then, there above?
Though my heart should storm heaven's door,
Would the angels teach, evermore
Teach you to forget you were mine?

Though my heaven turned hell, I would keep
Memories of earth, nor forget—
Though the angels pled—how to weep.
Watch the tearless dead, dear, until
One shall pass with eyes quick to fill—
Mine will be the eyes that are wet,
Eyes no heaven could teach to forget.

Pieces of Silver

BY CLARENCE BADINGTON KELLAND

ORDINARY men and women made up Carnavon's audience — shopkeepers, artisans, doctors, lawyers, clerks; and he held them breathless, spellbound. They leaned forward in their seats, every one of the two thousand of them avaricious of each vibrant word. In obedience to his genius they swayed with laughter, rewarded his pathos with tears, gasped at the daring of his climaxes. And yet he attacked what many of them held most dear—their God.

From the instant of Carnavon's appearance on the platform the audience had been his, conquered before he uttered a word by the potency of his presence, by the excellence of his physical self, by the magnificence of the animal. At his first utterance there seemed to arise a collective sigh, and thenceforward until he ceased speaking his hearers were not their own, but Carnavon's.

The showman moves his puppets with invisible threads, so that they dance and posture and contort themselves as he wills; Carnavon's invisible threads reached not from his fingers to the limbs of his audience, but from his mind to their brains and hearts — and they comported themselves according to his desires. He was such an orator as the world hears once in many generations. He held sacred matters dangling before men and women in whom religion had been planted and watered from the cradle, yet under his relentless logic, his flashing wit, his acid irony, they shriveled and crackled to ashes and were sacred no more. Out of curiosity, men firm in their faith came to see and hear him; they departed doubting God, if not denying Him; groping for a foothold in a world he had deprived of its firm foundation.

This thing Carnavon did for a price—for one thousand dollars a lecture.

After his address Carnavon was driven to his hotel, and went at once to his apartments. Scarcely had he made himself comfortable, with a book to compose himself before retiring, when a knock sounded on his door. He closed his volume impatiently.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened reluctantly, and Carnavon was startled to see on his threshold an old man—embarrassed, hesitating —an old man white of hair, with patriarchal beard, clothed in the garb of the Salvation Army.

"Mr. Carnavon," he said, diffidently, "may I come in?"

Carnavon recovered himself and motioned to a chair. "How can I serve you?" he asked, rising with always ready courtesy.

The old man paused a moment before replying, and fumbled the vizor of his cap.

"You can give a few of the many minutes yet before you to an old man whose course is nearly run," he said at length, and his voice was singularly gentle, "a few minutes leavened with patience."

Carnavon bowed assent, and again motioned to a chair, which the old man declined, but smiled in the declining.

"I heard you speak to-night," he said; then paused. "You were like the picture I have loved to make of young Saul of Tarsus before his feet trod the road to Damascus."

Carnavon was astonished. Not infrequently had he been compelled to listen privately to his opponents, to ministers of the gospel, to zealots who forced themselves upon him to convert or condemn. To all alike, whether they came in humility and love, or in heat and with invective on their lips, he had comported himself with the same dignity, the same courtesy, the same self-restraint. But none had been like this little old man in uniform; about none had hovered this spirit of gentle sweetness, of fatherly affection.

"Sir," continued the aged warrior of

God's Army of the Streets, "I have not come hoping to convert you to my belief. You are a greater man than I, blessed with greater gifts, and I could not prevail. I have come to ask you one question. Sir, are you sincere? Do you believe in your heart the things you say with your lips?"

"If I did not," replied Carnavon, "I should remain silent."

The old man regarded him steadily, his expression one almost of affection. "Sir," he said presently, "can perfect sincerity and one thousand dollars a lecture go hand in hand? When I am gone I ask you to consider this. One, believing in the Master, betrayed Him for thirty pieces of silver; you, not believing in Him, cannot betray Him, but you war on Him with the weapons He gave you—for many times thirty pieces of silver. With your honest unbelief I have no quarrel; when you pass it on to others for gain you do an ill thing. God may forgive the honest doubt—the thirty pieces of silver He cannot forget."

The stranger spoke as to one he loved, without rancor, softening criticism with gentleness. Carnavon was not offended; indeed, he was moved, but waited, making no reply.

Again the old man spoke, this time as he retired toward the door.

"Sir, I have liked to think of Saul as I see you. So have I pictured him when he went out in his young strength against the followers of the Master. He traveled his road to Damascus and saw his vision. One day a vision may come to you." He paused in the open door and stretched out his hand with the gesture of one who asks a thrice-valued favor. "If the vision comes, and I am yet alive, will you seek me out? I have not far to go before my race is done, but that would be sweet knowledge for me to carry yonder with me."

Carnavon rose, smiling the smile that drew men to him. "If Saul sees his vision and becomes Paul, he will come to you," he said.

Then the door closed on the ancient soldier of peace and he was gone.

Carnavon, having no heaven to look forward to, strove to make his plot of earth more beautiful. His home, a structure to delight the fancy, stood among acres whose loveliness was wrought by art that aided and followed, rather than sought to lead nature. Within the house, wherever the eye rested, were paintings, statues, tapestries, furnishings that made one eager for a longer scrutiny. Vases of exquisite form, antiques from the hands of long-dead masters, medallions wrought by the great Cellini himself, made splendid nook and niche. Indeed, Carnavon loved his medals with a particular affection; they were his avocation, they and their baser kindred born to commerce—coins.

No common coin-collector was he; not for age or rarity or country did he seek, but for beauty alone. A coin no bigger than the nail of one's finger, if it but presented the face of beauty, gave him greater joy than a canvas made immortal by Titian or a statue hewn by the chisel of the demigod Michael Angelo. In every human creature is a store of love; love in desuetude is unthinkable — it must have an object, worthy or unworthy, virtuous or depraved. No woman had nestled into Carnavon's life; religion he rejected; his medals and coins remained, and he loved them for their loveliness.

He sat in his library when a servant entered, saying: "There is a man at the door who asks to see you. He had no card."

"Ask him his business with me," directed Carnavon.

The man returned presently. "It is about a coin, sir—a rare coin, he says."

"Show him in," said Carnavon.

He arose as the caller entered. The man was of doubtful age; evidently a Hebrew. "Mr. Carnavon?" he asked. Carnavon nodded.

"I have brought for your inspection a rare, and I consider beautiful, coin. I understand you are interested in such."

"Yes," replied Carnavon, "provided they *are* beautiful."

The Hebrew drew a tiny parcel from his pocket, removed a paper wrapping, and disclosed a small metal box. Raising the cover of this, he extracted a small silver coin and extended it to Carnavon.

The master of the house accepted it and moved closer to the light, scrutinizing it jealously. A puzzled expression



Drawn by H. Devitt Welsh

CARNAVON WAS STARTLED TO SEE AN OLD MAN EMBARRASSED, HESITATING

crossed his face. "I have never seen a similar piece," he said. "Indeed, I must confess I do not identify it. Will you do so for me?"

"It is of Hebrew coinage," explained the dealer. "You will observe in relief the olive branch and the pot of manna. Simon the High Priest had authority to stamp and issue it. Nineteen hundred odd years, you see, is its age, yet it is wonderfully preserved — scarcely worn. I have handled thousands of coins, but none of such antiquity not worn almost to obliteration."

"It is rarely beautiful," admitted Carnavon. "I should like to possess it. What price have you set?"

"Though I am a dealer, I am at a loss to give it a value. Allow me to leave it with you a few days, not as a coin, but as an article of *vertu*. At the end of that time make me an offer."

It was a strange enough proposition, yet fair, and Carnavon acceded instantly. The Hebrew expressed his thanks and took his departure.

Carnavon moved to the inviting depths of a huge chair before the glowing log in the fireplace, and, holding the coin of Simon the High Priest in his palm, leaned forward the better to possess the beauties of it. Over and over he turned it, marking its perfection of design, the miracle of its preservation. A coin of Simon the High Priest! To a master-student of sacred history what scenes were limned at the mention of that name! It was Carnavon's profession to jeer at inconsistencies in the epic of the Passion; to tear it part from part with the scalpel of his remorseless logic; but to deny its poetic beauty must be left to another than he. It was his custom to refer to it as the greatest fiction in the world.

An hour he spent thus, delighting in his new possession. At last, raising his eyes at the sudden darkening of the room, he saw that the room was no longer about him; he was standing in a great court, stone-paved, high-walled, porticoed, and before him rose majestically the pile of a great building, its successive terraces lifting upward and upward in awful grandeur. Carnavon gazed incredulous, for the outline of the structure was familiar to him. He knew that he was standing in the shadow of Solomon's porch in the court of the Gentiles of Herod's temple in Jerusalem.

As he marveled, a man, furtive of action, appeared from the direction of the gate of Coponius, and strode rapidly inside the confines marked by the *soreg*, beyond which no Gentile dare pass on pain of death. Yet Carnavon was drawn to follow.

Within, pacing up and down in the shadow, was an imposing presence, priestly robed, wearing the insignia of the High Priest, and toward him the furtive stranger hastened. Carnavon stood in the shelter of a pillar and listened.

"I have come," said the man.

"It is well," replied the High Priest, drawing away his garment. "Wilt thou do the thing?"

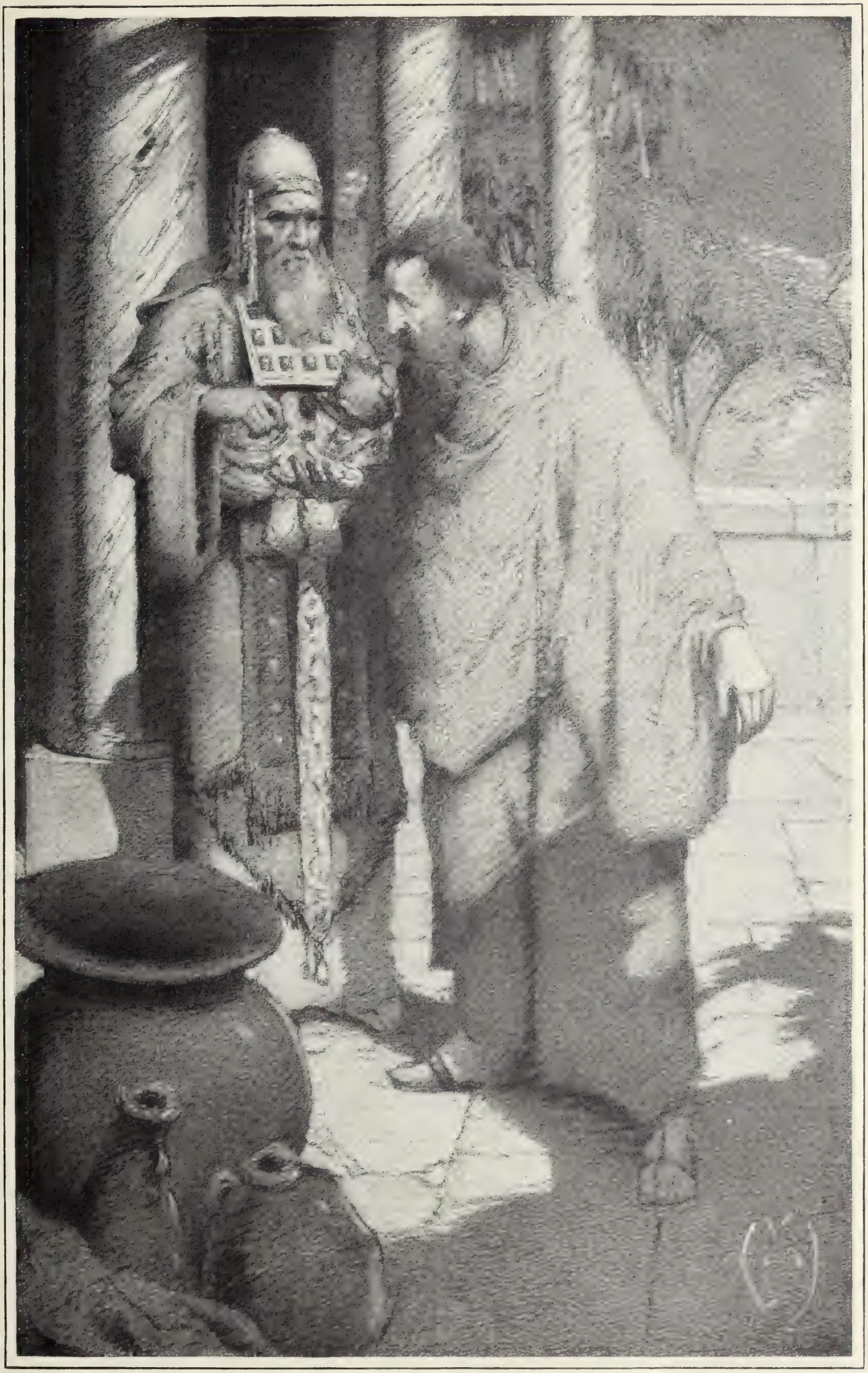
"I will do it," whispered the man, and shuddered in the speaking.

"By what sign shall my soldiers know Him whom we seek? Perchance they may mistake another for Him. . . . But thou goest with them to show the way and the place. When thou hast come unto Him, go thou to His side and kiss Him on the cheek as a sign that He is the man and none other." There was scorn in the voice of Simon the High Priest for the instrument that was fitted to his hand.

He turned on his heel and would have departed, but the furtive man clutched his mantle and detained him. Simon frowned back into that face distorted by avarice, and his eyes grew hard.

"Truly," said he, "I had forgotten thy wage." And forthwith he drew a bag from the folds of his upper garment, and counted money into the hand of the man—and Carnavon counted with him. Thirty times did the fingers of the High Priest enter the bag, and thirty times did a piece of silver drop into the outstretched, trembling claw. The last of the thirty fell from the overflowing palm and rolled to Carnavon's feet, resting in a spot of moonlight. It glittered whitely—and in distinct relief was visible the familiar pot of manna: in every respect it was the fellow of the coin Carnavon still grasped in his hand.

Carnavon looked again, and the temple was not there, neither was the furtive



Drawn by H. Devitt Welsh

THIRTY TIMES DID A PIECE OF SILVER DROP INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED CLAW

one, nor the High Priest. All about him stretched the darkness, light-dotted; in the distance, toward the city, the mingled voices of approaching tumult affronted the night. Presently along the road hurried and jostled a throng armed with swords and staves, at their head the furtive stranger of the temple, his black beard sunk on his breast. Carnavon was impelled to follow them.

Soon they left the beaten road, and on a hillside came upon a little group of men, in the midst of whom stood a figure erect, bare of head, calm. Awe of that presence laid itself on Carnavon so that he was fain to avert his eyes. To the side of this central figure the furtive one pushed his way, and cried out in an awful voice, hoarse, fearful, quivering, "*Master . . . Master,*" and kissed Him on the cheek. And as he moved, Carnavon could hear the sound of pieces of silver jingling together in his garment.

The Master spoke, softly, calmly, with infinite sorrow. "*Judas*" — His eyes rested an instant on the cringing figure —"*betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?*"

Cries of dismay rose weakly from the little group, and they fell away—all save one, who drew his sword and threw himself on those threatening the Master, severing the ear from the head of one of them.

The Master touched the place with His finger and it was healed.

Carnavon looked again, and it was daylight in the court of Herod's temple. He passed inward and stood with an assembly about the person of the High Priest Simon, men of weight and dignity, the priests and elders of the people. As he watched them, heads together, discussing some matter of import, there came again the furtive one, now ridden by remorse, by terror, so that his face was ill to look upon, and he approached the High Priest, saying in a voice like the croaking of a raven, "*I have sinned, . . . I have betrayed the innocent blood,*" and fell upon his knees, his hands full of silver.

The High Priest looked on him coldly, and replied in even tones: "What is that to us? See thou to that."

Whereupon the furtive one flung the silver from him wildly and rushed out of the temple, Carnavon following until they came to a lonely place, and there the man hanged himself from a tree so that his feet dangled over a precipice.

Again, Carnavon stood upon a bare, forbidding hillside among a shouting, gesticulating throng, and from the apex of the hill arose three crosses. Carnavon covered his face, for the sight was cruel.

From the mob of shouting people jeers and gibes arose; and one man, more conspicuous than his fellows, strode nearer the foot of the central cross and cried, loudly:

"For thirty pieces of silver was He sold—this King of the Jews. Doth not a slave bring more?" And he continued to utter gibes and ridicule.

At last the Man opened His eyes and regarded His tormentor, not with anger, not rebukingly, but with majestic calm. It was not a glance to strike terror; it conveyed no anger, no threat; but the tormentor fell silent, awed by its divine loftiness.

It seemed to Carnavon that the Master's eyes sought him out and touched him for an instant, and he sank to the ground, crouching in awe, and hiding his face from the eyes of Him he had persecuted.

Carnavon raised himself to his feet from the depths of his chair before the blazing fire, and passed his hand across his eyes as though to wipe away a film. Then, without movement, he stood staring into the blaze, his face a mask, and so he remained until the log was embers and the blaze a glow. He sighed. His features changed from stoniness to grief, and he raised the hand in which was clasped the piece of silver of the coinage of Simon, opened it and, bowing his head, gazed reverently on a sacred thing.

Swiftly his bearing altered to determination, to action. He thrust on his coat, his hat, and went out into the night, traversing road and street until he came to the crowded places of the city where men turned night into day. And as he walked he listened. Faintly, borne to his ear on the chill wind, came the sound of singing, of instruments of music, of drums, and he smiled.

In a public square huddled a shiver-



Drawn by H. Devitt Welsh

PRESENTLY ALONG THE ROAD HURRIED AND JOSTLED A THRONG ARMED WITH SWORDS AND STAVES

ing squalid crowd, its nucleus a little band of uniformed soldiers of the Cross —men and women. As Carnavon approached, the music ceased; a small, tottering old man, silvery of hair and beard, doffed his cap and stepped to the center of the circle, raising his hand for silence. Carnavon had found whom he sought; it was the stranger of the hotel room.

Carnavon made his way through the fringe of idle listeners, swayed to the side of the praying old man, and, urged to impatience by emotion, waited not for him to cease. He clutched an extended hand, and, broken-voiced, cried: *"I have sinned. . . . I have betrayed the innocent blood!"*

The old preacher of the streets paused, looked on Carnavon's face, and over his wrinkled features spread a look of perfect peace, of richest happiness.

"You — you have stood on the road to Damascus—" he whispered, hands groping for Carnavon's hands.

"And I have seen a vision," Carnavon said, simply.

Immensity

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

NOW Science, clear-eyed as the day,
God's great familiar, with her Key
Of mighty messages, declares
The fire-mists of the nebulæ—
The gauzy films that hang like dreams
Woven of glimmering glooms and gleams—
Are universes rolling free
Beyond the utmost bounds that be,
Of outer dark the awful phares,
Beyond our stars and all our play
Of planet, sun, and Milky Way.

And at that vision into space
With such tremendous splendors wrought,
Where sovereign orbits interlace,
Writing great script on night's dark face,
The heart shakes with a threatening thought
That we, so something less than naught,
Beside that vastness have no place
In the creative care and grace.

Come, then, O Faith, come lightning-shod
To meet great Science! As a dove
Flashes her wing upon the blue,
Seeking for heights forever new,
The answering thought bring, like the rod
That broke in bloom, that Heaven's wide love
Is constant as the sky above,
That near at hand or far abroad—
Before the great the small unawed—
Heaven painted in the drop of dew,—
Thrilling with life in soul or sod,
Each atom feels the living God!

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

FIFTH PAPER

AS we proceeded east along Dolphin and Union straits from Cape Bexley, we found here and there traces of Eskimo parties who were going in from their winter hunt on the sea ice to cache their clothing, household property, and stores of oil on the beach preparatory to moving inland for their summer caribou hunt. Some of these groups we never saw at all; the trails of others we picked up and followed until we overtook the parties, who were usually camped on the shore of a small lake, where they were fishing with hooks through holes they had made with their ice-picks in the seven-foot-thick ice. The caribou in this district are scarce in spring and difficult to get by the hunting methods of the Eskimos. Fish were not secured in large numbers, either, for these people know nothing of nets. Our archæological investigations have shown us that the knowledge of fishing by nets never extended farther east along the north shore of the mainland than Cape Parry, and the Copper Eskimos have no method of catching fish except that of hooks. These hooks are, like most of their weapons, made of native copper. They are unsuited for setting, for there is no barb, and unless the fish be pulled out of the water as soon as he takes the hook he is sure to get off again.

West of Cape Bexley we had seen no traces of caribou for a hundred and fifty miles, but as soon as we came to where the straits began to narrow, east of Cape Bexley, we began to find more and more frequently the tracks of the northward migrating bands of cow caribou bound for Victoria Island. At first we did not see on an average more than ten or fifteen animals a day, but later on they increased in number; and with our excellent rifles we found not the slightest difficulty in supplying ourselves with plenty of venison and in having enough to spare to feed also the people at whose villages we visited.

In coming to the coast from the south, caribou take the ice without hesitation. It cannot be that they see land to the north of the straits, for half of the time, at least, the land is hidden in a haze even, from the human eye, which is far keener than that of the caribou. Neither can it be the sense of smell that guides them, for the northward direction of their march is not interfered with by change of wind. They will sometimes go ten miles out on the ice and lie down there, then wander around in circles for several hours or half a day, and finally proceed north again. Both at Liston and Sutton islands, in Simpson Bay, and farther east at Lambert Island, we saw caribou march right past without paying any attention to the islands, although there was food upon them, and they in some cases passed within a hundred yards or so. The bands would generally be from five to twelve caribou, consisting in the main of females about to drop their fawns, but also of yearlings and two-year-olds of both sexes. All of them were skin-poor and the marrow in their bones was as blood, but we had with us plenty of seal oil from seals killed farther west along the coast, so that the two together made a satisfactory diet. The skins at this season of the year are worthless, partly because the hair is loose, but also because they are full of holes, ranging in size from that of a pea to that of a navy bean, from the grubs of the bot-fly which infest the backs of the animals. When spread out to dry, the skin of the spring-killed caribou looks like a sieve.

In general, we tried to get a man from each party we came to to accompany us to the next party or village so as to introduce us properly and guard against possible mishap, but when it happened that no one was with us when we came to a village, we always had to go through the formality of standing outside the house until some one could get a little

blubber, cut it in pieces, and let each of us swallow one piece. This, as has been explained before, is the ordinary test to determine whether the visitor is human or a spirit, for it is a well-known fact that spirits will not swallow blubber. We found the people everywhere, when this formality was over, uniformly hospitable and glad to see us. They were especially glad we came at this time of year, for the fishing was precarious and most of them were on short rations. Commonly my Eskimos would pitch our camp, while I myself went a mile or two off in search of caribou. On hearing the report of my rifle a sledge would come from the village for the meat. Although the bands of caribou were small, by careful shooting I was in some cases able to save ammunition by shooting two in one shot. I found that if you get the animals in a line, the soft-pointed bullet of the six and one-half millimeter Mannlicher Schoenauer will, in spite of its mushrooming, still have killing force after going through the body of the first caribou. In some cases, however, the force of the bullet was completely spent against the vertebræ of large animals.

To get to Coronation Gulf two routes were open to us: one to follow Dolphin and Union straits east around Cape Krusenstern, and the other to go south overland from the neighborhood of Lambert Island to Basil Hall Bay, the western arm of Coronation Gulf. We chose this latter method to save time, for spring was approaching. We knew by experience that in the Mackenzie district most of the snow is generally gone from the ground by the last week in May. Here, however, the season was so much later that there was scarcely a sign of thaw as we crossed overland, reaching Basil Hall Bay on May 28th. Some Eskimos whom we found here were living exclusively on tomcod and getting about half enough to eat, but all were in the best of spirits.

At this point I had hard luck in hunting. After assuring the village that it would be an easy matter for me to go out and get meat for them, I spent a day in climbing up and scrambling down basaltic precipices in a vain search for even the tracks of caribou in the fresh snow. Of course, my inability to get food for them meant also our own inability to get food for ourselves, and Basil Hall Bay was therefore a place where we could not tarry. After a day's fruitless hunt, we accordingly hitched up our dogs and proceeded south upon the ice of Coronation Gulf to where there was promise of finding seals.

It was now daylight the twenty-four hours through, and early the next morning we simultaneously sighted Eskimos and a seal basking on the ice. It is a curious thing that the art of harpooning seals on the ice is practised almost not at all by these Eskimos. Although they were short of provisions and the seal lay in plain sight, no one in camp thought it worth while going after him, for no one present had practice in that sort of hunting. In general, among the Copper Eskimos I should say that not more than one man in six knows how to hunt seals on the spring ice, and the ones who know are chiefly old men. The whole family, therefore, looked on with great interest as my Alaskan companion, Natkusiak, crawled up to within about twenty yards of this seal and shot him.

At this season of the year the seals were lying on top of the ice basking in the warm sun. You see them here and there like small, black dots sprinkled over the vast whiteness of the ocean. Each is lying beside a hole through which he has all winter been getting his supply of fresh air, which he has kept open all winter by continual gnawing, and which he has now enlarged from the two inches that were necessary to give air space to his nostrils in winter to perhaps a foot and a half in diameter, so that he can haul himself on top of the ice. He is lying on a slippery incline beside this hole, and the least twitch of his body will slide him into the water. He must, therefore, be approached and killed before he has suspicion of danger, and he must be killed instantly, for the quiver of a flipper would be almost as effective as the most energetic movement in sliding his body into the water.

Some arctic explorers of experience have said that a white man may learn to kill caribou as well as an Eskimo, but no white man can ever learn to hunt the seals that bask on the level sea ice. In my experience this is so far from being



AN ESKIMO HUNTER ABOUT TO SHOOT A SEAL

true that I find hunting seals, while it may be a disagreeable job, to be an exceedingly simple one. The whole secret is that you must play seal. It is hopeless to attempt approaching unseen, so your care must be that whenever he sees you he shall think you too are a seal. Your manner of locomotion must therefore be that of a seal, which differs but slightly from that of a snake. In other words, it is an unpleasant bit of work to crawl three hundred yards seal fashion over the summer ice, covered as it is with puddles of water anywhere from two to ten or fifteen inches deep.

The nature of the animal is that he sleeps for thirty, forty, fifty, or even seventy-five seconds at a time with his head lying flat on the ice. Then he wakes up and stays awake from five to fifteen seconds, raises his head about twelve or fifteen inches above the level of the ice and surveys a complete circle of the horizon, then drops his head on the ice and goes to sleep again. The eyesight of seals seems even less keen than that of caribou, so you can walk unconcernedly to within two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards, according to the light. Then you have to commence playing seal. When he sleeps you wriggle ahead, when he wakes you lie still. He must never see you in any other than a prone position, so it is entirely unsafe to go on all fours even a few yards across a puddle, for if he catches you at it your labor up to that point will be lost. He would instantly dive into his hole.

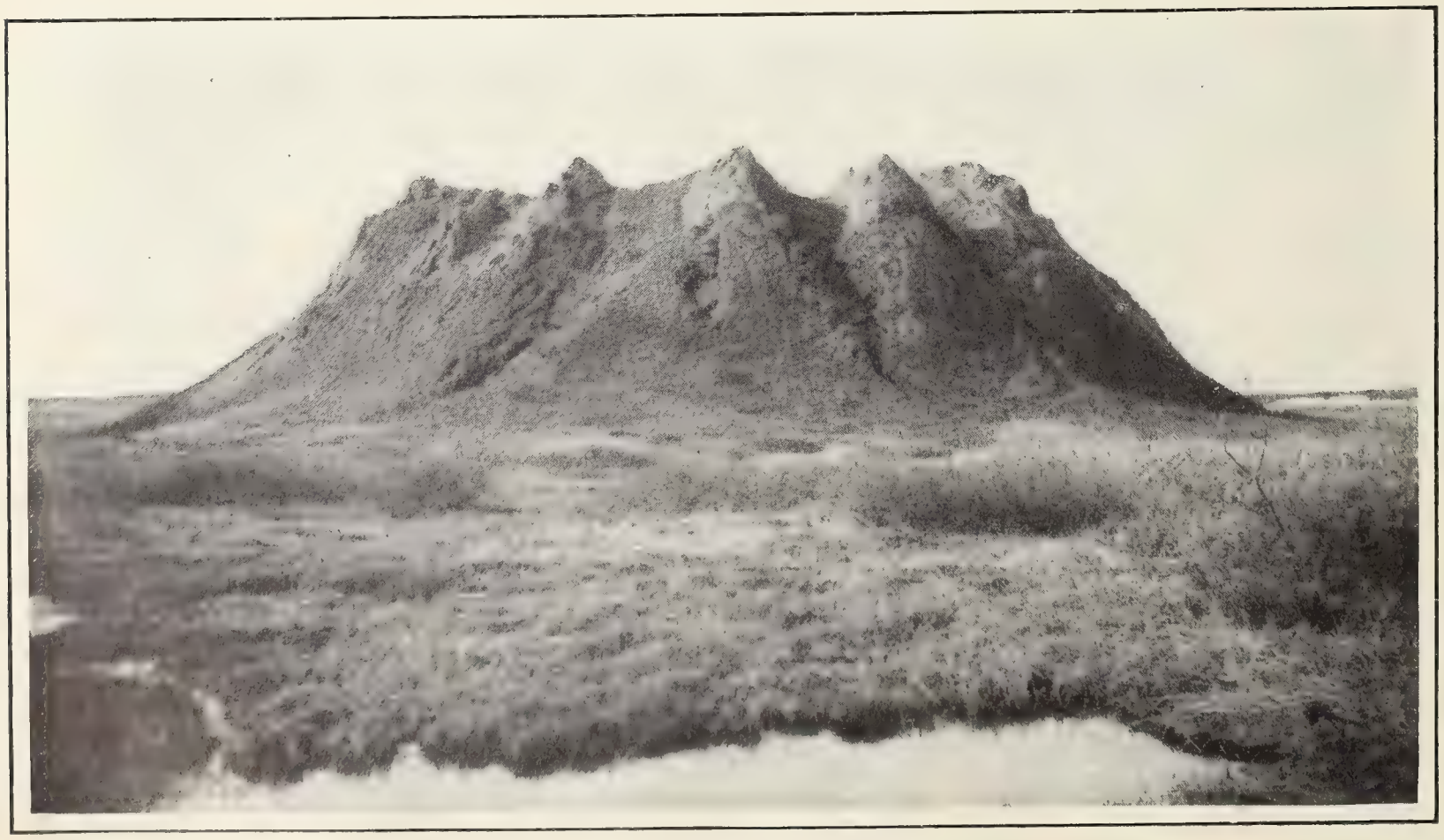
Up to the time that you get within one hundred yards the seal is not likely to pay any particular attention to you, but then all of a sudden it occurs to him to look at you more carefully. Instead of going to sleep after his fifteen seconds of wakefulness, he remains awake and stares at you intently. A thing you must remember at this point is that he knows exactly as well as you do that no seal in this world will lie motionless for more than about a minute and a half at a time, so by the time he has watched you for, say, half a minute, it is up to you to raise your head, to look around, and to drop your head again. If you were to remain motionless for two minutes he would know you were no seal and down he would go into the water, but when he has watched you wake up and go to sleep again two or three times seal fashion he will be thoroughly convinced that you

also are a seal and will commence taking his regular naps again. You can then approach more rapidly and can get as near as you please so long as you don't allow him to catch you in any unseal-like act. No special form of dress is necessary, except, of course, that you must not wear scarlet or any vivid color. Personally I seldom crawl nearer to a seal than fifty yards, for I find that at that distance I can usually hit the brain, which is a target of about two inches. My Eskimo used to crawl within ten or fifteen yards, and I have known of men who happened to be without a weapon who have crawled right up to the seal, seized him by the flipper, pulled him away from his hole, and clubbed him. It may take from an hour to two hours to make a proper approach, according to the watchfulness and the suspiciousness of the seal.

The family whom we found here differed not at all from the generality of their countrymen in being more impressed with my companion's skill in stalking, which they thoroughly understood, than by the performances of his rifle, which to them were miraculous and therefore no more wonderful than ordinary miracles. There were three tents altogether, occupied by an old man with his wife and young son, and by his married son and married daughter. Eskimos differ exactly as we do, and this family was one of the most agreeable whom we had met. It turned out that later in the summer we fell in with them again and were together with them an aggregate of several weeks.

Proceeding south, we came in the night to a small village at the mouth of the Rae River. Every one was asleep, and the Eskimo dogs, as was their custom, came up to us with wagging tails, and never barked, giving their masters no warning. I let one of my men go up to the tent and shout from the outside that visitors had come, and in the excitement most of the men and all of the children came running out naked to see what it was all about. Although the season was advancing rapidly and I knew the snow would soon be gone from the land and make sled travel impossible, we stayed at this camp a day. I was especially anxious to make definite inquiries, for here at last we had come upon a tribe who should have some knowledge of white men, for I knew from the records of English explorers that Dease and Simpson had visited them in the thirties and Richardson and Rae in the forties of the last century.

After we had breakfasted together I therefore asked them what they knew of white men. Oh, they knew a great deal, they said. A few years ago a single



A Mud Volcano near Cape Parry



WATER PUDDLES ON TOP OF THE SEA ICE IN JUNE

Eskimo family of a tribe other than theirs had seen white men on a lake farther inland to the south. This lake I was easily able to identify as Dismal Lake, and the party of course was Hanbury's in 1904. But hadn't they themselves seen white men, I asked them. No, they never had, and were sure white men had never been in their country, but they knew a great deal about white men other than Hanbury by hearsay from tribes to the east. These that I questioned were all people under middle age. The one old man of the village did not happen to be present. A little later when he came to our tent I asked him the same question.

Oh yes, he had seen white men. He had seen them when he was a small boy and he well remembered the occasion. He said that his parents and other people had been encamped exactly where we were now and that white men had come from the north without boats and wanted to cross the river; that the Eskimos had made rafts by lashing several of their *kayaks* together and had ferried the white men over. This coincided exactly with Dr. Richardson's account of his crossing the river in 1848. Further, the width at the point where we were camped coincided with that given in Richardson's narrative, whereas had the crossing been half a mile farther down or half a mile farther up stream, the width of the river would have been entirely different. I then asked the younger generation why they had not told me this. Their answer was: "We did not know; we did not see it." "But didn't you hear?" Oh yes, they had heard, but they had heard so many things.

This case illustrates well the difficulty of learning things from the Eskimos. In general, they are very willing to tell, but, nevertheless, they don't seem to realize what it is that you want to learn. But the real explanation of the difficulty is that so many wonderful things happen to them continually that all the different wonders take a dead level and none stand out above the others. Suppose, for instance, that some of these people might (as they did not) have made a five-hundred-mile journey east in 1903 to visit Captain Amundsen at King William Island. They would have seen a ship in size quite beyond their comprehension and marvelous things without end, and when they came back home they would have told about these things and their stories would have been listened to with interest. The men themselves would have been centers of attraction for some time, but soon after their return some powerful magician would have had occasion to visit the white man's land in a spirit flight, and on his magical return would have told still more wonderful stories than were told by those who had actually seen Amundsen's party, and the stories would have been listened to with equal interest and would quickly after have taken their places in the minds and memories of the people. And then another shaman would have taken a journey to the moon and on

his return would have told about the curious people he had seen and their strange customs. In his turn he would have been believed and would have had his day, as people have their day in the newspapers of our country. A few years later, if I came to visit these people and asked them to relate to me the important things they knew, they would tell me of the journey to King William's Land, of the journey to the white men's land, and the journey to the moon with equal impressiveness, putting them all on a dead level and leaving me dependent entirely upon my own resources in determining which of the stories was fact and which fiction. Among themselves the comparatively tame experiences of the people who actually saw Amundsen would soon be lost and forgotten in the wealth of adventure and extraordinary detail of the miraculous journeys that had since been made to stranger and more distant places.

We entered the mouth of the Coppermine River June 4th and found the ice lying smooth, snow-covered, and white as in midwinter. This all looked well, but the aspect of things changed suddenly when we reached Bloody Fall. In itself this is one of the most picturesque spots in the Northland and historically it is the center of the story of the North, for this is the point reached by Samuel Hearne in 1771, when, accompanied by a horde of Chipewyan Indians, he made this the turning-point of one of the most remarkable expeditions ever undertaken on the mainland of North America. It was here that the Chipewyans, cowardly in general, but brave under the circumstances, attacked some tents occupied by a dozen or so Eskimos who were sleeping and killed them all. This gave the sinister name of Bloody Fall to the basaltic gorge through which the Coppermine was now rushing, open as though in summer, except for a narrow, somewhat sloping ledge of ice, in places not more than two yards wide, that still clung to the rock along the west side of the gorge and gave us a doubtful footpath along a shelf overhanging one of the deadliest rapids in the world.

It was, perhaps, unwise of us to decide not to portage the six hundred odd paces around the falls and to attempt this ice ledge instead. I was not sure it was safe —I am now sure it was entirely unsafe— but we managed to get past without accident. Of course if there had been an accident it could have been only a fatal one, because it would have consisted in the breaking down of the ice ledge along which we were sledging, and that would have been the last of us, for immediately below the falls the river plunges under the ice. It has often been the case with us, and so it was here, that at exciting moments we forgot all about our camera, and when we had an adventure it took all of us to have it, and we could spare no one to stand aside and push the button.

We had agreed with the Rae River Eskimos that we would meet them on Dismal Lake, and it was therefore our idea to keep to the west side of the Coppermine, so that whenever we found farther progress impossible on account of the approaching summer we should be able to leave our sled on that side of the river and walk overland southwest to Dismal Lake. A mile and a half above the fall, however, it appeared that the going was so much better on the east side of the stream that we crossed over and proceeded along that bank for three or four miles. It was a very warm day, the sun beat down incessantly from a clear sky, and about six miles above Bloody Fall we found progress on that side of the stream impossible on account of the increasing water on top of the ice and the absence of snow from the land. We then tried to cross over, but found that the water which farther down-stream had been flowing like a small river on top of the ice had here dug its way clean through the ice and had become an impassable open channel. On realizing this we turned down-stream again, but found that a few hours had made so much difference that while our crossing to the east side had been safe in the morning, our return was impossible in the afternoon. The river was now open and uncrossable the whole six miles back to Bloody Fall. We were caught on the east side of the river in a district unfrequented at present by Eskimos, poorly supplied with game, and one in which we had no interest, while the promised hunting-land, the summer country of the Eskimos, lay across the river to the west, completely out of our reach, for the

Coppermine River is practically a series of rapids, and during the spring freshets attempting to cross it by raft would be suicidal, for the strips of quiet water between the rapids are so few that a raft would be inevitably swept into the next rapid below before it could be paddled across.

We had not been able to quite reach the tree-line by sled. It had been my intention to hide the sled somewhere in a clump of trees for fear the Eskimos might find it during the summer and break it up to secure the iron runners. Of course I had no fear of those Eskimos with whom we had come in contact, for they would know whose sled it was and would respect it accordingly, but I had reason to think that wandering bands from the east might come upon our cache, and might consider it a windfall. The tree-line, however, was three miles away, so we merely portaged our sleds and our stuff to the top of the hill, and cached them in a small hollow where they could be seen from no great distance.

I left my Eskimos to do this work and struck out at once eastward to hunt. Tracks of the caribou were found on every one of the few spots that were soft enough to preserve a track; in the soft mud where there was mud, in the snow-banks where they still existed in the shelter of the hills, and on top of the ice in the creek bottoms; but in general the country is solid rock, which leaves no trace of the passing of man or beast. All the tracks led west along the Coppermine; few of them were less than two weeks old, and none were quite fresh. Under ordinary circumstances one of us went out to hunt and did not return without securing game, although sometimes that was a task that ran a good deal beyond the twenty-four hours; but in this case I thought it best that we should proceed up the Coppermine to the forested area at once, for I considered the chances of finding caribou there a little better than out on the barren ground.

After a half-dozen hours of vain search, therefore, I returned. One of the Eskimos meantime had secured a few squirrels *(Spermophilus parryi)*. Ptarmigan were fairly numerous, but our ammunition was too valuable to use it on them except in an emergency. We prepared for leaving behind everything except a portion of our ammunition and cooking-gear. I cached even my camera and my large diary, with the idea that in a few days we would have occasion to return to the cache, and I took with me only a small pocket note-book.

We started south late in the afternoon,



BRINGING INTO CAMP A SLED-LOAD OF CARIBOU MEAT

and about two hours later we reached, in a driving shower which was the first rain of the summer, the most northerly clump of trees on the Coppermine, about eighteen miles south of the ocean. Under ordinary circumstances we should have proceeded farther, but a rain-storm is much more disagreeable than a snow-storm, so we pitched our tent and made in front of it a roaring wood fire that defied the rain.

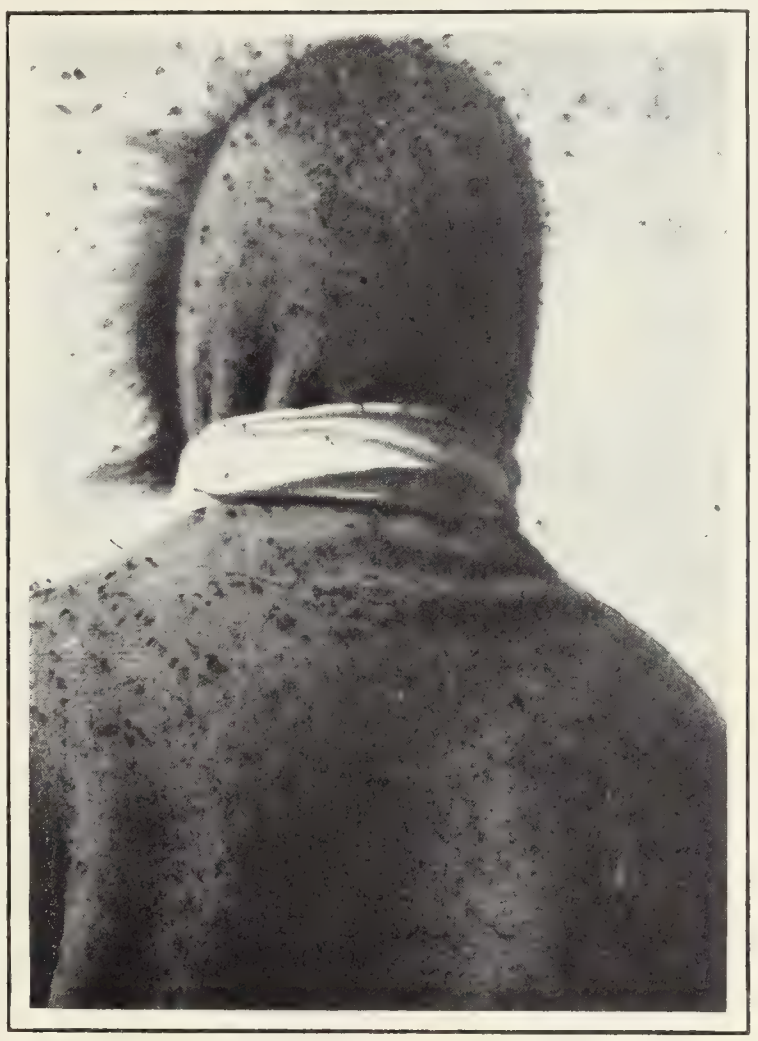
The next morning Natkusiak and myself started out to look for caribou, while Tannaumirk and Pannigabluk remained behind to snare squirrels and ptarmigan. There are a great many small streams that flow into the Coppermine from the east that can well be forded in late summer, when most of them are not knee-deep, but at this season every one of them was impassable, so that Natkusiak and I were limited in our movements rather strictly by the topography. I must have gone perhaps fifteen or eighteen miles northeast before I got beyond the head of most of these small creeks and was able to circle to the north and west. I saw no game, however, and after perhaps fifteen or eighteen hours of walking I had ventured within four or five miles of camp, when I saw an arctic hare. These animals are really not so very rare on the barren ground, as one may see by their traces left on the snow in winter, but in my entire arctic experience I have seen only four or five, and have never shot a single one. Where caribou are plenty, of course a hare is not worth the ammunition, but in this case I made up my mind to try to get the animal, and I followed him a few hundred yards.

I was about to shoot, and he was so near that there was no doubt of the result, when suddenly, almost in line with the hare, I saw a caribou disappearing over a ridge. He evidently had not seen me while my attention was concentrated on the hare and while I was exposed against the sky-line on top of the rock ridge along which the hare was running. Of course I gave no further thought to the hare. Caribou, when they merely see a man and do not get his wind, ordinarily do not run far, and within an hour I had come up to this one again. It turned out I had seen only one of two animals, both of which I now found quietly feeding upon a level spot—so level, indeed, that it took several hours of careful stalking before I got within range. The animals proved to be two young bulls,



SETTING OUT ON THE DAY'S MARCH

skin-poor, with the marrow as blood in their bones. Nevertheless, there was great rejoicing in camp when I returned, after being out about twenty-four hours, with a back-load of caribou meat. I have found that Eskimos in a strange country are typically skeptical of the possibilities of finding food, and my people had several days ago made up their minds that all the caribou had left the district and we were destined to have to live the whole summer on squirrels and ptarmigan.



MOSQUITOES ATTACKING ONE OF OUR ESKIMOS

Natkusiak had not yet returned when I got home, and it was nearly another twenty-four hours before he put in an appearance, but he had been more successful than I in securing three old bull caribou which were in fair condition at this season of the year, and best of all, he had shot a wolf that was as fat as a pig. In summer we much preferred wolf meat to caribou, for it is usually tender and fat, and the caribou, all except the oldest bulls, are in very indifferent condition. We never ate venison when there was wolf meat to be had at this season; at least that was true of all of us except Pannigabluk, to whose family and ancestors the wolf is taboo.

As the caribou killed by Natkusiak were in a southeasterly direction, we brought into camp at once the meat of the two that I had killed, and then proceeded farther up-stream to a point from which it was only seven or eight miles to where Natkusiak had cached the other meat. It turned out that at this season the caribou in the Coppermine country were all bulls, and none of them were moving. In general singly, or by twos and threes, they had taken possession of some snow-bank protected from the sun by a northward-facing precipice, and there they stayed. They would feed for an hour or two on the grass or moss in the neighborhood, and then go back to lie on the snow, where they had a measure of protection from the clouds of mosquitoes, and where the intense heat of the sun was more bearable to them.

On an average their number was not more than about one caribou for every one hundred square miles of country, and we always had to go south to kill the next one. Occasionally either Natkusiak or myself would hunt back down-stream twenty or thirty miles, with the idea that caribou might have moved in behind us, but with no result; and each time we killed a caribou to the south and moved up to get its meat we got that much farther from our sled cache and from my camera and writing materials; so that by the latter part of June it had become evident that we should never be able to go back to the cache during the summer, for to go back meant starvation. By killing the caribou as we went we had burned our bridges behind us.

Later on, after we had succeeded in joining the Eskimos, there was scarcely a half-hour when some picturesque or unusual scene in their lives during the summer did not bring back to me the absence of my camera. As for my diary for the summer, it was written in my small pocket note-book in so microscopic a hand that it is difficult to read without a magnifying-glass, and even so I had to trust to my memory for many things that in ordinary course I should have recorded.

July was intolerably hot. We had no thermometer, but I feel sure that many a day the temperature must have been over one hundred degrees in the sun, and sometimes for weeks on end there was not a cloud in the sky. At midnight the sun was what we would say an hour high, so that it beat down on us without rest the twenty-four hours through. The hottest period of the day was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the coolest perhaps four or five in the morning. The mosquitoes were so bad that several of our dogs went completely blind for the time, through the swelling of their eyes, and all of them were lame from running sores caused by the mosquito stings on the line where the hair meets the pad of the foot. It is true that on our entire expedition we had no experience that more nearly deserved the name of suffering than this of the combined heat and mosquitoes of our Coppermine River summer.

By the last week in July we had proceeded up-stream as far as the mouth of the Kendall River, which flows in from the west from Dismal Lake. We had continually been putting off the crossing of the river, hoping to find a better place, and also being in no hurry, for we did not think the Rae River Eskimos would reach Dismal Lake before early August. We finally selected for the crossing a strip of river where there is half a mile of quiet water between two strong rapids, built a raft from dry spruce growing near the river, and got across with all our belongings, including at that time about three hundred pounds of dry caribou meat. Immediately upon landing on the west side we cached the meat safely in a rock crevice, under huge stones, intending it for a store against some future emergency, but our fortunes never brought us back to the place again; so doubtless it is there yet unless some wandering Eskimo may have happened to find it.

On the north shore of Dismal Lake, which we reached in a two-days' march from the Coppermine, we ran completely cut of food for the only time in our period of fourteen months of absence from our base at Cape Parry. Of course, in an extremity we could have gone back to where we had cached the dried meat two days before, but our general policy was never to retreat, for we knew well that the chances of food ahead were always a little better than behind. The morning of July 29th I broke the rule against shooting ptarmigan, and used one of my valuable Mannlicher-Schoenauer bullets to secure half a pound of meat. That half-pound was the breakfast for the four of us, and the dogs, poor fellows, got nothing. But our fortune was soon to turn, for when immediately after breakfast I climbed the high hill behind our camp I saw a caribou coming from the north and disappearing among some hills to the east in a way to make it uncertain in just what direction he was going. The three of us therefore started to meet him by different routes. It happened that I was the one to get sight of him first, and it turned out he had a companion that must evidently have preceded him into the hills a moment before I turned my field-glasses that way. The two of them were in good flesh, so that by four in the afternoon both ourselves and our dogs had had a square meal of better meat than ordinary.

Dismal Lake is incorrectly placed on the maps as three separate lakes, connected by rivers. As a matter of fact, it is one lake extending in a general east-and-west direction, with a length of about thirty-six miles, and the width varying from three or four miles down to a hundred yards or so. At the point where we struck the lake it is filled with willow-covered islands. Here we knew from Eskimo report that a ford existed, but the Eskimos who cross by it every year put up no guide-posts, and no trails are visible, so that it took me half a day of wading back and forth before the ford was discovered. I had chosen this job as rather more interesting than hunting, and expected it to take me only a few minutes, so I had sent the two Eskimos off to hunt while I looked for the ford. While I was at it and wading about nearly neck-deep in the cold water a sudden cold rain-storm came up which quickly brought the Eskimos back from their caribou-hunt to our comfortable tent, while it of course did not restrain me from my search for the ford, as I was already soaked to the neck. It was rather a cheerless job, and one of which



A Coppermine River Eskimo mending his Bow in front of his Summer Tent

I was thoroughly tired both physically and mentally, when eventually, after perhaps four hours of wading, I found the ford. It turned out to be not more than waist-deep, but involved about half a mile of wading. The next day it took us several hours to make the crossing of the lake, for the dogs, which ordinarily carried a large part of our gear, of course were of no use in fording the channels from island to island.

This fording of the lake took place on the last day of July, and on the 1st of August, a little east of the middle of Dismal Lake, we came upon a camp of those particular families of the Rae River Eskimos whom we had met in May. In their company we moved south to the headwaters of the Dease River, where the caribou hunting-camps of the Eskimos are scattered on every other hill. This is one of the most cosmopolitan communities of Eskimos in America, for they come here from great distances to secure wood for sled-making and for the wooden portions of their weapons. There were two or three families from Dolphin and Union straits as far west as Cape Bexley; there were several families from Victoria Island, and two or three from the east coast of Bathurst Inlet. The gathering there represented people from a territory five hundred miles in length from east to west, and two hundred or more miles wide from north to south. Some of the camps were pitched within a few miles of the shore of Bear Lake, and the oldest men there told us a rather surprising thing: that from their infancy they and their countrymen had every year been in the habit of hunting down to the northeast shore of Bear Lake. This is extraordinary in view of the fact that Bear Lake has been a sort of Mecca for the explorers of the North for a hundred years, and the Hudson Bay Company has had a station at Fort Norman for a century; and yet neither these explorers nor the Hudson Bay Company, nor even yet the Bear Lake Indians, realized that a large body of Eskimos hunted on the shores of the lake every year. True, every few years frightened Slavey or Dogrib Indians would come to the Hudson Bay Company's post with stories of having found traces of the dreaded Eskimos, but it was believed that these were but small wandering bands who had come a great way from their country, which was vaguely supposed to be at a vast distance to the northeast.

In 1908 Dr. Anderson and I had come down a portion of the Mackenzie River with the English travelers C. D. Melvill



Traveling across the Barren Ground in August

and John Hornby, whose guests we had been aboard their boat all the way from Fort Smith to Fort Norman, a distance of over eight hundred miles. They had told me that they expected to spend the winter of 1909-10 on Bear Lake. I had intended to spend that same winter with the Copper Eskimos, and we had arranged to try to meet on the Coppermine River; but I had been delayed in my plans a year, and although I had seen traces of their encampments on the Coppermine River, I supposed them to be by now back in England. However, I thought it worth while to have a look to see if they might not still be on Bear Lake. With this in view, Natkusiak and I made the journey to the mouth of the Dease River. We found no traces of men less than apparently a year old, but we left, nevertheless, a letter in a tin can suspended from a pole in a conspicuous place at the mouth of the river, hoping that some wandering Indians might pick it up and eventually carry it to the Hudson Bay post at Fort Norman, three hundred miles away.

On our return journey from Bear Lake I was one morning surprised to see on the sky-line a party who evidently were not Eskimos. We hastened to intercept them, and found them to be Slavey Indians, one of whom spoke fairly good English. They had been to the northward hunting caribou, and with a vague notion that they wanted to go farther than usual on the chance of seeing Eskimos. Two days before we saw them, when they had found traces of Eskimos their courage had suddenly given out, and they were now in full retreat. When they learned, however, that we had been spending several months with the Eskimos and found them to be very friendly, the English-speaking Slavey, who gave his name as Jimmie Soldat, told me that he was in the service of my friend Hornby, that Hornby had told him to keep a lookout for me, and to assist me in every way he could, and that Hornby had further requested that I take Jimmie in hand and bring him in contact with the Eskimos, so that later Jimmie might be able to guide Hornby to the place where the Eskimos are.

Now I did not desire to bring my unspoiled Coronation Gulf people into contact with civilization, with the rav-

ages of which among the Eskimos of Alaska and the Mackenzie I am too familiar; but it seemed that the thing could not be staved off for more than a year or two, anyway, for the fact of my living with the Eskimos was already well known, and both the traders and missionaries who operate through Fort Norman would be sure to make use of the information. While I regretted the event in general, I was glad to be able to do a service, as I thought, to my friends Melvill and Hornby; so next day I took Jimmie and two of his Slavey companions to within a mile or two of an Eskimo encampment, and left them there in hiding behind a hill while I went to the Eskimos to ask their permission to bring the Indians into camp.

At first the Eskimos refused flatly. They said that they themselves had never had anything to do with the Indians; that their ancestors had had but rare contact with them, and that this contact had never been friendly; that sometimes Indians had killed them and sometimes they had killed some Indians, and that now no doubt these Indians had treacherous intentions in wanting to be introduced into camp. Through our long residence with them, however, Natkusiak and I had their confidence so fully that we finally talked them into allowing the Indians to come, on the condition that they leave their weapons behind them.

When I returned to Jimmie with this ultimatum the Indians in their turn said that the intentions of the Eskimos were clear: that they intended to get them unarmed into their clutches and murder them, and Jimmie would have nothing more of the adventure. His backing out at this stage, however, did not suit me, for the Eskimos were sure to take that as a sign of treachery, and it would not have been a day until every Eskimo party in the neighborhood was on its way to the coast in a retreat in which they would have abandoned their sleds, their skins intended for clothing, and through which we would lose prestige by having brought this calamity upon them. Natkusiak and I therefore took the Indians practically by force into camp, threatening them with all sorts of dire results if they backed out. The Eskimos' reception of the Indians was friendly. The Indians were dressed in white men's clothing, and were not at all what the Eskimos had expected Indians to be like; and in fact several of them said to me at once that had they known the Indians were like this they would not have been so frightened of them.

This was early September, and the nights were dark at midnight. We had brought the Indians to camp about sundown, and an hour later, when supper had been eaten, the Eskimos invited the Indians to come and sleep in their tents; but this the Indians would not do, saying that it was their custom to sit beside the fire. This seemed to the Eskimos a strange thing, but to me it was a self-evident fib. The Indians were simply too frightened to trust themselves in the dwellings of the Eskimos. Natkusiak and I therefore sat up with the Indians for an hour or two until all the Eskimos were sound asleep, and then finally, by lying down one on either side, we got the Indians to go to sleep between us. The next morning after breakfast the Indians invited the Eskimos to accompany them down to their lodges, where they had considerable quantities of smoked caribou meat, caribou fat, and marrowbones. Seven of the Eskimos went, including two women, and much of the forenoon was spent in the commodious lodges of the Slaveys in feasting and in exchanging opinions, in all of which I had to act as interpreter.

Finally, when the feast was over and the Eskimos were apparently in the best of spirits, Jimmie brought forward a package of pictures of saints and holy men, and made a little speech in which he asked me to tell the Eskimos that he was an ambassador of a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and that the bishop said that if they were good men and never killed any more Indians and abjured their heathenish practices he would come and build a mission among them and would convert them to the true faith. This speech, which meant so much to the Indian, would of course have meant nothing to the Eskimos, for they had never heard of the good bishop or of the faith he preaches. Jimmie went on to say that he had a picture for each of them, and that if they would take them and wear them over their hearts

the pictures would protect them from all evil and be of the greatest value to them. Without translating any of these things, I took the pictures and gave them to the Eskimos.

It turned out that Jimmie had had no commission from Hornby, and that he had merely from overhearing Melvill's and Hornby's conversation found out that I was a friend of theirs, and he had used this knowledge in a confidence game of his own, the object of which was to become the first Indian who had been in friendly contact with the Eskimos, that he might thereafter pride himself on that fact, and might be able to represent himself to the bishop as having been a pioneer in the spread of the faith among the Eskimos. Apparently the results have been what he desired, for I have heard that the Roman Catholic Church sent in missionaries at once, who arrived among the Eskimos soon after we left them, and whose work in that field will no doubt continue indefinitely.

Among other things, Jimmie told me that Melvill and Hornby were somewhere on Great Bear Lake. This was good news, and from that time I was continually on the lookout for some signs of them. Finally, on the 13th of September, it happened that the pursuit of a large band of bull caribou had taken me a long distance away from our camp, and when I finally shot three of the animals it was on a slope of a hill facing the southwest. While I was skinning them I happened to look in the direction of Bear Lake, which lay some fifteen miles distant, and there, not more than a mile away, was pitched a tepee. I took this for an Indian camp, but went up to it to make inquiries about my friends, and it turned out to be their camp. They had a day or two before heard from Jimmie about my presence in the country, and were also looking for me. They had been down on the Mackenzie River in the summer, and had some news of the outside world. King Edward was dead, and a heavier than air flying-machine had crossed the English Channel. This news, not half a year old, was fresh news indeed in that country.

A Folk-Song

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

IN the dark my mother wakes me,
  Sighing, "Ah, my heart will grieve
When my little one forsakes me!"

In the light my locks she dresses,
  In the sunlight stoops to weave
All my purple-flowing tresses.

When the moon-rays shine most brightly
  Then she winds my girdlestead,
Sighing as she ties it tightly.

In the dark my mother's weeping
  For the time when I shall wed—
Ah! the time so slow in creeping!

The Little Wet Foot

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

I SAW her again yesterday. The day before yesterday was forty-eight years ago, when I was twelve and she was twenty. So, then, Anne Mackeel is sixty-eight to-day; as tall and straight and slim she is as that young girl of nearly fifty years ago. She was beautiful then; she is a stately, handsome old lady now; wrinkled, yes, and silver-haired, but her profile is unchanged: I should have been sure of her even without the name. "Miss Mackeel" her companion called her as they passed. So she did not marry her captain, after all! I wonder why? Yesterday snow was falling, and a tiny drift had eddied in at the sidewalk passageway through the awning that led from the door of the handsome residence to the door of the handsome limousine. I stopped at the entrance of the passageway to let them cross before me down the awning-covered path; in a moment the limousine rolled silently away. With my foot I pressed down and smoothed out the imprint of Anne Mackeel's footstep in the tiny drift of snow.

When I was twelve the year was 1864. In '59 we had come out from England to Nassau, in the island of New Providence of the Bahamas. My father was an under secretary of the governor's suite. It is little enough that I remember clearly of Nassau in those first two years except the strangeness of the tropics to a London-bred lad like me: the dazzling brightness of the sunshine, the glare of the white streets and the high, white garden walls, the white houses and the miles of white beach all flashing back the everlasting sun; and the trees that were so queer to me then—cocoa and date-palms and banana and banyans; and the gardens behind the high walls, full of cacti and aloes, luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers. The harbor seemed always at our feet; so smooth and still it was, "mottled green like polished malachite"; across its mouth, the cay, Hog Island, a gleaming chalk-line; and beyond, the purple of the deep sea, sharp-edged where, at the horizon, it touched the glittering sky. But, of course, all that was the same in '64—is the same now. Of the town itself, as I said, I remember almost nothing. The Nassau of those first years is swallowed up by the Nassau of war days. We were home in England before it settled back to sleep again.

Nassau as I shall always think of it was a town that had gone mad. It never slept. It was a town of exultation; a town washed by a tide of gold that was at the flood for four years—a tide that ebbed in a day. The very children were rich; the most trivial errand brought its reward in gold. Negroes who had been sponge-divers or wreckers along the cays overnight grew rich for life, or it should have been for life, but they, and the whites too, flung wealth away as fast as wealth came to them. None stopped to remember that such days would end, and that they would never see their like again.

Hundreds crowded in where there had been but scores: gamblers, speculators, sharpers, free niggers, Yankee spies, adventuresses; every house save government's was an inn. And the yeast that set them all rising — the crews of the blockade-runners and the privateers—came and caroused, and went and came again, and always brought more gold. Those years we never heard the thunder of the surf, for night and day the roaring town drowned the roar of the sea. That is the town of my memory when I hear the name "Nassau."

At first when the talk of my elders turned to war over in America—which I had never seen—it meant little enough to me. And no one could see then that we would be touched by it over there in dreamy Nassau. I remember the first blockade-runner that came in — eight

months after the war in the States began; there was a rush to the wharf when the news spread. "Cotton again!" cried my father. "What a price that will bring in England!" What a price it brought there in Nassau! Even then speculation began, and soon enough after that December day our island of New Providence went mad. Each month the fleet grew. Each day the excitement and the turbulence increased. Ships, most often bound for Wilmington, steamed out of the harbor bearing the ventures of half the inhabitants of the town—soap, bullets, corsets, pills, revolvers, machinery from England and Yankeeland—oh yes, from Yankeeland! Sixteen or eighteen days later the ships steamed back again, the cargoes they had carried out reinvested in cotton, the ever more valuable cotton. Sometimes there came back only the story of a blazing ship sighted on some one of the Cape Fear bars; sometimes a ship so shattered and torn by Federal shells that months must pass before she could sail again. Always there were others to take their places. But many a ship escaped again and again, and their crews became heroes and their captains gods to us there in Nassau. And so the months sped till I was twelve and the year '64.

We were at tea in the high-walled garden, my mother and father and I. From beyond the wall already came the sound of increasing revelry. "There will be high carnival to-night!" father grimly said. "Two 'runners came in from Wilmington but an hour apart this morning, and this afternoon the *Saracen* from Liverpool, a steamer new-built for the trade. At Government House we were all talking about her superb lines."

At that moment a servant brought a letter. "Sailor-man jes' bring it to de door, massa," he explained. Father, surprised, glanced at the address, and then, more greatly surprised, said, "It's for you, Esther!" Mother tore it open and almost immediately gave a little cry. When the servant had gone, my mother read the letter over again. And all the time father was calling: "What is it? What is it?" Without a word she sat twisting her handkerchief and untwisting it while he read. I listened and watched with round-eyed expectancy.

"Good God!" father burst out, "Cameron must have been cashiered or else gone mad!"

"Hush-sh!" warningly. "Richard," said my mother to me, "Captain Titus, of the *Saracen,* is to dine with us to-night."

By the time an average boy is twelve he is a sharp little devil. I had been missing nothing. "Is he going to bring Uncle Cameron with him?" I asked, bluntly. There was a heavy silence.

Then my father spoke: "Richard is now old enough to understand when told to keep a matter secret." Mother nodded. She was very pale. "Your uncle Cameron Wye is this 'Captain Titus' in command of the *Saracen,*" he said.

"But," I cried, in amazement, "Uncle Cameron has just been made a captain in the Queen's Navy!"

"Precisely the reason you are to keep your mouth shut," said father.

After all, it proved to be a matter not so serious. My uncle had been commissioned a captain in the Royal Navy at a time when there was no ship for him to command, nor would there be for six months to come. He had taken a leave of absence for a year, and under the *nom de guerre* "Captain Titus" had come out to make his fortune by running the blockade. "My sympathies are all with the Southern Confederacy," he said that night. "I can help these plucky rebels mightily, and turn a pretty penny for myself besides!" My uncle Cameron Wye was not the only officer of the Queen's to do that very thing—a fact that is well known to-day and was pretty well known at the time, though not, of course, "officially."

I shall never forget that night when my uncle came to dinner. He had been on the India station for several years before we came to the Bahamas, so that I had been too young then to remember him now. He was a big man with a round, red, but nevertheless handsome face, and a frequent laugh so deep and hearty that it all but set the dishes clattering. What with his personality, and what with his being a captain of the Queen's Navy and at the same time about to become one of those idols, a blockade-runner, it was not five minutes before I had him the Zeus of all my gods. And from the first

he took a fancy to me. "What a strapper you are grown to be, Richard!" he cried, holding me off at arm's-length. "Esther, the lad's fifteen if he is a day!" Then turning to me: "Into the navy with you, sir—'tis high time you were on the way to the quarter-deck!" and his great laugh stirred the leaves of the young tamarind-tree above us.

That was the dry season with us there in the Bahamas, and tea and dinner each day were set out in the garden. After the dinner was done and the servants had been sent away, we sat talking until so late—unheard of liberty for me—that the moon (in its last quarter) had risen. Not a breath of air stirred the candle-flames; it was a perfect tropic night. Uncle Cameron was eager to hear stories of the running of the blockade, and there were scores to tell. I told many of them; there was little else for which I had ears in those days. One story I must suppose I told with much unconscious vehemence —what wonder, with the laughter and cheers of the rollicking blockade-runners and the wild strains of their dance-music filling my ears from beyond the garden wall; the moon, too, just coming up behind a thicket of cacti that cast fantastic shadows undispelled by the dwindling candles' light; and the air languorous with the heavy scent of flowers in which was strangely mingled the tang of salt air from the invisible sea!—"And then, sir," I finished, "strike me dead if the Yankees didn't 'bout ship and *run!*"

My uncle roared with laughter and gave me a great slap upon the knee. "Bravo, Dick!" he cried. "We should make a blockade-runner of you before you put on the Queen's uniform!"

"Stop it, Cameron!" my mother cried, sharply. "The boy is wild enough now."

"Go to bed, Richard!" thundered my father; and I went, with my pulses jumping because of the thought that had been put into my head.

I think of all his lovable qualities that which most endeared my uncle Cameron to me was his almost boyish exuberance and enthusiasm. Nothing would do next morning but we must all inspect the *Saracen* with him. Of a truth she was a glorious little craft—though not so little, after all, with her hundred-and-ninety-foot length and twenty-two-and-a-half-foot beam—I had all her dimensions by heart before I was aboard of her. Even my father, who cared nothing for the sea and its ships, was loud in his praise of the *Saracen.* There was much of the greyhound about her; lean she looked, and as the greyhound seems stripped of very hair for speed, so she, too, was stripped down to sleekness; also there was about her that same expression of slyness and easy grace; even her paddle-wheel boxes someway lacked the usual clumsiness. Of her spars there were left only the lower masts, no yards, and but little rigging; on the foremast a crow's-nest for a lookout. And when we stood on her deck—but eight feet above the water-line, and when Uncle Cameron pointed out the device for telescoping the smoke-pipe, and the appliance that enabled them to blow off steam under water that there might be no sound, and when he had taken us down to see her engine-room, my pride in being nephew to such a ship grew almost more than I could carry.

"But where are her guns, Cameron?" my mother asked.

"Where are her guns, Richard?" he turned to me.

"There isn't a gun aboard!" I shrilled, proud of my knowledge. "You'd be pirates if you fired as much as a revolver-shot!" and Uncle Cameron nodded approvingly and beamed.

"We coal to-morrow," he said in reply to father—"Welsh coal—"

"I know — Welsh coal makes no smoke!" I broke in.

He smiled at me; then, lowering his voice: "By Friday noon the cargo will be aboard; we sail—" He gave a swift glance all around; abruptly: "No one knows when we sail! Yankee ships of war are in the offing just outside the neutrality line; Yankee spies to signal them are everywhere."

My father would not let me go aboard the *Saracen* again. "You are getting entirely too much sea-talk as it is," he said. "If I hear you have been aboard, Richard, I'll gate you for ten days!" So I had to make my devotions from the shore; I remember that I sat for hours watching the men give the *Saracen* her war-paint —grayish-white that would blend with the night shadows to a nicety.

Uncle Cameron was at the house each evening for dinner; except for that time it was little we saw of him. When he was not aboard his ship or at dinner with us (and he used to leave soon after), he was at the Royal Victoria Hotel "picking up pointers on how the other fellows ran the blockade"—so he said. But one evening shortly after he had left us I was sent to him with a message from father, and I found him dancing with a tall young lady and enjoying himself famously. He seemed none too pleased to see me. When I lingered—"Go home, Richard," he said, crossly. "This is no place for a child!" And indeed there was a deal of cork-popping, and out on the veranda, by the light from the windows, groups of men were playing pitch-and-toss with sovereigns and gold crowns and Yankee eagles and double-eagles as though they had been sixpences, and swearing in five languages.

Friday night came, and the *Saracen* was still in port. When dinner that night was done, Uncle Cameron did not hurry away; he seemed several times just about to say something, and then to change his mind. But presently he began in a casual way: "Very pathetic case up at the hotel. A young lady from Alabama —I think it's Alabama that she said— has been in a convent somewhere in France ever since before the war. Her father's a colonel in a Confederate regiment, and awhile ago she heard that he had lost his leg in an action. He is near Wilmington somewhere, and she's come all the way over here to go to him. Now these scoundrels want three hundred dollars, gold, to take her there, and she hasn't that much money."

"And so you have promised to take her!"

"My gracious, Esther! Who told you?"

"You have," mother said. "Who is traveling with her?"—sharply.

"A—her servant—a negress." There was a long silence; then Uncle Cameron became suddenly very angry and pounded on the table with his big, sunburned fist. "I call it a shame," he cried, in his big, deep voice, "that a poor little girl—"

"Bring your passenger here to dinner to-morrow night," said mother, suddenly.

All the anger faded instantly from Uncle Cameron's face. "That's what I call Christian, Essie," he said, genially, and soon after hurried off to the Royal Victoria.

The "poor little girl" came next night, and I scarcely think that I was much surprised to find that she was the same tall young lady who had been Uncle Cameron's partner in the dance. When the introductions, with much ceremony, had been made and we had learned that our guest was Miss Anne Mackeel, of Alabama, in the States, I felt that my uncle was looking at me with some uneasiness. So, when I had the chance, I put my tongue in my cheek and gave a most elaborate wink, at which he burst into so great a laugh that the tears came.

But in spite of all Uncle Cameron's forced cheerfulness that dinner dragged lamentably. It was little enough that Miss Mackeel had to say. Once mother inquired kindly about her father. The girl's eyes darted a furtive glance; then, without seeming ever to have been raised, they were looking down again, and her low voice hoped that she would find her father still alive. I have often wondered since what Uncle Cameron at that time thought of the one-legged father near Wilmington. I believe now that all along he was in two minds.

The servants cleared the table of all but the candles and the glasses. The grown folks talked steadily, but what talk I heard interested me not at all; my thoughts were given to boyish envy that a mere girl was to run the blockade with Uncle Cameron in the *Saracen*. But presently I had very big ears. "Oh no," my uncle Cameron was saying, "you will see that not one of the crew will let himself be left behind." From beyond the wall there came faintly the chorus of a song, whose words we were doubtless fortunate in not being able to understand. Uncle Cameron laughed with much good-humor, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the sound. "Those are my lads now — those of them who are ashore. How can I be so positive, Miss Mackeel? Because that is a British sailors' song, and we happen to be the only British ship in port just now. But"—turning to father again—"they know we may sail at any time after shore-leave has expired, and they risk losing too much to

miss the trip. So they'll help one another along, and you'll hear them going by on their way to the *Saracen* at twelve."

It was growing late; several of the candles had burned out, and now overhead through the trees we could see the velvety sky and the blazing, low-hung stars. Another candle went out, and the faces drew yet farther back into the gloom. Uncle Cameron pushed back his chair. "It is nearly time!"

"You sail to-night?" mother whispered, anxiously. I held my breath—we all did—for the answer.

"At dawn," he said.

And then I made my plan. "You'll hear them going by at twelve," Uncle Cameron had said. For a time it seemed that those about the table must hear the thumping of my heart.

"Captain Titus" (all the evening we had called him "Captain Titus," and had treated him as but an old-time friend; of us all, mother was best at the merry game; that she was his sister no one could have guessed)—"Captain Titus," mother said, "I have a little something for you; will you come to the house until I give it you?"

They were gone some little time. Miss Mackeel and father fell to talking of the war over in the States. "Richard, fetch me a cheroot," father said, and then went on with his talk with Miss Mackeel. I was glad enough to have something to do, for excitement was almost bursting me. In the dark hall I came upon mother and Uncle Cameron.

"What do you want, Richard?" mother sharply asked.

"Cheroot for father," I explained. They were silent as I passed, but before I was out of ear-shot I had heard: "I do not like her, Cameron. Be warned!" And as I came back: "I am not thinking now of the proprieties!" . . . "But her crippled father, Essie?" . . . "Oh, folderol!" mother scornfully said.

They followed me out into the garden. "Are you ready, Miss Mackeel?" Uncle Cameron asked. To me the leave-takings consumed an age. But at last they were gone—they two, and Miss Mackeel's fat old negress, scarcely able to walk after being roused from sleep. Without waiting to be sent, I kissed my parents good night and went ostensibly to bed. It seemed that father and mother would never go to sleep. Whenever I would think they were, the low murmur would begin again, and for a time I gave up hope. Then in the silence I gave my ears to the noises from without.

Presently I heard them coming—(no mistaking the voices of "the only British crew in port")—the sailors of the *Saracen.* Half stifled with excitement and fear, I dropped noiselessly into the garden just as they had passed, and in a moment I was through the gate and close at their heels. There was such a loud and vigorous quarrel going on that no one gave me any heed until we were all tumbling into the boat. Then—"Who's here?" said one.

"I'm the ship's new cabin-boy," I answered, very frightened. So he cuffed me on the ear for presuming to speak up to my betters, as he said, and then held me kindly between his knees all the way out to the *Saracen.* The boat's crew, whom I had most feared, were sulky from sleepiness and a long, dull evening aboard; they pulled in sullen silence, and did not seem to see that I was there at all.

We all scrambled up the ladder aboard the *Saracen,* and instantly I saw my chance! It was high tide for luck; a boat had not been hoisted up to the davits, but still stood on deck in its chocks. I dropped down and, in the confusion and the dark, crawled between it and the bulwarks, and lay there panting, expecting every instant to be dragged out by the legs. Presently only I and the anchor-watch were left on deck. I thought of my father, and shivered; then of my mother, and I all but cried; then, such was the reaction from my long overtaut nerves, I fell fast asleep.

My eyes opened upon a pearl-gray void, the sky—a narrow strip between the bulwarks and the sheltering boat's gunwale. I almost gasped aloud as realization came to me of where I was. The deck vibrated with the pulsing engines. The *Saracen* was under way. Now I heard a loud-whispered order and the rush and patter of the sailors' bare feet; now only the low drum of the paddle-wheels and the swash and slap of the water alongside. Almost immediately that I awoke came the lift of the open

sea. I lay there for what seemed hours and hours, and all my cold muscles stiffened, and the hard deck-planks seemed to grow burning hot; yet now I had begun to be afraid, and dared not shift to ease a single ache. The strip of sky grew yellow—pink; there was the smell of sunrise in the air. Suddenly my uncle's voice almost at my head: "Hoist that boat outboard!" I shut my eyes as the tackles began to creak. One of the sailors swore softly, and another gave a great guffaw: "O-oo, you little swipe! Stowed away!" I knew that my uncle Cameron was leaning against the bulwarks not two yards from my head; I felt him looking down at me, but still I dared not open my eyes.

"Well, Richard?" he said. It was a tone that I had never heard, so cold and hard. I scrambled to my feet and stood with hanging head. "Well, Richard?"—again; and the sailors stared to hear their captain call the stowaway by name.

And then I found my tongue. "I'm the new cabin-boy," I said, pertly, and for the first time looked up at him; I had been sure that he would laugh. He stood rubbing his chin and staring coldly at me.

"Go aft," was all he said.

For a long, long while I stood at the taffrail and stared back over our path bordered by the soapy lines from the *Saracen's* churning paddle-wheels; at the lines' meeting-point should be Nassau. And there it was—or was that not, after all, a cloud? I could not quite make out, for between us and it was a dark-brown plume of smoke. Presently Uncle Cameron came and stood beside me at the rail, and he, too, stared anxiously at the smoke, but said nothing; and as for me, I dared not speak. We both spun about at a word.

"Good morning!" said a clear, young voice. At the head of the companionway stood Anne Mackeel, the level rays of the just-risen sun turning her fair, uncovered head to the gold of honey in a new-cut comb, her great, dark eyes blinking in the strong light, and the fresh morning breeze whipping the long, fringed ends of her white cashmere shawl. Uncle Cameron sprang forward and caught her hand and shook it, and his great, hearty voice cried a "*Good* morning" so joyously that it rang throughout the ship. Suddenly she gave a startled cry and pointed full at me.

"Why! Why—Richard!" Then, in distress: "Oh, Captain Titus!—I did not know—"

"No one but Richard knew," said my uncle, grimly. "Richard and I met but a few minutes ago. His case is not yet attended to."

"Oh, can't we—*can't* we take him back?" she cried, and at her earnestness and vehemence even I was surprised. "He is such a child, and—his mother—think of his mother, if—if the ship should be captured!"

My uncle Cameron frowned and gazed moodily out along our wake, then pointed to the distant smoke. "We have been chased since the hour we left Nassau, and have barely held our own." Bitterly: "Some spy has been at work! But for that, Richard would be on his way to his mother now." His former anger at me flared up again: "Richard! What of your mother, sir? It was cowardly of you to cause her such anxiety!"

A great welling of unexpected tears choked me, and I could only sob: "I—I left a note."

"Eh?" cried Uncle Cameron. "What's that?—left a note?" He seemed vastly comforted by the idea of the note. "And what did you say in your precious note?"

"I said: 'I've gone to be a blockade-runner with Uncle Cameron before I put on the Queen's uniform!'"

And then came the great shout of laughter—no sound was ever sweeter to my ears! "You young devil," he roared, "down to the cabin with you and help the steward set the table!"

All that day we watched the ominous smoke-cloud which followed, always followed, now gaining as some vagrant breeze caught her ship's sails, now dropping farther astern as the *Saracen's* more powerful engines were matched against the unaided engines of the Yankee. At nightfall we put out all lights and changed our course a half-point to the east; when daylight came the brown plume was gone.

What a merry breakfast we made of it there in the *Saracen!*—what merry meals we made of all of them! For me



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

TO ME HE WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF ROMANCE

the hours passed all too swift; it seemed scarce noon before night had come again. There was another, too, for whom the time flew by as fast: that evening as they paced slowly by, arm in arm, I heard him call her "Anne."

The third day.—From its dawn there was no talk but of the blockade; man by man, I got the opinion of each one. Old Ben King—"Bo's'n Ben"; Selfridge, our chief-engineer; and Horace—"Yankee"—Powell; among the officers and crew they were my favorites, but Horace Powell most of all. I think that it was because the men said that he had American Indian blood in him; whether or not that was true, it was easy to believe of him, with his coarse, black hair and beady eyes, a livid scar on the cheek of his dark, thin face, and a corner of his thick lips drawn up in an everlasting sneer. To me he was the embodiment of romance. I fairly hung upon his few words.

As the day wore on, the tenseness increased. In a few hours the *Saracen* would be in Wilmington; or she would be sunk, or else, aground, burned by our own hands—spite-work to deprive the Yankees of their prize money; and we would be on our way to Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor. At noon we turned due west out of the Gulf Stream, and at half-speed, awaiting the night, the *Saracen* steamed slowly in upon the issue. How would the run in be made? A dash at full speed through the heart of the blockade?—or by stealth along the coast? The New Inlet?—or the river's mouth?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

In April

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

IF I am slow forgetting,
It is because the sun
Has such old tricks of setting
When April days are done.

The soft spring sunlight traces
Old patterns—green and gold;
The flowers have no new faces,
The very buds are old!

If I am slow forgetting—
Ah, well, come back and see
The same old sunbeams petting
My garden-plots and me.

Come smell the green things growing,
The boxwood after rain;
See where old beds are showing
Their slender spears again.

At dusk, that fosters dreaming—
Come back at dusk and rest,
And watch our old star gleaming
Against the primrose west.

Hidden Between the Testaments

BY JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, Ph.D.

IN some of the fuller editions of our English Bible the marginal notes state the years in which the various books were believed to have been written. To the prophecies of Malachi, with which our Old Testament usually closes, the date of 397 before Christ has been assigned by the Biblical editors. The next year in which, according to these marginal dates, any inspired penman gave to the world a sacred writing was over four centuries later. For it was about A.D. 52 or 53 that the earliest letters of Paul were composed and made public.

To the thoughtful reader of the Scriptures this interruption of the revelation from on high for over four centuries seems very surprising. Was this gap between the Hebrew and the Christian half of our Bible unbridged by any literature sufficiently valuable to have been reverently bound up with the other books?

Let us see. The Bible-reader, on some fortunate day, turning over an old family Bible or a fine pulpit edition of the Scriptures, finds lurking between the Testaments, in rather fine print, fourteen more books of Scripture in addition to the sixty-six which he had been told were all that made up the Holy Bible. He reads them with avidity, continually stimulated by unexpected encounters with old literary acquaintances. What patriotic sympathies thrill him as he reads the stirring martial narratives of the Maccabean wars! What antique fairy lore, reminding him of Jacob Grimm's *Household Tales,* lights up with unconscious humor the Scripture pages! A few pages farther on, what terse, shrewd apothegms and lofty philosophic interpretations of divine things meet the eyes!

It is no wonder that when the grandparents are applied to for further information about these hidden books of the Bible they freely confess that when, in their youthful years, they were shut up on Sunday afternoons with the Bible as the only reading-matter, it was to the small print of the Apocrypha, with its interesting short stories, almost modern in their ingenious fancies, that they promptly turned.

A ministerial friend of mine, now passed beyond the veil, used frankly to acknowledge his fondness for the tale of Bel and the Dragon. He never got tired, on Sunday evenings, hearing his dear mother's voice as she read over and over the story of how Daniel, by his shrewdness, both exposed the wiles of the idolatrous priests and killed the fierce monster whom they worshiped. The ingenious devices of lumps of pitch, fat, and hair, to choke the adored dragon, and of ashes strewn over the temple floor to disclose the footsteps of the thieving priests, are quite in the line of modern detective tales.

One of the old anecdotes about John Bunyan relates how for a long period he was perplexed by his inability to find within the lids of his Bible certain assurances of divine help that had much comforted him. For above a year he searched his Bible for these words and could not discover them. But at last, casting his eyes upon the Apocrypha books, he found them in the tenth verse and second chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

Many another scholar since Bunyan's day has had similar experiences. He has sought for the Scripture authority for Milton's description of Raphael as "the affable angel," or for Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" exclaiming, "A Daniel come to judgment." He has wished to quote chapter and verse for certain familiar texts, such as, "Unto you is Paradise opened," "Wisdom is more moving than any motion," or, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled." He has been positive that the answers were to be found in certain passages in the Psalms, only, after long search, to find them in the Apocrypha.

The name Apocrypha now attached to these fourteen books means primarily "The Hidden." Originally the word

Apocryphal meant simply the books whose origin was obscure or whose usage and meaning were secret. Neither among Hebrew scholars nor in the early Christian Church did the word imply that these books were either untrustworthy, spurious, or unworthy of religious use and reverence. The first edition of the Bible in which the designation "Apocryphal" is given to these intermediate books dates as late as 1534, and the use of the word in a depreciatory sense was established by Protestants. Before Luther's time they were included with Job, Daniel, Canticles, Ruth, Ezra, and similar books, among what was called "the other writings."

The early Church fathers quote from the Apocrypha as from "Holy Scripture." St. Augustine called them "canonical," as also did the Councils of Hippo in A.D. 393 and of Carthage in 397. The Council of Trent pronounced eleven of them to be canonical. That is, it accepted all but two books of Esdras and The Prayer of Manasses. They have been printed, therefore, as part of Holy Scripture in the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and most Roman Catholic Bibles up to the present time. In the Lutheran, Reformed, and English Bibles for nearly three centuries after Luther's break with Rome they were printed, and they have been read in Protestant pulpits during the same period as useful and good for edification, although not authoritative in proof of Christian doctrine. The Homilies of the Anglican Church are still full of citations from the Apocrypha on an equal level with the canonical Old Testament. It was not till the year 1826 that the British and American Bible societies banished them as uninspired from the company of the other Biblical writings with which for eighteen centuries they had been contributing to the moral instruction and spiritual nurture of Christendom.

Have these ancient books between the Testaments deserved this sentence of banishment from Christian knowledge and service? The customary reason given for this ecclesiastical boycott has been that they were "uncanonical."

Many Christian scholars, however, doubt both the wisdom and the justice of this sentence. For with the rise of modern Biblical criticism the reasons on which theologians had leaned, such as that they were written in Greek, not in holy Hebrew, that ancient rabbis and scholars, like Jerome, had doubted their canonicity, and Protestant councils questioned their inspiration, have one by one lost their former force. Modern scholars think that the Divine Spirit was quite as likely to dictate religious revelation in Greek as in Hebrew, and that, in respect to scholarly knowledge and judgment of what is spiritual truth, modern critics and theologians are as competent to decide as ancient rabbis or the Doctors of Divinity of one or two hundred years ago.

It does not need any lengthy examination to see that the general character of the Apocryphal writings is about the same as that of the later Old Testament writings. There is a similar mixture of fact and fiction, of the weak and the sublime, of wisdom and fanaticism, of worldly counsels and of high spiritual insight and inspiration.

There is one merit which it is generally admitted that the Apocryphal books possess. For sacred books they are unusually interesting. I know that by some they have been condemned as sanguinary, fantastic, worldly, and too similar to profane literature. It may be that it is these very qualities that have made them so attractive to dramatists, musicians, and artists such as Raphael and Allston. Not improbably it was these very traits that led so many painters to employ their skill in portraying Susanna at the Bath, Judith slaying Holofernes, Jeremiah prophesying in the presence of Baruch; and that incited Handel to select the career of Judea's greatest warrior, Judas Maccabeus, as the theme of one of his most glorious oratorios. There are no parts of the Apocrypha more pointedly secular than are certain parts of the canonical Old Testament, such as the books of Esther, Canticles, and the older portions of Ecclesiastes. Indeed, the fictitious additions to Esther, made by an unknown Jew of formal piety, seem directed to correct what he thought the godless omission of the name of God from the canonical book of Esther.

The books of the Maccabees are indeed full of vindictive fighting and harrowing details of terrible persecutions. But they are no more bloody than the

books of Joshua and Kings; and are ethically superior in that the military struggles described are not for purposes of conquest, but for honorable defense of homes and of the God-given right to worship Jehovah rather than be compelled to sacrifice to pagan idols and to embrace a polytheistic cult. There is no historical book in the Old Testament that is characterized by a more pure and earnest patriotism and a nobler ethical inspiration than the First Book of the Maccabees, in which is recounted in so direct and self-restrained a style the heroic struggle for political and religious independence which was made by the Jewish people under their famous leader, Judas the Hammer, as he was called, in the second century before Christ.

In the story of Judith and the grim exploit by which she routs the pagan invader who with his ruthless army menaced her native city, we have another fiery exhibition of that same intense patriotism that has always so characterized the Jewish spirit. The ethics of the romance are, of course, far from being in harmony with the Beatitudes. But they are quite as much so as the similar exploit of Jael, or Deborah's exultant pæan over the death of Sisera. Well has Judith been called "a woman Brutus, a Hebrew Charlotte Corday."

Fierce as is the spirit of the tragic tale, there is a justifying purpose behind it — that of stirring the too-compliant people to terminate at any cost the insults and outrages of their Syrian oppressors. The dramatic pictures which the artists have painted of the liberty-loving woman, standing in her splendid beauty and enticing apparel before the luxuriously furnished tent, holding up in vengeful triumph the dissevered head of the foreign invader—these are no more heart-agitating than the vivid power with which this masterpiece of Hebrew literature has portrayed the consummate daring and devotion of the heroine who, by her siren charms and feigned compliance with the kindled passion of the hostile general, had stolen away his senses, and then with his own sword ended his life and so saved her people from destruction.

The clever detective tale of Bel and the Dragon, already alluded to, and the History of Susanna, in which the shrewd Daniel again appears to rescue an innocent woman from two pious elders who had plotted her ruin, are no more biting satires upon narrow and sanctimonious hypocrites and no more plainly literary creations than is the story of Jonah.

The Song of the Three Holy Children, who out of the very midst of the furnace flames successively call on the heavens, sun and moon, water, wind, fire, hail, and all the works of the Lord to bless their Creator—this is as noble a hymn as can be found between Genesis and the close of the Revelation of John, and by its varied and melodious repetitions subtly suggests the sublime music of nature's universal chorus of praise. It offers us inspiring lessons, closely similar to those of Elijah in the cave on Mt. Horeb and Daniel in the lions' den, and thus has well deserved the place given to it in the Anglican Service-book as "the Benedicite" *par excellence.*

One of the famous apologues in the canonical Old Testament is the tale which Jotham once told about the "trees choosing a king." An equally plain parable, no less inferior either in wisdom or in literary skill, is the narrative in the first book of Esdras of the three young men who debated before King Darius at a royal feast. What is "the strongest thing in the world"? was the topic. One disputant eulogized "wine"; a second lauded the claims of the king; a third praised "woman." But the verdict was finally and unanimously given that "Great is truth and mighty above all things." The Apocryphal parable was plainly no more an invention of the human mind than that in the book of Judges, and its magnificent conclusion, "As for the truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forever," is a saying worthy of standing beside the noblest utterances of Holy Scripture.

By certain prim critics of the Apocrypha much ridicule has been heaped upon Tobit and his dog, especially the dog. It is indeed a romance that seems almost as fantastic as a dream-tale from the *Arabian Nights.* Angels with their providential presence and succor and a grotesque demon with his malicious mis-

chief freely interpose with supernatural feats in the daily life of the characters. The story is liberally interlarded with the most naïve and magical features, such as the incarnation of the angel Raphael as a traveling companion of the hero, the demon's fascination by a maiden's charm, and the amusing pranks and discomfitures of Asmodeus.

Nevertheless, the main current of the tale is that of a charming pastoral of the most ingenious and childlike style. It is an idyllic picture of domestic piety in a devout Hebrew family, the son of which has been obliged by misfortune to undertake a long journey to distant Media. On the way Tobias finds relatives, falls in love with the beautiful widow Sara, and marries her, although her seven former husbands had successively been killed on the bridal night by a jealous demon. Through the wise counsel of the disguised angel and the device of a fish's burning liver he drives Asmodeus away to the remotest part of Egypt. After the matrimonial festivities are happily concluded, Tobias takes his bride home with him, the faithful dog running on before and wagging his tail joyfully as he recognizes his old master and mistress. With the help of the gall of the magic fish, the son anoints his father's eyes and restores his sight and the two live on in peace and prosperity, long beyond the limit of a centenarian's existence. It is the delightful portrayal of the devout life of a group of true Israelites without guile or distrust, faithfully observing all the commandments—a sweet family picture that has without exaggeration been likened to the tender delineation of the home circle of the Cohens in George Eliot's noted novel of *Daniel Deronda.*

Throughout the canonical Old Testament there is hardly a vestige of any clear and positive affirmation of the immediate survival of the soul after death in heavenly blessedness, by virtue of its spiritual essence or its righteous character. The general Hebrew conception was that the good received the wages of righteousness and piety in the forms of a long life, prosperity, and divine care upon earth.

The prevalent view in the Old Testament is that when the body died, the man's soul went with it, either to perish as a beast perisheth, or else to sleep in the grave until the final Judgment and resurrection of the body. In other passages the current conception is that the human soul at death descended into Sheol—the gloomy realm of shades that received all mortals, whether good or bad. In this sad underworld of darkness, stillness, and torpidity, the feeble and insentient ghost waited until the Resurrection Day to be reunited, by a stupendous miracle, with the body, and thus regain consciousness and full life and receive its moral deserts. In the lack therefore of any unequivocal assertion in the Old Testament of the prompt attainment of immortality and heavenly blessedness by the righteous soul by virtue of its spiritual constitution, devout Hebrews (as we see in manifold Scripture passages) were involved in most trying perplexities and despondence as to the divine goodness. If they were able at all to maintain their faith in the care and justice of Jehovah, it was by hiding (as the author of Job did) behind the inscrutable mystery of God's ways, which are so far beyond the possible probing of the human intellect that it is presumptuous in any man to try to understand them.

But though the Hebrew mind might acknowledge its impotence, the Hebrew heart was not satisfied. It hungered for a clearer hope, a warmer faith. What could it set against the subtle arguments of skeptic and materialist? In the Apocrypha the Alexandrian seer solved the enigma by replying boldly, with a trustful wisdom far greater than the original Solomon ever possessed:

"God made not death, nor hath He pleasure in the destruction of the living. All His productions are healthful." . . . "Righteousness is in essence everlasting life." Death, he declared, was only the work of God's enemy, Satan. "The ungodly call it to themselves just because they are worthy of it." . . . "It is the corruptible body that presseth down the soul." But they, he declared, who commune with the Spirit of Wisdom and practise truth and righteousness become one with the Divine Reason that penetrates them and so become heirs and partners of the Eternal.

And so the Alexandrian poet sang his triumphal hymn of eternal hope:

God created man to be immortal,
And made him to be an image of his eternal self.

. . . . . .

For the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God,
And there shall no torment touch them.
And having been a little while chastised, they shall receive grand benefit.

Commonplace as these thoughts may seem to modern Christians, yet to the Hebrews of that century they were as novel as they were inspiring. From the day when any perplexed mind or bereaved heart read these golden sentences, a glorious star-beam of higher truth shone with comforting ray upon his life.

It was an unprecedented positive affirmation of the soul's natural immortality that, spreading from Alexandria into Judea, developed later into the atmosphere of heavenly hope which we find in the New Testament and the great Christian seers.

Another epoch-making forerunner of notable Christian doctrines that is recognized by scholars as an evident "missing link" between the earlier and later writings of the Bible is found in the Apocryphal book of Esdras.

In the New Testament we find as the center of religious thought and the potent factor in shaping the destinies of Israel, the expectation of the advent of a personal Messiah who shall rescue and exalt the Israelitish nation. For this faith we find in the canonical Old Testament no adequate textual authority. But when we turn to the revelation which forms the main part of Second Esdras, the message rings out like a martial trumpet before a mighty battle. We have here a thrilling picture of the Messiah coming forth as a lion to deliver Israel and execute judgment on his enemies, or we see him as a Divine Man, the Son of God, rising out of the sea, consuming his enemies with his breath, and reigning for four hundred years, until all mankind appear before the judgment seat of God, the sinners to enter into unending torment and the godly into everlasting rest.

It was chiefly from these Apocryphal books, such as Second Esdras, Second Maccabees, certain passages in Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, and those powerful contemporaneous prophecies of Enoch and the Sibylline verses so closely allied to them, that the expectations of a coming Messiah, a vindicating day of judgment, and a bodily resurrection "shone forth with a glowing, almost fierce brightness," and fired the hearts of the many just and devout Hebrews who, like Simeon, were in that epoch "waiting for the consolation of Israel." And it was these prophetic pictures and the emotional incitements of these Apocryphal writings and their epoch that secured for Jesus and Paul such popular welcome for the glad tidings that they brought.

When, then, any broad-minded man reflects on these far-reaching services and intrinsic merits of the Apocrypha, does not its exclusion from the modern Bible and the customary reading of Christendom to-day seem to be a mistake? Do not these books still possess the power of interesting, enlightening, and edifying our generation?

As all Biblical scholars know, the Apocrypha was the bridge by which much of the best and potent thought of Judaism and Greece passed over into Christianity. He who would understand the emergence in the Gospels and Epistles of such beliefs and forces as the expectations of the Messiah, the Johannine doctrine of the Word of God, or the Christian doctrine of immortality as the natural heritage of the spirit's essence, ought to familiarize himself with the Apocrypha. Only by a due knowledge of it are Old and New Testament seen to be integral parts of one natural religious evolution.

And when Bible readers have found so much that was morally improving and spiritually quickening in these uncanonical books, they have been emboldened to go further in these religious studies and to familiarize themselves next with the noble spiritual truths found in the non-Christian Scriptures, such as that first Apostolic Epistle of peace and forgiving love, the Chinese "Tao-Teh-King"; the Persian revelation of spiritual retributions in the Zend-Avesta; and the Hindu Gospel of self-sacrifice and renunciation embodied in the Bhagavad-Gita.

It is not, however, in any of the kinds of books that we have yet mentioned

that the highest level of the Apocrypha was reached. It is in those two notable books whose merits all scholars have gladly acknowledged, Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon.

The book of Ecclesiasticus, as its name suggests, was a code of maxims for moral and religious improvement, portraying the life and character at which a devout worshiper in the synagogue should aim, and by which true blessedness might be obtained. It has been recognized by eminent teachers as the most complete and practical "manual of ethical culture" produced by ancient Israel.

Written originally by the learned scholar Jesus the Son of Sirach, in Jerusalem, about 200 B.C., it was enlarged and translated into Greek by the grandson, who introduced it into the circle of Jewish and Greek scholars who gave such prestige to Alexandrian culture. It is a composition partly in prose and partly in verse, and in many respects seems like a Jewish counterpart of Poor Richard's Almanac, so full is it of shrewd epigrams and homely details as to the smallest matters of daily behavior. Its stock of wise saws and practical observations, sometimes keen and cynical, at other times exhibiting deep insight or fine and delicate criticism, is admirably versatile and remarkably comprehensive. The reflections are those of a wise, broad-minded veteran who from the calm height of a long life in many lands and posts looks back on his career and sums up its lessons.

How terse and biting are some of these proverbs:

Coddle thy child and he shall make thee afraid.

Be not as a lion in thy house and as a crazy man among thy servants.

A fool travaileth with a secret, as the mother in labor with a child.

If thou hast heard something, let it die with thee. Be not alarmed, it will not burst thee.

What pregnant wisdom in homely counsels such as these:

Health and a good constitution are above all gold.

Delicacies poured out before a closed mouth are as messes of food set upon a grave. . . . Afflict not thyself with sad reflections. Gladness of heart is the life of a man and prolongeth his days.

What regard for justice and respect for human dignity is shown in the admonitions of which these are samples:

To the slave that is wise shall they that are free do service.

The Lord will not accept any personage, however important, and will always hear the prayer of him who is wronged.

He that defraudeth the workman of his hire is a blood-shedder. He that taketh away his neighbor's living slayeth him.

Hardly any one, I think, has satirized the follies of men and women more unsparingly than the Son of Sirach. Nevertheless, he is a persistent optimist, seeing the good in life and humanity, and beholding all the experiences of life illuminated by the sunshine of divine goodwill and religious trust. While the author indulges too much in bitterness against personal and national foes and in cruel gibes on weak women, his faith is liberal and humane. What rational views of the essence of religion, far ahead of his age, are expressed in such an apothegm as this:

Sacrificing what is wrongfully gotten is an offering of mockery, and the mockeries of transgressors are not accepted by Jehovah.

The object of man's supreme endeavor, as presented in Ecclesiasticus, is "truth," and the surest means of obtaining divine rewards is righteousness and helpfulness to one's fellows. Witness such sayings as these:

If thou hast a servant, treat him as yourself.

The mercy of a man is toward his neighbor. But the mercy of the Lord is toward all flesh. He reproveth and disciplineth and teacheth, and then he bringeth them back home as a shepherd his flock.

Be as a father unto the fatherless and in the place of a husband to the orphan's mother; and thou shalt be as a son of the Most High, and he will love thee more than thy mother did.

When we read such noble verses, does it not seem as if from some long-buried gospel we were reading recovered words from the lips of the Galilean Master himself?

With the closing chapters devoted to describing the glories of Creation and cataloguing the long line of Hebrew heroes and seers (a section well entitled "The Hymn of the Forefathers"), the book reaches a splendid climax, giving voice to the instincts of reverence for

the mighty dead and gratitude for their gifts to humanity, of which the later eulogies in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, of the worthies who lived by faith, is an evident imitation and hardly an improvement.

If, since the bodies of these famous men were buried in peace, their names live forevermore, and their historic lives have been singing so gloriously and undyingly in the "choir invisible" of our human benefactors, it is in great degree because of the eloquence with which the Son of Sirach early embalmed their memories and made such pious thanksgivings a customary part of our great national and religious festivals.

In the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, we have the code of maxims elaborated by a Jerusalem sage whose Alexandrian learning had liberalized his ancestral faith.

In the Wisdom of Solomon we have Jewish history and theology, as interpreted and partly transmuted by Platonic philosophy and Greek Alexandrian culture. The ascription of its authorship to Solomon is simply a literary device. Its thought moves in a sphere immeasurably above that of the luxurious and worldly monarch of a thousand years previous. It was written, by the testimony of its internal evidence, in Alexandria some time in the century just preceding the Christian era. Its author was plainly neither priest nor scribe, but one of the broad and independent Hebrew "Humanists" of that transitional period, and his book is a priceless relic of the fertile age in which the seeds of the great truths of Christianity were germinating, under combined Jewish and Greek influences, to blossom in the faith and thought of the New Testament and the fathers of the early Church. It is, however, deeply to be regretted that there is neither a historical scrap nor probable tradition as to either the name or the life-story of this spiritual genius who not only gave to the Apocrypha its noblest book, but enriched Hebrew literature with a writing which in literary excellence and moral and philosophic elevation is to me the equal of any book in the Old Testament, not excepting Job or the "second" Isaiah. The larger part of the book is devoted to a moral interpretation of Hebrew history and human experience and to an exhibition of the folly of idolatry and ungodliness and their sure punishment. From these national and personal admonitions the writer rises into lofty philosophic expositions and an eloquent personification of the Divine Wisdom that determined the primal order of visible things and all the diverse phenomena of nature and humanity. To this Eternal Wisdom is due whatever in the universe has power or goodness. Man's reason and conscience are but reflections of this rational spirit in God, and from this the imaginative personification of Wisdom ascends to the sublime conception of the all-pervading, all-knowing, and inspiring Reason that is the "worker of all things."

Well may the philosophic poet, therefore, apostrophize Wisdom as the adorable manifestation of the Unsearchable Eternal:

> For in her is a Spirit, rational, holy,
> One only, yet manifold, subtil,
> Active, penetrating, undefiled,
> Irrepressible, ready to do good, kind to man,
> Steadfast, having all power, overseeing all things.
> For Wisdom is more mobile than any motion.
> She goeth and passeth through all things by reason of her pureness.
> For she is the breath of the power of God,
> And a pure emanation from the glory of the Almighty.
> For she is the brightness of the Everlasting Light,
> The unspotted mirror of the working of God
> And the image of His goodness.
> And being but one, she can do all things,
> And remaining in herself she maketh all things new;
> And in all ages entering into holy souls
> She maketh them friends of God and Prophets.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And sweetly doth she order all things.

To find in religious literature any passage equal to this in philosophic subtlety and lofty poetic beauty we must come down to the days of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" or Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Betty Bethune

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

MARVEL'S BEACH is that long, crescent-shaped stretch of fine, white sand between Barnaby's Head and the Long Stone, facing a little east of south, and open to the Atlantic; with a noble surf in a southerly gale, a surf which beats the sand into a surface hard and smooth and infinitely pleasant.

They call it Marvel's Beach, but it is not my beach, of course. They call it that from a laudable desire to ridicule, I suppose. Five years ago I should have had that laudable desire if I were accustomed to see a man, not turned thirty, shunning the companionship of his fellow-men and trying to turn hermit; and all this effort at hermiting on account of Betty Bethune, who may not have been worth it, anybody would have said, no doubt. I am inclined to think, though, that it would not have been best for anybody to hint in my hearing that she was not worth it.

But let us put Betty Bethune out of our minds if we can. I cannot for very long; that has been the trouble with me for the five years just past, and it was because of that inability that I took ship suddenly at Hull upon the completion of that voyage with the Honorable Mr. Bethune and his daughter. I shipped before the mast—I could not do better—on a bark bound for Valparaiso. She was neither very good nor very bad, although I thought her very bad. I did not know how bad a ship can be, but I found out before I got through. At Valparaiso I shipped for Singapore; and in the course of three years I went around the world twice. Little good it did me. I saw many things that I should not have seen, and I failed to see the things that I should have seen; no doubt I did many things which I should not have done, and left undone the things which I should have done. I cannot say with truth that there was no health in me, for my morals were not noticeably impaired, and I was but one great lump of sinew when I got home again—cured, as I flattered myself. I had not reckoned on the fact that Mr. Bethune was no longer our representative at a foreign court, but my near neighbor here, if neighbors can be said to be near whose houses are two miles apart. My house overlooks the harbor, which does very well if one cannot do better, and his the ocean, which does very well indeed — always; and he does not appreciate it. I do not believe he can, although Miss Bethune may. Marvel's Beach is his — the Honorable Mr. Bethune's—and he lets them call it Marvel's without so much as raising a finger or his voice to protest, no doubt snickering to himself with every repetition. I believe that Betty, now—but let us put Betty Bethune out of our minds, as I said at the beginning, and talk of something else.

By the middle of September the beach is all mine; all mine through the autumn storms, with their winds so wild that I can scarcely stand up against them, and which often, in my pacing to and fro, have brought me to a halt or even forced me back a step; winds which whip the spray and the rain about me and tear at my coat and lash my face with wet sand. The great surges thunder down upon the beach with a continuous roar, stirring up the sand and leaving their foam in mounds which stay but an instant, quivering, then are seized by the wind and are scattered and go racing off before it, so that the whole beach is white. It is glorious. I ride home with an exaltation of spirit. I could do great deeds.

Not that I do any. I don't. As I draw near home I get to thinking again of Betty Bethune, and the exaltation of spirit slips from me like an old cloak. Probably it is no more than that. And I take my horse to the barn and see him properly rubbed down and turned into his box. He gives a great sigh of content and stretches his lean neck over the

door and looks at me; and I rub his nose gently, and I heave another sigh—not of content—and I go to the house, in which there are four maids, so called, and a man, to look after the comfort of one other man. And the four maids and the man take care of the house well enough and look after my bodily comfort; my happiness is no concern of theirs.

It was after just such a day as that that I rode my rounds and started for the beach. I lay a straight course for the beach always. To be sure, it takes me across the land of the Honorable Mr. Bethune; over his walls and through the middle of a hay-field and through another field which is his truck-garden, with some berry vines near the wall. I do not know what kind of berries they bear. I have never stopped to look, and my horse always clears them nicely, anyway. I took some pains to avoid his vegetables last year, but it is not possible to avoid standing grass without going too far out of my way. I do not know whether the Honorable Mr. Bethune objects to my going across his land or not. I hope he does. But I have observed that this year my course across his hay-field has been kept mowed and the ground well softened, so that it is no more than a bridle-path. The feet of my horse might well keep the ground soft from wall to wall, with his going to and fro upon it several times each day, but that would not account for the take-off on either side of the wall nor for the path through the vegetable-garden which makes it unnecessary for me to deviate a hair's-breadth from a straight line. I suppose it is as easy to make a path in one place as another, but—confound the Honorable Mr. Bethune!

As I thought these thoughts, cantering lightly over the bridle-path through the hay-field, I found myself saying over, rhythmically, in time with the rapid hoof-beats: "May he always be confounded! May he always be confounded!" This comforted me somewhat; and we were coming to the take-off, my horse and I, and his stride lengthened a little, and he jumped as I lifted him.

It is a pretty stiff jump, that wall; a good four feet high and two feet wide on top, with cap-stones that might serve as a table. My horse has always cleared it easily enough, but it is a jump that is like to break my neck some day—which will be no great matter—and my horse's legs, which will matter much. He is a good horse. As we were in the air I looked down and saw some cold-frames which had been put there that morning, close beside my path. They had not been there the night before, I could swear. Wrath surged within me, and I did swear.

"Damnation!" I cried aloud. "Who put those things there to cut a horse's legs?"

I had not noticed the man who leaned over one of the cold-frames. He straightened up, and I saw that it was the Honorable Mr. Bethune himself.

"Hello, Roger!" he said, in that soft voice of his.

I had stopped my horse and sat facing him. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bethune. I did not suspect that you were here. I should have been more careful."

He was silent for a long instant, eying me with some sort of amusement. "It is a long time since we met, Roger," he said at last.

"Yes," I replied, curtly.

He laughed at that. "You have changed very little in five years."

I bowed.

He laughed again, low and with evident satisfaction. "Betty came down with me for a while. Had you heard," he asked, "that she got thrown? It was much such a jump as this that you take so confidently."

My heart leaped up into my mouth and almost choked me. "And was she hurt—badly?"

He glanced at me quickly. "No, no, not badly. She has to be very careful and cannot ride for a time. Not seriously hurt, though. She would be glad to see you, I think, Roger, and so should I—at the house."

"Thank you," I said.

I was still in a sweet temper as I came to the place where I generally tie my horse: behind a high dune which has become overgrown with beach-grass and wild peas and some weed the name of which I do not know, but which bears some resemblance to a diminutive spruce. It also bears fine nettles, which you perceive only when you touch them. There

is no shade about the dune, of course, but it is sheltered from the usual winds, which are from the southwest.

Betty and I used to tie our horses within the shelter of this same dune. I use the same post now. Betty does not, so far as I know. What I thought while I was tying my horse is of no consequence. At any rate, I do not mean to tell it. And I got him well tied, and I rubbed his nose gently, and I left him there looking after me, and walked slowly out upon the beach, gazing at the fine, white sand and thinking my thoughts.

There are three bath-houses here, rather more than half-way toward the Long Stone from Barnaby Head. The bath-houses are now tumble-down affairs of rough boards, once painted red. I must have been about eight years old when they were last painted, and I remember how defiantly they glared at me in their new coats of brilliant scarlet. As I approached them now I recalled it vividly; and I smiled involuntarily, and I raised my eyes and I saw, sitting on the sand, a little yellow-haired boy—scarcely more than a baby—of between three and four.

He was a very pretty boy, very busy with some little piles of fine sand on pieces of wood which he had picked up, and with various white pebbles of different sizes, which were arranged in some sort of order. He seemed to be all alone, sitting in front of those ancient bath-houses.

When I had come so near that he could not help knowing of my presence, he looked up in an absent-minded way, saw me standing over him, and smiled a friendly smile.

"Hello!" he said slowly, in a gentle voice.

"Hello!" I cried. "Who are you?"

He got up at that, came to me, and held out his hand gravely.

"I'm pretty well," he replied, in the same gentle voice; a voice so very gentle that I had to stoop to catch his words.

I perceived that his hand, as I held it in mine, was soft and lovely and small—so very small; and I would not have let it go, but he drew it away without impatience but with decision, and would have gone back to his playing.

I bent and held him, one hand under each of his arms.

"I'm glad that you are pretty well," I said, "but I asked who you are, and not how you are."

His attention had been attracted by my riding-clothes, and he had looked at them with some care. Now, instead of answering my question, he looked earnestly into my eyes, brought his face nearer, as if he thought me deaf, and asked a question in his turn.

"Did you ride on a horse?"

He spoke, as before, in a very gentle voice, very slowly and carefully and correctly. I could not help smiling at his grave little face set in a halo of short, yellow hair.

"Yes, you dear little chap, I did."

"Do you think your horse would like to have me ride him?" he continued, with gravity.

I laughed. "I have no doubt that he would be delighted," I said. "But he is rather far away now. I'll tell you what. If you are a good boy and answer my question, I'll see what can be done about it."

"What question?"

"Who are you?"

A smile of sly humor curled the corners of his mouth. It was a very lovely mouth. I longed to kiss it, but I did not. His mother might have objected to his being kissed by any stray stranger. He murmured something which I could not hear. I bent my head to hear the better, my ear close to his mouth.

"I'm a giant," he said. Then the temptation was too strong for him. "Boo!" he cried, in my ear.

I straightened up, carrying him with me; then held him on high at the full stretch of my arms.

"That's all I care about a giant like you," I cried, looking up at him.

He was laughing and looking down at me with merry eyes. He gurgled, but nothing intelligible. At last I gave him a shake and set him down. He murmured something, I could not hear what.

"What did you say?" I asked, stooping.

"Do it again," he commanded, slowly. "I like it."

And I did it again and yet again, until my arms were tired. Then I bethought me.

"You have not answered my question

yet," I reminded him. "What is your name?"

"My name is Roger Caxton," he replied, earnestly.

He spoke slowly and as distinctly as he could, but even at that the "Caxton" got a bit tangled. It was in that habit, I judged.

"Hello!" I cried. "That's my name."

"Is your name Roger Caxton?" he asked, politely.

"Roger Marvel."

He laughed. "Isn't that funny?"

"Very funny," I agreed. "And now, about the horse." It occurred to me that I knew nothing about the dear little boy but his name. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"In that big house," he replied, readily, pointing in the general direction of the Honorable Mr. Bethune's.

I had expected it; I had known it. But it was a shock to me, I found. Betty might have let me know. To be sure, four years ago I was in the middle of the Indian Ocean, foremast-hand on the ship *Tempest*. But she might have let me know—somehow.

I sighed. "Well, Roger," I said, without enthusiasm, "if your mother says you may, you shall ride up and down the beach to-morrow as long as you like. You ask her—will you?—and come. Say that Roger Marvel asked you. She will not have forgotten, I hope, who Roger Marvel is."

I might have said next year as well as to-morrow, but I had forgotten.

He nodded soberly and certainly. "I will ask her and I will come."

"And you just see if my horse doesn't say he's delighted."

He came a step forward, smiling. "Oh, will he? How will he say it?" If I could only keep him smiling always! He did not wait for an answer, but held up his arms. "Do it again," he commanded, his eyes twinkling.

I laughed and swung him high; but he had no sooner got up there than he began to struggle and kick.

"No!" he cried. "No! I'm the doctor."

I put him down hastily. "I beg your pardon, Doctor. I was under the impression that you were a giant."

"No, I'm the doctor," he said, surprised at my mistake. "People don't lift up doctors," he added, slowly, in a tone of mild reproof.

"Well, Doctor," I said, "aren't there any sick people who may perhaps need your attention?"

"Flossie," he answered, gravely, "is behind that old house. She is sick."

Flossie was behind the old bath-house, was she? No doubt she had been enjoying my interview.

"Don't you think, Doctor, it is time you went to see Flossie again? I will go with you, if you don't object—to hold your horse, you know."

He assented with alacrity, and he again put his dear little hand confidingly in mine. It was so warm and soft and small! I welcomed the excuse and held it fast, and together we began our journey of twenty feet, while he explained that he had had an otteromobile, but it had changed into a horse, quite suddenly and without apparent reason. Then he asked me what an otter was; but before I had a chance to reply we rounded the corner of the bath-house and perceived Flossie, and he forgot that he had asked me anything.

Flossie sat upon the sand, her back propped against the bath-house, and regarded us with amusement. She seemed rather small, and she was dark, with hair that was a very dark brown—almost black. I did not notice at the time whether she was pretty or not.

Roger went to her with a pace which comported with the dignity of a doctor.

"Flossie," he said, "I've brought Roger with me to hold my horse."

Flossie looked at me merrily and held out her hand. "I am much too sick to get up, but I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Marvel."

I laughed, for I found myself in some slight embarrassment.

"And I expected to find a little nursemaid," I said. "I beg your pardon."

"Why?" she asked. "I am a nursemaid at present, and I am little."

I smiled, and Roger, who had no idea of being left out, leaned over her and brought his face very near to hers. It seemed to be a trick of his.

"Just think, Flossie," he said, "Roger's name and mine are just the same. Isn't it funny?"



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan

"LET'S PRETEND SOME MORE," HE SAID, SOFTLY

She kissed him. I wished that I might. "Not such a coincidence as you think, dear."

"What did you say?" he asked, slowly.

"Much too long a word, sweetheart."

I still held the little doctor's hand in mine. "Doctor," I ventured, "it seems to me that your patient might be moved to the other side of the bath-house."

He considered the matter seriously for an instant. "Yes," he replied, nodding, "she is well enough, but she can't walk. Do you think that I could carry her?"

"I would hardly advise it," I said, "but I can."

"Oh," cried Flossie, in some haste and with a bit of color in her cheeks, "I can manage it. It is only a little bit of a way."

So we went around the bath-house and sat us down upon the sand by Roger's rows of stones, and she began to talk about the weather.

"What a beautiful day!" she said.

I smiled. "And I expected something better of you."

She looked at me quickly and gave a little laugh. "Well," she said, challenging, "isn't it?"

"I don't think so. I don't like northwest weather."

There fell a brief silence, and we both looked out over the sparkling water. There was something odd about the day, after all, in the lee of the bath-houses, but it was not soothing; and I like to be soothed. Roger had sat on the sand before me and was looking up into my face.

"Let's pretend some more," he said, softly. "You tell about it."

I laughed at his little, earnest face.

"Last winter the ice was piled high here; as high as Haman — fifty cubits, wasn't it?"

Flossie laughed, too. "What is a cubit?"

"I don't know exactly. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"I have been wondering," said she, irrelevantly, "what you do with yourself in the winter."

"Look after my fields and my men and my stock and myself, and get ready for spring. My days are well filled."

"But your evenings?"

"I read for an hour or two, or until the acetylene-tank stops working and my gas goes out. Then I light a candle, and presently I go to bed."

She laughed at that. "It is a picture of joy. And now Roger and I must go." She got up. "Come, Roger dear." She turned again to me. "Won't you come up to the house?"

"Not now, thank you."

"At some other time?" she rejoined, smiling. She evidently knew that I would not. "Betty would be glad to see you, I think."

I stooped to Roger. "And don't forget to ask about the horse and to come." I was greatly tempted, and I turned to Flossie. "Betty wouldn't mind if I kissed him?" I asked.

"Why in the world should she?" I could feel Flossie's look of surprise boring through my head. "Did you think she might be jealous?" she asked, in tones of levity.

"No," I replied; and I kissed Roger.

"I see," Flossie observed, looking at me thoughtfully.

"I know of no reason why you should not see. We are not ashamed, are we, Roger?"

"No," said Roger, not in the least knowing what I was talking about. "I will ask my father. He is coming tonight—in a train and a otteromobile."

I felt a sudden sinking of the heart. And I kissed Roger again and bade him not to forget, and I strode off to my horse, who was unaffectedly glad to see me, and we set out for home at a great pace.

We started out again that night, my horse and I. Out of regard for the horse's legs I did not go over the walls and through the vegetable-garden, but by the road. It is Mr. Bethune's road, and it leads to his front door, and thence, by various windings and wanderings, to his stable or to his front door again. When I was half-way on the road a car hummed past me, with a great light, but silently. I had no doubt it was Roger's otteromobile, bearing his father. I rode my horse out upon the hard beach, near the water.

There was a gentle breeze blowing from the water, and dull, phosphorescent gleams showed where the white horses rode in, shaking mane and tail. They

are better when the wind is more; but I watched them, fascinated, as I am always, and I got to thinking of Mr. Caxton and Betty and Roger, and I thought it out to the end. It was the first time I had thought it out to the end. But it was idle to think such thoughts, and I put them from me as soon as I could, which was none too soon. One cannot give up the dream of years at a word—without a struggle. At last, having definitely abandoned my dream, I thought of Flossie. I found the thoughts pleasant enough, and I turned my horse and rode home somewhat comforted.

So it happened that I was more cheerful than usual the next morning; which was a condition that seemed to excite surprise in the bosoms of my men and my maids, and they smiled at me or looked as if they would like to and as if my happiness were, after all, some concern of theirs. And that in its turn gave me food for thought. When I had ridden my rounds I was perilously near whistling; and I set my horse on his way over Mr. Bethune's hay-field and vegetable-garden and the walls, with never a thought of Betty.

I found Roger and Flossie and nobody else. It occurred to me, as I lifted the grave little boy up to my horse's back, that I did not know Flossie's name. But that was of no importance, either. The horse looked slowly around at Roger.

He bent his dear little yellow head and whispered in my ear:

"Do you think he would like to be patted?"

"He dotes on it," I answered. "And he likes to have his nose rubbed—gently."

He smiled. "Likes to have his nose rubbed," he murmured, as though he thought it excruciatingly funny. "P'r'-aps," he whispered again, "I could rub his nose." He tried rubbing his own nose with his soft little palm, and he laughed. "Tickles," he said.

I lifted him off and held him so he could reach the horse's nose; but he was half afraid.

"I will get on his back now, Roger," he announced. And I put him up and we started off, I on one side and Flossie on the other.

I do not know how long we were at it, but I know that I devoted a lot of time to toting him up and down the beach—with Flossie on the other side of the horse. I did not see why it was necessary for her to be on the other side—always. My horse is perfectly safe, and I was holding Roger on, anyway. She got a good deal of exercise for a person who has just risen from a sick-bed, for we went the whole length of the beach several times—even to the Life Saving Station — and it is a long way from Barnaby's Head to the Long Stone.

For some time after that the days were alike: Roger riding gravely back and forth upon the beach, with his attendants on foot on either side of his horse. He developed a great fondness for the Long Stone, and I went there sometimes with him and Flossie and sat for half an hour, telling him stories of the sea—suited to his years, I suppose, although I do not know. He seemed more a comrade than he did a baby of three. The Long Stone had one advantage over the beach: there was no horse there to get on the other side of, and Flossie and I sat side by side, with Roger facing us. Occasionally Flossie dropped a remark about Betty. To these remarks I made no reply, if the circumstances permitted, and Flossie smiled.

One night the great storm began, and in the morning it was in full fury. I rode over to the beach, not with any hope of seeing Roger and Flossie, but because the storm was raging and the beach was Marvel's Beach and would be a sight worth seeing; and I might, perhaps, stride up and down and shout and nobody to hear me. Nobody could hear me, for that matter.

As I came out upon the beach the wind whipped the spray and the rain about me, and tore at my coat and lashed my face with wet sand. I laughed aloud; and instantly the wind drove the breath of my laugh down my throat and nearly choked me. I turned my head and looked up the beach toward Barnaby's Head—you could not well see the Head for the spray and the rain that drove in sheets between—and, to my astonishment, I saw dimly the Life Savers' boat on its great wheels, and but four men tugging at it. Then I looked farther along toward the Long Stone. There she was, almost upon Long Stone Ledge—a second outcropping

of the ledge, some half-mile out. I could not make her out well, but I did not wait to try. I was running for my horse.

When I came out again upon the beach, my horse running his best in that wind and driving rain, the men stopped their tugging, and one of them waved his hand; then they went on again. I jumped off as I met them and quickly hitched a line to my horse and took hold myself, and we went on at a good pace. In broken breaths they told me that the season had not quite begun—they have seasons for saving lives, it seems—and there was but one man at the station; but, it being such bad weather, the other three had come, and they had been needed. They were going out to the little schooner, in spite of having but four men, and they would set her on her way into the harbor if they could.

"You have five men," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Marvel," he shouted, with a brief smile. "I thought you would."

And I turned my horse loose to wander to his post in the shelter of the dune—or home if he would—and we got the boat out and stood hip-deep in the water, and we waited for the right sea to run out with it.

We tried three times—and failed three times—before we finally got her out, and tumbled into her and seized the oars, four to row and one to steer. It was heart-breaking work, but we did it; and we managed to board the schooner—a little fisherman—and to work her away from the ledge at last, and to send her on her way into the harbor. Then we went back and were cast up by the sea and put our boat back on her wheels and trundled it slowly to the station; and I walked back, drenched and dripping. I went by the dune because I thought there was a chance of my horse being there—he is a good horse—and because it was the way home; and I rounded the dune, and there I saw two horses tied to the same post, and on the sand, in close against the side of the dune, a slender, black-clad figure hugged its knees and rocked to and fro.

My heart stood still, then leaped into my throat. I forgot everything.

"Betty!" I cried. "Betty!" And I held out my arms.

She did not speak, but she lifted her face, wet with the spray and the rain and with tears; and she held out her arms too.

She looked long into my eyes. No doubt she saw love and longing there. They were in my heart, and at the moment I did not try to keep them out of my eyes. I had forgotten; those five long years were blotted out as completely as though they had not been.

"Roger, Roger," she whispered, hiding her face, "I saw you go and I couldn't—couldn't wait any longer. I had to come. I had to."

Before she hid her face against my dripping coat I had seen love and longing shining from her eyes. I held her close; my own tall, slender Betty, her soft, brown hair all wet now and clinging close in little curls and ringlets; my own tall, slender Betty, her eyes very soft and tender—

"Oh, Betty, Betty!" I said, holding her closer yet. I could say no more.

She yielded herself to me with one sob and a sigh of happiness. Then I bethought me of my coat.

I laughed low. "My coat—all my clothes are drenched, Betty. You will be soaked."

She looked up at me again and smiled. "Does it matter? Does anything matter? We have lost five years, Roger, five years of happiness. But I had a good reason, dear, and it wasn't a selfish reason. Believe that, Roger, will you?"

I did believe it. Instead of speaking I kissed her again.

"And," she went on, "when little Roger told me—"

Then I remembered what I ought never to have forgotten. But I had forgotten; and here was I, Roger Marvel, who passed for a gentleman, holding in my arms the wife of another man. My face grew stern, and I undid her clinging arms and I put her from me gently.

"I beg your pardon," I said, coldly—I could not speak otherwise—"for forgetting. I will try not to do so again. I have been under some strain this morning." I was at some pains to keep the beating of my heart out of my voice.

I shall never forget her look of astonishment—of amazement. She was puzzled—perplexed. I might as well have struck

her in the face. As she looked at me the quick tears rushed to her eyes but did not overflow. She looked hurt mortally. God help me! I had done it! But her pride saved her. She went very white, and again she looked me over.

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about," she replied, as coldly as I had spoken. "It doesn't matter, I suppose."

She paused, and I—fool that I was—said nothing.

"Will you help me mount?" she asked. "I am not quite well of my hurt or I would not ask it."

I helped her, again in silence, and I untied her horse and mine, and I was mounting.

"Do not come with me," she said. She was biting her lip, but her voice did not quiver, and she rode around the dune, out of sight, proudly erect.

I could not let her go so; but what else was there to be done? I went around the dune. She was no longer proudly erect, but rode with her head bent upon her horse's neck and her shoulders shaking and the wind tearing at her dress and the driving rain beating upon her back and her horse running. I went home with that picture ever before my eyes. I could not stay in, but must out again and fight the wind and the rain for the rest of the day; and in the evening I could not read, but always between my eyes and the printed page there would come the picture of a girl, her soft, brown hair wet and blowing, who rode with her head bent upon her horse's neck and her shoulders shaking and the wind tearing at her dress and the driving rain beating upon her back and her horse running. And the girl was the one that I loved the best and always should love, no matter whose wife she might be; and I—I had sent her away so; I had seemed to be passing judgment on her. I was not—it was myself I passed judgment on. Who was I that I should judge others?

I know that I ought to have had a sleepless night, but I did not. I had been fighting that storm all day; and after an hour or two of wakefulness I slept. In the morning there was nothing left of the storm but a high wind. I rode over to the beach.

The tide was nearly in and the great rollers were pounding the beach. I stopped a moment to watch them and heard a hail in a voice which I knew.

"Roger!"

I looked. Out upon the old wharf which I have mentioned — that pile of rocks—were two figures, a little one and one not so very much larger. Their pile of rocks was an island now, and Flossie was preparing to wade and to carry Roger, I supposed. They were in no danger unless a wave should carry Flossie off her feet, but I waved to them to wait for me.

The horse hesitated for an instant, then went in. The water was just below the saddle when we had come to the shoreward end where Flossie and Roger were waiting.

"Now, dear little chap. I'll take you on my shoulders."

"All right," he said. He thought it a lark. "I thought you would come, Roger."

I carried him up, dumped him gently on the sand before the bath-houses, and went back for Flossie. I could not take her on my shoulders, and she got wet up to her knees.

"See, Roger," she said. "Flossie got wet and must go home. Come, sweetheart. Don't forget your message."

"Oh yes." He turned to me, very proud to have a message. "My mother would like to see you, Roger. She said to tell you that she hoped you would come because she can't come here because—" He was puzzled and turned to Flossie. "Why is it, Flossie? Why can't she come?"

"Don't you remember, darling? She was hurt and she can't walk very well."

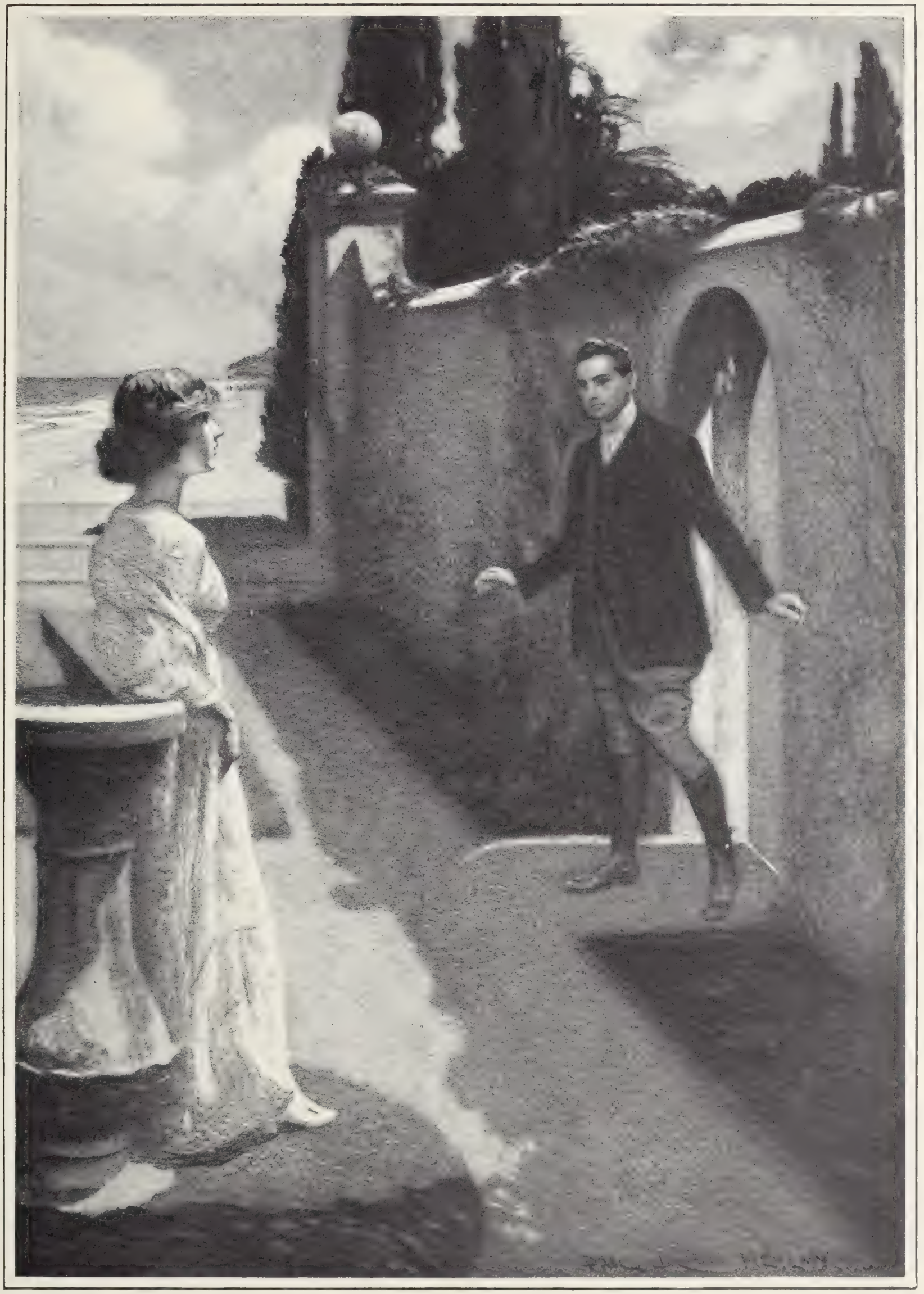
"Yes," he said, nodding. "She's lame."

"Lame?"

"Yes." He considered. "I think her back is broken," he added then.

I laughed unexpectedly. The laugh was unexpected by me, at least. It stopped as unexpectedly. So Betty asked me to come. Why? What good could come of it? Was it not the part of wisdom to make some excuse? I decided that it was.

"Tell your mother, Roger, that I will do myself the honor of calling upon her this afternoon."



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan

"I AM WAITING, ROGER, TO HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY"

Roger bubbled with low laughter. "Do myself honor," he murmured. Flossie laughed, too, and joyously.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, you are so—so chesty about it. But I am too wet to spend time correcting your mistakes."

I went up that afternoon, clad in suitable raiment. I found Roger sitting on some rugs spread upon the floor of the piazza and playing with some old weather-beaten fragments of wood.

He looked up slowly. "Hello!" he said, gently. "See, Roger, do you know what these are? They are—"

"Is your mother in, Roger?" I did not know my own voice.

He showed no resentment at being interrupted. He scrambled to his feet.

"No, she isn't. She's out there. Let's go and find her. We'll find her, won't we?"

He laughed gleefully, and confidingly he put his hand in mine, and we hurried down the steps, Roger going down one step at a time and waiting to plant both feet securely before he tried the next; but it was as fast as he could go. Poor little chap! He might as well expect to run nimbly up the Great Pyramid.

He led me to a pleasant spot, our feet making no sound in the soft grass. While I was yet wondering, we turned around some trees and came upon a reclining-chair. There was a girl in the chair.

Roger ran to her, laid his arms gently across her lap, and looked up into her face.

"Mother," he said, in his little, soft, slow voice, "is your back mended yet?"

She laughed low. It was not Betty's laugh.

"Not quite, dear little son, but it's better every minute. It will be quite mended in time. In time it will."

"Mother, here's Roger. I brought him."

She turned in her chair, and I saw a lovely face framed in fair hair; a lovely face, but not Betty's. My heart stood still. If this was Roger's mother—what had I done? What had I done? Fool that I was!

She gave me her hand and was saying something about thanking me for giving little Roger so much pleasure. I murmured something in reply. I hope it was suitable, but I do not know what I said or what I did. I wanted only to get away and find Betty. What I should say to her I did not know, either. I had to find her first.

Flossie came to the rescue. Flossie always seemed to come to the rescue.

She took Roger's hand. "Come, Roger dear, you may tire your mother. She is not strong yet, you know."

"Not strong yet," Roger repeated after her, "but you will be when your back is mended, won't you, mother?"

I seized the hint with alacrity, and we wandered off together, all three. We were scarcely out of hearing when I stopped short.

"Where is Betty?" I demanded.

"Do you think you deserve to know?"

"I know that I do not. But tell me."

She did not answer directly. "Did you know," she asked, thoughtfully, a smile in her eyes, "that Betty was certain, five years ago, that she had an incurable trouble of some kind?"

"No," I said, as calmly as I could. "What—what was—"

"I don't know what it was. She never would tell me. But she went abroad, five years ago. You may remember?" I did remember. "She went all over Europe, consulting doctors, for more than a year. I think it interfered with her wishes—her prospects. I first met her in Vienna." Flossie was silent for a moment, looking at me. "She thought that she ought not to marry, you know."

She looked at me gravely. If I had only been patient—or kept within reach! But I must stay at the ends of the earth.

I am afraid that my voice was none of the steadiest when I replied.

"She found that she was mistaken?" I asked. "She hasn't—she isn't—"

Flossie looked away. "She found that she was mistaken. I believe that it was too late to do any good—then," she added, in a low voice. She sighed. "I am sorry for Betty."

I said nothing.

"And you did not know, of course, that it was Betty who named this dear little boy. His father and his mother"—she smiled as she spoke—"could not agree upon a name, and they left it to Betty. Can you imagine why he was named Roger?"

I lifted little Roger in my arms and kissed him. "Will you have me for a godfather?" I asked, in a voice that shook.

Then I set him down and turned to Flossie. "Will you tell me where Betty is?"

She smiled again. "Betty is not well to-day. I'm afraid that you cannot see her. She was out in yesterday's storm."

"I know it. I must see her. I have done her a wrong—a wrong that must seem cruel, but I did not know. I thought she was Roger's mother, and I—"

"I know," said she. She was smiling still.

"I must try to set it right. Will you tell me where she is, or must I find her for myself?"

We were standing by a high wall, Flossie leaning against it. "I will not drive you to that extremity, for you would undoubtedly be put out by the force of gardeners. There are enough of them to overpower even you, Roger Marvel." She had had her hand behind her, and now she opened a door in the wall. I had not noticed the door. "She is in there. Go, and make your peace with her if you can." She gave me a little push. "I hope you can. Come, Roger, sweetheart." And she shut the door behind me.

I stood by the door for a moment, somewhat dazed. It was a little terrace garden that I was in, and from it you could see the whole stretch of Marvel's Beach, from the Long Stone to Barnaby's Head, now hazy in the distance; and the house and the garden were on the high land back of the Long Stone, so that you looked down upon the beach and had it all spread out beneath you. It must have been from that garden that Betty saw me go out the day before. And with that thought I looked about me, and I saw Betty leaning against a sun-dial, regarding me with a rather proud and distant look and waiting.

I started and held out my arms. "Betty," I said, somewhat doubtfully, "Betty."

She sighed. "I am waiting, Roger, to hear what you have to say."

"Betty," I said, "I—I thought that you were married."

"Why should you have thought that, Roger?"

I thought I saw the flicker of a smile in her eyes, and I took heart.

"Why shouldn't I have thought it, Betty? There was little Roger. He—"

"Oh, I heard what you said to Flossie just now." She took a slow step toward me. "There is one thing, Roger, which I find it hard to forgive. If you thought I was married and little Roger's mother—I wish that I were!" she cried, passionately. "I wish that I were! But if you thought that, why should you think—oh, why?—" The blood rushed to her face in a flaming flood. "How could you think it of me—that I would come to you as—as—"

She stopped and I bowed my head. What answer could I make?

"There is no reason, Betty, no excuse for me. I can only ask your forgiveness. I'm afraid I did not think of you at all. The past five years have not been happy years for me, and I was filled with bitterness. It was no less bitter to find that I loved you just the same—when I thought you another man's wife."

"Do you suppose," she asked, softly, "that those five years were happy years for me?"

"Will you forgive me, Betty?"

She had taken another slow step toward me and yet another. "Do you suppose that it was a happy time for me when for three years I could not find you and did not know whether you were living or dead?"

"Will you forgive me, Betty?" A little space yet separated us. I cleared it in two strides. "Will you forgive me? It was only my love for you that made me hurt you. Will you?"

I held out my arms again. She slowly raised her eyes. I shall not tell what I saw there; but it made my heart swell so that I could not speak. I felt her soft hair brush my cheek.

"Kiss me, Roger," she whispered.

"Oh," she sighed, as soon as she could speak, "there is nothing to forgive—I'm afraid. I'm afraid there isn't." She laughed a little and hid her face. "I'm afraid, Roger, that I might have come to you just the same, if—if—it had been as you thought."



PLOWING IN THE URUBAMBA VALLEY—A HALT FOR BREAKFAST

The Discovery of Machu Picchu

BY HIRAM BINGHAM, Ph.D., F.R.G.S.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition

ONE of the chief problems that faced the Yale Peruvian Expedition of 1911 was the question as to whether the young Inca Manco, fleeing from Pizarro's armies and establishing himself in the wilds of Vilcabamba, had left any traces in the shape of ruined palaces and temples. So we went about asking every one if they knew of any such.

It was known to a few people in Cuzco, chiefly residents of the province of Convencion, that there were ruins, still undescribed, in the valley of the Urubamba. One friend told us that a muleteer had told him of some ruins near the bridge of San Miguel. Knowing the propensity of his countrymen to exaggerate, he placed little confidence in the report, and had passed by the place a score of times without taking the trouble to look into the matter. Another friend, who owned a sugar plantation on the river Vilcabamba itself, said he also had heard vague rumors of ruins. He was quite sure there were some near Pucyura, although he had been there and had never seen any. At length a talkative old peddler said there were ruins "finer than Choqquequirau" down the valley somewhere. But as he had never been to Choqquequirau, and no one placed any confidence in his word, anyhow, we could only hope there was some cause for his enthusiasm. Finally, there was the story in Wiener's picturesque but unreliable *Pérou et Bolivie,* that when he was in Ollantaytambo in 1875, or thereabouts, he was told there were interesting ruins down the Urubamba Valley at "Huaina-Picchu, or Matcho-Picchu" *(sic).* Wiener decided to go down the valley and look for them, but, owing to one reason or another, he failed to find them. Should we be any more successful?

We left Cuzco about the middle of July. The second day out brought us

to the romantic valley of Ollantaytambo. Squier described it in glowing terms years ago, and it has lost none of its charm. The wonderful megaliths of the ancient fortress, the curious gabled buildings perched here and there on almost inaccessible crags, the magnificent *andenes* (terraces), where abundant crops are still harvested, will stand for ages to come as monuments to the energy and skill of a bygone race. It is now quite generally believed that the smaller buildings, crowded with niches, and made of small stones laid in clay and covered with a kind of stucco, were the work of the Incas and their subjects. On the other hand, the gigantic rocks so carefully fitted together to form the defenses of the fortress itself probably antedated the Incas, and, like the cyclopean walls of the Sacsahuaman fortress near Cuzco, were put in position by a pre-Inca or megalithic folk who may have built Tiahuanaco in Bolivia.

At all events, both Cuzco and Ollantaytambo have the advantage of being the sites of a very ancient civilization, now shrouded in romance and mystery. The climate and altitude (11,000 feet) of Cuzco deprive it of lovely surroundings, but here at Tambo, as the natives call it, there is everything to please the eye, from highly cultivated green fields, flower-gardens, and brooks shaded by willows and poplars, to magnificent precipices, crowned by glaciers and snow-capped peaks. Surely this deserves to be a place of pilgrimage.

After a day or two of rest and hard scrambles over the cliffs to the various groups of ruins, we went down the Urubamba Valley to the northwest. A league from the fortress the road forks. The right branch ascends a steep valley and crosses a snow-covered pass near the little-known and relatively unimportant ruins of Havaspampa and Panticalla. Two leagues beyond the fork, the Urubamba River has cut its way through precipitous cliffs. This is the natural gateway to the ancient province of Vilcabamba. For centuries it was virtually closed by the combined efforts of Nature and man. The dangerous rapids of the river were impassable, but the precipices on the north side might with considerable effort be scaled. In fact, the old road into the province apparently lay over their dizzy heights. Accordingly man had built at the foot of the precipices a small but powerful fortress, Salapunco, fashioned after Sacsahuaman, but with only five salients and re-entrant



A View across the Wheat-fields to the Mountains north of Yucay



Our Guide, Arteaga, crossing the Bridge over the Urubamba River

angles. The cliff itself was strengthened defensively by walls, skilfully built on narrow ledges.

Salapunco has long been unoccupied. My first impression was that it was placed here to defend the Ollantaytambo Valley from enemies coming up from the Amazon valleys. Later I came to the conclusion that it was intended to defend against enemies coming down the valley from Ollantaytambo. As a monolithic work of this kind could not in the nature of things have been built by the Inca Manco when fleeing from the Spaniards, and as its whole style and character seem to place it alongside the well-known monolithic structures of the region about Cuzco and Ollantaytambo, it seemed all the more extraordinary that it should have been placed as a defense against that very region. Could it be that it was built by the megalithic folk in order to defend a possible retreat in Vilcabamba? Hitherto no one had found or reported any megalithic remains farther down the valley than this spot. In fact, Squier, whose *Peru* has for a generation been the standard work on Inca architecture, does not appear to have heard even of Salapunco, and Markham makes no mention of it. It never occurred to us that in hunting for the remains of such palaces as Manco Inca had the strength and time to build we were about to find remains of a far more remote past, ruins that would explain why the fortress of Salapunco was placed to defend Vilcabamba against the south, and not the south against Vilcabamba and the savages of the Amazon jungles.

Passing Salapunco, we skirted the precipices and entered a most interesting region, where we were continually charmed by the extent of the ancient terraces, the length of the great *andenes,* the grandeur of the snow-clad mountains, and the beauty of the deep, narrow valleys.

The next day we continued down the valley for another twenty miles. And such a valley! While neither so grand as the Apurimac, near Choqquequirau, nor so exquisite as the more highly cultivated valleys of the Alps, the grand cañon of the Urubamba from Torontoy to Colpani, a distance of about thirty miles, has few equals in the world. It lacks the rugged, massive severity of the Canadian Rockies and the romantic associations of the Rhine, but I know of no place that can compare with it in the variety and extent of its charm. Not only has it snow-capped peaks, gigantic precipices of solid granite rising abruptly thousands of feet from its roaring stream, and the usual great beauty of a deep cañon wind-

ing through mountains of almost incredible height, but there is added to this the mystery of the dense tropical jungle and the romance of the ever-present remains of a bygone race.

It would make a dull story, full of repetition and superlatives, were I to try to describe the countless terraces, the towering cliffs, the constantly changing panorama, with the jungle in the foreground and glaciers in the lofty background. Even the so-called road got a bit monotonous, although it ran recklessly up and down rock stairways, sometimes cut out of the side of the precipice, at others running on frail bridges propped on brackets against the granite cliffs overhanging the swirling rapids. We made slow progress, but we lived in wonderland.

With what exquisite pains did the Incas, or their predecessors, rescue narrow strips of arable land from the river! Here the prehistoric people built a retaining wall of great stones along the very edge of the rapids. There they piled terrace on *andene* until stopped by a solid wall of rock. On this sightly bend in the river, where there is a particularly fine view up and down the valley, they placed a temple flanked by a great stone stairway. On that apparently insurmountable cliff they built unscalable walls, so that it should be actually, as well as seemingly, impregnable. They planted the lower levels with bananas and coca, and also yucca, that strange little tree whose roots make such a succulent vegetable. On the more lofty terraces they grew maize and potatoes.

In the afternoon we passed a hut called La Maquina, where travelers frequently stop for the night. There is some fodder here, but the density of the tropical forest, the steepness of the mountains, and the scarcity of anything like level land make living very precarious. We arrived at Mandorpampa, another grass-thatched hut, about five o'clock. The scenery and the road were more interesting than anything we had seen so far, or were likely to see again. Our camp was pitched in a secluded spot on the edge of the river. Carrasco, the sergeant sent with me from Cuzco, talked with a muleteer who lives near by, a fellow named Melchor Arteaga, who leases the land where we were camping. He said there were ruins in the vicinity, and some excellent ones at a place called Machu Picchu on top of the precipice near by, and that there were also ruins at Huayna Picchu, still more inaccessible, on top of a peak not far distant from our camp.

The next day, although it was drizzling, the promise of a *sol* (fifty cents gold) to be paid to him on our return from the ruins, encouraged Arteaga to guide me up to Machu Picchu. I left camp at about ten o'clock, and went from his house some distance up-stream. The valley is very narrow, with almost sheer precipices of solid granite on each side. On the road we passed a snake that had recently been killed. Arteaga was unable to give any other name for it than "*vivora,*" which means venomous, in distinction from "*culebra,*" or harmless snake.

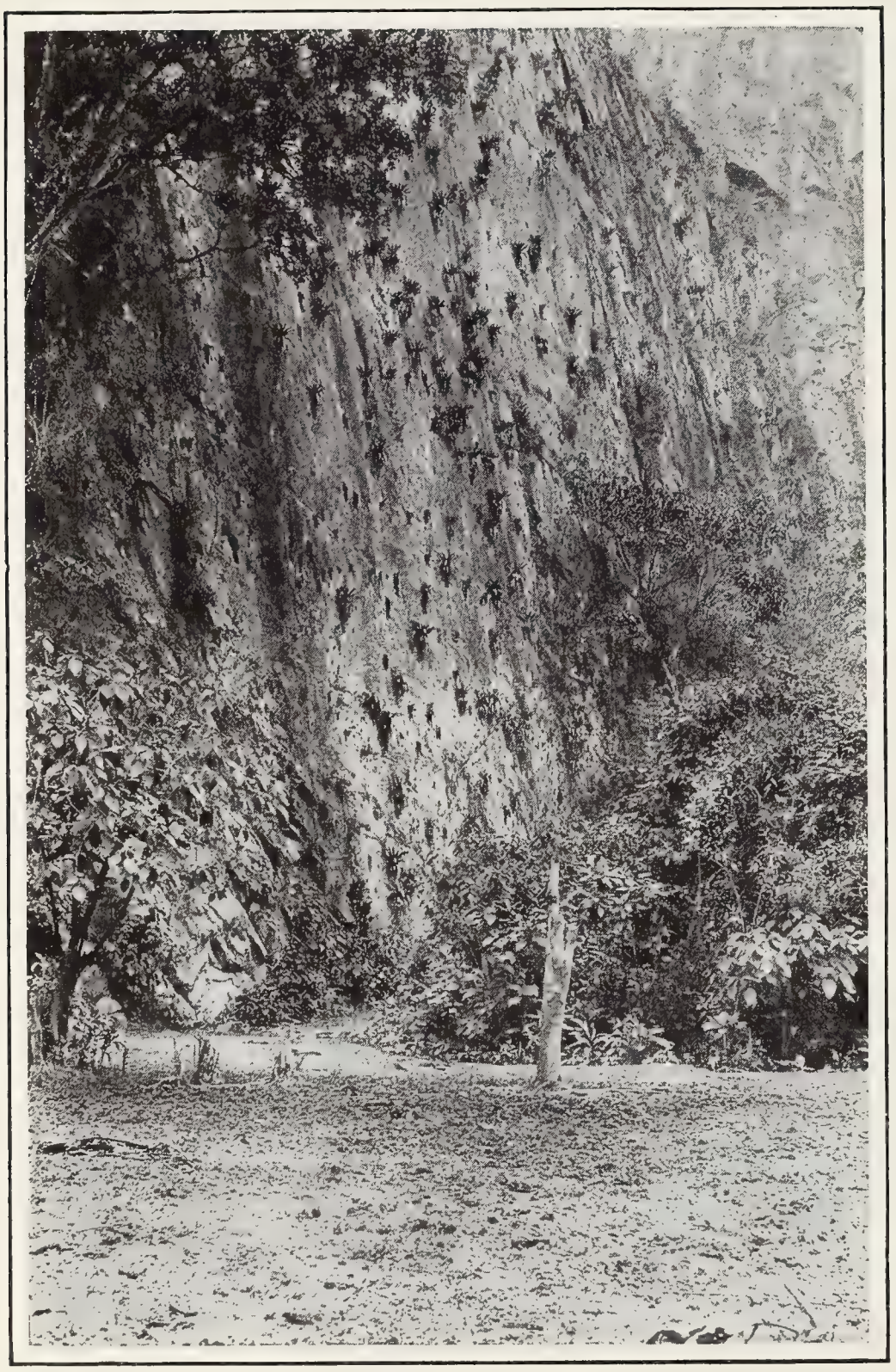
Our naturalist spent the day in the bottom of the valley, collecting insects; the surgeon busied himself in and about camp; and I was accompanied on this excursion only by Carrasco and the guide, Arteaga. At ten forty-five, after having left the road and plunged down through the jungle to the river-bank, we came to a primitive bridge, made of four logs bound together with vines, and stretching across the stream a few inches above the roaring rapids. On the other side we had a fearfully hard climb for an hour and twenty minutes. A good part of the distance I went on all-fours. The path was in many places a primitive stairway, or crude stepladder, at first through a jungle, and later up a very steep, grass-covered slope. The heat was excessive, but the view was magnificent after we got above the jungle. Shortly after noon we reached a hut where several good-natured Indians welcomed us and gave us gourds full of cool, delicious water, and a few cooked sweet-potatoes. All that we could see was a couple of small grass huts and a few terraces, faced with stone walls. The pleasant Indian family had chosen this eagle's nest for a home. They told us there were better ruins a little farther along.

One can never tell, in this country, whether such a report is worthy of credence. "He may have been lying" is a



OLLANTAYTAMBO—PANORAMIC VIEW SHOWING THE ANCIENT FORTRESS AND TERRACES

good foot-note to affix to all hearsay evidence. Accordingly we were not unduly excited. Nor was I in a great hurry to move. The water was cool, the wooden bench, covered with a woolen poncho, seemed most comfortable, and the view was marvelous. On both sides tremendous precipices fell away to the white rapids of the Urubamba River below. In front was the solitary peak of Huayna Picchu, seemingly inaccessible on all sides. Behind us were rocky heights and impassable cliffs. Down the face of one precipice the Indians had made a perilous path, which was their only means of egress in the wet season, when the bridge over which we had come would be washed away. Of the other precipice we had already had a taste. We were not surprised to hear the Indians say they only went away from home about once a month.



PLANTS GROWING ON THE SIDE OF A CLIFF AT SAN MIGUEL

Leaving the huts, we climbed still farther up the ridge. Around a slight promontory the character of the stone-faced *andenes* began to improve, and suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of a jungle-covered maze of small and large walls, the ruins of buildings made of blocks of white granite, most carefully cut and beautifully fitted together without cement. Surprise followed surprise until there came the realization that we were in the midst of as wonderful ruins as any ever found in Peru. It seemed almost incredible that this city, only five days' journey from Cuzco, should have remained so long undescribed and comparatively unknown. Yet so far as I have been able to discover, there is no reference in the Spanish chronicles to Machu Picchu. It is possible that not even the conquistadors ever saw this wonderful place. From some rude scrawls on the stones of a temple we learned that it was visited in 1902 by one Lizarraga, a local muleteer. It must have been known long before that, because, as we said above, Wiener, who was in Ollantaytambo in the 70's, speaks of having heard of ruins at a place named "Matcho Picchu," which he did not find.

The Indians living here say that they have been here four years. They have planted corn and vegetables among the ruins and on some of the terraces. One or two families live in ancient buildings on which they have built roofs. There are also three huts of recent construction. The climate seems to be excellent. We noticed growing sweet and white

potatoes, maize, sugar-cane, beans, peppers, tomatoes, and a kind of gooseberry.

Travelers like the great Castelnau, the flowery Wiener, and the picturesque Marcou, who have gone north from Cuzco to the Urubamba River and beyond, had to avoid this region, where they would have found most of interest. The Urubamba is not navigable, even for canoes, at this point, and is flanked by such steep walls that travel along its banks was impossible until a few years ago. Even intrepid explorers like Castelnau were obliged to make a long detour and to follow a trail that led over snowy passes into the parallel valleys of the Occobamba and the Yanatili. Thus it happened that the Urubamba Valley from Ollantaytambo to the sugar plantation of Huadquiña offered us a virgin field, and by the same token it was in this very region that the Incas and their predecessors found it easy to live in safety. Not only did they find here every variety of climate, valleys so deep as to produce the precious coca, yucca, and plantain of the tropics, and slopes high enough to be suitable for maize and potatoes, with nights cold enough to freeze the latter in the approved aboriginal fashion, but also a practically impregnable place of refuge.

About twenty years ago the Peruvian government, recognizing the needs of the enterprising planters who were opening up the lower valley of the Urubamba, decided to construct a mule trail along the banks of the river. The road was expensive, but it has enabled the much-desired coca and aguardiente to be shipped far more quickly and cheaply than from the Santa Ana Valley to Cuzco, and it avoids the necessity of climbing over the dangerous snowy passes so vividly described by Marcou and others. This new road enabled us to discover that the Incas—or their predecessors—had left here, in the beautiful fastnesses of Vilcabamba, stone witnesses of their ancient civilization more interesting and extensive than any found since the days of the conquistadors.

It is difficult to describe Machu Picchu. The ruins are located on a ridge which ends in a magnificent peak, on top of which are said to be the ruins of Huayna Picchu. There are precipices on both sides, and a large number of terraces, evidently intended for agricultural purposes. There are also *azequias* (stone-lined watercourses), although it is at present somewhat difficult to see whence the water was brought. There are three small springs here, but the Indians do not know

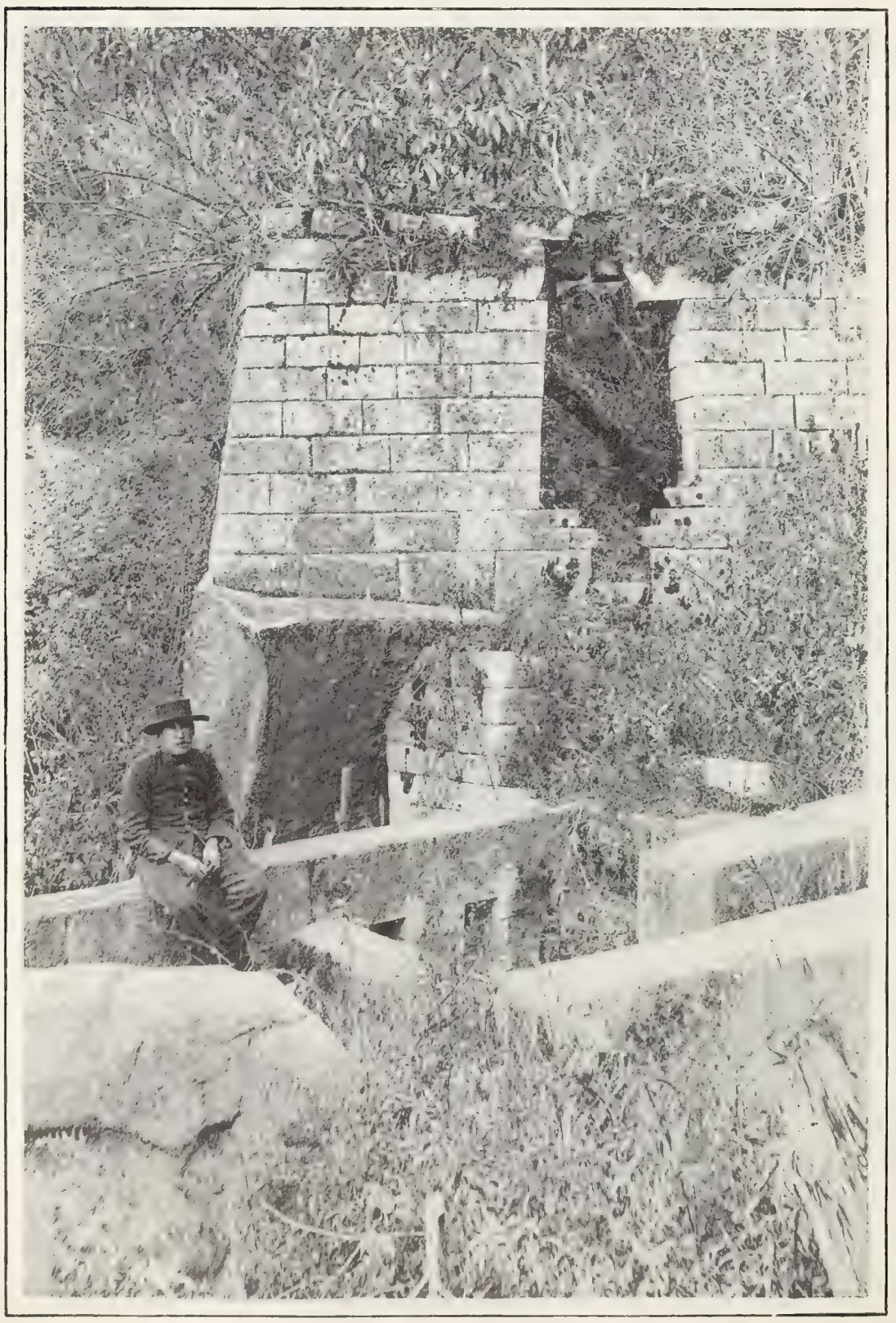


INDIANS OF THE CHAMANA RIVER

of any running water. As it must have taken a considerable water supply to furnish water to the inhabitants of such a large place as Machu Picchu, it may be that an irrigating ditch was carried back into the mountains for many miles to some point from which an unfailing supply of water could be secured.

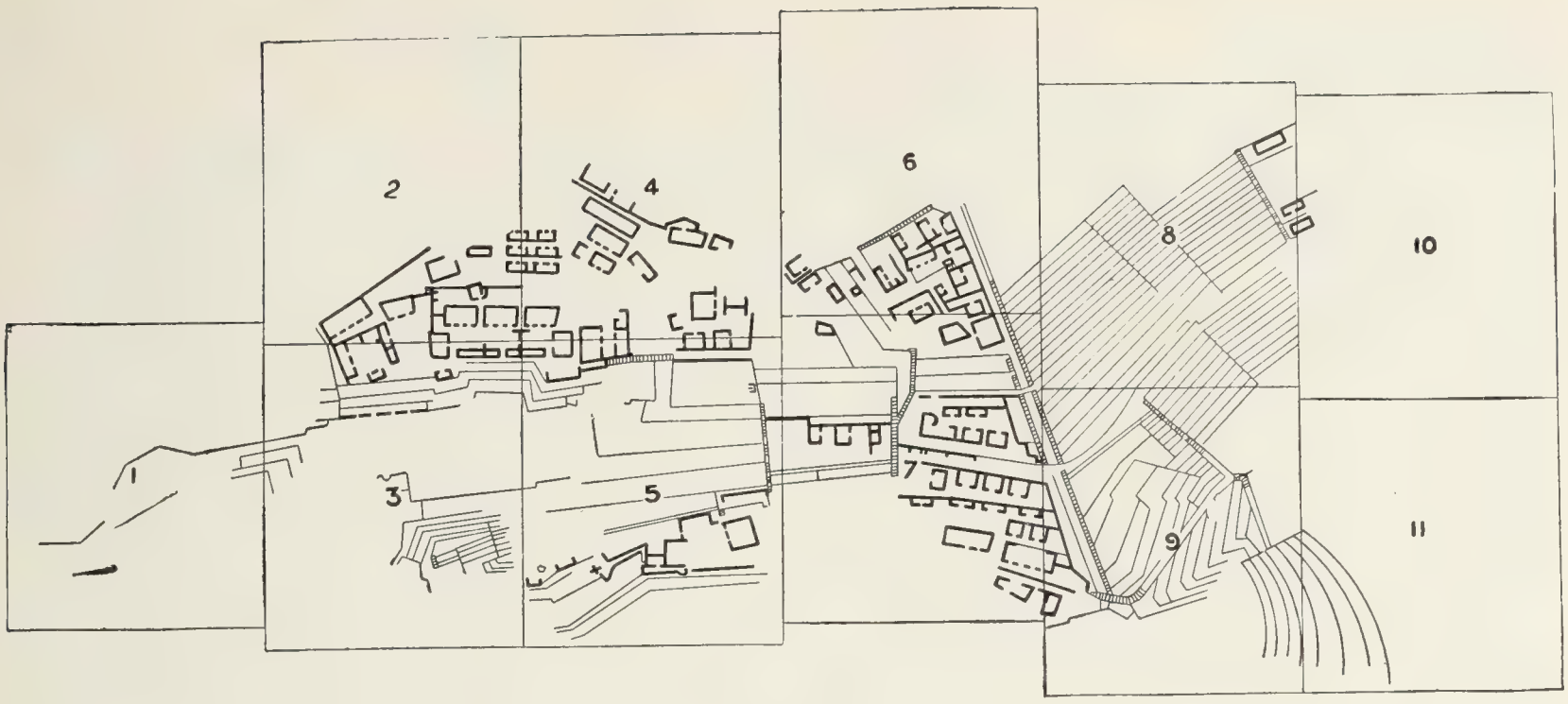
There is a very nicely made bath-house, a fountain with some niches, and an adjoining retiring-room with a seat. The water was conducted into the bath-house through a stone channel, over a nicely cut stone block. On top of a gigantic granite boulder near the bath-house is a semicircular building, made of nearly rectangular blocks, and containing nicely finished niches on the inside. Underneath the boulder is a cave lined with carefully worked stone and containing very large niches, the best and tallest that I have ever seen. There are many stairways made of blocks of granite. One stairway is divided so as to permit the insertion of a catch-basin for water. This stairway leads to a point farther up the ridge, where there is a place which I have called the Sacred Plaza.

On the south side of this plaza there are terraces lined with large blocks, after the fashion of Sacsahuaman, and also a kind of bastion, semicircular, with carefully cut, nearly rectangular stones, somewhat like those in the well-known semicircular Temple of the Sun, now the Dominican Monastery, at Cuzco. On the east side of the Sacred Plaza are the walls of a rectangular building, twenty-nine feet long by thirty-seven wide, containing niches and projecting cylinders resembling in many ways the buildings at Choqquequirau. It has two doors on the side toward the plaza, but no windows.



A Window of the Semicircular Building

On the west side is a remarkable structure, truly megalithic, entirely open on the side facing the Plaza, and entirely closed on the other three sides. The interior measurements of this building are 25.9 x 21 feet. As in the case of all the other buildings, its roof is missing. It is made of blocks of white granite, arranged in tiers. The stones in the lower tier are very much larger than those in any of the others. One block in the lower tier measures 9.6 feet in length; another, 10.2 feet; a third, 13.2 feet. As will be seen from the photographs, they are considerably higher than a man, and about 2.8 feet thick. The upper tiers are of nearly rectangular blocks,



PLAN OF MACHU PICCHU

1, terraced gardens and sacrificial rocks. 2, 4, 6, the east quarter of the city, where the larger part of the population lived; the houses are carried to the edge of the precipitous hillside as far as it was possible to build them; beneath them are terraces and burial caves. 3, terraced gardens. 5, the sacred plaza, with the *intihuatana* hill and the Temple of the Three Windows. 7, the divided stairway and the round tower over the first cave. 8, 9, agricultural terraces. 10, 11, steep hillsides covered with rubble, probably the site formerly of agricultural terraces.

very much smaller, but cut with indescribable accuracy, and fitted together as a glass stopper is fitted to a bottle. The distinguishing characteristic of this building is that the ends of the walls are not vertical, but project in an obtuse angle. At the point of the angle the stone was cut away, apparently to admit a large wooden beam, which probably extended across in front of the structure to the point of the angle at the other end of the wall. This may have been used to support the roof, or to bring it down part way, like a mansard roof. This building is lined with small niches, high up above reach, and made with great care and precision. In the center of the back wall, and near the ground, is the largest stone of all, which measures 14.1 feet in length, and appears to have been either a high seat or an altar.

From the Sacred Plaza there is a magnificent view on both sides; to the north a tumbled mass of gigantic forest-clad mountains, rising to snow-capped peaks, and to the south the widening Urubamba Valley, with the river winding through its bottom, protected on both sides by precipitous mountains. On the highest part of the ridge is a small structure, carefully built of rectangular blocks, with nicely made niches. Near it is a large boulder, carved into what is known as an *intihuatana* stone, supposed by some to have been a sun-dial. It has steps carved in it, and is in a fine state of preservation.

Directly below the Sacred Plaza the terraces run down to a large horseshoe-shaped plaza, evidently an ancient playground, or possibly an agricultural field. On the other side of this are a great many houses of lesser importance, although well built and huddled closely together. Many of the houses are simple in construction. Some have gabled ends. Nearly all have niches. A few are of remarkably fine workmanship, as fine as anything in Cuzco. The material used is nearly uniformly white granite. The finish is exquisite, and the blocks are fitted together with a nicety that surpasses description. The work is of the same character as that which so aroused the marvel of the Spanish conquerors. Some of the structures are nicely squared, like the palaces at Cuzco. Others have niches which resemble the best at Ollantaytambo. Cylindrical stone blocks, projecting from the wall, are common, both inside and outside the structure. In general they are larger and very much better fashioned than those at Choqquequirau. In places the ruins are almost labyrinthian. The plan gives a better

idea than can be expressed in words of the extent and character of Machu Picchu.

On the north side of the Sacred Plaza is another structure, somewhat resembling that described as being on the west side, in that the side facing the plaza is entirely open. Outside of the building are cylindrical stones projecting from the wall. Huge stones were employed in the lower tier, as in the similar building on the west side of the plaza, and their ends—that is to say, the ends of the side walls—are followed out in an obtuse angle, as in the other structure. Similarly, the point of the angle contains a hole cut into the stone, evidently intended to permit the admission of a large wooden beam. In order to support this beam, which extended across from one end of the building to the other, a single block was erected, half-way between the ends, and notched at the top, so as to permit the beam, or the ends of two beams if such were used, to rest upon it. This structure has an internal measurement of 14.9 x 33.7 feet. Its most striking feature is its row of remarkable windows. Three large windows, 3.1 feet wide and nearly 4 feet high, are let into the back wall, and look out upon a magnificent prospect over the jungle-clad mountains. Nowhere else in Peru have I seen an ancient building whose most noticeable characteristic is the presence of three large windows. Can it be that this unique feature will help us solve the riddle of this wonderful city of white granite?

Sir Clements Markham, in his recent and valuable book on the Incas of Peru, devotes a chapter to a myth which was told to all the Spanish chroniclers by their native informants, which he believes is the fabulous version of a distant historical event. The end of the early megalithic civilization is stated to have been caused by a great invasion from the south, possibly by barbarians from the Argentine pampas. The whole country broke up into anarchy, and savagery returned, ushering in a period of medieval barbarism. A remnant of the highly civilized folk took refuge in a district called Tamputocco, where some remnants of the old civilization were protected from the invaders by the inaccessible character of the country. Here the fugitives multiplied. Their descendants were more civilized and more powerful than their neighbors, and in time became crowded, and started out to acquire a better and more extensive territory. The legend relates that out of a hill with three openings or windows there came three tribes. These tribes eventually settled at Cuzco and founded the Inca empire. *Tampu* means "tavern," and *toco* a "window." The Spaniards were told that Tamputocco was not far from Cuzco, at a place called Paccaritampu, but the exact locality of Tamputocco is uncertain. So far no place answering to its description has been located. It seems to me that there is a possibility that the refuge of this pre-Inca fugi-



THE MIDDLE WINDOW IN THE TEMPLE OF THE THREE WINDOWS



NICHES IN ONE OF THE LARGER BUILDINGS

tive tribe was here in the Vilcabamba mountains, and that Machu Picchu is the original Tamputocco, although this is contrary to the accepted location.

Certainly this region was well fitted by nature to be such a refuge; unquestionably here we have evidences of megalithic occupation; and here at Machu Picchu is a "tavern" with three windows. A view taken of this Temple of the Three Windows from below makes it easy to suggest that this was the hill with the three openings or windows referred to in the myth of the origin of the Inca empire. I may be wholly mistaken in this, and I shall await with interest the discovery of any other place that fits so well the description of Tamputocco, whence came the Incas.

In the mean time it seems probable that Machu Picchu, discovered while on a search for the *last* Inca capital, was the *first,* the capital from which the Incas started on that glorious career of empire that eventually embraced a large part of South America.

Waiting

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I THOUGHT my heart would break
  Because the Spring was slow.
I said, "How long young April sleeps
  Beneath the snow!"

But when at last she came,
  And buds broke in the dew,
I dreamed of my lost love,
  And my heart broke, too!

Mr. Fitch

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

ELSA thought she had known what love was when, at sixteen, she allowed a boy at high school to carry her books for her. She had not known, however. Now at night she would crumple up at the bedside, her head among the covers, and ask herself why she had to suffer so, such ecstasy and despair were hers during these midwinter days.

For she had come from western Maryland five years before, when she was eighteen; come alone to Pittsburg, armed only with a small inheritance from her mother, to go through the university and then the medical college, drawn by the promise of a great career. All had gone well until the money was largely spent; then she had studied stenography in the summer, and early in the fall secured some secretarial night-work with a Mr. Fitch, a social worker in the Children's Society. But she had not worked for this powerful young man more than a few nights when she found herself obsessed by his personality; day by day she felt the growing danger of love for him; and finally, on a stormy evening, the matter had reached a crisis: he had plainly intimated that he wanted a wife who was "feminine" and "old-fashioned," and he had plainly intimated that he wished she were that woman.

Three months had passed since then. But each day she relived the event: the narrow office on the seventh floor of the Keystone Building, the rain on the window, the powerful young man dominating her from his revolving-chair as she sat at the desk and took his dictation, the feeling that her career was in the balance, that the many desperate years of training for her work in medicine might be thrown away; for Mr. Fitch was outspoken in his contempt of women doctors, and equally outspoken in his determination to get married. She had saved herself narrowly: she had told him that she had her own life to live, and she had resigned her position. She thought herself free.

But now she knew, or thought she knew, what love was. It was a fever and a forgetfulness; it was a beast, sometimes an angel, that lived in her against her will; it was the compression of her whole nature into, as it were, one knife of passion; it was hunger and thirst and restless desire. It was as if she had had a blow over the head so that she had lost one part of her spirit, but only to find a greater part. The intensity with which she lived was a terror and a sharp joy.

And so her work at the medical college languished; her ambition dwindled; and as her money was all gone, her future was but a broken thing in her hands. For five years she had toiled steadily and alone; and now, without warning, she had reached the apparent end.

She was sure of this on a December afternoon as she sat at her typewriting-machine in the hall bedroom at Mrs. Mayhew's. Previously she and her young friend, Enid Wardell, had shared the large front room down-stairs, but Enid had since married, and so Elsa had been forced to move. Yes, she thought this afternoon, and might be forced to move farther. Her poverty was unbelievable.

The large room had been warmed by a radiator; the small room had only a little gas-stove set on the floor beside the unsteady table that held the typewriter; and, although the stove flamed and its sooty smell filled the air, Elsa had to wear a woolen sweater to keep warm. Her fingers were stiff, and it was difficult for her to tap the keys.

Though it was only three in the afternoon, the gray smokes of Pittsburg suggested twilight; she was thinking of lighting the gas above her head, for the manuscript she was copying was becoming illegible. This manuscript represented an attempt to make money, the following of a suggestion made by a medical student that, as she had failed to find work—and it was only part-time

work that she could do—she should try earning her living by writing. Why not write some popular medical articles—how to avoid tuberculosis, for instance.

This she had done; and also one on "Massage." The first had already been rejected by a magazine, but it was returned with a note from the editor, recommending "greater condensation," yet expressing his regret that his magazine had already printed too much upon the subject. The second had not yet been heard from; and, with her hopes involved in its adventure, Elsa was attempting to condense the first. But all the joy had gone out of the work.

She kept tapping the keys listlessly. Then she rubbed her fingers together to warm them, and reached for the matchbox. At that moment there was a knock upon the door. She turned, with terrible eagerness.

"Come in," she called. The door opened, and Mrs. Mayhew entered.

"A letter, Miss Brack," she panted.

Then Elsa saw the large envelope, and flushed painfully. "Thanks," she murmured, rising and taking it. "It's nothing."

Mrs. Mayhew looked keenly at the trembling girl, at the troubled blue eyes, the shaking hands. "It's come back, eh?" she asked.

Elsa tried to fool Mrs. Mayhew, and possibly herself as well. "Yes, but it's all in the day's work."

"It's too bad," said the landlady, sympathetically. "And I hate, too, to think about the back rent."

"Oh, I know!" cried Elsa; and she could not quite keep the anguish from her voice. "I'll surely do something soon."

"I know you will," said Mrs. Mayhew. "Sure you will. Of course it isn't easy to run a house like this: the rent's high."

Elsa could say nothing; she looked down at the floor, and Mrs. Mayhew withdrew.

Then Elsa opened the envelope, and drew out with the manuscript a printed rejection-slip. Not even a personal letter! She sat down, her head sank over the typewriting-machine, and she wept.

She had not known that she could be so lonely; that she could hunger so for human sympathy, for the warm intimacy of understanding, for the healing of an-



THERE WAS A KNOCK UPON THE DOOR

other's touch. She had known loneliness before, much of it; but not the loneliness of bereavement, not the loneliness of desire. She glanced over at the bed, at the foot of which were stacked several of those stupid technical medical books, and all her passion for a great science seemed to die.

"I want to be a woman," she told herself — "a plain, common, every-day woman!"

She longed in that moment to rest back on the common sense of the race; to give herself to the seasonal rhythms of the common life; to the strong, fixed, comforting routine of eating, drinking, sleeping, loving, begetting; yes, to those things which are the solid fruits of the millions of years of evolution. And all that was feminine in her desired to be mastered—to be mastered by a man; the strong arm, the creative will, shielding and steering and absorbing her. If Mr. Fitch had opened the door then—she glanced up through tear-wet eyes in her primitive and divine weakness!—he could have commanded, and she would have followed.

It was laughable, really; the sublime adventure of her adolescence, the four desperate years at the university, the one year at the medical college, the unfailing faith that sustained her, the miracles of anatomy, the glowing future coming nearer and nearer, and then the fine career ahead—all of these things trampled, beaten back, and routed at the first onset of human passion, at the first stir and cry of the woman within her! Laughable and ridiculous!

"Tut!" she exclaimed, rising, trying to shake off this terrible mood. "It's because I haven't any one to talk to—and it's because I haven't any money!"

She went to the window. The street was darkening; the lamp-lighter was crossing the gutter; and Elsa, watching the light leap up in the gloom, felt that it was impossible to stay alone in this cold little room any longer. She must go where there was comfort, warmth, light, human faces. She knew: she would go down-town and see Enid—Enid in her tiny house. Enid at least would put her arms about her and kiss her.

She turned back into the shadows, put her little coat over the sweater, pinned on her hat, and then fled from the house. The bracing air sent her swiftly through the streets: a woman making the great search, the universal search, the search for understanding and love.

Alighting from the car, she turned down a narrow side-street, the little red-brick houses of which stood one below the other on a downward slope. Elsa stopped before one of the little houses, the shade of whose front room was a warm yellow with the gas-light behind it. She went up two steps, rang the bell, and the door opened.

"Why, Elsa!" cried Enid. And at once arms were about her and she was kissed. The tears trickled down her cheeks.

Enid drew her into the hall, babbling as usual. "Why, goodness! Come right into the sitting-room and take off your things. You know, I was going to see you to-morrow. Elsa, what *is* the matter?"

Elsa laughed softly. "Can't I cry if I want to?"

The soft, yellow-haired, pretty girl stared at her sharply. "You silly thing!" she cried, indignantly. "I know what's the matter. You're killing yourself over that horrid medical work. Now you sit down; I'm going to talk to you."

Elsa had always felt very mature next to Enid; but now Enid was a married woman, and Elsa was merely a woman. She was shocked, and came sharply to herself. "Well!" she exclaimed. "But be merciful, En!"

They sat down together on a little couch, and Elsa felt the comfort of the room. It had little furniture in it, and that was all new and rather frail, but it was small and bright; and the soft form and yellow hair and glistening blue eyes beside her suffused it all with animation.

"Haven't you a job yet?" asked Enid.

"No." Elsa was really beginning to feel that Enid was married, and that their ancient positions were reversed. She was now the child.

"Three months!" cried Enid. "Well, dear, you shouldn't have left Mr. Fitch."

The words were like lightning cleaving her, unexpected, overwhelming. She sat trembling, unable to speak, knowing that if she talked at all the talk would come in a revealing flood. She even

feared that the expression of her face was betraying her.

Enid lowered her voice and went on: "Elsa, I met him only the other day." She paused, and Elsa thought she felt Enid's eyes upon her. "He asked after you — wanted to know where you were and what you were doing. You see, he knows John; and he's going to come here to see us soon. You shouldn't have left him."

Elsa's head seemed heavy with sudden dizziness. "Ah," she thought, "I mustn't come here any more."

"You see," Enid continued, in the infinite wisdom of two months of married life, "I know men now, and Mr. Fitch—but that's John!"

A key had mercifully clicked in the lock of the front door, and Enid leaped up and flew out, and there was a joyous meeting in the hall. Elsa arose unsteadily.

"Elsa is going to stay to supper," said Enid.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Elsa, swiftly. "I just ran in a moment; I've promised to get back."



AT ONCE ARMS WERE ABOUT HER

They wanted her to stay, but she made her escape to the street.

It was too late to return to Mrs. Mayhew's, and she felt that she could not do without supper, for she had gone without lunch. Economy these days! Supper would come to twenty-five cents: fifteen cents for meat, five for coffee, and five for the waiter. She had less than five dollars now in all the world; but she was beginning to feel faint and lightheaded with hunger. And more than food, possibly, she needed the warmth and stimulation of resting in a lighted room with people all about her.

So she found a little place in a basement that, with tiling, mirrors, and electric lights, was warm and neat and sparkling; and, dismally sitting there in a corner alone, she ate of courage and hope; and all the while she thought: "He asked after me! No, I mustn't go to Enid's any more!"

She could almost feel his powerful personality coming nearer and nearer, as if he were searching for her through the streets of the city, as if she might meet him if she left the restaurant. And the thrill of comfort, the awakening of ecstasy, that came from this surmise warmed her more than the hot coffee. Why fight longer? She owed Mrs. Mayhew twelve dollars; she had no work; her manuscripts were rejected, her studies becoming mechanical; her whole life had led into this blind alley; and there was no escape. None, save through him! Ah, that was the thrilling element in life!

She paid her quarter, and then climbed the steps into the city's white night avenue. And she became a part of the

processions and the lights. Electric advertisements were like living, writhing monsters on the house-tops and jutting over the pavement; the parallel lines of shop-windows gushed a radiance; the cars passed up and down; crowds flowed into the theaters. This was the comfortable House of Night, each side-street that she passed like a window looking out on immeasurable blackness. And she felt like a bleak beggar in this House.

She paused, out of sheer misery, before a jeweler's shop, the brilliant show-window full of flashing paste-gems. And then she saw a sign fluttering at the doorway: "Saleslady wanted; night-work only; for the holidays." Hope gripped her heart, and she stepped into the shop.

It was empty of all save the proprietor, who leaned heavily against one of the glass cases: an ape-faced man, with sharp, black eyes, displaying hands that were bediamonded.

"I saw the sign," Elsa said, fluttering-ly, "for the saleslady."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Experienced?"

"No."

"What do you do in the daytime?"

She almost blushed; his sharp glance, his prosperous greasiness, overmastering her.

"Why—I'm—I'm a medical student."

"Studying to be a doctor, huh?"

"Yes."

He gave a short laugh of disgust.

"Well," he said, "I haven't any use for that kind of a girl. Now you know it!"

Yes, she knew it! She bolted from the store, her blood singing through her. He had given her a blow in the face that brought her to her senses. She had something to fight for indeed! She was helping to emancipate women; she was struggling to give woman her place in the world against poverty, against ridicule, against even—love! Every fight she had fought from the time she was a girl reinforced her now. How weak she had been, how faint! No, in spite of the black moment, she was going to fight through; and as for Mr. Fitch, she had pushed him out of her life, and now he should not find her.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS FOR?"



"Not a good Housewife, eh?"

"I'll take a cheaper room," she told herself, "and I'll do any kind of work. I'll even stop college for a while if I must! Ah, Elsa Brack!" she gave a little, excited laugh, "you and I have things to do in the world!"

She took the car home, convinced that she had pulled victory from defeat.

She had yet to learn better, however. For although Mrs. Mayhew agreed to wait a while longer for her money, and although she took a cheap room on Pittsburg's "Hill," she soon found her condition impossible. And as soon as she was assured of this a listlessness came upon her. She had extended the habit of going without lunch to going without breakfast; and as this made her at times subject to spells of dizziness, and as the bitter outdoor cold seemed to soak through to her bones, she stayed home from college several days. The room was in the gabled garret; its walls slanted sharply; and it contained merely a couch, a wash-stand, a chair, and a bit of rag-carpet. It was lit by a lamp, and the first few nights, in order to get light on her open book, she had to place it on the floor and lie down before it. The room was nakedly cold, getting a draught from every direction; and as she found the bed warmer than the floor, she remained in it as much as possible.

It was about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. She was in bed, in all her clothes, reading feverishly, her head raised with the aid of her elbow; and the wind was sweeping the garret and rattling the loose door. Mrs. Gaines called hoarsely from the floor below:

"Oh, Miss Brack! Oh, Miss Brack! You up there?"

She was startled, and leaped, shivering, out of bed. Her feet and hands were numb, her head light. She set the door ajar.

"Yes, Mrs. Gaines."

"Summun to see you. Waiting at the door."

She felt like sinking where she stood. Was it Mrs. Mayhew after the money? Or Enid, put on the trail by Mrs. Mayhew? Or— No, no; impossible! Why should he search the whole city through for her? But she turned back with feminine haste to glance in the cracked mirror, to adjust the sweater, to pat the hair into place. Then down the stairs dizzily she hurried.

Even in the gloom of the hall she saw the tall, masculine frame, the large head. She stopped five steps from the bottom, holding tight to the banister. "Yes," she whispered.

"Hello!" He advanced overpoweringly, held out his hand, and instinctively she offered hers, and he gripped it tinglingly, warmly. A strange ecstasy inundated her. Then, leaning near, he spoke in that intimate, candid, good-fellow way of his:

"Say, what do you want to do this for, anyway?"

"What?" she gasped.

"Go live in a place like this. No job, eh?"

"No."

"And yet you chucked the job with me. You *are* the queerest!"

In the silence she felt the glorious peril of his personality drawing nearer and nearer, and she did not move. But he began speaking again.

"Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to come over to my mother's and have supper with us. She cooks great, and I bet you haven't had a home-made meal in an age. You'll come, won't you?"

Of course she would not. That was plain. But she thought of the tasteless, miserable supper alone; and she thought of the vision of Loneliness. Her whole body seemed to laugh softly.

"Yes," she murmured. "I'll come."

"Run up, then," he cried, heartily. "Get on your things. I'll wait here."

A few minutes later she came running down the stairs like a young girl going to her first dance. "I'm ready," she cried, gaily.

"Good! We'll walk it, to warm up!"

They walked swiftly down to the waterside, and then tramped along the footpath of one of the long iron bridges that span the Monongahela. Smoke went up from mills and locomotives on both banks, and a great shoal of coal-barges floated down the smooth tide beneath them. It was a gray, bitter afternoon, and a thin, stinging snow swept with the cutting wind. They could not talk; but now and then Mr. Fitch took her arm to help her along, and this touch gave her a marvelous feeling of being protected and sheltered.

They left the bridge and entered a region of tangled streets, dirty stores and saloons, and rows of little red-brick houses; and down one of these streets he piloted her. At its end stood a mill, the great smokes blowing gray into the gray of the winter. He stopped before one of the houses, and she was almost sorry, feeling now as if she could tramp miles with him. Her blood tingled as she stood waiting, while he found his key and opened the door. Then she stood in the little, warm hall, and he was calling up the stairway:

"Mother! Company, mother! Company for supper, mother!"

Elsa heard a low voice from above: "All right, . . . coming."

And down came a little, gray woman, worn, wrinkled, and perfectly obedient to her big son. She received a kiss from him, and then looked at Elsa.

"Miss Brack," said Mr. Fitch.

The woman nodded. "All right, William," she said.

Elsa went pale. She had never heard Mr. Fitch's first name before. "William," she thought. "William." At once a wall between herself and him seemed broken through; he seemed simpler somehow, as much of a boy as a man; even the way he talked seemed more quiet and crude than she had remembered.

"Well," she heard him saying, "now let's hustle. We've walked up a terrific appetite, mother. Get everything out, for we're going to eat it."



SHE HAD TO ADMIRE A FAT, WORN-OUT COPY OF THE "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

"I'll help your mother," said Elsa.

"No," retorted Mrs. Fitch, in a curiously decisive way; "that's all right. Just come in the dining-room."

Mr. Fitch—William (how should she think of him?) winked joyously. "Righto, mother!" he cried, and they all went in together.

The dining-room was snug and warm; a stove, partly red-hot, stood at one side, and the cloth was laid with two places. Mr. Fitch insisted on Elsa sitting down in a little rocker by the window, while, playfully, he set another place. He was big and awkward at this, and Elsa watched him, smiling.

"Not a good housewife, eh?" he growled.

She laughingly agreed. And then as she sat there she felt faint again with hunger. She longed to get up and snatch a piece of the entrancing white bread that stood on the table. In came the mother then from the kitchen beyond, with a large platter of beef stew, steaming delightfully; and then they all sat down. And everything tasted so good that for the time being Elsa thought of nothing else. Now and then Mr. Fitch glanced at her with a curious expression.

"Mother," he said, finally, laying down knife and fork, "I told Miss Brack she'd enjoy a good home-made meal for a change!"

Elsa blushed, and the mother nodded. "That's right!" she said; "that's right! It ain't fun living in a boarding-house."

Elsa looked at Mr. Fitch tremulously, and he laughed cynically.

"Boarding-house, mother," he broke in —"lodging-house. Eats in restaurants. What do you think of that?"

Elsa felt that she should have felt hurt; and yet somehow this evening she could not. Nothing could hurt her feelings after the bitter loneliness, the ghastly privation; just to sit in this warm room, with two human beings, and eat plentifully was a marvelous experience. She was just an animal sitting by the fire, content, vacant-minded, purring with warmth.

As Mrs. Fitch cleared the table her son whispered to Elsa: "She's not used to company, but I want you to be alone with her." And when his mother returned he whispered something to her. She smiled on him delightfully.

"Miss Brack," she said, "I want to show you over the house."

A forgotten woman-chord was touched in Elsa as the awkward, proud old woman took her through. It was as if she were being taken by the mother down back through the life of her son, so that she might live it over and so immerse herself in him. She had to think of the big man as a baby (this was the room he was born in), as a child learning to walk, as a boy playing great games in the garret. She saw the lovely, laughable picture of Lincoln he had drawn when he was twelve; the mother had hung it framed over her bed. She had to admire a fat, worn-out copy of the *Swiss Family Robinson,* all adorned with unsightly wood-cuts. And then she saw the room he now occupied.

Mrs. Fitch lost her embarrassment and talked. "A good boy he's always been, independent and strong. He was always head of the gang, and never afraid of anything. Of course he was bad at times; but that's natural to boys. But after he commenced earning money, never a bit of trouble. Just brought home his pay-envelope every Saturday night (you know he worked in that mill down there at the end of the street—worked his way right up)—brought it home and gave it me. That's what I call a good son. A great worker! Educated himself by night until he could leave the mill and go working over in town—doing good for others."

Elsa smiled, and dreamily she changed places with the mother, became the mother, and dipped herself in the strange, sweet past. She loved him for what he had been; she wished she had known the tiny boy that began to walk on the rag-carpet. A good son! Something hidden in her vibrated, swelling her happiness with an exquisite sadness.

They came down the stairs, and the "good son" was waiting under the gaslight in the hall.

"Have to go now," he said, smiling at her. She smiled in return. It was all familiar, seasoned, homely, human.

He helped her on with her coat; she said good-by to the mother, and they stepped out into the night. It seemed immeasurably late or early, neither night nor day. For at the end of the street, from above the shed of the mill, a mighty mane of flame rolled into the glowing heavens, as if the building were on fire; the great smokes played through it; flakes of flame leaped and fell in showers; and a lightning kept glancing down the narrow street, illuminating it with a terrific vividness. Not a soul was in sight; the houses appeared shut up, sleeping; and enchanted, feeling strangely savage and wild, Elsa looked at Mr. Fitch and saw him as she had not seen him before. The glare chiseled him as if he were marble; he was an immense modern man in his long coat, his slouch hat, the large, brown eyes gleaming, the big, crooked mouth full of determination, and a great black shadow fell on the lighted pavement behind him.

"Here's where I grew up!" he said, exultantly. "And I worked there—there right with that fire, right up against it, pulling the lever to make the converter dip like a big egg until it poured out the new steel. Think of it on a summer's night!"

She stood spellbound. This was the real world at last; she beheld it for the first time. The real world, where man, little, monstrous-brained creature, working with the elements, broke his way, fighting, and wrought his civilizations. Here was a world being created: fire and metal and labor. Ah yes, life was just as primitive as ever: still the hunt, the battle, the mystery, and—so she realized, thrilling through and through—man and woman; man and woman weaving their love through it all.

"We'd better be going," he said, and

they started over the bridge. Snow was falling, the swirling flakes black against the glare.

Gusts of trouble came to Elsa. She held in her failing hands all the years of her life; it was that creation-moment when she could make her own future; when, by jetting up a little of her old strength, she could keep to the life - work, the great career, she could conserve the struggles, the ambitions, the agony and joy of the past. Was it not shameful, too? To Mr. Fitch she was merely a woman; but in her work she was a power, a force to be reckoned with. Surely a few days' hunger, a slight money debt could not weaken her so! Thus she strove to argue with herself, and all the while, like a sail in the wind, little by little she was torn from the mast, and knew that she must give herself to the glory of the heavens.

He stopped her short, took her arm, and turned to the railing.

"Look!" he roared above the wind, and pointed. She saw that flame in the night, near his home; and the river beneath was a glazed sheet pricked by white flakes, whereon a barge was floating; and beside that flame loomed black the eight distinct pipes of the blast-furnace.

He had to speak close, very close, to her ear to be heard.



"HERE'S WHERE I GREW UP"

"I want to tell you something—remember when we spoke in our office? I said I wanted a man-size job. Well, I'm with the steel people now. Got a good job, too, starting on twenty-five hundred a year. Enough for two."

She began to tremble weakly. She saw herself as his wife in a neat little house, where every room would begin to fill with such echoes as she had heard in the place of his childhood. Tears blinded her.

"You know why I took the new job?" he went on. "I'd been looking for you ever since you left. Mrs. Lindsey sent me to Mrs. Mayhew, and Mrs. Mayhew sent me to that —that shack. Haven't you had enough of it yet? Aren't you going to settle down and be a woman?"

She said nothing; he took her hand, turned her about a little; and that dark wave of his strength she had felt so often threatening now overwhelmed her. The sail had blown loose, and the great gales were lifting and swirling it. She was drawn closer and closer; she heard her name repeated over and over again, passionately, hoarsely; she was close to his face. Then she lifted her own, and her spirit left her, and was his. They stood, his great-coat about her, their lips close; and she knew that she was woman of woman, the mate, the mother. This was her doom, and she accepted it.

Vanishing Roads

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THOUGH actually the work of man's hands—or, more properly speaking, the work of his traveling feet,—roads have long since come to seem so much a part of Nature that we have grown to think of them as a feature of the landscape no less natural than rocks and trees. Nature has adopted them among her own works, and the road that mounts the hill to meet the sky-line, or winds away into mystery through the woodland, seems to be veritably her own highway leading us to the stars, luring us to her secret places. And just as her rocks and trees, we know not how or why, have come to have for us a strange spiritual suggestiveness, so the vanishing road has gained a meaning for us beyond its use as the avenue of mortal wayfaring, the link of communication between village and village and city and city; and some roads indeed seem so lonely, and so beautiful in their loneliness, that one feels they were meant to be traveled only by the soul. All roads indeed lead to Rome, but theirs also is a more mystical destination, some bourne of which no traveler knows the name, some city, they all seem to hint, even more eternal.

Never more than when we tread some far-spreading solitude and mark the road stretching on and on into infinite space, or the eye loses it in some wistful curve behind the fateful foliage of lofty storm-stirred trees, or as it merely loiters in sunny indolence through leafy copses and ferny hollows, whatever its mood or its whim, by moonlight or at morning; never more than thus, eagerly afoot or idly contemplative, are we impressed by that something that Nature seems to have to tell us, that something of solemn, lovely import behind its visible face. If we could follow that vanishing road to its far mysterious end! Should we find that meaning there. Should we know why it stops at no mere market-town, nor comes to an end at any seaport? Should we come at last to the radiant door, and know at last the purpose of all our travel? Meanwhile the road beckons us on and on, and we walk we not why or whither.

Vanishing roads do actually stir such thoughts, not merely by way of similitude, but just in the same way that everything in Nature similarly stirs thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls; as moonlit waters stir them, or the rising of the sun. As I have said, they have come to seem a part of natural phenomena, and, as such, may prove as suggestive a starting-point as any other for those speculations which Nature is all the time provoking in us as to why she affects us thus and thus. These mighty hills of multitudinous rock, piled confusedly against the sky—so much granite and iron and copper and crystal, says one. But to the soul, strangely something besides, so much more. These rolling shapes of cloud, so fantastically massed and molded, moving in rhythmic change like painted music in the heaven, radiant with ineffable glories or monstrous with inconceivable doom. This sea of silver, "hushed and halcyon," or this sea of wrath and ravin, wild as Judgment Day. So much vapor and sunshine and wind and water, says one.

Yet to the soul how much more!

And why? Answer me that if you can. There, truly, we set our feet on the vanishing road.

Whatever reality, much or little, the personifications of Greek Nature-worship had for the ancient world, there is no doubt that for a certain modern temperament, more frequently met with every day, those personifications are becoming increasingly significant, and one might almost say veritably alive. Forgotten poets may, in the first instance, have been responsible for the particular forms they took, their names and stories, yet even so they but clothed with legend presences of wood and water, of earth and sea and sky, which man dimly felt to have a real existence; and these



WINDING AWAY INTO MYSTERY THROUGH THE WOODLAND

presences, forgotten or banished for a while in prosaic periods, or under Puritanic repression, are once more being felt as spiritual realities by a world coming more and more to evoke its divinities by individual meditation on and responsiveness to the mysterious so-called natural influences by which it feels itself surrounded. Thus the first religion of the world seems likely to be its last. In other words, the modern tendency, with spiritually sensitive folk, is for us to go direct to the fountain-head of all theologies, Nature herself, and, prostrating ourselves before her mystery, strive to interpret it according to our individual "intimations," listening, attent, for ourselves to her oracles, and making, to use the phrase of one of the profoundest of modern Nature-seers, our own "reading of earth." Such was Wordsworth's initiative, and, as some one has said, "we are all Wordsworthians to-day." That pagan creed, in which Wordsworth passionately wished himself suckled, is not "outworn." He himself, in his own austere way, has, more than any one man, verified it for us, so that indeed we do once more nowadays

> "Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Nor have the dryads and the fauns been frighted away for good. All over the world they are trooping back to the woods, and whoso has eyes may catch sight, any summer day, of "the breast of the nymph in the brake." Imagery, of course; but imagery that is coming to have a profounder meaning, and a still greater expressive value, than it ever had for Greece and Rome. All myths that are something more than fancies gain rather than lose in value with time, by reason of the accretions of human experience. The mysteries of Eleusis would mean more for a modern man than for an ancient Greek, and in our modern groves of Dodona the voice of the god has meanings for us stranger than ever reached his ears. Maybe the mean-



STILL WATERS DREAMING IN THE DAWN

ings have a purport less definite, but they have at least the suggestiveness of a nobler mystery. But surely the Greeks were right, and we do but follow them as we listen to the murmur of the wind in the lofty oaks, convinced as they of the near presence of the divine.

> "The word by seers or sibyls told
> In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
> Still floats upon the morning wind,
> Still whispers to the willing mind."

Nor was it a vain thing to watch the flight of birds across the sky, and augur this or that of their strange ways. We too still watch them in a like mood, and, though we do not interpret them with a like exactitude, we are very sure that they mean something important to our souls, as they speed along their vanishing roads.

This modern feeling of ours is quite different from the outworn "pathetic fallacy," which was a purely sentimental attitude. We have, of course, long since ceased to think of Nature as the sympathetic mirror of our moods, or imagine that she has any concern with the temporal affairs of man. We no longer seek to appease her in her terrible moods with prayer and sacrifice. We know that she is not thinking of us, but we do know

that for all her moods there is in us an answering thrill of correspondence, which is not merely fanciful or imaginative, but of the very essence of our beings. It is not that we are reading our thoughts into her. Rather we feel that we are receiving her thoughts into ourselves, and that, in certain receptive hours, we are, by some avenue simpler and profounder than reason, made aware of certitudes we cannot formulate, but which nevertheless siderealize into a faith beyond the reach of common doubt — a faith, indeed, unelaborate, a faith, one might say, of one tenet: belief in the spiritual sublimity of all Nature, and, therefore, of our own being as a part thereof.

In such hours we feel too, with a singular lucidity of conviction, that those forces which thus give us that mystical assurance are all the time molding us accordingly as we give up ourselves to their influence, and that we are literally and not fancifully what winds and waters make us; that the poetry, for instance, of Wordsworth was literally first somewhere in the universe, and thence transmitted to him by processes no less natural than those which produced his bodily frame, gave him form and feature, and colored his eyes and hair.

It is not man that has "poetized" the world, it is the world that has made a poet out of man, by infinite processes of evolution, precisely in the same way that it has shaped a rose and filled it with perfume, or shaped a nightingale and filled it with song. One has often heard it said that man has endowed Nature with his own feelings, that the pathos or grandeur of the evening sky, for instance, are the illusions of his humanizing fancy, and have no real existence. The exact contrary is probably the truth—that man has no feelings of his own that were not Nature's first, and that all that stirs in him at such spectacles is but a translation into his own being of cosmic emotions which he shares in varying degrees with all created



The Road has come to seem a Part of Nature

things. Into man's strange heart Nature has distilled her essences, as elsewhere she has distilled them in color and perfume. He is, so to say, one of the nerve-centers of cosmic experience. In the process of the suns he has become a veritable microcosm of the universe. It was not man that placed that tenderness in the evening sky. It has been the evening skies of millions of years that have at length placed tenderness in the heart of man. It has passed into him as that "beauty born of murmuring sound" passed into the face of Wordsworth's maiden.

Perhaps we too seldom reflect how much the life of Nature is one with the life of man, how unimportant, or indeed merely seeming, the difference between them. Who can set a seed in the ground, and watch it put up a green shoot, and blossom and fructify and wither and pass, without reflecting, not as imagery but as fact, that he has come into existence, run his course, and is going out of existence again, by precisely the same process? With so serious a correspondence between their vital experience, the fact of one being a tree and the other a man seems of comparatively small importance. The life process has but used different material for its expression. And as man and Nature are so like in such primal conditions, is it not to be supposed that they are alike too in other and subtler ways, and that, at all events, as it thus clearly appears that man is as much a natural growth as an apple-tree, alike dependent on sun and rain, may not, or rather must not, the thoughts that come to him strangely out of earth and sky, the sap-like stirrings of his spirit, the sudden inner music that streams through him before the beauty of the world, be no less authentically the working of Nature within him than his more obviously physical processes, and, say, a belief in God be as inevitable a blossom of the human tree as apple-blossom of the apple?

If this oracular office of Nature be indeed a truth, our contemplation of her beauty and marvel is seen to be a method of illumination, and her varied spectacle actually a sacred book in picture-writing, a revelation through the eye to the soul of the stupendous purport of the universe. The sun and the moon are the torches by which we study its splendid pages, turning diurnally for our perusal, and in star and flower alike dwells the lore which we cannot formulate into thought, but can only come indescribably to know by loving the pictures. "The meaning of all things that are" is there, if we can only find it. It flames in the sunset, or flits by us in the twilight moth, thunders or moans or whispers in the sea, unveils its bosom in the moonrise, affirms itself in mountain-range and rooted oak, sings to itself in solitary places, dreams in still waters, nods and beckons amid sunny foliage, and laughs its great green laugh in the wide sincerity of the grass.

As the pictures in this strange and lovely book are infinite, so endlessly varied are the ways in which they impress us. In our highest moments they seem to be definitely, almost consciously, sacerdotal, as though the symbolic acts of a solemn cosmic ritual, in which the universe is revealed visibly at worship. Were man to make a practice of rising at dawn and contemplating in silence and alone the rising of the sun, he would need no other religion. The rest of the day would be hallowed for him by that morning memory and his actions would partake of the largeness and chastity of that lustral hour. Moonlight, again, seems to be the very holiness of Nature, welling out ecstatically from fountains of ineffable purity and blessedness. Of some moonlight nights we feel that if we did what our spirits prompt us, we should pass them on our knees, as in some chapel of the Grail. To attempt to realize in thought the rapture and purification of such a vigil is to wonder that we so seldom pay heed to such inner promptings. So much we lose of the best kind of joy by spiritual inertia, or plain physical sloth; and some day it will be too late to get up and see the sunrise, or to follow the white feet of the moon as she treads her vanishing road of silver across the sea. This involuntary conscience that reproaches us with such laxity in our Nature-worship witnesses how instinctive that worship is, and how much we unconsciously depend on Nature for our impulses and our moods.

Another definitely religious operation of Nature within us is expressed in that



LOST IN SOME WISTFUL CURVE BEHIND THE FOLIAGE OF THE STORM-STIRRED TREES

immense gratitude which throws open the gates of the spirit as we contemplate some example of her loveliness or grandeur. Who that has stood by some still lake and watched a stretch of water-lilies opening in the dawn but has sent out somewhere into space a profound thankfulness to "whatever gods there be" that he has been all wed to gaze on so fair a sight. Whatever the struggle or sorrow of our lives, we feel in such moments our great good fortune at having been born into a world that contains such marvels. It is sufficient success in life, whatever our minor failures, to have beheld such beauty; and mankind at large witnesses to this feeling by the value it everywhere attaches to scenes in Nature exceptionally noble or exquisite. Though the American traveler does not so express it, his sentiment toward such natural spectacles as the Grand Cañon or Niagara Falls is that of an intense reverence. Such places are veritable holy places, and man's heart instinctively acknowledges them as sacred. His repugnance to any violation of them by materialistic interests is precisely the same feeling as the horror with which Christendom regarded the Turkish violation of the Holy Sepulcher. And this feeling will increase rather than decrease in proportion as religion is recognized as having its shrines and oracles not only in Jerusalem, or in St. Peter's, but wherever Nature has erected her altars on the hills or wafted her incense through the spicy woodlands.

After all, are not all religions but the theological symbolization of natural phenomena, and the sacraments, the festivals, and fasts of all the churches have their counterparts in the mysterious processes and manifestations of Nature? and is the contemplation of the resurrection of Adonis or Thammuz more edifying to the soul than to meditate the strange return of the spring which their legends but ecclesiastically celebrate? He who has watched and waited at the white grave of winter, and hears at last the first faint singing among the boughs, or the first strange "peeping" of frogs in the marshes, or watches the ghost-like return of insects, stealing, still half asleep, from one knows not where—the first butterfly



ROLLING SHAPES OF CLOUD MOVING IN RHYTHMIC CHANGE



EVENING SKIES

suddenly fluttering helplessly on the window-pane, or the first mud-wasp crawling out into the sun in a dazed, bewildered way; or comes upon the violet in the woods shining at the door of its wintry sepulcher: he who meditates these marvels, and all the magic processional of the months, as they march with pomp and pathos along their vanishing roads, will come to the end of the year with a lofty, illuminated sense of having assisted at a solemn religious service, and a realization that, in no fancy of the poets, but in very deed, "day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

Apart from this generally religious influence of Nature, she seems at times in certain of her aspects and moods specifically to illustrate or externalize states of the human soul. Sometimes in still, moonlit nights, standing, as it were, on the brink of the universe, we seem to be like one standing on the edge of a pool, who, gazing in, sees his own soul gazing back at him. Tiny creature though we be, the whole solemn and majestic spectacle seems to be an extension of our own reverie, and we to infold it all in some strange way within our own infinitesimal consciousness. So a self-conscious dewdrop might feel that it infolded the morning sky, and such probably is the meaning of the Buddhist seer when he declares that "the universe grows I."

Such are some of the more august impressions made upon us by the pictures in the cosmic picture-book, but there are



MOODS OF MYSTERY

also times and places when Nature seems to wear a look less mystic than dramatic in its suggestiveness, as though she were a stage-setting for some portentous human happening past or to come—the fall of kings or the tragic clash of empires. As Whitman says, "Here a great personal deed has room." Some landscapes seem to prophesy, some to commemorate. In some places not marked by monuments, or otherwise definitely connected with history, we have a curious haunted sense of prodigious far-off events once enacted in this quiet grassy solitude —prehistoric battles or terrible sacrifices. About others hangs a fateful atmosphere of impending disaster, as though weighted with a gathering doom. Sometimes we seem conscious of sinister presences, as though veritably in the abode of evil spirits. The place seems somehow not quite friendly to humanity, not quite good to linger in, lest its genius should cast its perilous shadow over the heart. On the other hand, some places breathe an ineffable sense of blessedness, of unearthly promise. We feel as though some hushed and happy secret were about to be whispered to us out of the air, some wonderful piece of good fortune on the edge of happening. Some hand seems to beckon us, some voice to call, to mysterious paradises of inconceivable green freshness and super-

naturally beautiful flowers, fairy fastnesses of fragrance and hidden castles of the dew. In such hours the Well at the World's End seems no mere poet's dream. It awaits us yonder in the forest glade, amid the brooding solitudes of silent fern, and the gate of the Earthly Paradise is surely there in yonder vale hidden among the violet hills.

Various as are these impressions, it is strange and worth thinking on that the dominant suggestion of Nature through all her changes, whether her mood be stormy or sunny, melancholy or jubilant, is one of presage and promise. She seems to be ever holding out to us an immortal invitation to follow and endure, to endure and to enjoy. She seems to say that what she brings us is but an earnest of what she holds for us out there along the vanishing road. There is nothing, indeed, she will not promise us, and no promise, we feel, she cannot keep. Even in her tragic and bodeful seasons, in her elegiac autumns and stern winters, there is an energy of sorrow and sacrifice that elevates and inspires, and in the darkest hours hints at immortal mornings. She may terrify, but she never deadens, the soul. In earthquake and eclipse she seems to be less busy with destruction than with renewed creation. She is but wrecking the old, that

> . . . "there shall be
> Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
> Of the sky-children."

As I have thus mused along with the reader, a reader I hope not too imaginary, the manner in which the phrase with which I began has recurred to my pen has been no mere accident, nor yet has it been a mere literary device. It seemed to wait for one at every turn of one's theme, inevitably presenting itself. For wherever in Nature we set our foot, she seems to be endlessly the center of vanishing roads, radiating in every direction into space and time. Nature is forever arriving and forever departing, forever approaching, forever vanishing; but in her vanishings there seems to be ever the waving of a hand, in all her partings a promise of meetings farther along the road. She would seem to say not so much *Ave atque vale,* as *Vale atque ave.* In all this rhythmic drift of things, this perpetual flux of atoms flowing on and on into Infinity, we feel less the sense of loss than of a musical progression of which we too are notes.

We are all treading the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing roads of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces. But in this great company of vanishing things there is a reassuring comradeship. We feel that we are units in a vast ever-moving army, the vanguard of which is in Eternity. The road still stretches ahead of us. For a little while yet we shall experience all the zest and bustle of marching feet. The swift-running seasons, like couriers bound for the front, shall still find us on the road, and shower on us in passing their blossoms and their snows. For a while the murmur of the running stream of Time shall be our fellow-wayfarer—till, at last, up there against the sky-line, we too turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road wends as it goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we to-day and watch us reach the top of the ridge and disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn that radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road.

Wesendonck

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MRS. CHADWICK looked up, somewhat annoyed, from the bundle in her lap, which was Jonathan. She was dabbing vaseline in Jonathan's ears with a bit of cotton, and even her earlier practice on Muriel and Reginald had not succeeded in making her deft. Moreover, Jonathan habitually resented it. "Lunch, did you say, Diana? We will have shredded codfish for lunch, and Hamburg steak for dinner. There's codfish in the house, and you can get round steak from the butcher when he calls."

"Two pounds, ma'am?"

Mrs. Chadwick put away the vaseline-tube. "A pound and a half will be enough. And you can boil the potatoes for the fish. I'll see about the vegetable for dinner later."

Diana removed herself from the bath-room door. Mrs. Chadwick saw the slatternly young figure go down the stairs. Then she busied herself with dressing Jonathan. Every woman, so ran Sadie Chadwick's conventional reasoning, wanted a child; and, *a fortiori,* every woman wanted a boy; but Muriel and Reginald sufficed. She loved Jonathan quite as much as the others, but he was neither a novelty nor a necessity. She had not even had the satisfaction of calling him Ronald. Her husband had insisted on their second son's being named for his grandfather. A few tears of amply justified self-pity rolled on Jonathan's face as she tucked him into his shabby, inherited carriage. She kissed him, to ease her conscience.

Sadie Chadwick had spent her childhood and youth in Sankeyville, an unimportant Middle-Western town, named originally for Moody's famous co-evangelist. The youth of Sankeyville had its advantages; notably, proximity to the State University. Boys and girls in Sankeyville, if their parents could afford it, left the high-school for the university. Sadie had taken her degree on the easiest terms the institution offered. Along with her B.L., the university had unofficially offered her, as was its wont, a fiancé. For Bert Chadwick, in his laboratory, the vision of her had become obsessing; her slim shape wandered among his retorts and test-tubes, the memory of her ylang-ylang overbore the fumes of hydrogen sulphide. Years of teaching school in wide farming districts had intervened between his B.S. and the leisure for his Ph.D.—a leisure, spite of all his toil, not opulent enough for Johns Hopkins—and he had returned from the prairies full of contempt for the unintellectual woman. Herbert Chadwick was perhaps more dazzled by Sadie's B.L. than was Sadie herself. Sympathy with his work; intelligent allegiance to his scientific ideals; lamplit evenings when they should relax their minds together over Goethe (Sadie was "crazy about" German)—who can tell to what naïve and fatal platitudes Bert Chadwick had succumbed? Some stern streak in him had been propitiated, no doubt, by her degree; and the rest of him was allured by her slim shape and delicate features. No one immediately concerned foresaw that the slenderness would eventually become shapeless and the features sharp. Muriel, Reginald, and Jonathan—to say nothing of Diana and her kind — would see to that.

But at the time when Sankeyville assembled in the Baptist church to witness this marriage of true minds, it looked as if the Chadwicks might have a gilded future. Sadie Lampson had refused the local sub-editor and one of the younger real-estate agents, to become the authorized and domesticated angel of the test-tubes and retorts. It was possible that Bert's Ph.D. had worked on her imagination as her B.L. had worked on his. But imagination was not destined to be the strongest point of either, though in the first years of their marriage — even after

Muriel came—they joked solemnly about Bert's some day achieving the Nobel prize. They ended by joking, when they joked at all, over the possible death of a rich alumnus who should create posthumously a new chair in Organic Chemistry.

"Then all smiles stopped together." The little Eastern college which overworked Bert Chadwick in the interests of science, and left him only scant Sundays in which to be king of his laboratory (and to take Muriel and Reginald off their mother's hands), was socially bewildering to both. It came to be understood in Eastford that the Chadwicks didn't care about meeting people. Bert Chadwick's seclusion, to be sure, was fitfully illuminated by strange cross-lights from the cosmopolitan world of science. Lonely, but not unsignaled or ungreeted, he beat up and down the choppy seas of discovery.

Chadwick, impatient, in the end, of all subjects not his own, took most things for granted—even the children and the exclusively athletic interests of rich alumni—in grim materialistic temper. His sole spiritual extravagance was the passionate exchange of reprints with distant *Fachgenossen.* It would have been hard to say whether he regretted his ignorance of the social phase of Eastford. There were always more immediate worries than that: chicken-pox, or dull students, or the innumerable obstacles to research. The plans he and Sadie had nursed, of European summers and sabbatical years, had been winter-killed by Muriel and Reginald. Jonathan merely reiterated their doom. It was probably inevitable that Bert Chadwick, in his laboratory, should discover moroseness like a new acid.

Moroseness was not easily discoverable to Sadie's temperament: her own researches in life resulted rather in a peevishness that was sharp and shapeless like herself. She had no constructive sense, and the perception of differences between herself and the other "faculty wives" did not lead to successful imitation. In any case, the babies gave her little time for pretense. Bert's Puritanical materialism kept him from church, and Sadie was not the sort to go alone. She went to official receptions and "teas," to prove to herself that her position was as good as Mrs. Percival's; but her clothes at last were dowdy enough to make her glad of Jonathan as a general excuse. She believed in her husband's future; yet as that future deferred itself more and more emphatically, she less and less saw herself sharing it. Some people, in losing heaven, gain earth; but Sadie Chadwick's thin little mind had lost everything together—except the illogical recurring dream of hell. Hell seemed, all things considered, plausible. She did not mention it to Bert—he would only argue with her. But it gave substance to the moral teachings it was her delicate task to free from the religious taint before instilling them into the children. Mrs. Chadwick was devoid of irony; yet she had once or twice asked herself resentfully how she could possibly tell a child named Jonathan there was no such thing as God.

This morning, after putting Jonathan to sleep in his carriage, she sat down in the parlor. She had a note to write, refusing an invitation to luncheon. She was seldom asked to lunch nowadays. It was pretty well understood that Mrs. Chadwick never went out. The note, written in a prettily flourished Spencerian hand, was curt. She took pleasure in signing herself "Sadie Lampson Chadwick." Bert had been trying for a year or two to eliminate the "Lampson" and turn her into "Sarah." The note written, she permitted herself to look round the room.

Sadie Chadwick, as she sat in the wicker rocking-chair, looking round her parlor, did not say to herself that life was intolerable, but she came very near feeling it so. The room, now—it was all wrong, and never would be right. It was small and many-windowed, and utterly without grace. Bert had never criticized the room: he had only always refused to sit in it. By gaslight it was rather awful, Sadie confessed to herself. She had come to realize it, not from any sudden esthetic illumination of her own, but by its positively hypnotizing effect on callers. With the passing of callers her sense of the hypnotizing effect had weakened, but not her resentment. It was abominable—"too mean" was her

inward phrasing—that her parlor should be all wrong. Yet she couldn't have done it up to suit herself if she had been able to afford it. And what did it matter? Bert was at the laboratory every evening, and she sat up-stairs. But if any one thought she was going to accept hospitality that would have to be returned—!

It throws a light on Mrs. Chadwick's mental and physical routine that merely sitting in her parlor from ten to eleven on Wednesday morning gradually marked the hour for her as climactic. She had remained, after writing her note, invaded simply by her general and familiar despair.

The anodyne she clutched at, however, was unfamiliar, was "special." She so seldom had time to take things in: life was chiefly a matter of hurrying from one thing to the next. To sit down with empty hands and envisage her situation was as dangerous and historic a thing as Sadie Chadwick could do. She saw the futile, unrepaying hurry of the years before her, mockingly monotonous. Sadie Chadwick was not given to seeing visions, either of hope or of despair. Now, by some odd trick of the slack moment and the released nerves, she saw the morrow, precisely like to-day. There was no way out. Why had she never thought of that before? She positively never had. It had always been: "When Bert is called to a big university," or, "When the children are grown up." Some term, some date, had always laid a shining finger across the straight and melancholy way. Was there really any shining finger? She took a good, hard look, and decided that there was not. Bert had grown critical. He no longer had any faith in her way of doing things, though he had no suggestions to help out with. She knew she was unsuccessful, but there was always something that had to be done, at the very minute, in her own muddling way. She couldn't plot and plan; she couldn't reorganize. All the same, if people thought she would go to their stupid luncheons in clothes of the previous year and conversation of the previous decade, they little knew Sadie Lampson. White, crumpled, nervous, she was like tinder waiting for the match to flame into a bright and tawdry blaze.

Sadie Chadwick's inflammable hour was destined to its surprising spark. Bert Chadwick—an hour before lunch—appeared in the parlor doorway. He began, as usual, without preliminaries. The Chadwicks' intercourse was stripped, if not of kindness, certainly of graces. The practical things of life made, for any conversation they indulged in, an eternal gray context.

"Is it Diana's day out to-morrow?"

Mrs. Chadwick, sharply recalled to the context, replied a little fretfully. "Of course, Bert. She always has Thursdays. She wouldn't stay if she didn't."

"Don't the Percivals manage?"

"Their girl can hardly talk English. She hasn't any friends. I dare say Mrs. Percival keeps her in on any excuse. Diana is different."

"Can't you manage for once?"

"What do you want of her? I shall have a fancy brisket boiled to-morrow morning before she goes out. We can eat it cold for supper."

"You see, Monteith's away." (Monteith was the head of the department.) A frown came easily to Bert Chadwick's brows. He stood with his shoulders hunched, his hands in the sagging pockets of his blue serge coat.

"Well?" She got no clue.

"Wesendonck's here. Going to stay over until Friday. He's dining with the president to-night, but to-morrow night I thought we might ask him."

"Wesendonck?"

"Don't you remember?" The nervous frown thickened and deepened. "The big man in Physiological Chemistry—from Leipsic. He's been in the laboratory all the morning. I cut a class. Wesendonck's more important. He's a great swell. It would be mighty civil to ask him, and I think he'd come. We've been having a lot of talk. You could ask the Opdykes."

"Ask the Opdykes?" Sadie Chadwick's voice was shrill. She didn't understand about this foreign person, but, after all, he was only a foreign person. He might be very grand, but at all events he would go back to Europe. Whereas the Opdykes—! The Opdykes had money of their own; they kept a butler; they

spent summers abroad; Mrs. Percival said they were going to have an automobile. Professor Opdyke taught for the love of it. To teach for the love of it was Eastford's *ne plus ultra* of social and mental magnificence. Mrs. Chadwick remembered the insignificant luncheon she had just refused. "Ask the Opdykes?" she repeated. There was almost a thread of raillery in the shrillness. She seemed to herself, in her hold on common sense, immensely superior to Bert.

"Well, why not? They've asked us, and we've never asked them."

"Of course not — and I never intend to."

Bert, too, could be cool. "It's a very good chance—now that we have Wesendonck to ask them to. Opdyke knew him in Vienna. Wesendonck wants to see him, of course, but Opdyke was called to New York Monday, and won't be back till to-night. I thought we could arrange it this afternoon."

"If Professor Opdyke comes back to-night, won't he ask Wesendonck at once himself?"

"Of course he will. That's why I thought we'd better ask them all ourselves, right after lunch." Her face gave him no adequate response, and he added, flushing a little, "I shall be in the laboratory all the afternoon with him, Sadie. It would be pretty difficult not to ask him."

"Can't you manage—talking shop?" Surely it was the hour of unfamiliar idleness that had given her this courage.

"Not very well. It's the only decent thing to do. It isn't as if I belonged to the club. And it's really a great thing to have Wesendonck here. We've been talking about that last article of mine."

"You don't expect to talk to the Opdykes about that article, do you?"

"I don't know why we shouldn't sometimes—on a really important occasion—do things like other people. It seems to me it would be throwing a chance away. If you're bothered about Diana, I'll speak to her. I don't believe she'd mind staying in for once."

"She might as well be out as in." Sadie Chadwick, with the breath of battle in her very face, outdid herself in calmness.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Diana wouldn't know how to wait on the Opdykes."

"Oh, they won't expect much." The statement did little credit to Chadwick's tactical sense. He perceived its effect at least, for he hurried on. "I know she's not clever about it, but she can pass things."

"She can spill them, if that's what you mean."

"She can put them on the table and let us serve them. There's no point in trying to be grand." Chadwick was honestly trying to speak helpfully. But the male instinct for simplicity as a way out is the perennial object of female scorn.

"You don't know what you're talking about. But it isn't only Diana. It's the furniture, the china, the knives and forks, Muriel and Reginald, my clothes—everything! We haven't given a dinner since Reginald was born. We can't possibly do it decently. I don't see how it will do you anything but harm to ask people to such a mess. And this room is all wrong, too. It's dreadful at night."

The shrillness at present had no raillery in it. Sadie Chadwick saw that her husband meant the invitation to be given. It was his house, she reflected, dully. The wife's duty was clear.

Bert's next words defined his attitude. "We can have a very simple dinner. If you have tinned soup and get ice-cream from Lawler's, Diana won't have such a lot to do."

"There isn't any one in this house who can dress a salad properly." It was the last wave of the banner before the flimsy folds were trodden underfoot. Even as she spoke she told herself not to forget to order a bottle of mayonnaise at the grocer's. Having surrendered inwardly, she resented the sharpness with which Bert replied to her explicit protest.

"Do the best you can. I don't care what we have. But we must ask the Opdykes."

Sadie shrugged her shoulders. "And the Percivals."

"Oh, you needn't do that, need you? Won't it make it a good deal harder?"

She faced him as she rose. "How else am I to borrow half her china?"

He had no answer for that. After

all, he couldn't have expected to make more than his main point. In spite of his determination he felt a perplexed pity for her. It seemed to make her so much trouble.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But it *is* important. I should like to get into a better laboratory than this. I guess you don't realize how keeping in touch with the big people helps."

"Oh, don't I?" She had no amiability to spare.

"Aren't you going to write to Mrs. Opdyke?"

She did not turn as she went out. "I've got to make Jonathan's formula now. After lunch will be plenty of time. If Wesendonck is such a swell, they'll be sure to come."

Her sarcasm unsealed in him some fount of bitter passion.

"Good heavens, Sadie, can't you see it's for you and the children, too?"

Half-way up the stairs, she heard him, but did not reply. For her and the children! Was there any limit to men's natural egotism? Sadie Chadwick, as has been said, lacked the constructive sense.

The note to Mrs. Opdyke, the jarring consultation with Diana, the compounding of the menu, and the negotiations for Mrs. Percival's best china tired Mrs. Chadwick more than she cared to realize. But she would go on; she would see it through. With Bert, at least, she could perhaps subsist for a time on the virtue thus accumulated. Martyrdom is, domestically speaking, a bank-account of five figures.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Chadwick had time to think of her purely personal part in the deplored festivity. Up-stairs in a trunk, underneath the children's winter underclothes, she found her evening dress. It smelled of moth-balls, and fell in limp, ugly creases. She remembered how recklessly she had packed it, discarding it passionately and finally, the spring before. The black satin could be aired and pressed, of course; but did the wizard live who could charm the sleeves and the waist into anything like proper shape? She found it difficult to believe that they had ever, within mortal memory, been fashionable. On her knees, the dress spread out before her on the attic floor, she considered. She loathed the task of considering. She loathed Wesendonck for bringing her to it. Above all, she loathed Mrs. Opdyke, who bought dresses in Paris and told how much duty she had paid on them. Yet she choked down her disgust, and at last a flicker of wit pricked light through her despair. A fichu! "I might get chiffon at Carr's. I believe I could sew it on the machine if I put a strip of paper in. I sha'n't have time to do it all by hand." In such a guise Sadie Chadwick's inspiration came. She went down to her own room. Muriel and Reginald, called in from play, were despatched to Carr's with a note. Jonathan was awake and fretful, and could not be left.

The children brought back the chiffon, quarreling to the last as to which should carry the slim parcel, and at the end of the long spring afternoon Sadie Chadwick cut and tucked and gathered and hemmed her fichu. After the children were put to bed, she tried it on. It is due to her to say that she had no illusions about it. She saw it for what it was — a makeshift. Mrs. Opdyke and Mrs. Percival would think her taste dowdy and dreary; but they would never know what archaic horrors the simple scarf concealed. The mere consciousness of how much worse it would have been without the fichu must sustain her. Such poor triumphs were all she could know: clumsy mitigations of the unspeakable and the intolerable. She did not allow her self-pity to abate; and she went down to dinner consciously grim. The fichu she left in the nursery: she didn't want Bert, seeing it, to suspect that she had found any mitigation possible.

The latent and moribund confidence of Bert Chadwick had been waked and stirred by the stimulating talk in the laboratory with Wesendonck. It was tremendous luck, really, to have Monteith and Opdyke both away when the great man turned up, apt as a miracle, in Eastford. It had been wonderful to feel himself once more in the current; to find himself, in his undisputed laboratory, talking with a distinguished comrade. The note of authority, long mute (something quite different from the

didactic condescension with which he addressed his students), crept back into his voice. Leaning easily against the wall, his hands in his pockets, he spoke ringingly. Wesendonck replied in guttural, significant English. The hours had flown. . . . Bert Chadwick was not popular: in the shabby and shy, contempt is not a social asset. Deference, none save the most worshipful could wring from him. To Wesendonck he gave it not ungracefully—the generous deference of the equally enfranchised. Wesendonck was great; as, by the grace of Science, he, Bert Chadwick, might one day be. While Wesendonck, that evening, talked international scandal at the president's house, Bert Chadwick moved alertly among his test-tubes.

He came home very late. Sadie was asleep, and he was careful not to wake her. In his exalted mood her head on the pillow looked to him astonishingly irrelevant, but he did not trouble to reason her back into the scheme of things. After his long exhilaration, he slept.

He was still sleeping when Sadie got up to give Jonathan his six-o'clock bottle. She moved about quietly. Jonathan cried a little, but went to sleep as soon as he had taken his eight ounces. Mrs. Chadwick heard Muriel in the nursery, and went to caution her against waking her father. To her surprise she found the child weeping. "Sh—sh! What is it?" she murmured, mechanically, as she crossed to the little bed which shook with the child's sobs. Muriel unwound her doll from folds of chiffon. "It blew on to my paint-box in the night," she explained, "and got all spotty; and I took it for Henrietta, 'cause it wasn't any good any more, and it sticks to her face."

Sadie Chadwick looked down at the fichu. It was spotty, as Muriel said; and had stuck to the wax face of Henrietta, as Muriel complained. Moreover, the adventure had reduced it to a satiric crumple.

Mrs. Chadwick, drawing her dressing-gown close about her, stared very quietly at the fichu.

Was it any good any more? Muriel asked, anxiously. She displayed the red and blue smudges. Her own fingers had multiplied them all over the delicate fabric. But obviously hers had not been the first sin.

No; it wasn't any good any more. Sadie Chadwick did not lose her temper with the child. She was far too deeply stirred for that. She referred the mishap to something greater and more inexorable—something very like fate. She did not mind so much about the fichu. She had been foolish to think that the mere futile garnishing of an ancient frock would enable her to put through this preposterous dinner-party. She had been weak — she had been idiotic — to think for a moment that she could, on the strength of one mitigating detail, put it through. A hundred fichus—a whole new dress!—would not have sufficed for success. Could she fling one chiffon scarf over Diana, the eked-out china, the bad pictures, and the intolerant eyes of Mrs. Opdyke? It spoke for some belated strength in Sadie Chadwick that she did not lose her hold on herself. Hysteria would have been one way, and she nearly took that road; but she was beginning, in the fresh light of the April dawn, to see a solution compared with which hysteria would be a miserable mock-relief, a brief, ineffectual respite. Almost consciously she renounced emotion and held her nerves taut.

Sadie Chadwick did not go back to bed. She dressed, swiftly and carefully. Then she made Jonathan's formula for the day. Before calling her husband she gave Muriel and Reginald their breakfast and sent them out to play. She breakfasted this morning with them; and she took her coffee without cream and, contrary to her frugal habit, ate two eggs. When Chadwick came down to breakfast he found the table cleared, except for his own place; and Sadie was in the parlor at her desk. He noticed that she stuffed something into her blouse as he came into the room, but she rose at once and went into the kitchen to make sure that his coffee was hot. As she came back through the dining-room with an armful of clean things for Jonathan, she smiled at him, but did not stop to talk. She was still up-stairs when he called to her.

"Good-by, Sadie. I'm going. I've got to make up that lecture I missed."

Mrs. Chadwick came down as he went

out of the door. She did not kiss him, but she stood looking after him for a few minutes as he strode off with unwonted liveliness toward the campus. He had been invited to lunch at the little Country Club—still with Wesendonck; but he had promised to come home early to take care of Reginald and Muriel. She reflected unrelentingly that he was very dear to her. Her hand went to her side for an instant, and she found an unexpected bulge in her blouse. She remembered at once what it was, and drew out the packet she had tucked away: a time-table and a thin book inscribed "Eastford Savings Bank, in account with Reginald Chadwick: Sarah L. Chadwick, Trustee." It struck her that her mother, in bestowing the little sum, had hardly thought of this.

No baby has ever been more hastily prepared for a longish railway journey than was Jonathan on the day when Mrs. Chadwick decided that actual flight was her only escape from the Wesendonck dinner-party. Like most people, Sarah Chadwick had heard the adjective "intolerable" applied to many things that afterward had been endured to the full. What she had realized that morning in the nursery was simply the real meaning of the word. The thing she had to face was the thing literally, not hyperbolically, intolerable—the thing that could not be borne. It came to her with immense simplicity: when you cannot bear a thing, you do not have to.

She did not stop, all the swift morning, for analysis or reconsideration. For the first time since she had accepted Herbert Chadwick, she made a quick, irrevocable decision. Even as on that earlier occasion she had at once eliminated from her musings the editor and the real-estate agent, so, this morning, she had put away all thought of compromise. There was something fine —some tiny residuum of fineness at least —in the sudden single-mindedness of this woman. Her moral nature for years had dealt only with means. It was astonishing how different it was to concern oneself only with the end; astonishing, after living in a muddle of alternatives, to find, step by step, only one possible, concrete thing to do. She had packed the only empty trunk; she had taken the only money she could possess herself of; she had maintained the only possible attitude to Diana, which was not to explain. Her one stratagem in the whole bitter business was to send Diana out on an errand when the expressman came for the luggage. Late in the morning she had dressed Jonathan in such outdoor finery as he had, and had wheeled him in his carriage to the station. She had, of course, left a note for Bert. It had all been very terrible, yet laughably simple.

At ease in the Pullman, with Jonathan asleep in the opposite seat, she congratulated herself on her courage. It still seemed to her that she had done the only thing possible; but she realized that, could she have foreseen the situation, she should have expected herself to falter. She had no plans; she did not expect to make any. She had not telegraphed to her mother, because it was cheaper to telegraph from Chicago; but her mother would be glad to see her even on short notice. It did not occur to Sadie Chadwick that she was doing anything to endanger her future happiness. She was not running away from Bert: she was only running away from the intruding monster, Wesendonck. She would be quite willing to go home after a few days in Sankeyville. She did not even, as the train swung across the twilit, lake-spotted country, wonder feverishly how Bert was getting out of it all. Invention had been granted her when the case had actually become desperate; as much, undoubtedly, would be vouchsafed to him. Her note had been brief: there had not been room in it for the smallest hint of recrimination or complaint. She had stated baldly what she had done and why —a mere sentence or two — and had signed herself, "Lovingly, Sadie."

She thought once of the fichu, and smiled. She had been a fool. It seemed incredible that only twenty-four hours ago a fichu had seemed a solution; that only yesterday she had actually intended to preside over her own downfall. For still she saw with unmerciful clearness every crude anticipated detail, every minor disaster that would have befallen. She could still suffer, in imagination, from the general sordid effect of what was to

have been. She was sorry for Bert; she wished she did not feel so sure that he would think it wrong to lie about her action; she would have liked to kiss Muriel and Reginald good night. But she was still utterly justified in her own eyes. Hugging Jonathan a little closer, she went straightway to sleep.

Her first doubts came later, in Sankeyville, when, a little tired by travel with the unsophisticated Jonathan, she explained to her mother and sister. Mrs. Lampson was easy-going; but her widowed daughter, Sadie's sister Alberta, was not. Alberta had always taken everything hard, and she objected chronically to other people's taking things easily. Her short married life had been full of minor woes; her widowhood was a major woe that she never allowed any one to forget. Sadie found that she rather dreaded Alberta: she expected that Alberta would feel that she ought to have done something different. For a moment, as she drove up to the house, she wondered if she could not present herself as wholly a creature of impulse, but realized at once that she could not. It was not in the Chadwicks' humble tradition to run back and forth in Pullman cars between Eastford and Sankeyville. No; she would have to explain. She clutched Jonathan very tightly as she walked up the path to the front porch.

After a fashion, in the first hours—though they were not an articulate group—she managed to tell her story. She could not explain her calmness to Alberta, or the Opdykes to her mother; but Alberta took the Opdykes at once under the broad, black wing of her resentment, and Mrs. Lampson found it perfectly natural for any one, in any circumstances, to be calm. Both women seemed to Sadie absurdly concerned about Bert's attitude. Her mother inquired anxiously if he wouldn't be dreadfully put about; and Alberta appeared to look on Reginald and Muriel in the light of hostages unwisely left behind. Neither one saw it wholly as she had seen it.

"You keep a girl, don't you, dearie? Then I should think you could have had anybody in, without having to worry." This was her mother.

"I don't say you weren't dreadfully tried, Sadie, or that you didn't do right to resent it. But do you suppose you can ever make it up with Bert? If he shouldn't keep the children, I don't see how mother *could* have you all." This was her sister.

"Don't worry," she replied, in both cases. "It 'll be all right. And, for goodness' sake, let's not talk about it any longer. I want to forget about Eastford for a few days. I shall have to go back before long."

Yet less and less, as she renewed acquaintance with Sankeyville, could she forget Eastford. If Eastford had spoiled things for Sadie Chadwick, it had spoiled Sankeyville first of all. She almost wondered how she could have thought her own parlor so bad—her mother's was so much worse. Her weak, blue eyes (they had troubled her a good deal ever since Reginald's birth) ached with the huge flowers that sprawled over the chair-coverings, the Brussels carpet, and the coarse lace curtains—rank, florid things that could grow in the least propitious soil. She had not intended to give Herr Wesendonck an *entrée,* but she wondered if her mother and Alberta knew what an *entrée* was. It was quite clear that they didn't, for all her elucidations,—she plagiarized Bert without a pang,—understand Wesendonck's importance. Sadie had always been the intellectual one of the family. Sometimes, of late years, that reputation had struck her as ironic; but she realized now that it was quite deserved. Exiled in Eastford, she had thought of Sankeyville, somewhat sentimentally, as "progressive." She was forced to perceive that it had not lived up to its magnificent Middle-Western privilege of inordinate growth. It had not even kept abreast; it had fallen behind. Life had ebbed from its streets; the talk she remembered as so vivacious was a futile clack. Sankeyville hadn't had luck. Its middle age was as disillusioning as her own.

Mrs. Chadwick kept very quiet, seeing people as little as possible. She could not answer questions as to how long she was going to stay, and those were always the first questions asked. She had looked a little for a telegram from Bert; but she had not been really surprised at not getting it. Then she had looked for a letter; but after a week no letter had come. It

was perfectly clear to her at the end of ten days that Bert didn't intend to write. Alberta's portentous and sad head-shake, her mother's subdued and shy "tchk-tchk" after each unsatisfactory call from the postman, irritated her, made her apprehensive as she had not intended to be. Her self-confidence ebbed. She shed a good many tears—tears that still angered her, though Alberta, on principle, approved of them. She had discovered only lately the existence of crucial moments, moments as crucial, if not as romantic, as those she read about in novels. At the end of a fortnight in Sankeyville she rediscovered the immense importance of the immediate future: that future of which, day by day, the present finds itself compounded. Why had she ever doubted it? She had taken her stand; and now life was left. Sometimes, she reflected, the novels were misleading. Perhaps the fault was hers. But whoever was at fault, life was left. In any case she could not live longer without knowing how things were at home. Suppose Diana had left! Suppose Muriel or Reginald were sick! It was as intolerable—as acute, even—as Wesendonck had been.

"I am going back to-morrow," she announced to her mother and Alberta one night after putting Jonathan to bed.

"It's been real nice to have you, dearie," said her mother, "but I suppose you do feel you must get home."

"Bert must be pretty mad, not writing you," affirmed Alberta. "I'm sorry, but it does seem the only safe thing to do. They get divorces so easily now. Lulu Westlake was asking this morning if you'd had any trouble, you looked so run down."

"I hope you snubbed her." Sadie spoke sharply, through her tears.

"I told her you found your social duties so exacting you ran out here for a rest."

For a moment the three communed silently in the solidarity of sex and kinship.

"Perhaps Bert's been too busy to write," suggested Mrs. Lampson. "He must have a lot of extra care with the children, and help isn't much good, white or colored."

"I don't think it's that," Bert's wife said, slowly. "I expect he didn't know what to say. Probably he expected me to write."

"Men are all unreasonable," averred Alberta—"the best of them. George was. But a woman has to put up with it. I suppose the sooner you do go, now, the better you'll feel. But I wouldn't knuckle under about those Opdykes if I was you, Sadie Lampson. You're as good as anybody else. It's my opinion all Easterners are pretty stuck-up. Don't you forget it's a free country, though. I've had as much trouble as any one in the family, but, if I do say it, I've always shown a proper pride. Mother 'd let herself be walked over any day."

"Not so long as you were in the house, Alberta," Mrs. Lampson laughed. "But what sister says is true, Sadie. You are as good as anybody. Mrs. Westlake said, only last winter, she thought you and Bert had the prettiest wedding that was ever performed in the Baptist church."

"Speaking of church," went on Alberta, "I think it's dreadful that Sadie and Bert don't go. I call it godlessness."

"I don't know what you mean by 'godlessness,'" broke in Sadie; "but I'm sure it has nothing to do with Bert."

From this point she permitted the discussion to go on over her head. It was perfectly clear that they weren't like her; that they couldn't understand. Even Bert understood better than they did. Her brain was occupied with planning details. She would catch the night express at Chicago. She ought to get to Eastford in time to put the children to bed before dinner.

It was not without a tremor that she alighted from the train at Eastford. She had not announced her return, any more than she had announced her departure. The train had been late, and as she went up the steps of the house she almost found her lips opening to apologize for delaying dinner. It was incredible that she had ever been away. She could hardly brace herself again to the fears that had nerved her through the journey. Her husband met her in the hall, and she saw Diana moving about in the dining-room.

"Sh-sh! He's sleepy, and I must get him to bed right off." She pointed at the drowsy Jonathan, and went up the

familiar stairs. She caught her breath as she went into the nursery. Yes; both heads were there, safe on the little pillows. In the rush of relief she seemed to herself to be victorious—over what, she did not quite know. Only after she had tucked Jonathan away with his bottle did she realize that Bert had not come up-stairs. It was Diana who had brought up the traveling-refrigerator and set it outside the nursery door.

Sadie Chadwick went into her own room and looked at herself in the mirror. Her somewhat muddy pallor, her bleak little features, the wan spaces under the light-blue eyes, the unmanageable straightness of her hair, were perfectly clear to her, with all their implications and prophecies. She wished she were pretty, but underneath her wistfulness lay a more or less definite determination not to let herself be injured by her lack of wiles and graces. Bert had taken her; and he had made her what she was. Life had been merely his collaborator. He would have to deal with her as she had become. She knew that she had been as glad to escape from Sankeyville as, two weeks before, she had been to escape from Eastford. She could feel still the sharp stab of joy at seeing with her own apprehensive eyes those two heads safe on their pillows. In the very moment of her supreme protest she had said to herself that Bert was incomparably dear to her. But that she had been wrong in running away she would never, for sanity's very sake, admit to herself or her husband. She went down-stairs.

The Chadwicks had little conversation at dinner. Bert asked a few questions about her mother and sister and the train she had taken. They rose with relief from their rice-pudding and went into the parlor. Sadie's eyes flitted nervously from object to object. Bert fiddled with a cigarette as he walked about the room.

"Are Muriel and Reginald all right?" She had to ask it, notwithstanding the vision she had had.

"Muriel's well enough. The doctor says Reggie has adenoids. He'll have to be operated on."

"Oh!" Then she went on, "It's not a serious operation, is it?"

"Not in his case. But it means a specialist. It will be fairly expensive."

"Can we afford it?"

Chadwick shrugged his shoulders. "I don't like to wait—after what the doctor said—till the next college check comes in. I thought, since it was Reggie himself, we might take it out of his savings-bank account. I hate to do it, but the kid's not getting on as he ought, and if we're careful we can make it up during the year."

Sadie Chadwick clutched the arms of her chair. They gave her only the senseless support of inanimate things. Bert didn't even know she had taken Reggie's money! A sickening vision of all that remained to be said between them gave her once again—but this time without redress—the sense of the intolerable. By main force—as if she were pulling herself up to it, hand over hand, in a high sea—she got herself to the point. Bert, opposite her, was leaning back in a Morris chair.

"I took Reggie's money to go to Sankeyville." She ached in every fiber with passionate maternal regret; but she did not say she was sorry, with all the implications of that.

"Oh, I wondered, . . . but I never thought of that. It never occurred to me that you'd take Reggie's money. Well—I'll see Dr. Clay again."

She nodded. She was back now, and she would help. Life had caught her; there was no way out: she would have to help.

"You didn't write to me. I got dreadfully worried about you and the children." If he wouldn't attack it, she would.

"How could I write about a thing like that? I didn't understand. You hadn't said anything. You just cleared out."

"I left a note."

"You didn't expect me to make sense out of that note?"

"I needn't have expected you to make sense out of anything." She could not resist that weak retort.

Bert Chadwick's frown thickened. "I didn't think you would understand anything I might write."

Sadie laughed a little. Then she began rocking jerkily. "We're on the same terms, then." She was silent for a moment. If Bert would only stop frowning—if he would only sit in another chair!

It was all so hypnotizingly familiar. . . .
"How did you manage?"

"I don't think I managed. I telephoned the Opdykes and Percivals that you had gone away."

"Didn't you say 'called' away?"

"You didn't say you had been 'called.' I think I said 'gone—unexpectedly.' I don't remember just what words I used."

"You could have said that mother was sick."

"I suppose I could if I'd thought. Lies don't come to me very easily. You knew that before. If you wanted any lies told, it would have been safer to tell them yourself."

"What about Wesendonck?"

"I sent him a note by the laboratory-boy. The Opdykes had him to dinner."

"Didn't they ask you?" she flared.

"Yes."

"And you didn't go?"

"Reggie had a cough. He had taken cold in the afternoon. Besides — I shouldn't have gone, anyway."

"I don't see why not."

"I dare say you don't."

"Didn't you see Wesendonck again?"

"No."

"He never looked you up in the laboratory?"

"I don't know. I stayed at home purposely. I didn't want to see him. I didn't want to see any one. It was all too damned uncomfortable."

"You could have made up anything about me."

"Perhaps I could if I had had more time—though I should hardly have known what lie would hold water later on. You took pretty good care not to give me anything to go on. But the fact is, I was pretty well bowled over. I didn't know what was back of it all."

"I told you in my note. There was nothing back of it all. I just couldn't bear it, and I went away."

"There must have been something back of it. You don't suppose women do that kind of dirty trick every day, do you?"

Her eyes filled. "It wasn't a dirty trick! How can you? You had put me in a position I couldn't bear. I had said as much as I could, and you paid no attention—you just went on planning."

"Well, if I put you in a bad position, I guess you got back at me." The words might sound light, but each carried a dead weight of bitterness.

In a moment Chadwick rose. "Are you going to be here this evening?"

"Of course." She stared.

"I didn't know what your plans might be." He paused a minute, giving his clumsy shaft time to find its mark. "If you are, I think I'll go to the laboratory. I haven't had so much time as usual the last two weeks, and the note-books have piled up pretty badly. I ought to get at them."

She made no protest.

He turned in the doorway. "Monteith came back, right after you left. He has been called to Streatham. That's where he had been that week. He's going, naturally."

Sadie looked up with light in her eyes. "Who takes his place?"

"It isn't absolutely decided, of course, but I believe they're going to ask a very good man from Germany: some one Wesendonck suggested — a young fellow."

"—Wesendonck suggested?"

"Oh, Opdyke probably knew about Monteith and Streatham before Wesendonck left. Very likely they consulted him."

"I should think Wesendonck would have seen the place would naturally go to you—if he'd had so much talk with you."

Bert Chadwick turned to go. "Perhaps he didn't have enough."

She heard the front door slam behind him.

Long before Bert Chadwick returned from his laboratory, Sadie slept, from utter weariness. She had discovered that sometimes the intolerable must be borne.

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXXII

THE WORLD'S FOUNDLING

AT last day came. Jasmine was crossing the hallway of the hospital on her way to the dining-room when there came from the doorway of a ward a figure in a nurse's dress. It startled her by some familiar motion. Presently the face turned in her direction, but without seeing her. Jasmine recognized her then. She went forward quickly and touched the nurse's arm.

"Al'mah—it is Al'mah?" she said.

Al'mah's face turned paler, and she swayed slightly, then she recovered herself. "Oh, it is you, Mrs. Byng!" she said, almost dazedly.

After an instant's hesitation she held out a hand. "It's a queer place for it to happen," she added.

Jasmine noticed the hesitation and wondered at the words. She searched the other's face. What did Al'mah's look mean? It seemed composite of paralyzing surprise, of anxiety, of apprehension. Was there not also a look of aversion?

"Everything seems to come all at once," Al'mah continued, as though in explanation.

Jasmine had no inkling as to what the meaning of the words was; and, with something of her old desire to conquer those who were alien to her, she smiled winningly.

"Yes, things concentrate in life," she rejoined.

"I've noticed that," was the reply. "Fate seems to scatter, and then to gather in all at once, as though we were all feather-toys on strings."

After a moment, as Al'mah regarded her with vague wonder, though now she smiled too, and the anxiety, apprehension, and pain went from her face, Jasmine said: "Why did you come here? You had a world to work for in England."

"I had a world to forget in England," Al'mah replied. Then she added suddenly, "I could not sing any longer."

"Your voice? What happened to it?" Jasmine asked.

"One doesn't sing with one's voice only. The music is far behind the voice."

They had been standing in the middle of the hallway. Suddenly Al'mah caught at Jasmine's sleeve. "Will you come with me?" she said.

She led the way into a room which was almost gay with veld everlastings, pictures from illustrated papers, small flags of the navy and the colonies, the Boer Vierkleur and the Union Jack.

"I like to have things cheerful here," Al'mah said almost gaily. "Sometimes I have four or five convalescents in here, and they like a little gaiety. I sing them things from comic operas—Offenbach, Sullivan, and the rest; and if they are very sentimentally inclined I sing them good old-fashioned love-songs full of the musician's tricks. How people adore illusions! I've had here an old Natal sergeant, over sixty, and he was as cracked as could be about songs belonging to the time when we don't know that it's all illusion, and that there's no such thing as Love, nor ever was; but only a kind of mirage of the mind, a sort of fantasy that seizes us, in which we do crazy things, and sometimes, if the fantasy is strong enough, we do awful things. But still the illusions remain in spite of everything, as they did with the old sergeant. I've heard the most painful stories here from men before they died, of women that were false, and injuries done, many, many years ago, and they couldn't see that it wasn't real at all, but just fantasy."

"All the world's mad!" responded Jasmine wearily, as Al'mah paused.

Al'mah nodded. "So I laugh a good deal, and try to be cheerful, and it does more good than being too sympathetic. Sympathy gets to be mere snivelling very often. I've smiled and laughed a great deal out here, and they say it's useful. The surgeons say it, and the men say it too sometimes."

"Are you known as Nurse Grattan?" Jasmine asked with sudden remembrance.

"Yes, Grattan was my mother's name. I am Nurse Grattan here."

"So many have whispered good things of you! A Scottish Rifleman said to me a week ago, 'Ech, she's aye sae cheery!' What a wonderful thing it is to make a whole army laugh. Coming up here three officers spoke of you, and told of humorous things you had said. It's all quite honest, too. It's a reputation made out of new cloth. No one knows who you are?"

Al'mah flushed. "I don't know quite who I am myself. I think sometimes I'm the world's foundling."

Suddenly a cloud passed over her face again, and her strong whimsical features became drawn.

"I seem almost to lose my identity at times: and then it is I try most to laugh and be cheerful. If I didn't, perhaps I should lose my identity altogether. Do you ever feel that?"

"No; I often wish I could."

Al'mah regarded her steadfastly. "Why did you come here?" she asked. "You had the world at your feet; and there was plenty to do in London. Was it for the same reason that brought me here? Was it something you wanted to forget there, some one you wanted to help here?"

Jasmine saw the hovering passion in the eyes fixed on her, and wondered what this woman had to say which could be of any import to herself; yet she felt there was something drawing nearer which would make her shrink.

"No," Jasmine answered, "I did not come to forget, but to try and remember that one belongs to the world, to the work of the world, to the whole people, and not to one of the people; not to one man, or to one family, or to one's self. That's all."

Al'mah's face was now very haggard, but her eyes were burning. "I do not believe you," she said straightly. "You are one of those that have had a fantasy. I had one first fifteen years ago, and it passed, yet it pursued me till yesterday—till yesterday evening. Now it's gone; that fantasy is gone forever. Come and see what it was."

She pointed to the door of another room.

There was something strangely compelling in her tone, in her movements. Jasmine followed her, fascinated by the situation, by the look in the woman's face. The door opened upon darkness, but Jasmine stepped inside, with Al'mah's fingers clutching her sleeve. For a moment nothing was visible; then Jasmine saw, dimly, a coffin on two chairs.

"That was the first man I ever loved —my husband," Al'mah said quietly, pointing at the coffin. "There was another, but you took him from me—you and others."

Jasmine gave a little cry which she smothered with her hand; and she drew back involuntarily towards the light of the hallway. The smell of disinfectants almost suffocated her. A cloud of mystery and indefinable horror seemed to envelop her, then a light flooded through her brain. It was like a stream of fire. But with a voice strangely calm, she said, "You mean Adrian Fellowes?"

Al'mah's face was in the shadow, but her voice was full of storm. "You took him from me, but you were only one," she said sharply and painfully. "I found it out at last. I suspected first at Glencader. Then at last I knew. It was an angry, contemptuous letter from you. I had opened it. I understood. When everything was clear, when there was no doubt, when I knew he had tried to hurt little Jigger's sister; when he had made up his mind to go abroad, then I killed him. Then — I killed him!"

Jasmine's cheek was white as Al'mah's apron; but she did not shrink. She came a step nearer, and peered into Al'mah's face, as though to read her inmost mind, as though to see if what she said was really true. She saw not a quiver of agitation, not the faintest horror of memory; only the reflective look of accomplished purpose.

"You—are you insane?" Jasmine exclaimed in a whisper. "Do you know what you have said?"

Al'mah smoothed her apron softly. "Perfectly. I do not think I am insane. I seem not to be. One cannot do insane things here. This is the place of the iron rule. Here we cure madness—the madness of war and other madnesses."

"You had loved him, yet you killed him!"

"You would have killed him though you did not love him. Yes, of course —I know that. Your love was better placed; but it was like a little bird caught by the hawk in the upper air—its flight was only a little one before the hawk found it. Yes, you would have killed Adrian, as I did, if you had had the courage. You wanted to do it; but I did it. Do you remember when I sang for you on the evening of that day he died? I sang, *'More Was Lost at Mohacksfield.'* As soon as I saw your face that evening I felt you knew all. You had been to his rooms and found him dead. I was sure of that. You remember how La Tosca killed Scarpia? You remember how she felt? I felt so—just like that. I never hesitated. I knew what I wanted to do, and I did it."

"How did you kill him?" Jasmine asked in that matter-of-fact way which comes at those times when the senses are numbed by tragedy.

"You remember the needle—Mr. Mappin's needle? I knew Adrian had it. He showed it to me. He could not keep the secret. He was too weak. The needle was in his pocket-book—to kill me with some day perhaps. He certainly had not the courage to kill himself. . . . I went to see him. He was dressing. The pocket-book lay on the table. As I said, he had showed it to me. While he was busy I abstracted the needle. He talked of his journey abroad. He lied—nothing but lies, about himself, about everything. When he had said enough,—lying was easier to him than anything else—I told him the truth. Then he went wild. He caught hold of me as if to strangle me. . . . He did not realize the needle-point when it caught him. If he did, it must have seemed to him only the prick of a pin. . . . But in a few minutes it was all over. He died quite peacefully. But it was not very easy getting him on the sofa. He looked sleeping as he lay there. You saw. He would never lie any more to women, to you or to me or any other. It is a good thing to stop a plague, and the simplest way is the best. He was handsome, and his music was very deceiving. It was almost good of its kind, and it was part of him. When I look back I find only misery. Two wicked men hurt me. They spoiled my life, first one and then another, and I went from bad to worse. At least he"—she pointed to the other room—"he had some courage at the very last. He fought, he braved death. The other—you remember the Glencader Mine! Your husband and Ian Stafford went down, and Lord Tynemouth was ready to go, but Adrian would not go. Then it was I began to hate him. That was the beginning. What happened had to be. I was to kill him; and I did. It avenged me, and it avenged your husband. I was glad of that, for Rudyard Byng had done so much for me: not alone that he saved me at the opera, you remember, but other good things. I did his work for him with Adrian."

"Have you no fear—of me?" Jasmine asked.

"Fear of—you? Why?"

"I might hate you—I might tell."

Al'mah made a swift gesture of protest. "Do not say foolish things. You would rather die than tell. You should be grateful to me. Some one had to kill him. There was Rudyard Byng, Ian Stafford, or yourself. It fell to me. I did your work. You will not tell, but it would not matter if you did. Nothing would happen—nothing at all. Think it out, and you will see why."

Jasmine shuddered violently. Her body was as cold as ice.

"Yes, I know. What are you going to do after the war?"

"Back to Covent Garden perhaps; or perhaps there will be no 'after the war.' It may all end here. Who knows—who cares!"

Jasmine came close to her. For an instant a flood of revulsion had overpowered her; but now it was all gone.

"We pay for all the wrong we do. We pay for all the good we get"—once Ian Stafford had said that, and it rang in her ears now. Al'mah would pay, and

would pay here — here in this world. Meanwhile, Al'mah was a woman who, like herself, had suffered.

"Let me be your friend, let me help you," Jasmine said, and she took both of Al'mah's hands in her own.

Somehow Jasmine's own heart had grown larger, fuller, and kinder all at once. Until lately she had never ached to help the world or any human being in all her life; there had never been any of the divine pity which finds its employ in sacrifice. She had been kind, she had been generous, she had in the past few months given service unstinted; but it was more as her own cure for her own ills than yearning compassion for all those who were distressed "in mind, body, or estate."

But since last evening, in the glimmer of the stars, when Rudyard went from her with bitter anger on his lips, and a contempt which threw her far behind him,—since that hour, when, in her helplessness, she had sunk to the ground with an appeal to Something outside herself, her heart had greatly softened. Once before she had appealed to the Invisible—that night before her catastrophe, when she wound her wonderful hair round her throat and drew it tighter and tighter, and had cried out to the beloved mother she had never known. But her inborn, her cultivated, her almost invincible egoism, had not even then been scattered by the bitter helplessness of her life.

That cry last night was a cry to the Something behind all. Only in the last few hours—why, she knew not—her heart had found a new sense. She felt her soul's eyes looking beyond herself. The Something that made her raise her eyes to the stars, which seemed a pervading power, a brooding tenderness and solicitude, had drawn her mind away into the mind of humanity. Her own misery now at last enabled her to see, however dimly, the woes of others; and it did not matter whether the woes were penalties, or undeserved chastisement; the newborn pity of her soul made no choice and sought no difference.

As the singing-woman's hands lay in hers, a flush slowly spread over Al'mah's face, and behind the direct power of her eyes there came a light which made them aglow with understanding.

"I always thought you selfish—almost meanly selfish," Al'mah said presently. "I thought you didn't know any real life, any real suffering—only the surface, only disappointment at not having your own happiness; but now I see that was all a mask. You understand why I did what I did?"

"I understand."

"I suppose there would be thousands who would gladly see me in prison—and on the scaffold—if they knew—"

Pain travelled across Jasmine's face. She looked Al'mah in the eyes with a look of reproof and command. "Never, never again speak of that to me or to any living soul," she said. "I will try to forget it; you must put it behind you." . . . Suddenly she pointed to the other room where Al'mah's husband lay dead. "When is he to be buried?" she asked.

"In an hour." A change came over Al'mah's face again, and she stood looking dazedly at the door of the room, behind which the dead man lay. "I cannot realize it. It does not seem real," she said. "It was all so many centuries ago, when I was young and glad."

Jasmine admonished her gently and drew her away.

A few moments later an officer approached them from one of the wards. At that moment the footsteps of the three were arrested by the booming of artillery. It seemed as though all the guns of both armies were at work.

The officer's eyes blazed, and he turned to the two women with an impassioned gesture.

"Byng and the S. A.'s have done their trick," he said. "If they hadn't, that wouldn't be going on. That was to follow—a general assault—if Byng pulled it off. Old Blunderbuss has done it this time. His combination's working all right—thanks to Byng's lot."

As he hurried on he was too excited to see Jasmine's agitation.

"Wait!" Jasmine exclaimed, as he went quickly down the hallway. But her voice was scarcely above a whisper, and he did not hear.

She wanted to ask him if Rudyard was safe. She did not realize that he could not know.

But the thunder of artillery told her that Rudyard had had his fighting at daybreak, as he had said.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"ALAMACHTIG!"

WHEN Rudyard flung himself on the grey mare outside Jasmine's window at the Stay Awhile Hospital, and touched her flank with his heel, his heart was heavy with passion, his face hard with humiliation and defeat. He had held out the hand of reconciliation, and she had met it with scorn. He had smothered his resentment, and let the light of peace in upon their troubles, and she had ruthlessly drawn a black curtain between them. He was going upon as dangerous a task as could be set a soldier, from which he might never return, and she had not even said a God-be-with-you — she who had lain in his bosom, been so near, so dear, so cherished:

"For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
Oh, we that were dear, we are all too near,
With the thick of the world between us!"

How odd it seemed that two beings who had been all in all to each other, who in the prime of their love would have died of protesting shame, if they had been told that they would change towards each other, should come to a day when they would be less to each other than strangers, less and colder and farther off! It is because some cannot bear this desecration of ideals, this intolerable loss of life's assets, that they cling on and on, long after respect and love have gone, after hope is dead.

There had been times in the past few months when such thoughts as these vaguely possessed Rudyard's mind; but he could never, would never, feel that all was over, that the book of Jasmine's life was closed to him—not even when his whole nature was up in arms against the injury she had done him.

But now, as the grey mare reached out to achieve the ground his troopers had covered before him, his brain was in a storm of feeling. After all, what harm had he done her, that he should be treated so? Was he the sinner? Why should he make the eternal concession? Why should he be made to seem the one needing forgiveness? He did not know why. But at the bottom of everything lay a something—a yearning—which would not be overwhelmed. In spite of wrong and injury, it would live on and on; and neither Time nor crime, nor anything mortal could obliterate it from his heart's oracles.

The hoofs of the grey mare fell like the soft thud of a hammer in the sand, regular and precise. Presently the sound and the motion lulled his senses. The rage and humiliation grew less, his face cooled. His head, which had been bent, lifted and his face turned upwards to the stars. The influence of an African night was on him. None that has not felt it can understand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of sleep, so stirring with an under-life. Many have known the breath of the pampas beyond the Amazon, the soft pungency of the wattle blown across the salt-bush plains of Australia; the friendly exhilaration of the prairie or the chaparral; the living, loving loneliness of the desert; but yonder on the veld is a life of the night which possesses all the others have, and something of its own besides; something which gets into the bones and makes for forgetfulness of the world. It lifts a man away from the fret of life, and sets his feet on the heights where lies repose.

The peace of the stars crept softly into Rudyard's heart as he galloped gently on to overtake his men. His pulses beat slowly once again, his mind regained its poise. He regretted the oath he uttered, as he left Jasmine; he asked himself if, after all, everything was over and done.

How good the night suddenly seemed! No, it was not all over—unless, unless, indeed, in this fight coming on with the daybreak, Fate should settle it all by doing with him as it had done with so many thousands of others in this war. But even then, would it be all over? He was a primitive man, and he raised his face once more to the heavens. He was no longer the ample millionaire, sitting among the flesh-pots; he was a lean, simple soldier eating his biscuit as though it were the product of the chef of the Café Voisin; he was the fighter sleeping

in a blanket in the open; he was a patriot after his kind; he was the friend of his race and the lover of one woman.

Now he drew rein. His regiment was just ahead. Daybreak was not far off, and they were near the enemy's position. In a little while, if they were not surprised, they would complete a movement, take a hill, turn the flank of the foe, and, if designed supports came up, have the Boers at a deadly disadvantage. Not far off to the left of him and his mounted infantry there were coming on for this purpose two batteries of artillery and three thousand infantry — Leary's brigade, which had not been in the action the day before at Wortmann's Drift.

But all depended on what he was able to do, what he and his hard-bitten South-Africans could accomplish. Well, he had no doubt. War was part chance, part common sense, part of the pluck and luck of the devil. He had ever been a gambler in the way of taking chances; he had always possessed ballast even when the London life had enervated, had depressed him; and to men of his stamp pluck is a commonplace: it belongs as eyes and hands and feet belong.

Dawn was not far away, and before daybreak he must have the hill which was the key to the whole position, which commanded the left flank of the foe. An hour or so after he got it, if the artillery and infantry did their portion, a great day's work would be done for England; and the way to the relief of the garrison beyond the mountains would be open. The chance to do this thing was the reward he received for his gallant and very useful fight at Wortmann's Drift twenty-four hours before. It would not do to fail in justifying the choice of the Master Player, who had had enough bad luck in the campaign so far.

The first of his force to salute him in the darkness was his next in command, Barry Whalen. They had been together in the old Rand Rifles, and had, in the words of the Kaffir, been as near as the flea to the blanket, since the day when Rudyard discovered that Barry Whalen was on the same ship bound for the seat of war. They were not youngsters, either of them; but they had the spring of youth in them, and a deep basis of strength and force; and they knew the veld and the veld people. There was no trick of the veldshoen dopper for which they were not ready; and for any device of Kruger's lambs they were prepared to go one better. As Barry Whalen had said, "They'll have to get up early in the morning if they want to catch us."

This morning the Boers would not get up early enough; for Rudyard's command had already reached the position from which they could do their work with good chances in their favor; and there had been no sign of life from the Boer trenches in the dusk — naught of what chanced at Magersfontein. Not a shot had been fired, and there would certainly have been firing if the Boer had known; for he could not allow the Rooinek to get to the point where his own position would be threatened or commanded. When Kruger's men did discover the truth, there would be fighting as stiff as had been seen in this struggle for half a continent.

"Is it all right?" whispered Rudyard, as Barry Whalen drew up by him.

"Not a sound from them — not a sign."

"Their trenches should not be more than a few hundred yards on, eh?"

"Their nearest trenches are about that. We are just on the left of Hetmeyer's Kopje."

"Good. Let Glossop occupy the kopje with his squadrons, while we take the trenches. If we can force them back on their second line of trenches, and keep them there till our supports come up, we shall be all right."

"When shall we begin, sir?" asked Barry.

"Give orders to dismount now. Get the horses in the lee of the kopje, and we'll see what Brother Boer thinks of us after breakfast."

Rudyard took out a repeating-watch, and held it in his closed palm. As it struck, he noted the time.

His words were abrupt but composed. "Ten minutes more and we shall have the first streak of dawn. Then move. We shall be on them before they know it."

Barry Whalen made to leave, then turned back. Rudyard understood.

They clasped hands. It was the grip of men who knew each other—knew each other's faults and weaknesses, yet trusted with a trust which neither disaster nor death could destroy.

"My girl—if anything happens to me," Barry said.

"You may be sure—as if she were my own," was Rudyard's reply. "If I go down, find my wife at the Stay Awhile Hospital. Tell her that the day I married her was the happiest day of my life, and what I said then I thought at the last. Everything else is straightened out—and I'll not forget your girl, Barry. She shall be as my own if things should come out that way."

"God bless you, old man," whispered Barry. "Good-bye." Then he recovered himself and saluted. "Is that all, sir?"

"*Au revoir,* Barry," came the answer; then a formal return of the salute. "That is all," he added brusquely.

They moved forward to the regiment, and the word to dismount was given softly. When the forces crept forward again, it was as infantrymen, moving five paces apart, and feeling their way up to the Boer trenches.

Dawn. The faintest light on the horizon, as it were a soft, grey glimmer showing through a dark curtain. It rises and spreads slowly, till the curtain of night becomes the veil of morning, white and kind. Then the living world begins to move. Presently the face of the sun shines through the veil, and men's bodies grow warm with active being, and the world stirs with busy life. On the veld, with the first delicate glow, the head of a meerkat, or a springbok, is raised above the grey-brown grass; herds of cattle move uneasily. Then a bird takes flight across the whitening air, another, and then another; the meerkat sits up and begs breakfast of the sun; lizards creep out upon the stones; a snake slides along obscenely foraging. Presently man and beast and all wild things are afoot or a-wing, as though the world was new created; as though there had never been any mornings before, and this was not the monotonous repetition of a million mornings, when all things living begin the world afresh.

But nowhere seems the world so young and fresh and glad as on the sun-warmed veld. Nowhere do the wild roses seem so pure, or are the aloes so jaunty and so gay. The smell of the karoo bush is sweeter than attar, and the bog-myrtle and mimosa, where they shelter a house or fringe a river, have a look of Arcady. It is a world where any mysterious thing may happen — a world of five thousand years ago, the air so light, so sweetly searching and vibrating, that Ariel would seem of the picture, and gleaming hosts of mailed men, or vast colonies of green-clad archers moving to virgin woods might belong. Something frightens the timid spirit of a springbok, and his flight through the grass is like a phrase of music on a wilful adventure; a bird hears the sighing of the breeze in the mimosa leaves or the swaying shrubs, and in disdain of such slight performance flings out a song which makes the air drunken with sweetness.

A world of light, of commendable trees, of grey grass flecked with flowers, of life having the supreme sense of a freedom which has known no check. It is a life which cities have not spoiled, and where man is still in touch with the primeval friends of man; where the wildest beast and the newest babe of a woman have something in common.

Drink your fill of the sweet intoxicating air with eyes shut till the lungs are full and the heart beats with new fullness; then open them upon the wide sunrise and scan the veld so full of gracious odor. Is it not good and glad? And now face the hills rising nobly away there to the left, the memorable and friendly hills. Is it not—

Upon the morning has crept suddenly a black cloud, although the sun is shining brilliantly. A moment before the dawn all was at peace on the veld and among the kopjes, and only the contented sighing of men and beasts broke the silence, or so it seemed; but with the glimmer of light along the horizon came a change so violent that all the circle of vision was in a quiver of trouble. Affrighted birds, in fluttering bewilderment, swept and circled aimlessly through the air with strange, half-human cries; the jackal and the meerkat, the springbok and the rheebok,

trembled where they stood, with heads uplifted, vaguely trying to realize the Thing which was breaking the peace of their world; useless horses which had been turned out of the armies of Boers and British galloped and stumbled and plunged into space in alarm; for they knew what was darkening the morning. They had suffered the madness of battle, and they realized it at its native first value.

There was a battle forward on the left flank of the Boer Army. Behind Hetmeyer's Kopje were the horses of the men whom Rudyard Byng had brought to take a position and hold it till support came and this flank of the Farmer's Army was turned; but the men themselves were at work on the kopjes—the grim work of dislodging the voortrekker people from the places where they burrowed like conies among the rocks.

Just before dawn broke Byng's men were rushing the outer trenches. These they cleared with the wild cries of warriors whose blood was in a tempest. Bayonets dripped red, rifles were fired at hand-to-hand range, men clubbed their guns and fought as men fought in the days when the only fighting was man to man, or one man to many men. Here every "Boojer" and Rooinek was a champion. The Boer fell back because he was forced back by men who were men of the veld like himself; and the Briton pressed forward because he would not be denied; because he was sick of reverses; of going forward and falling back; of taking a position with staggering loss and then abandoning it; of gaining a victory and then not following it up; of having the foe in the hollow of the hand and hesitating to close it with a death grip; of promising relief to besieged men, and marking time when you had gained a foothold, instead of gaining a foothold farther on.

Byng's men were mostly South-Africans born, who had lived and worked below the Zambesi all their lives; or else those whose blood was in a fever at the thought that a colony over which the British flag flew should be trod by the feet of an invader, who had had his own liberty and independence secured by that flag, but who refused to white men the status given to "niggers" in civilized states. These fighters under Byng had had their fill of tactics and strategy which led nowhere forward; and at Wortmann's Drift the day before they had done a big thing for the army with a handful of men. They could ride like Cossacks, they could shoot like William Tell, and they had a mind to be the swivel by which the army of Queen Victoria should swing from almost perpetual disaster, in large and small degree, to victory.

From the first trenches on and on to the second trenches higher up! But here the Boer in his burrow with his mauser rifle roaring, and his heart fierce with hatred and anger at the surprise, lay down to the bloody work with an ugly determination to punish remorselessly his fellow-citizens of the veld and the others. It was a fire which only bullet-proof men could stand, and these were but breasts of flesh and muscle, though the will was iron.

Up, up, and up, struggled these men of the indomitable will. Step by step, while man after man fell wounded or dead, they pushed forward, taking what cover was possible; firing as steadily as at Aldershot; never wasting shots, keeping the eye vigilant for the black slouch hat above the rocks, which told that a Boer's head was beneath it, and might be caught by a lightning shot.

Step by step, man by man, troop by troop, they came nearer to the hedges of stone behind which an inveterate foe with grim joy saw a soldier fall to his soft-nosed bullet; while far down behind these men of a forlorn hope there was hurrying up artillery which would presently throw its lyddite and its shrapnel on the top of the hill up where hundreds of Boers held, as they thought, an impregnable position.

At last with rushes which cost them almost as dearly in proportion as the rush at Balaclava cost the Light Brigade, Byng's men reached the top, mad with the passion of battle, vengeful in spirit because of the comrades they had lost; and the trenches emptied before them. As they were forsaken, men fought hand to hand and as savagely as ever men fought in the days of Rustum.

In one corner, the hottest that the day saw, Rudyard and Barry Whalen

and a scattered handful of men threw themselves upon a greatly larger number of the enemy. For a moment a man here and there fought for his life against two or three of the foe. Of these were Rudyard and Barry Whalen. The khaki of the former was shot through in several places, he had been slashed in the cheek by a bullet, and a bullet had also passed through the muscle of his left forearm; but he was scarcely conscious of it. It seemed as though Fate would let no harm befall him; but, in the very moment, when on another part of the ridge his men were waving their hats in victory, three Boers sprang up before him, ragged and grim and old, but with the fire of fanaticism and race-hatred in their eyes. One of them he accounted for, another he wounded, but the wounded voortrekker—a giant of near seven feet—clubbed his rifle, and drove at him. Rudyard shot at close quarters again, but his pistol missed fire.

Just as the rifle of his giant foe swung above him, Byng realized that the third Boer was levelling a rifle directly at his breast. His eyes involuntarily closed as though to draw the curtain of life itself, but, as he did so, he heard a cry—the wild, hoarse cry of a voice he knew so well.

"Baas! Baas!" it called.

Then two shots came simultaneously, and the clubbed rifle brought him to the ground.

"Baas! Baas!"

The voice followed him, as he passed into unconsciousness.

Barry Whalen had seen Rudyard's danger, but had been unable to do anything. His hands were more than full, his life in danger; but in the instant that he had secured his own safety, he heard the cry of "Baas! Baas!" Then he saw the levelled rifle fall from the hands of the Boer who had aimed at Byng, and its owner collapse in a heap. As Rudyard fell beneath the clubbed rifle, he heard the cry, "Baas! Baas!" again, and saw an unkempt figure darting among the rocks. His own pistol brought down the old Boer who had felled Byng, and then he realized who it was had cried out, "Baas!"

The last time he had heard that voice was in Park Lane, when Byng, with sjambok, drove a half-caste valet into the street.

It was the voice of Krool. And Krool was now bending over Rudyard's body, raising his head and still murmuring, "Baas!—Baas!"

Krool's rifle had saved Rudyard from death by killing one of his own fellow-fighters. Much as Barry Whalen loathed the man, this act showed that Krool's love for the master who had sjamboked him was stronger than death.

Barry, himself bleeding from slight wounds, stooped over his unconscious friend with a great anxiety.

"No, it is nothing," Krool said, with his hand on Rudyard's breast. "The left arm, it is broke, the head not get all the blow. *Alamachtig,* it is good! The Baas—it is right with the Baas."

Barry Whalen sighed with relief. He set about to restore Rudyard, as Krool prepared a bandage for the broken head.

Down in the valley the artillery was at work. Lyddite and shrapnel and machine-guns were playing upon the top of the ridge above them, and the infantry —Humphrey's and Blagdon's men—were hurrying up the slope which Byng's pioneers had cleared, and now held. From this position the enemy could be driven from their main position on the summit, because they could be swept now by artillery fire from a point as high as their own.

"A good day's work, old man," said Barry Whalen to the still unconscious figure. "You've done the trick for the Lady at Windsor this time. It's a great sight better business than playing baccarat at De Lancy Scovel's."

Cheering came from everywhere, cries of victory filled the air. As he looked down the valley Barry could see the horses they had left behind being brought, under cover of the artillery and infantry fire, to the hill they had taken. The grey mare would be among them. But Rudyard would not want the grey mare yet awhile. An ambulance-cart was the thing for him.

Barry would have given much for a flask of brandy. A tablespoonful would bring Rudyard back. A surgeon was not needed, however. Krool's hands had knowledge. Barry remembered the day when Wallstein was taken ill in Rud-

yard's house, and how Krool acted with the skill of a Westminster sawbones.

Suddenly a bugle-call sounded, loud and clear and very near them. Byng had heard that bugle-call again and again in this engagement, and once he had seen the trumpeter above the trenches, sounding the advance before more than a half-dozen men had reached the defences of the Boers. The same trumpeter was now running towards them. He had been known in London as Jigger. In South Africa he was familiarly called Little Jingo.

His face was white as he leaned over Barry Whalen to look at Rudyard, but suddenly the blood came back to his cheek.

"He wants brandy," Jigger said.

"Well, go and get it," said Barry sharply.

"I've got it here," was the reply; and he produced a flask.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Barry. "You'll have a gun next, and fire it too!"

"A 4.7," returned Jigger impudently.

As the flask was at Rudyard's lips, Barry Whalen said to Krool, "What do you stay here as—deserter or prisoner? It's got to be one or the other."

"Prisoner," answered Krool. Then he added, "See—the Baas!"

Rudyard's eyes were open.

"Prisoner—who is a prisoner?" he asked feebly.

"Me, Baas," whispered Krool, leaning over him.

"He saved your life, Colonel," interposed Barry Whalen.

"I thought it was the brandy," said Jigger with a grin.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"THE ALPINE FELLOW"

TO all who wrought in the war a change of some sort had come. Those who emerged from it to return to England or her far Dominions, or to stay in the land of the veld, of the kranz and the kloof and the spruit, were never the same again. Something came which, to a degree, transformed them, as the salts of the water and the air permeate the skin and give the blood new life. None escaped the salt of the air of conflict.

The smooth-faced young subaltern who but now had all his life before him, realized the change when he was swept by the leaden spray of Death on Spion Kop, and received in his face of summer warmth, or in his young exultant heart, the quietus to all his hopes, impulses, and desires. The young find no solace or recompense in the philosophy of those who regard life as a thing greatly overestimated.

Many a private grown hard of flesh and tense of muscle, with his scant rations and meagre covering in the cold nights, with his long marches and fruitless risks and futile fightings, when he is shot down, has little consolation, save in the fact that the thing he and his comrades and the regiment and the army set out to do is done. If he has to do so, he gives his life with a stony sense of loss which has none of the composure of those who have solace in thinking that what they leave behind has a constantly decreasing value. And here and there some simple soul, more gifted than his comrades, may touch off the meaning of it all, as it appears to those who hold their lives in their hands for a nation's sake, by a stroke of mordant comment.

So it was with that chess-playing private from New Zealand of whom Barry Whalen told Ian Stafford. He told it a few days after Rudyard Byng had won that fight at Hetmeyer's Kopje, which had enabled the Master Player to turn the flank of the Boers, though there was yet grim frontal work to do against machines of Death, carefully hidden and masked on the long hillsides, which would take staggering toll of Britain's manhood.

"From behind Otago there in New Zealand, he came," began Barry, "as fine a fella of thirty-three as ever you saw. Just came, because he heard old Britain callin'. Down he drops the stock-whip, away he shoves the plough, up he takes his little balance from the bank, sticks his chess-box in his pocket, says 'so-long' to his girl, and treks across the world, just to do his whack for the land that gave him and all his that went before him the key to civilization, and how to be happy though alive. . . . He was the real thing, the *ne plus*



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

KROOL WAS BENDING OVER RUDYARD'S BODY AND MURMURING, "BAAS! BAAS!"

ultra, the I-stand-alone. The other fellas thought him the best of the best. He was what my father used to call 'a wide man.' He was in and out of a fight with a quirk at the corner of his mouth, as much as to say, 'I've got the hang of this, and it's different from what I thought; but that doesn't mean it hasn't got to be done, and done in style. It's the has-to-be.' And when they got him where he breathes, he fished out the little ivory pawn and put it on a stone at his head, to let it tell his fella-countrymen how he looked at it—that he was just a pawn in the great game. The game had to be played, and won, and the winner had to sacrifice his pawns. He was one of the sacrifices. Well, I'd like a tombstone the same as that fella from New Zealand, if I could win it as fair, and see as far."

Stafford raised his head with a smile of admiration. "Like the ancients, like the Oriental Emperors to-day, he left his message. An Alexander, with not one world conquered!"

"I'm none so sure of that," was Barry's response. "A man that could put such a hand on himself as he did has conquered a world. He didn't want to go, but he went as so many have gone hereabouts. He wanted to stay, but he went against his will, and—and I wish that the grub-hunters, and tuft-hunters, and the blind greedy majority in England could get hold of what he got hold of. Then life 'd be a different thing in Thamesfontein and the little green islands."

"You were meant for a Savonarola or a St. Francis, my bold grenadier," said Stafford with a friendly nod.

"I was meant for anything that comes my way, and to do everything that was hard enough."

Stafford waved a hand. "Isn't this hard enough — a handful of guns and fifteen hundred men lost in a day, and nothing done that you can put in an envelope and send 'to the old folks at 'ome'?"

"Well, that's all over, Colonel. Byng has turned the tide by turning the Boer flank. I'm glad he's got that much out of his big shindy. It 'll do him more good than his millions. He was oozing away like a fat old pine-tree in London town. He's got all his balsam in his bones now. I bet he'll get more out of this thing than anybody, more that's worth having. He doesn't want honors or promotion; he wants what 'd make his wife sorry to be a widow; and he's getting it."

"Let us hope that his wife won't be put to the test," responded Stafford evenly.

Barry looked at him a little obliquely. "She came pretty near it when we took Hetmeyer's Kopje."

"Is he all right again?" Stafford asked; then added quickly, "I've had so much to do since the Hetmeyer business that I have not seen Byng."

Barry spoke very carefully and slowly. "He's over at Brinkwort's Farm for a while. He didn't want to go to the hospital, and the house at the Farm is good enough for anybody. Anyhow, you get away from the smell of disinfectants and the business of the hospital. It's a snigger little place is Brinkwort's Farm. There's an orchard of peaches and oranges, and there are pomegranate hedges, and plenty of nice flowers in the garden, and a stoep made for candidates for Stellenbosch—as comfortable as the room of a Rand director."

"Mrs. Byng is with him?" asked Stafford, his eyes turned towards Brinkwort's Farm miles away. He could see the trees, the kameel-thorn, the blue-gums, the orange and peach trees surrounding it, a clump or cloud of green in the veld.

"No, Mrs. Byng's not with him," was the reply.

Stafford stirred uneasily, a frown gathered, his eyes took on a look of sombre melancholy. "Ah," he said at length, "she has returned to Durban, then?"

"No. She got a chill the night of the Hetmeyer *coup,* and she's in bed at the hospital."

Stafford controlled himself. "Is it a bad chill?" he asked heavily. "Is she dangerously ill?" His voice seemed to thicken.

"She was; but she's not so bad that a little attention from a friend would make her worse. She never much liked me; but I went just the same, and took her some veld-roses."

"You saw her?" Stafford's voice was very low.

"Yes, for a minute. She's as thin as she once wasn't," Barry answered, "but twice as beautiful. Her eyes are as big as stars, and she can smile still, but it's a new one—a war-smile, I expect. Everything gets a turn of its own at the Front."

"She was upset and anxious about Byng, I suppose?" Stafford asked, with his head turned away from this faithfulest of friends, who would have died for the man now sitting on the stoep of Brinkwort's house, looking into the bloom of the garden.

"Naturally," was the reply. Barry Whalen thought carefully of what he should say, because the instinct of the friend who loved his friend had told him that, since the night at De Lancy Scovel's house when the name of Mennaval had been linked so hatefully with that of Byng's wife, there had been a cloud over Rudyard's life; and that Rudyard and Jasmine were not the same as of yore.

"Naturally she was upset," he repeated. "She made Al'mah go and nurse Byng."

"Al'mah!" repeated Stafford mechanically. "Al'mah!" His mind rushed back to that night at the opera, when Rudyard had sprung from the box to the stage and had rescued Al'mah from the flames. The world had widened since then.

Al'mah and Jasmine had been under the same roof but now; and Al'mah was nursing Jasmine's husband — surely life was merely farce and tragedy.

At this moment an orderly delivered a message to Barry Whalen. He rose to go, but turned back to Stafford again.

"She'd be glad to see you, I'm certain," he said. "You never can tell what a turn sickness will take in camp, and she's looking pretty frail. We all ought to stand by Byng and whatever belongs to Byng. No need to say that to you; but you've got a lot of work and responsibility, and in the rush you mightn't realize that she's more ill than the chill makes her. I hope you won't mind my saying so in my stupid way."

Stafford rose and grasped his hand, and a smile of wonderful friendliness and comradeship shone in his eyes.

"*Beau chevalier! Beau chevalier!*" was all he said; and impulsive Barry Whalen went away blinking; for hard as iron as he was physically, and a fighter of courage, his temperament got into his eyes or at his lips very easily.

Stafford looked after him admiringly. "Lucky the man who has such a friend," he said aloud—"*Sans peur et sans reproche!* He could not betray a"—the waving of wings above him caught his eye—"he could not betray an aasvogel." His look followed the bird of prey, the servitor of carrion death, as it flew down the wind.

He had absorbed the salt of tears and valor. He had been enveloped in the Will that makes all wills as one, the will of a common purpose; and it had changed his attitude towards his troubles, towards his past, towards his future.

What Barry had said to him, and especially the tale of the New-Zealander, had revealed the change which had taken place. The War had purged his mind, cleared his vision. When he left England he was immersed in egoism, submerged by his own miseries. He had isolated himself in a lazaretto of self-reproach and resentment. The universe was tottering because a woman had played him false. Because of this obsession of self, he was eager to be done with it all, to pay a price which he might have paid, had it been possible to meet Rudyard pistol or sword in hand, and die as many such a man has done, without trying to save his own life or to take the life of another. That he could not do. Rudyard did not know the truth, had not the faintest knowledge that Jasmine had been more to himself than an old and dear friend. To pay the price in any other way than by eliminating himself from the equation was to smirch her name, be the ruin of a home, and destroy all hope for the future.

It had seemed to him that there was no other way than to disappear honorably through one of the hundred gates which the war would open to him — to go where Death ambushed the reckless or the brave, and take the stroke meant for him, on a field of honor all too kind to himself and soothing to those good friends who would mourn his going, those who hoped for him the now unattainable things.

In a spirit of stoic despair he had come to the seat of war. He had invited Destiny to sweep him up in her reaping,

by placing himself in the ambit of her scythe; but the sharp reaping-hook had passed him by.

The innumerable exits were there in the wall of life, but none had opened to him; but since the evening when he saw Jasmine at the railway station, there had been an opening of doors in his soul hitherto hidden. Beyond these doors he saw glimpses of a new world—not like the one he had lived in, not so green, so various, or tumultuous, but it had the lure of that peace, not sterile or somnolent, which summons the burdened life, or the soul with a vocation, to the hood of a monk—a busy self-forgetfulness.

Looking after Barry Whalen's retreating figure, he saw this new, grave world opening out before him; and as the vision floated before his eyes, Barry's appeal that he should visit Jasmine at the hospital came to him.

Jasmine suffered. He recalled Barry's words: "*She's as thin as she once wasn't, but twice as beautiful. Her eyes are as big as stars, and she can smile still, but it's a new one — a war-smile, I expect. Everything gets a turn of its own at the Front.*"

Jasmine suffered in body. He knew that she suffered in mind also. To go to her? Was that his duty? Was it his desire? Did his heart cry out for it either in pity—or in love?

In love? Slowly a warm flood of feeling passed through him. It was dimly borne in on him, as he gazed at the hospital in the distance, that this thing called Love, which seizes upon our innermost selves, which takes up residence in the inner sanctuary, may not be dislodged. It stays on when the darkness comes, reigning in the gloom. Even betrayal, injury, tyranny, do not drive it forth. It continues. No longer is the curtain drawn aside for tribute, for appeal, or for adoration, but It remains until the last footfall dies in the temple, and the portals are closed forever.

For Stafford the curtain was drawn before the shrine; but love was behind the curtain still.

He would not go to her as Barry had asked. There in Brinkwort's house in the covert of peaches and pomegranates was the man and the only man who should, who must, bring new bloom to her cheek. Her suffering would carry her to Rudyard at the last, unless it might be that one or the other of them had taken Adrian Fellowes' life. If either had done that, there could be no reunion.

He did not know what Al'mah had told Jasmine, the thing which had cleared Jasmine's vision, and made possible a path which should lead from the hospital to the house among the orchard-trees at Brinkwort's Farm.

No, he would not, could not go to Jasmine — unless, it might be, she was dying. A sudden, sharp anxiety possessed him. If, as Barry Whalen suggested, one of those ugly turns should come, which illnesses take in camp, and she should die without a friend near her, without Rudyard by her side! He mounted his horse, and rode towards the hospital.

His inquiries at the hospital relieved his mind. "If there is no turn for the worse, no complications, she will go on all right, and will be convalescent in a few days," the medicine-man had said.

He gave instructions for a message to be sent to him if there was any change for the worse. His first impulse, to tell them not to let her know he had inquired, he set aside. There must not be subterfuge or secrecy any longer. Let Destiny take her course.

As he left the hospital, he heard a wounded Boer prisoner say to a Tommy who had fought with him on opposite sides in the same engagement, "*Alles zal recht-kom!*" All will come right, was the English of it.

Out of the agony of conflict would all come right—for Boer, for Briton, for Rudyard, for Jasmine, for himself, for Al'mah?

As he entered his tent again, he was handed his mail, which had just arrived. The first letter he touched had the postmark of Durban. The address on the envelope was in the handwriting of Lady Tynemouth.

He almost shrank from opening it, because of the tragedy which had come to the husband of the woman who had been his faithful friend over so many years. At an engagement a month before Tynemouth had been blinded by shrapnel,

and had been sent to Durban. To the two letters he had written there had come no answer until now; and he felt that this reply would be a plaint against Fate, a rebellion against the future restraint and trial and responsibility which would be put upon the wife, who was so much of the irresponsible world.

After a moment, however, he muttered a reproach against his own darkness of spirit and his lack of faith in her womanliness, and opened the envelope.

It was not the letter he had imagined and feared. It began by thanking him for his own letter, and then it plunged into the heart of her trouble:

". . . . Tynie is blind. He will never see again. But his face seems to me quite beautiful. It shines, Ian: beauty comes from within. Poor old Tynie, who would have thought that the world he loved couldn't make that light in his face! I never saw it there—did you? It is just giving up one's self to the Inevitable. I suppose we mostly are giving up ourselves to Ourselves, thinking always of our own pleasure and profit and pride, never being content, pushing on and on. . . . Ian, I'm not going to push on any more. I've done with the Climbers. There's too much of the Climbers in us all—not social climbing, I mean, but wanting to get somewhere that has something for us, out in the big material world. When I look at Tynie—he's lying there so peaceful—you might think it is a prison he is in. It isn't. He's set free into a world where he had never been. He's set free in a world of light that never blinds us. If he'd lived to be a hundred with the sight of his eyes, he'd never have known that there's a world that belongs to Allah,—I love that word, it sounds so great and yet so friendly, so gentler than the name by which we call the First One in our language and our religion—and that world is inside ourselves. . . . Tynie is always thinking of other people now, wondering what they are doing and *how* they are doing it. He was talking about you a little while ago, and so admiringly. It brought the tears to my eyes. Oh, I am so glad, Ian, that our friendship has always been so much on the surface, so 'void of offence'—is that the phrase? I can look at it without wincing; and I am glad. It never was a thing of importance to you, for I am not important, and there was no weight of life in it or in me. But even the butterfly has its uses, and maybe I was meant to play a little part in your big life. I like to think it was so. Sometimes a bright day gets a little more interest from the drone of the locust or the glow of a butterfly's wings. I'm not sure that the locust's droning and the bright flutter of the butterfly's wings are not the way Nature has of fastening the soul to the meaning of it all. I wonder if you ever heard the lines—foolish they read, but they are not:

"'All summer long there was one little butterfly,
Flying ahead of me,
Wings red and yellow, a pretty little fellow,
Flying ahead of me.
One little butterfly, one little butterfly,
What can his message be?—
All summer long, there was one little butterfly
Flying ahead of me.'

"It may be so that the poet meant the butterfly to mean the joy of things, the hope of things, the love of things flying ahead to draw us on and on into the sunlight and up the steeps, and over the higher hills.

"Ian, I would like to be such a butterfly in your eyes at this moment; perhaps the insignificant means of making you see the *near* thing to do, and by doing it get a step on towards the Far Thing. You used always to think of the Far Thing. Ah, what ambition you had when I first knew you on the Zambesi, when the old red umbrella, but for you, would have carried me over into the mist and the thunder! Well, you have lost that ambition. I know why you came out here. No one ever told me. The thing behind the words in your letter tells me plainer than words. The last time I saw you in London—do you remember when it was? It was the day that Rudyard Byng drove Krool into Park Lane with the sjambok. Well, that last time, when I met you in the hall, as we were both leaving a house of trouble, I felt the truth. Do you remember the day I went to see you when Mr. Mappin came? I felt the truth then more. I often wondered how I could ever help you in the old days. That was an ambition of mine. But I had no brains—no brains like Jasmine's and many another woman; and I was never able to do anything. But now I feel as I never felt anything before in my life. I feel that my time and my chance have come. I feel like a prophetess, like Miriam,—or was it Deborah?—and that I must wind the horn of warning as you walk on the edge of the precipice.

"Ian, it's only little souls who do the work that should be left to Allah, and I don't believe that you can take the reins out of Allah's hands,—He lets you do it, of course, if you insist, for a wilful child must be taught his lesson—without getting

smashed up at a sharp corner that you haven't learnt to turn. Ian, there's work for you to do. Even Tynie thinks that he can do some work still. He *sees* he can, as he never did before; and he talks of you as a man who can do anything if you will. He says that if England wanted a strong man before the war she will want a stronger man afterwards to pick up the pieces, and put them all together again. He says that after we win, reconstruction in South Africa will be a work as big as was ever given to a man, because, if it should fail, 'down will go the whole Imperial show'—that's Tynie's phrase. And he says, why shouldn't you do it here, or why shouldn't you be the man who will guide it all in England? You found the key to England's isolation, to her foreign problem,—I'm quoting Tynie —which meant that the other nations keep hands off in this fight; well, why shouldn't you find another key, that to the future of this Empire? You got European peace for England, and now the problem is how to make this Empire a real thing. Tynie says this, not me. His command of English is better than mine, but neither of us would make a good private secretary, if we had to write letters with words of over two syllables. I've told you what Tynie says, but he doesn't know at all what I know; he doesn't see the danger I see; doesn't realize the mad thing in your brain, the sad thing weighing down your heart—and hers.

"Ian, I feel it on my own heart, and I want it lifted away. Your letter has only one word in it really. That word is *Finis*. I say, it must not, shall not, be *Finis*. Look at the escapes you have had in this war. Is not that enough to prove that you have a long way to go yet, and that you have to 'make good' the veld as you trek? To outspan now would be a crime. It would spoil a great life, it would darken memory—even mine, Ian. I must speak the truth. I want you, we all want you, to be the big man you are at heart. Do not be a Lassalle. It is too small. If one must be a slave, then let it be to something greater than one's self, higher—toweringly, unattainably higher. Believe me, neither the girl you love nor any woman on earth is entitled to hold in slavery the energies and the mind and hopes of a man who can do big things—or any man at all.

"Ian, Tynie and I have our trials, but we are going to live them down. At first Tynie wanted to die, but he soon said he would see it through—blind at forty. You have had your trials, you have them still; but every gift of man is yours, and every opportunity. Will you not live it all out to the end? Allah knows the exit He wants for us, and He must resent our breaking a way out of the prison of our own making.

"You've no idea how this life of work with Jasmine has brought things home to me—and to Jasmine too. When I see the multitude of broken and maimed victims of war, well, I feel like Jeremiah; but I feel sad too that these poor fellows and those they love must suffer in order to teach us our lesson—us and England. Dear old friend, great man, I am going to quote a verse Tynie read to me last night—oh, how strange that seems! Yet it was so in a sense, *he did read to me.* Tynie made me say the words from the book, but he read into them all that they were, he that never drew a literary breath. It was a poem Jasmine quoted to him a fortnight ago—Browning's 'Grammarian,' and he stopped me at these words:

"'Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.'

"Tynie stopped me there, and said, 'That's Stafford. He's the Alpine fellow!' . . ."

A few sentences more and then the letter ended on a note of courage, solicitude, and friendship. And at the very last she said:

"It isn't always easy to find the key to things, but you will find it, not because you are so clever, but because at heart you are so good. . . . We both send our love, and don't forget that England hasn't had a tenth of her share of Ian Stafford. . . ."

Then there followed a postscript which ran:

"I always used to say, 'When my ship comes home,' I'd have this or that. Well, here is the ship—mine and Jasmine's, and it has come *Home* for me, and for Jasmine, too, I hope."

Stafford looked out over the veld. He saw the light of the sun, the joy of summer, the flowers, the buoyant hills, where all the guns were silent now; he saw a blesbok in the distance leaping to join its fellows of a herd which had strayed across the fields of war; he felt that stir of vibrant life in the air which only the new lands know; and he raised his head with the light of resolve growing in his eyes.

"Don't forget that England hasn't had

a tenth of her share of Ian Stafford," Alice Tynemouth had said.

Looking round, he saw men whose sufferings were no doubt as great as his own or greater, but they were living on for others' sakes. Despair retreated before a woman's insight.

"The Alpine fellow" wanted to live now.

CHAPTER XXXV

AT BRINKWORT'S FARM

"WHAT are you doing here, Krool?" The face of the half-caste had grown more furtive than it was in the London days, and as he looked at Stafford now, it had a malignant expression which showed through the mask of his outward self-control.

"I am prisoner," Krool answered thickly.

"When—where?" Stafford inquired, his eye holding the other's.

"At Hetmeyer's Kopje."

"But what are you—a prisoner—doing here at Brinkwort's Farm?"

"I was hurt. They take me hospital, but the Baas, he send for me."

"They let you come without a guard?"

"No—not. They are outside"—Krool jerked a finger towards the rear of the house—"with the biltong and the dop."

"You are a liar, Krool. There may be biltong, but there is no dop."

"What matters!" Krool's face had a leer. He looked impudently at Stafford, and Stafford read the meaning behind the unveiled insolence: Krool knew what no one else but Jasmine and himself knew with absolute certainty. Krool was in his own country, more than half a savage, with the lust of war in his blood, with memories of a day in Park Lane when the sjambok had done its ugly work, and Ian Stafford had, as Krool believed, placed it in the hands of the Baas.

It might be that this dark spirit, this Nibelung of the tragedy of the House of Byng, would even yet, when the way was open to a reconstructed life for Jasmine and Rudyard, bring catastrophe.

The thought sickened him, and then black anger took possession of him. The look he cast on the bent figure before him in the threadbare frock-coat which had been taken from the back of some dead Boer, with the corded breeches stuck in boots too large for him, and the khaki hat which some vanished Tommy would never wear again, was resolute and vengeful.

Krool must not stay at Brinkwort's Farm. He must be removed. If the Caliban told Rudyard what he knew, there could be but one end to it all; and Jasmine's life, if not ruined, must ever be, even at the best, lived under the cover of magnanimity and compassion. That would break her spirit, would take from her the radiance of temperament which alone could make life tolerable to her or to others who might live with her under the same roof. Anxiety possessed him, and he swiftly devised means to be rid of Krool before harm could be done. He was certain harm was meant—there was a look of semi-insanity in Krool's eyes. Krool must be put out of the way before he could speak with the Baas. . . . But how?

With a great effort Stafford controlled himself. Krool must be got rid of at once, must be sent back to the prisoners' quarters and kept there. He must not see Byng now. In a few more hours the army would move on, leaving the prisoners behind, and Rudyard would presently move on with the army. This was Byng's last day at Brinkwort's Farm, to which he himself had come to-day lest Rudyard should take note of his neglect, and their fellow-officers should remark that the old friendship had grown cold, and perhaps begin to guess at the reason why.

"You say the Baas sent for you?" he asked presently.

"Yes."

"To sjambok you again?"

Krool made a gesture of contempt. "I save the Baas at Hetmeyer's Kopje. I kill Piet Graaf to do it."

There was a look of assurance in the eyes of the mongrel, which sent a wave of coldness through Stafford's veins and gave him fresh anxiety.

He was in despair. He knew Byng's great, generous nature, and he dreaded the inconsistency which such men show—forgiving and forgetting when the iron penalty should continue and the chains of punishment remain.

He determined to know the worst.

"Traitor all round!" he said presently with contempt. "You saved the Baas by killing Piet Graaf — have you told the Baas that? Has any one told the Baas that? The sjambok is the Baas' cure for the traitor, and sometimes it kills to cure. Do you think that the Baas would want his life through the killing of Piet Graaf by his friend Krool, the slim one from the slime?"

As a sudden tempest twists and bends a tree, contorts it, bows its branches to the dust, transforms it from a thing of beauty to a hag of Walpurgis, so Stafford's words transformed Krool. A passion of rage possessed him. He looked like one of the creatures that waited on Wotan in the nether places. He essayed to speak, but at first could not. His body bent forward, and his fingers spread out in a spasm of hatred, then clinched with the stroke of a hammer on his knees, and again opened and shut in a gesture of loathsome cruelty.

At length he spoke, and Stafford listened intently, for now Caliban was off his guard, and he knew the worst that was meant.

"Ah, you speak of traitor—you! The sjambok for the traitor, eh! The sjambok—fifty strokes, a hunderd strokes—a t'ousand! Krool—Krool is a traitor, and the sjambok for him. What did he do? What did Krool do? He help Oom Paul against the Rooinek, against the Philistine. He help the chosen against the children of Hell. What did Krool do? He tell Oom Paul how the thieves would to come in the night to sold him like sheep to a butcher, how the t'ousand wolves would swarm upon the sheepfold, and there would be no homes for the voortrekker and his vrouw, how the Outlander would sit on our stoeps and pick the peaches from our gardens. And he tell him other things good for him to hear."

Stafford was conscious of the smell of orchard blossoms blown through the open window, of the odor of the pomegranate in the hedge; but his eyes were fascinated by the crouching passion of the figure before him and the dissonance of the low, unhuman voice. There was no pause in the broken, turgid torrent, which was like a muddy flood pouring over the boulders of a rapid.

"Who the traitor is? Is it the man that tries to save his homeland from the wolf and the worm! I kill Piet Graaf to save the Baas. The Baas an' I, we understand—on the Limpopo we make the *unie*. He is the Baas, and I am his slave. All else nothing is. I kill all the people of the Baas' country, but I die for the Baas. The Baas kill me if he will it. So it was set down in the bond on the Limpopo. If the Baas strike, he strike; if he kill, he kill. It is in the bond, it is set down. All else go. Piet Graaf, he go. Oom Paul, he go. Joubert, Cronje, Botha, they all go, if the Baas speak. It is written so. On the Limpopo it is written. All must go, if the Baas speak—one, two, three, a t'ousand. Else the bond is water, and the spirits come in the night, and take you to the million years of torment. It is nothing to die—pah! But only the Baas is kill me. It is written so. Only the Baas can hurt me. Not you, nor all the *verdomde* Rooineks out there"—he pointed to the vast camp out on the veld—"nor the Baas' vrouw. Do I not know all about the Baas' vrouw! She cannot hurt me . . ." He spat on the ground. "Who is the traitor? Is it Krool? Did Krool steal from the Baas? Krool is the Baas' slave; it is only the friend of the Baas that steal from him—only him is traitor. I kill Piet Graaf to save the Baas. No one kills you to save the Baas! I saw you with your arms round the Baas' vrouw. So I go tell the Baas all. If he kill me—it is the Baas. It is written."

He spat on the ground again, and his eyes grown red with his passion glowered on Stafford like those of some beast of the jungle.

Stafford's face was white, and every nerve in his body seemed suddenly to be wrenched by the hand of torture. What right had he to resent this abominable tirade, this loathsome charge by such a beast? Yet he would have shot where he stood the fellow who had spoken so of "the Baas' vrouw," if it had not come to him with sudden conviction that the end was not to be this way. Ever since he had read Alice Tynemouth's letter a new spirit had been working in him. He must do nothing rash. There was enough stain on his

hands now without the added stain of blood. But he must act. He must prevent Krool from telling the Baas. Yonder at the hospital was Jasmine, and she and her man must come together here in this peaceful covert before Rudyard went forward with the army. It must be so.

Two sentries were beyond the doorway. He stepped quickly to the stoep and summoned them. They came. Krool watched with eyes that, at first, did not understand.

Stafford gave an order. "Take the prisoner to the guard. They will at once march him back to the prisoners' camp."

Now Krool understood, and he made as if to spring on Stafford, but a pistol suddenly faced him, and he knew well that what Stafford would not do in cold blood, he would do in the exercise of his duty and as a soldier before these Rooinek privates. He stood still; he made no resistance.

But suddenly his voice rang out in a guttural cry—"Baas!"

In an instant a hand was clapped on his mouth, and his own dirty neckcloth provided a gag.

The storm was over. The native blood in him acknowledged the logic of superior force, and he walked out quietly between the sentries. Stafford's move was regular from a military point of view. He was justified in disposing of a dangerous and recalcitrant prisoner. He could find a sufficient explanation if he was challenged.

As he turned round from the doorway through which Krool had disappeared, he saw Al'mah, who had entered from another room during the incident.

A light came to Stafford's face. They two derelicts of life had much in common — the communion of sinners who had been so much sinned against.

"I heard his last words about you and —her," she said in a low voice.

"Where is Byng?" he asked anxiously.

"In the kloof near by. He will be back presently."

"Thank God!"

Al'mah's face was anxious. "I don't know what you are going to say to him, or why you have come," she said, "but—"

"I have come to congratulate him on his recovery."

"I understand. I want to say some things to you. You should know them before you see him. There is the matter of Adrian Fellowes."

"What about Adrian Fellowes?" Stafford asked evenly, yet he felt his heart give a bound and his brain throb.

"Does it matter to you now? At the inquest you were—concerned."

"I am more concerned now," he rejoined huskily.

He suddenly held out a hand to her with a smile of rare friendliness. There came over him again the feeling he had at the hospital when they talked together last, that whatever might come of all the tragedy and sorrow around them they two must face irretrievable loss.

She hesitated a moment, and then as she took his outstretched hand she said, "Yes, I will take it while I can."

Her eyes went slowly round the room as though looking for something—some point where they might rest and gather courage maybe, then they steadied to his firmly.

"You knew Adrian Fellowes did not die a natural death—I saw that at the inquest."

"Yes, I knew."

"It was a poisoned needle."

"I know. I found the needle."

"Ah! I threw it down *afterwards*. I forgot about it."

Slowly the color left Stafford's face, as the light of revelation broke in upon his brain. Why had he never suspected her? His brain was buzzing with sounds which came from inner voices — voices of old thoughts and imaginings, like little beings in a dark forest hovering on the march of the discoverer. She was speaking, but her voice seemed to come through a clouded medium from a great distance to him.

"He had hurt me more than any other—than my husband or her. I did it. I would do it again. . . . I had been good to him. . . . I had suffered, I wanted something for all I had lost, and he was . . ."

Her voice trailed away into nothing, then rose again presently. "I am not sorry. Perhaps you wonder at that. But no, I do not hate myself for it—only for all that went before it. I will pay, if I have to pay, in my own



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE PRISONER TURNED TOWARDS THE HOUSE, HIS EYES SHOWING LIKE FLAMES

way. . . . Thousands of women die who are killed by hands that carry no weapon. They die of misery and shame and regret. . . . This one man died because . . ."

He did not hear, or if he heard he did not realize what she was saying now. One thought was ringing through his mind like bells pealing. The gulf of horrible suspicion between Rudyard and Jasmine was closed. So long as it yawned, so long as there was between them the accounting for Adrian Fellowes' death, they might have come together, but there would always have been a black shadow between—the shadow that hangs over the scaffold.

"They should know the truth," he said almost peremptorily.

"They both know," she rejoined calmly. "I told him this evening. On the day I saw you at the hospital, I told her."

There was silence for a moment, and then he said: "She must come here before he joins his regiment."

"I saw her last night at the hospital," Al'mah answered. "She was better. She was preparing to go to Durban. I did not ask her if she was coming, but I was sure she was not. . . . So, just now, before you came, I sent a message to her. It will bring her. . . . It does not matter what a woman like me does."

"What did you say to her?"

"I wrote, 'If you wish to see him before the end, come quickly.' She will think he is dying."

"If she resents the subterfuge?"

"Risks must be taken. If he goes without their meeting—who can tell! Now is the time—now. I want to see it. It must be."

He reached out both hands and took hers, while she grew pale. Her eyes had a strange childishly frightened look.

"You are a good woman, Al'mah," he said.

A quivering, ironical laugh burst from her lips. Then, suddenly, her eyes were suffused.

"The world would call it the New Goodness then," she replied in a voice which told how deep was the well of misery in her being.

"It is as old as Allah," he replied.

"Or as old as Cain?" she responded, then added quickly, "Hush! He is coming."

An instant afterwards she was outside among the peach-trees, and Rudyard and Stafford faced each other in the room she had just left.

As Al'mah stood looking into the quivering light upon the veld, her fingers thrust among the blossoms of a tree which bent over her, she heard horses' hoofs, and presently there came round the corner of the house two mounted soldiers who had brought Krool to Brinkwort's Farm. Their prisoner was secured to a stirrup-leather, and the neck-cloth was still binding his mouth.

As they passed, Krool turned towards the house, eyes showing like flames under the khaki trooper's hat, which added fresh incongruity to the frock-coat and the huge top-boots.

The guard were now returning to their post at the doorway.

"What has happened?" she asked, with a gesture towards the departing Krool.

"A bit o' lip to Colonel Stafford, ma'am," answered one of the guard. "He's got a tongue like a tanner's vat, that goozer. Wants a lump o' lead in 'is baskit 'e does."

"'E done a good turn at 'Etmeyer's Kopje," added the Second. "If it 'adn't been for 'im the S. A.'s would 'ave 'ad a new Colonel"—he jerked his head towards the house, from which came the murmur of men's voices talking earnestly.

"Whatever 'e done it for, it was slim, you can stake a tidy lot on that, ma'am," interjected the First. "'E's the bottom o' the sink, this 'alf-caste Boojer is."

The Second continued: "If I 'ad my way 'e'd be put in front at the next push-up, just where the mausers of his pals would get 'im. 'E's done a lot o' bitin' in 'is time—let 'im bite the dust now, I sez. . . . I'm fair sick of treatin' that lot as if they was square fighters. Why, 'e'd fire on a nurse or an ambulanche, that tyke would."

"There's lots like him in yonder," urged the First, as a hand was jerked forward towards the hills, "and we're goin' to get 'em this time—goin' to get 'em on the shovel. Their schanzes and their kranzes and their ant-bear dug-outs ain't goin' to help them this mop-

up. We're goin' to get the tongue in the hole o' the buckle this time. It's over the hills and far away, and the Come-in-Elizas won't stop us. When the howitzers with their nice little balls of lyddite physic get opening their bouquets to-morrow—"

"Who says *to-morrow?*" demanded the Second.

"I says to-morrow. I know. I got ears, and 'im that 'as ears to 'ear let 'im 'ear — that's what the Scripture saith. I was brought up on the off side of a vicarage."

He laughed eagerly at his own joke, chuckling till his comrade followed up with a sharp challenge.

"I bet you never heard nothin' but your own bleatin's—not about wot the next move is, and w'en it is."

The First made quick retort. "Then you lose your bet, for I 'eard Colonel Byng get 'is orders larst night—w'en you was sleepin' at your post, Willy. By to-morrow this time you'll see the whole outfit at it. You'll see the little billows of white rollin' over the 'ills — that's shrapnel. You'll 'ear the rippin', zippin', zimmin' thing in the air wot makes you sick; for you don't know who it's goin' to 'it. That's shells. You'll 'ear a thousand blankets being shook—that's mausers and others. You'll see regiments marchin' out o' step, an' every man on 'is own, which is not 'ow we started this war, not much. And where there's a bit o' rock, you say, 'Ere's a friend, and you get behind it like a man. And w'en there's nothin' to get behind, you get in front, and take your chances, and you get there—right there, over the trenches, over the bloomin' Amalakites, over the 'ills and far away, where they want the relief they're goin' to get, or I'm a pansy blossom."

"Well, to-morrow can't come quick enough for me," answered the Second. He straightened out his shoulders and eyed the hills in front of him with a calculating air, as though he were planning the tactics of the fight to come.

"We'll all be in it—even you, ma'am," insinuated the First to Al'mah with a friendly nod. "But I'd ruther 'ave my job nor yours. I've done a bit o' nursin' — there was Bob Critchett that got a splinter o' shell in 'is 'ead, and there was Sergeant Hoyle and others. But it gits me where I squeak that kind o' thing do."

Suddenly they brought their rifles to the salute, as a footstep sounded smartly on the stoep. It was Stafford coming from the house.

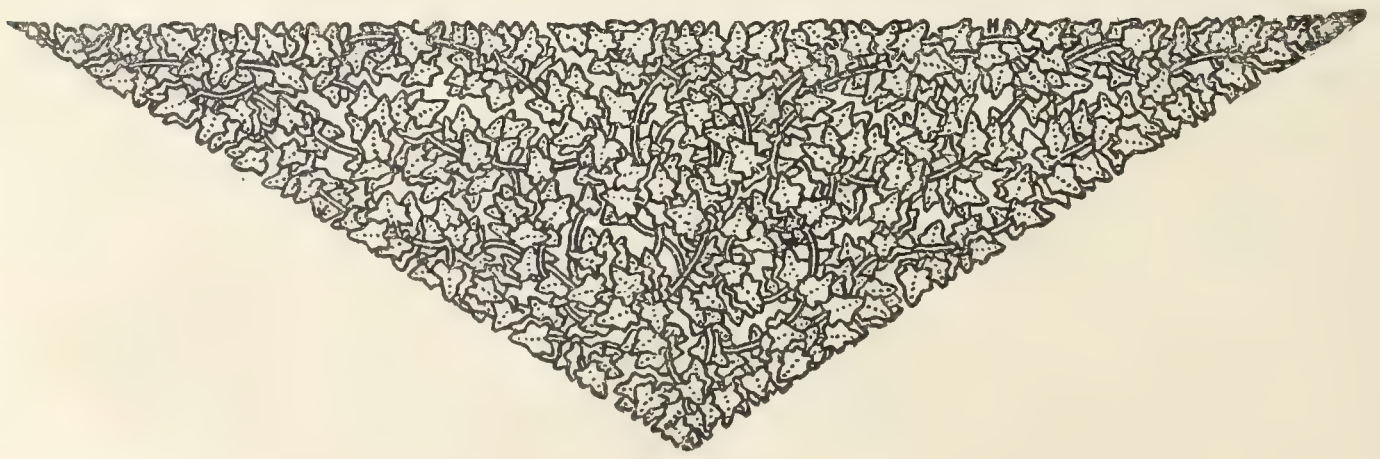
He acknowledged the salute mechanically. His eyes were fastened on the distance. They had a rapt, shining look, and he walked like one in a pleasant dream. A moment afterwards he mounted his horse with the lightness of a boy, and galloped away.

He had not seen Al'mah as he passed.

In her fingers was crushed a bunch of orange blossoms. A heavy sigh broke from her lips. She turned to go within, and, as she did so, saw Rudyard Byng looking from the doorway towards the hospital where Jasmine was.

"Will she come?" Al'mah asked herself, and mechanically she wiped the stain of the orange blossoms from her fingers.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]





THE HOUSE-TOPS FROM THE SOUTHERN RAMPARTS

Mr. and Mrs. House

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

HOUSE is not our name, yet for one brief, delicious fortnight we answered to that appellation—more, we sprang to it, admitted no other. It was an honor that came through dishonor; the honor was thrust upon us, the dishonor was our own achievement. Great men reverse this order, but great men have nothing to do with our story. It is a tale of vice triumphant, of theft unpunished; yes, and of love of country—but not our country; and that reduces us to the ranks again.

In the summer it is France we love, and call it "ours," as many an American does who distributes a blue letter of credit through the small French towns, for it is the instinct of mankind to care for those whom he materially assists. No one should visit strange lands who is not generous with his affections; yet each year, when the anchor of our ship rattles down into the harbor and we emerge from our cabins to find the early rays of the sun picking out the foreign chimney-pots for our delectation, I wonder anew that mere slanting roofs and their tiles can occasion the emotion that I ever entertain. We stare ahead and do not notice our fellow-travelers with whom we have exchanged visiting-cards. We are all intent upon seizing the first *facteur* and following him to the custom-house.

"Nothing to declare, m'sieu, nothing to declare." How glibly we say it! How

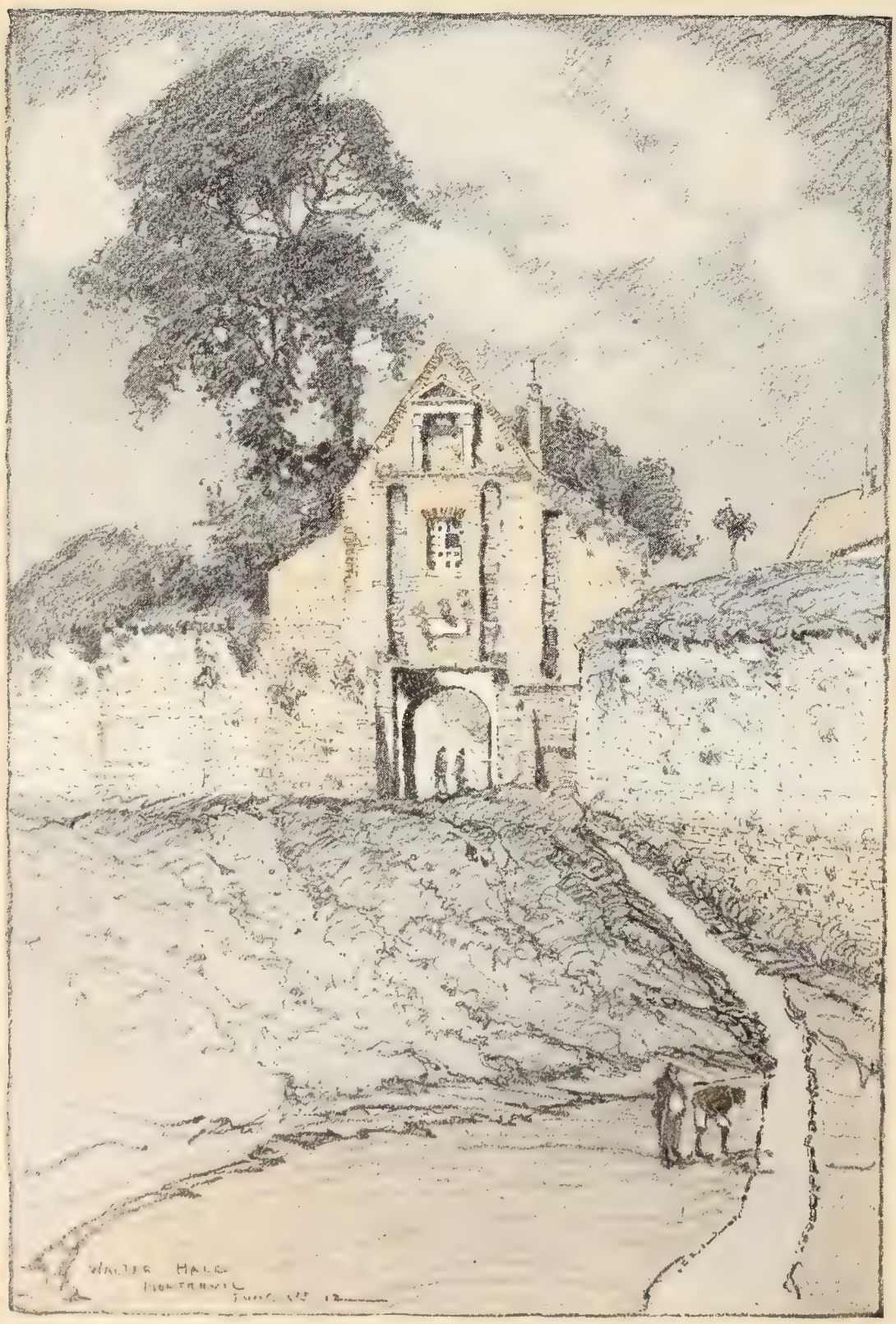
our eyelids would droop should we make such an assertion before our own cold revenue officers! Oh, the satisfaction of the simple white chalk-mark that permits our luggage to reach the omnibus undisturbed! How generous we are with the first *facteur* whom we seize from under the noses of our ship acquaintances!

Once we are on the cobbles of Boulogne or Havre or Cherbourg, the sensation of elation is sustained. The streets are being swept with curiously deficient brooms, women pass with trays of fish—"*Des harengs!*" vibrates in the thin early air. Fox-terriers run behind French masters, the dogs looking as English as can be, and carrying the *entente cordiale* further than they wist.

Oh, the bumping to the hotel, the recognition of the flower market, the proud pointing it out to others in the omnibus! Oh, the new signs that wave to us from the iron poles: "*Soyez bon pour les animaux*" runs the suggestion, by its frolicsomeness holding the attention of the gay nation. We have witnessed the birth of a new thought in France. What they laugh at to-day they will revere to-morrow. They will, indeed, "Be good for the animals," and the last horror of the Latin countries will have disappeared.

As we finally jolt in a half-circle against the curb, the landlord, whom we have met before, and his wife come running. We stop on the sidewalk café for a vermouth—the good vermouth for eight cents, or even six, or even four—but not so good. And now: *les affaires!* The papers to sign, the explanation of our name, the spelling of it, the assuring of the French authorities that we are not a marketplace, the sickly smile over our worn jest. This business despatched, the small cloud which ever hovers over us among the French people disappears for the time being—our name has been grasped, and our automobile is bonded into the country.

And what after any port? Long avenues, is it not? Poplars on either side, is it not? Hamlets, of course,



THE CITADEL



THE HÔTEL DE FRANCE—WHERE STERNE WROTE PART OF "A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY"

with the latest thing in country "Don'ts" facing the approaching motorist. "Will you kindly relent, attention to the infants," they politely implore in yellow letters on a blue ground; and once more, as we quit the village, comes a flash of orange "*Merci,*" to make us hang our heads in shame if we do not deserve the thanks for slowing down.

Montreuil-sur-Mer was our destination, yet upon arriving there we parleyed only for the moment and went on. We left a representative at the Hôtel de France in the shape of our laundry, which lay, swollen and inert, in the bottom of our car, its contents refusing to go into our small trunk until pressed by hot irons into submission. This quitting of our soiled linen revealed to the landlady without explanation that we were going back to play golf at the French course of Le Touquet, an uncomfortably fashionable resort where the guests gathered on the terrace to see the luggage taken off. She did not resent our attitude, nor was she ashamed of the wash, as were we. Perhaps did we define it as "*blanchissage*" in our country, we would be less snob-

bish about it. The mission of the laundry bag, sweetly outlined in red letters, had no significance for her. "Wash me clean" was the inscription—a sentiment worked by the kindly hands of a Christmas donor. But we knew that the guests on the hotel terrace at Le Touquet would be English.



OLD HOUSES OF MONTREUIL

The landlady promised that all would be ready for us when we returned to take up our stay with her, and the Illustrator was touched by this faith — always a sentimentalist over the wrong thing. In spite of my pointing out that she had the laundry and we had the faith, his satisfaction continued. I shared some of this. We were now in France, and we had a landlady, yet she did not know that our name sounded like a French market-place, and for the next few days, as we golfed among the visiting Britons, we could walk unfearful of French puns. "Hail, all hail!" yes, but nothing that had to do with Les Halles.

The few days came to an end, and we again climbed the heights of fortressed Montreuil, ready and eager to do battle with our name. Our re-reception in the courtyard was something as I had imagined it would be, for the welcome is akin in all French inns. The personnel fly out of every door, and the stable-boy watches the motor creep through the narrow arch, making finlike flaps with his hands to the right or left as you insinuate the car along, and finally, palms down, signifies that you are safely within. Contrary to custom, we were delayed an instant at the Hôtel de France when it was discovered that the refrigerator was in our path. But this was done away with by swift recourse to a pulley which elevated the screened box, full of dressed chickens and legs of lamb, in mid-air, where it swung like a curfew. By this time the porter, according to custom, was hurling himself upon the luggage, intent upon taking off as many wrong appendages as possible, although we did not find him difficult to overcome. It was not that he was weak, but in the triple capacity of *garçon, valet de chambre,* and *facteur* we found his strength divided. The stable-boy, Lucien by name, turned out to be the scullery-maid as well, and as the landlady, now bobbing before us, was our cook, the entourage was more limited than is my description of it.

Madame was glad to see us; she was "well content" to see us—and she was more than that. She approached as one

who knew us well, and addressed the Illustrator, not by the non-committal title of Monsieur, but by a name. At first we were not sure of the name; we were only sure that it was not ours, though it would have been remarkable had she known us by our own, as we had given her no inkling of it. We listened cautiously, without committing ourselves, until it became clear that Eugene (the porter at the moment) was to mount the baggage of M. and Mme. Howes. We were not mistaken. She repeated this a number of times, as we all do when we feel that we are very certain of the names of those we have just met, and are desirous of flattering.

We were not disgruntled. Quite the opposite — we were delighted. And when, in a final burst of commands, our hostess ordered Lucien to bring the laundry of M. and Mme. San Jam Howes, our heads swam with pride of blood.

"St. James Howes," the Illustrator repeated, when the doors of our rooms had shut us in. "It suits me, doesn't it?" It was annoying to me—the way he took the name so completely to himself. I was occupied at the time in lifting the clean linen from the flat willow basket and laying it on the bed, but I found a moment for my grievance. I reminded him that it was my name too. He replied that it would not have been had not I married him. This was maddening. I stooped low over the basket looking for a suitable reply, and while I had hoped to find it there only figuratively, it was staring up at me in the cramped handwriting of the landlady's wash list.

I was very calm. Tranquilly I asked him to spell his name. And he did so—promptly—as though he had been brought up on it. "H-o-w-e-s," he spelled, and was very proud of his English connections. But at this I had to blacken his moment, for the name on the list was House. It was M. and Mme. St. James House, and with the discovery came another. Assisted by the nimbleness of a guilty conscience, I seized the last gar-



THE PLACE GAMBETTA AND CHURCH OF ST. SAULVE

ment from the basket and waved it at him. It was not difficult to wave, for, strictly speaking, it was not a garment; it was a towel.

It was a hotel towel. One that had been pilfered in a moment of revenge (and to do up the shoe-polish) to atone for a bad night's rest at the hotel where we had stopped before leaving America. It was a cheap Hoboken towel with the name of the hostelry woven in red letters across the border. "St. James House" ran the legend!

I shall not insist that our visit in Montreuil was prolonged because the Illustrator fancied his new cognomen; but we may have confused the glories of our estate with the beauties of the surroundings when we insist that the town is the most charming in France. Certainly the longer we stayed the more convinced we were of it. Laurence Sterne looked from these same windows of the Hôtel de France in his first glow of the *Sentimental Journey,* and that his adventures were slight while his appreciation was great speaks well for the rectitude of the village. Still, there were goings-on when we stepped out upon the ramparts. And this we did very often.

"Mrs. House," called the Illustrator (he pronounced it Howes, as did madame), "sha'n't we walk upon the ramparts?"

Mr. House was calling to me from the courtyard. It was his custom to breakfast there, sitting at a little iron table where we could enjoy the life of the city and watch his motor-car with the box of dressed chickens swung above it. A large part of the life of the city consisted in various farmers' carts being backed into the iron table, a great whoaing and leading of the horses off by the stable scullery-boy to be baited. Everything was as inconvenient as possible in this inn, which added to its attractiveness if you were not a Eugene or a Lucien. The *salle-à-manger* was on one side of the court, the kitchen directly opposite, the



A FAVORITE MOTIF—THE LITTLE MILLS



THE GRAND PLACE—LOOKING NORTH

staircase leading to the upper rooms between them, and the fourth, across from the stairs, was given up to the outer wall and the wide door. Therefore if anything took place at all it was in this hollow square as one ran to and fro.

"Mrs. House," he called again. I had heard him the first time, but I let him enjoy the luxurious sibilant, while I cogitated over the method of a reply. There are doubtless many women who would know how to address a husband who had been christened St. James, but I had been brought up very simply among Toms and Dicks and Harrys, and the problem troubled me. Should it be James or Saint, or (very quickly, in case I was wrong) Sunjem; or should it be Jam, as the French would have had it; or, more suitably, Sin, after the corrupt speech of the English? My heart went out a little to the homely "dear" employed by all husbands and wives; yes, even through clenched teeth; but the Illustrator had more than insinuated that in our present position in life our mode of address should be attended with ceremony.

To avoid answering I came downstairs with the sketch-book ominously in my hands, for it was the belief of Mr. House that he walked upon the ramparts for the purpose of making pictures. Yet one needed no excuse, for all Montreuil took the air under the avenue of old trees that shade the wide walls. Within the city one cannot walk — only clatter over painful cobbles. Large, slumberous dogs lie in the middle of the streets, those afflicted with melancholia choosing the motor road from Boulogne to Paris. But on the ramparts there is continual moving about: old ladies, looking down complacently on their roof-trees; bareheaded youths going for a game of tennis in the moat, looking toward the far horizon; a he

and a she looking into each other's eyes; painters looking suspiciously at us, fearing we are going to write of the town and force up the rents; and, on one especial morning, a "new woman" looking up in the air.



THE WALK ALONG THE RAMPARTS

She wore a huge hat, and a veil gathered in at the throat quite *à la mode,* but that was the end of her femininities. Upon drawing nearer to the bench on which she rested we found her trousered like a man, and upon the turning of her head we found her bearded like a man. We admitted our error: it was the "new man." We studied his veil and gauntleted hands from a respectful distance. The hum of a picturesque section known as the Dirty Street came up the heights, and mingled with another hum above us. We raised our eyes in the direction of the star-gazer on the bench and saw a truant swarm of bees obediently engaged upon entering the sack that had been hung in the tree for them by the veiled mysterious one. He (the bee-man on the bench) said there was no danger. But if he had read our thoughts?

We looked down into the Cavée St. Firmin — it is the painters that call it the Dirty Street. The grade is so steep that it is now entirely shut off from traffic, but at one time the stage-coaches beat their horses up its cruel length, before Napoleon built a gentler grade, before "*Soyez bon pour les animaux*" had entered even the mind of an Anglo-Saxon. One day Mr. House went down into that street and transferred a bit of it to paper, as every artist must. He had gloomily predicted the odor of it before the attack, and I found him there before he had completed his task, sitting on a dirty chair, and torn between satisfaction over his prophecy and despair at the correctness of it.

As though proving the efficacy of looking upward, the St. Firmin quarter at the top is crowned by a most charming house with a garden that in some wonderful way leaps across a street cut far below, and continues flowering and shrubbing right up to the stone wall which runs along the ramparts. At all hours children in pink frocks could be seen racing the flowers across the rustic bridge that spanned my humble street below.



Painting by Walter Hale

THE ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS ARE REFLECTED IN THE QUIET WATERS OF THE RIVER

They were delightfully clean children, and should have been a lesson to those in the Cavée, though they were not. But they afforded us much satisfaction, for we discovered a studio in the garden, and we were proud that such spotlessness was associated with temperaments and other weaknesses common to Mr. House and myself. Later we found the residence to be that of Van der Weyden, the painter, who, with Thaulow, Cazin, and Brangwyn, has thought the resources of Montreuil sufficient to linger here indefinitely; and when we learned that the mansion had been built by one of Napoleon's generals (indeed, his tombstone was holding down some loose tiles on the roof), we were more than ever encouraged by the commodious, steam-heated, open-plumbing place that Art is making for itself. How carefully we drew that day—how we reconstructed our sentences! If châteaux were for the best of us, perhaps our best was worth while.

The little door in the painter's garden wall opens upon what might be called the fashionable portion of the ramparts. The view is enchanting on all sides, but this is near the citadel, which suggests the innermost places, and which is still reserved for the military. The officers have rather a healthy if unusual time of it in Montreuil. There is a state school for the orphans of army men within the confines, and that part of the moat which encompasses the citadel is given up to market-gardening. On the morning that Mr. House sketched the old drawbridge which bars us commoners from the keep, the trench was full of epauletted forms planting onions in a row with an accuracy that could come only from target practice. The students, following, were not alive with enthusiasm over the welfare of the first savory in France, and it occurred to me that, generally speaking, the Gallic school-children are much given to apathy. But I no sooner make the statement than I retract it, for the recollection of Saturday night, and the torch-light procession, and the students' band, comes back to me, when Montreuil and the boys and ourselves rioted over the cobbles, and even the dogs had to take to their homes for a place to sleep. A pretty state of things when an honest dog is routed from his street!

It was at the *déjeûner,* well into the second week, that disquieting information reached us. Eugene was the gloomy harbinger; he had put on his black waiter's coat befitting the occasion, and skipped up the three steps into the *salle-à-manger,* in greedy haste to make us unhappy. We sat at a little table, as did the other rare guests. The long, empty *table d'hôte,* fully equipped as for a phantom gathering, and dusted every morning as one whisks the bric-à-brac, stretched mournfully down the center of the room. It was the mute exposition of the passing of common interests, a white memorial of the old-time travelers who from the potage to the fromage sat as friends.

Eugene was about to demonstrate the present hostile attitude of tourist toward tourist. Had m'sieu heard? Oh, the miscreant! But what could one expect at such an inn (he named the rival of the Hôtel de France)? It shelters only scalawags.

"But speak, Eugene, *dites nous, dites donc.*"

The traveler who, alas! does not travel, but remains, has taken the name of m'sieu; stolen it, no doubt, finding it to be greatly respected in this village. St. James Howes he styles himself, and the *patronne* of his hotel had come to boast of it to our *patronne.* Thus ran Eugene.

The demeanor of the Houses was variable during the meal. We were limp when Eugene jumped down the three steps into the courtyard, that we might conserve our strength to make a bold appearance when he jumped back again. At coffee on the iron table, madame joined us for a moment. Sore from the gibing of her rival, she was keen for action; but we were temperate, and the Illustrator rose to heights of repression when he pronounced his ultimatum. Mr. House would do nothing. He would not meet the man, and he would not enforce his claim as the only human House in existence. No, he would not enforce his rights. "I shall rise above them," he repeated several times, until rising above one's rights began to sound as though it meant something.

Yet this state of things could not endure with us. The situation grew humorous, then unfearful, and with return-

ing faith came the instinct for battle. On the third day after our discovery of the invader we caught a glimpse of St. James Howes. Mr. House was doing the trees of the ramparts, and began rapidly to sketch in an approaching figure for the sake of scale, when the figure ceased to approach. It hesitated, measured us, and retreated.

This was confusing. As the Illustrator said, there was no reason for any one running from any one in Montreuil, with the exception of himself. Mr. House might run from Mr. Howes, but—it came to us both that for some reason or other the order might be reversed; and suddenly, with that courage which stirs all animals when they see the backs of the enemy, Mr. House started in pursuit.

It was not a hot chase. There was a genteel distance between them, and along different streets, but the direction was the same, and the destination, by some common instinct, was the café in the market-place. Mr. Howes had just finished his *apéritif* and was leaving—hastily—when Mr. House appeared. The Illustrator, upon being pressed closely for the whole truth afterward, admitted that he had not taken any definite aggressive step. On the contrary, he had bowed—coldly. He had been shocked into bowing (shocked was the word he used) by the discovery that St. James Howes was an American: American from his hat to his boots, and by all those features of the face which are at once identical with every race and absolutely different.

Mr. House made some ashamed, under-the-breath statement anent "same country, same flag," etc., in extenuation of his decent conduct, but the emotion uppermost in his breast was triumph over the fact that Mr. Howes was afraid of him. It gave us a certain power. But our joy in this was short-lived, so rapid were emotional transitions becoming in this quiet village; for the more we saw of the young man, though limited to flying coat-tails, the more we liked him.

Then, too, he was sketching—the news having been gathered from Eugene, who believed him imitative even in his art. But the Illustrator's sympathy went out to his double. He maintained—with feeling—that no one could do good work while expecting a hand on the coat collar any minute, and the gentle hour came



MARKET DAY—THE GRAND PLACE

when he longed to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Howes and explain by what accident he had taken his name.

Chance arranged this for us on a market morning. We did not at first know the character of this weekly fair, and it was made plain to us only in the most sinister fashion. An old flour sack had been dumped down in our courtyard by the side of one of the many farmers' carts which made festal the day. It was a vibrant sack; suddenly it moved and began a silent, heaving progress toward ourselves. The consciousness of sins rose before us, especially this last one of commission, for which we had not atoned. It came on, quiet, sacky, humping. There was no Eugene or Lucien about, and we were in its path. Only the iron table stood between us and this new thing in horrors. But the iron table did not fail us; once caught between its curved legs, the sack subsided, squealing, and we went out into the pig market.

Confidence returned (yet who would not fear a pig in a poke?); we walked among the clean-scrubbed porkers. We were generous in our wishes. We even hoped that Mr. Howes, on our account, was not missing the uplifting sight of perfectly spotless pigs. All our animosity departed—we determined to steal away so that he might not see us if we found him, quailing in a corner, doing pigs hurriedly.

The opportunity for expiation came. Behind the Hôtel de Ville, behind the fattest of farmers' wives, on the smallest of stools, with the most inconspicuous of color boxes, sat St. James Howes, timorously painting. We stood directly back of him on a rise of ground, an excellent composition for the Illustrator presenting itself. But the struggle was short: he snapped the rubber band about his portfolio and prepared to withdraw.

Yet even as he swung about, St. James Howes made a definite movement, not the one of looking in our direction, but the obvious searching in his pocket for his paint-rag for the wiping of his brushes. This was not extraordinary, yet our attention was arrested, for the paint-rag in his hand was something more flamboyant than the usual bit of discarded costume. It draped his knee, it overflowed, it refused to bunch up.

We stared at it very hard. It was a towel (I have written this somewhere before). It was a cheap Hoboken towel with the name of the hostelry woven in red letters across the border. "St. James House," ran the legend.

We descended upon the painter, who dropped the towel and endeavored to cover the red border by shuffling on it. He was the first to speak.

"I guess you're Mr. Howes," he shakily began; "perhaps I should explain that I'm not really—"

"Neither are we," said the Illustrator, wrenching the towel from under his feet and returning it to him. "H-o-u-s-e is just the way we spell it, too."

This is the end, is it not? The story is told. There are some pictures in my mind: Lucien, delighted that we had found our enemy to be a long-lost cousin; Eugene, willing to skip the steps for him at dinner if we were pleased—one franc is as good as another. Before we three had finished descanting upon the curious complications attendant upon theft, from up the street came the sound of fife and drum and band. There was no more service. Lucien and Eugene, aprons discarded, poured out with the townsfolk. We gained the archway just as the yellow, swaying lanterns reached our corner. Do you say that the band played every Saturday night? Yes, but a band's a band for all that. We fell in behind; left—right; left—right: fathers with babies on their shoulders, a farmer with a writhing sack, the village idiot, and, feebly in step, a bent old laundress who had issued from our kitchen.

Her burden was heavy, and the Illustrator swung it to his shoulders. By the flare of the lanterns we recognized a linen bag, borne proudly through the town, true heroine of this adventure, and "Wash Me Clean" she pleaded sweetly for our iniquities.

The Professor

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English in Yale University

THE college professor as he appears in American novels and upon the American stage is so picturesque that I should like to forget the dangers of the caricature. He is presented as a mild individual, with vacant eyes, an absent mind, a long beard, and untidy clothes. This imagined professor wears loose slippers in his study, and looks through steel-rimmed glasses on a world which does not concern him. The passions touch him not, and in the presence of dollars and cents or other facts of existence he displays a touching helplessness which is charmingly humorous. He lives serene and untroubled among his books, dreams beautiful dreams, sees attractive but unprofitable visions, and economically and politically is supposed to rank with the women-folk, as intermediate between the real men and the paupers, feeble-minded, and Indians untaxed.

The average American knows that this slippered gentleman is a product of the genial imagination of our comedy-makers, and yet his own conception of the college professor is not much nearer the truth. He imagines him, if my observations are correct, as a dignified but severe individual with a trimmed beard, a cold eye, and a mysterious interest in subjects of no earthly use to anybody. He believes him to be indifferent to the necessities, and unsympathetic with the pleasures, of every-day existence. Although he respects his cultivation and is impressed by the extent of his knowledge, in his heart of hearts he feels, though he may never have acknowledged it, that the professor is futile in active life, and therefore merely ornamental in our civilization.

The truth is that the average American knows very little about the college professor, and takes few pains to know more. My legal friend, who motors in and out from his country residence and has time for golf in the afternoon and the theater or reading every evening, talks to me enviously of the *otium cum dignitate* of life in the academic shades, and does not heed my ironic reply. The business man, who knows that I have three months a year free from college duties, assumes that it is all vacation, and smiles indulgently when I speak of my summer work. In discussions of affairs our comments are likely to be dismissed as impractical—undoubtedly they often are so --before they are heard, on the principle that governed the medievals when they distrusted in advance all that a lawyer might have to say of religion. And it is clear what the financial world thinks of us, since every wildcat enterprise sends its circulars to all the names on the college catalogue; strong evidence that it knows little about the college community, for few professors have a surplus worth stealing.

After all, the animal does not differ so much from the rest of the community; in fact, he is scarcely a different species. The modern professor is more usually a man of the world than a recluse. He knows good cigars, as well as good pictures and good books. He enjoys his club with a very human enjoyment. As a golfer or tennis-player he is often above the average. His talk, if a trifle dogmatic and inclined to stray from the cardinal American topics—business, athletics, automobiles, and anecdotes — is rarely pedantic, and far more intelligible than the dialect of the motorist or the jargon of baseball. If he wears unfashionable clothes, they more often indicate an unfortunate economic condition than a disregard of his neighbors, and when he holds back from social and municipal activities it is often for the same reason. If he is little skilled in commerce, at least he knows as much of the banker's, the lawyer's, or the manufacturer's business as they do of his; perhaps more. Prick him in his pride, his purse, his likings, or his intolerances,

and he will bleed quite as if he were a financier or a politician. In short, he is human.

This being true, it is curious that he should be regarded as unsympathetic, as indifferent to the life about him. Indeed, if there is indifference, I believe that it is quite as much America's as the professor's. It is not pleasant to be held at arm's-length from life. It is irritating to meet constantly with the assumption that intellectual interests are alien to human nature. And the professor, not wisely perhaps, but quite humanly, sometimes retaliates. The business man who patronizes, who is indifferent to, the world of thought, is too often held in contempt among academic coteries. I do not defend this attitude, especially when it rises to superciliousness; nevertheless, it is comprehensible. But the professor I am most familiar with seems to me to be almost pathetically interested in the details of practical life, as if anxious to justify the theories it is his business to teach. And this is what one would expect as the result of his profession. The study of biology, or mediæval history, or Shakespeare, is quite as human as soap-making; teaching surely exercises the sympathies as much as managing a factory or selling land. In short, I am driven to the conclusion that the blame for the lack of harmony between the teacher and the parents of those he must teach should fall more often without than within the colleges. Its dangers, its effects upon teaching, I shall touch upon later.

I fear there is little doubt that the average American regards the professor as ornamental, and in recognizing this fact I am not so resentful as afraid—afraid of the results. Why deny the fact? Reason instructs us that some one must teach our children, that knowledge must be accumulated, culture presented, thoughts set germinating; but we continue to feel, nevertheless, that our professors are merely necessary conventions associated with the finishing-schools, called colleges, to which we send our boys for an experience which custom makes necessary, in the hope that they may learn what it is better for them to know, and emerge with the social position which they must possess. The place of the professor in this process is felt to be time-honored and eminently respectable. With the college songs, the college curriculum, and the college bills, he is part of the life which we are buying for our children. But we expect little more of him. If our youngsters express enthusiasm for his personality, his ideas, or his work, we are mildly uneasy, fearing the fanatic or the crank. I am trying to voice the sentiments of a typical American, which is to say a commercial, community; not, mind you, what they say, or what they think, but what they feel. Perhaps I am unjust, but I do not think so. I myself come from a business family and a business community.

The results might have been as disastrous for the college professor as an equivalent attitude has proved for certain branches of the clergy. The professor has been expected to be ornamental; it has sometimes been made clear that if he were content with a living wage he would be allowed—nay, encouraged—to continue in a merely ornamental capacity. Neither as scholar nor as teacher has he often succumbed to the temptation; he has usually been unaware of it; and this is due solely, I think, to the absorbing interest of modern research, and still more to his artistic conscience, for teaching is an art.

Nevertheless, as critics of our colleges have numerously testified, the professor has not satisfied America. Nor will he until America takes his work more seriously. The business of the professor consists of teaching and research. Research will probably take care of itself. Its results are tangible—so tangible that even a commercial generation is beginning to approve them—and its fascination is great. Furthermore, since the products of successful research can be weighed and tested with little difficulty and without undue strain upon the judgment, college promotions have been most frequently made upon an estimate of research. A book published is clear evidence for or against a candidate. But good teaching is elusive, subject to false testimony, slow in its effects, hard to estimate, requiring time and trouble to search out. Hence it is important that the outside world should endeavor to encourage the teacher, should demand much

of him, and pay him in appreciation for what it gets. Hence if it thinks the teacher merely ornamental, it strikes a blow at him and itself.

Even under circumstances that might dampen enthusiasm, ardent, eager teaching has certainly not slackened in our colleges. It takes more than indifference to curb an art. When I first began to teach, I found myself one of a group of youngsters, all novices and all enthusiasts. Some of us had consciously aimed from the beginning at the academic life; some of us had drifted into it, lured by its opportunities or repelled by the impossibility of doing elsewhere the things that interested us. But all were united by a common resolve. We had come under good teachers in school and college. But we had also come under bad teachers. And we were resolved that if we could not see results from our work—once we had learned it,—if we could not keep vivid, alive, and awake in the lecture chair, we would give up the profession and go into what those who have never taught call "the active life." I suppose that we are all a little disillusioned by now. I suppose all of us are uncertain as at the beginning of how much we can teach; that all of us are aware that the results of teaching must often be seen by the eyes of faith. But none of us have thrown up our profession and gone into the world; none of us have wished to do so. The art of teaching is too absorbing.

My friends outside the college gates say to me, "How monotonous it must be to teach the same thing over and over!" Nonsense! You never teach the same thing twice; how can you, when each time it must be fitted to different minds? They say, "How tiresome to be always shouting at unwilling ears!" Tiresome! The more unwilling, the more adventurous is the effort. And even the cultural neglect in the American home, and the curious intellectual deadening which seems to occur in many American preparatory schools, have not made these student minds unwilling. Occasionally sluggish, sometimes inattentive perhaps, but not consciously unwilling; and if unconsciously so, then hostile not to the teacher, but to the new idea or the discipline of thought. I speak as one largely ignorant of the battles of the market-place and stock-exchange, which our weekly story-papers have made so romantic, and thus am subject to correction; yet I dare assert that few experiences in the run of daily work are more stimulating, more exciting, than teaching.

I do not mean that the performance is thrilling for the class — undergraduates quickly become callous to all but the strongest stimuli. But to the sensitive teacher the hour is charged with quicksilver. You see the minds of the thirty-odd men below you in their faces. You feel their response when the current of interest sets strongly, and your points tell. You feel the relapse when, one after another, they begin to drift away, and must be swung back, like particles in the field of an electro-magnet, by some stronger charge of electricity, some more vigorous effort in yourself. It is nervous work, but it is quite as interesting, I think, as a business deal or a lawsuit; and the materials with which one works are far more agreeable; the results—when there are results—of an importance infinitely more great.

In short, teaching is a public service in which enthusiasm is easy, but a service of infinite delicacy upon which real or apparent failure always waits. How essential is it that the public should be indifferent neither to the shortcomings nor to the success of the teacher! How important that the work into which he throws himself should be held more than perfunctory, more than ornamental! How foolish to cool the eager artist at his task, when that task is, or should be, the shaping of the next generation!

Indeed, the thrust goes beyond the professor. It is the community that suffers. The teacher will teach, if he is worth anything, until he is muzzled. And if he is a scholar he will devote himself to the most difficult research. But the breed is human. They would certainly teach better, their research might be better directed, if the public, their actual employers, were less indifferent to their work. Ask and it shall be given unto you. America asks too little of the college professor.

Nor is he sufficiently rewarded. I do not wish to harp upon the ancient theme

of the underpaid professor. That plaint has grown tiresome to academic as well as to unacademic ears, the more so since it should never have been a complaint, but a warning. The professor is not the greatest sufferer. His life is primarily a life of the mind. He is in possession of resources not so readily opened to the practical man of affairs. If he cannot afford automobiles and the opera, nevertheless books, nature, and the greatest of recreations, thinking, are his by right of conquest and opportunity. If he must mix the petty irritants of bill days, mortgage dates, and life-insurance payments with the proper atmosphere of his work, nevertheless that work is more purely congenial, more rewarding in itself, more stimulating than any other, except perhaps painting, music, or literature. It is not the professor who suffers most from the limitations which the lack of a true living wage imposes upon him; it is not even his wife. He is, it is true, most unfortunately cramped by this condition. Many and many a man has never taken the sabbatical year which his college allows him for stimulus and investigation because he could not afford it. I remember a talk of pictures, of cathedrals, of men and thoughts in European cities with an aging professor of rhetoric in a small college. Never have I known a man more sensitive to the impressions of other cultures; not many men, to judge from his work, have been so capable of turning all experience, and especially such experience, to profitable ends; but his talk was of London and Paris in the seventies; of conditions now merely historical, of men long dead. He had gone abroad when graduated from college. In forty years of service he had never been able to go again. Of course, if he had not married! But then they will marry, these professors! And here, too, there are limitations. A college statistician has recently asserted that on the present salary basis the professor can hope to afford, on the average, two-fifths of a child! Again, if the professor lives a life apart in order that he may be thrown neither with his economic equals, who are culturally and educationally his inferiors, nor with his educational equals, who set a financial pace he cannot follow—if he lives a life apart, he must forfeit the place in the community which every self-respecting citizen desires; he must forfeit influence, and condemn himself to a narrow society. But he is not the chief sufferer. With all its minor hardships, his life is on the whole the most attractive that America offers.

The chief sufferer, of course, is the community. The factory of knowledge is operated for it. In the long run it controls the finances, and it controls the output. If it is pleased to run the plant on a short allowance of lubricant and fuel, there should be no quarrel with results. The engines whir along; some of them as fast as they can, some of them too slowly. And the stockholders, having paid for the installation, shut up their pockets, and are content to criticize (with more severity than discrimination) the imperfectly finished product which their education turns out. Ask and it shall be given unto you. If you wish better education, ask for it as strenuously and as intelligently as you ask for dividends; pay reasonably for it; and you will get it. If you desire that this inspiring profession should be either crowded with incompetents or open only to men of independent fortunes, continue to keep down the wage of the professor while the cost of living rises and you will get just that result with all its attendant dangers. And, finally, if you wish that your colleges should be mere finishing-schools, be careful lest the enthusiasm of the professor dulls, and you get your wish. The profession of teaching and the profession of research are highly agreeable and highly stimulating. But, like the other professions, they have their full share of the weaknesses of human nature. They are equally liable to sluggishness, equally dependent upon the attitude of the community. Deny or hamper their usefulness, and they will become less useful; ask much of them, and you will get some part at least of that which you ask.

I have written in a previous paper of the lovable, energetic, misguided undergraduate, and of the tact, the skill, and the guiding force which are necessary if he is to be really educated. It is here that the defects of the professor most quickly show themselves. And it is here that the already discussed attitude of

average America toward the professor and things intellectual, an attitude which is certainly indifferent, and perhaps just a *little* contemptuous, works the greatest harm. For this attitude makes teaching difficult, and it makes it difficult to get good men to teach.

A really good professor should be a Cerberus—three gentlemen at once. He should be able to teach; and though the desire to teach is strong and common, the power to teach, as we who try know, is slow of growth and rare in its achievement. He should be a good scholar; for, aside from the value of successful research, good teaching, as is well known, seldom proceeds except from a mind trained in fruitful investigation, deep-stored with knowledge, and creative in science, in criticism, or in the realm of the imagination. The conflict between teaching and research, of which we hear so much, is like the conflict of science and religion. It exists only through a misunderstanding. It exists only because of the proneness of the academic authorities to recognize the scholarly rather than the educational manifestations of a power which all good teachers should possess. Finally, the professor should be an admirably sane, admirably broad, admirably human individual. And really such a man is not to be had by advertising in the evening paper or by corresponding with an employment agency.

Actually the American attitude toward the academic profession makes the task doubly difficult. Time and again American parents who have amassed money enough for their children's children, or a whole college faculty, are led by a curious distrust of the intellectual life — or is it contempt for the mere teacher? — to drag away the promising son who, in tastes, in desires, and in ability, has shown himself qualified for the academic profession, in order to thrust him into business, where against his will he makes more money. We, in our cloistered simplicity, are at a loss to understand their point of view. But we understand too clearly the limitations thus thrust upon us in our search for recruits from among those to whom the road to culture has been open. As for the youth with all the qualifications but no money, he must be willing to risk financial instability, and he must make his choice at a time when new tastes burn within him for gratification, and when the desire for marriage and a home is like a rosy beacon urging him on the path to speedy independence. All this does not help the college to find material which at the best is rare. Time and again we see the men we want reluctantly turn to less congenial or less hazardous pursuits.

But I would not insist upon this point. Perhaps by the operation of some obscure choice of the fittest, we draw if not the best at least the most worthy into the academic fold. Much more serious is the inherited attitude of the undergraduate. I say inherited, because it is not his own, as is proved by the fact that he loses much of it as his college experience progresses. It is a belief impressed upon his subconsciousness by his earlier environment, that the things of the mind are unsympathetic, are ornaments merely, are non-essentials. When his parents feel that the professor and the life of the professor and the thoughts of the professor are alien, or that a college degree is like a well-cut coat, useful not in itself but only in its effect upon others, the circumstance is not hid from him. And this prejudice against knowledge is a barrier which the teacher must try, and often try vainly, to overcome before he can begin to teach.

The bell strikes the hour. The class assembles. Here is a group of fresh minds in fresh bodies, minds half-trained or ill-trained, unstored or ill-stored. It is the professor's business to train them, to store them; and he, if he has acquired any wisdom in his search for knowledge, is aware of how little he himself really knows, is still more aware of the excessive difficulty of choosing from that little what can be taught, what is worth teaching to these men, at this time, in their mood. And he is still more keenly alive to the difficulties of transmission. He knows that he must tune and retune constantly the waves of energy which pass from his mind to the class, for otherwise those sensitive but slowly adjusting receivers will catch no message. Outside the class-room there are ever-present wars and rumors of wars over educational policies, systems, changing

categories of knowledge to fit changing conditions, opinions as to what to teach, as different as if one doctor should say, "Give the patient digitalis," and another, "Fill him with bromides." He must follow the course of these battles, take his side, urge his own opinions, and suffer or gain by them. But at the same time he knows that these are but diplomatic skirmishings, after all; that the real contest is in the class-room; that how much is taught is even more important than what is taught. He must decide upon what is worth teaching; he must also do that equally difficult and far more important thing, teach. Every barrier in the road, every brake upon his progress is a hindrance to American education; and, next to his own shortcomings, the greatest of obstacles is the indifference to the means of education in careless commercial America. Our city governments are illuminating examples of the results of such an attitude. Our colleges are instances of how much can be accomplished by devotion and enthusiasm in the face of it.

I am only too well aware that the current American belief that the professor is unsympathetic and often merely ornamental is sometimes justified by the facts. Some of us are pedantic and pragmatical. Some of us are indifferent to the course of events outside the gates, and too sure that since the heart of the world is unchanging, its brain is a constant also. Many of us are selfish in our pursuit of narrow research or flattering popularity; many are petty-minded and live upon intrigue as politicians upon graft; many of us merely talk when we should be teaching. Most of us, indeed, have made our choice from among the teacher's seven deadly sins: contempt, arrogance, vanity, subservience, meanness, self-absorption, laziness — of which the greatest is contempt of the world, and the least popular, laziness. But almost to a man we are loyal to our profession, and we wish not fewer hours or more distinction or more money (except as working capital), but a more active interest in our efforts, and a demand, which is at the same time more rigorous and more intelligent, for results. Ask and it shall be given unto you; not completely, for education as a science is still uncertain, and as an art will always remain difficult; but more abundantly than now. We are trying to intellectualize the business and scientific energy of America just as a century ago the earlier college intellectualized the theological and professional energies of the country. We are trying to teach a man how to live while being successful in business. We are trying to train men to find out what is really useful in life. Criticize, blame, oppose the process, and make your demands as exacting as you will, but do not be indifferent to it. Indifference is education's primal curse.

I know a college professor who is busy completing a long life of work. In his youth he fought through the Civil War, and then turned his energies into the no less strenuous battle for American scholarship. To be near him was to be charged with electricity, so that the students who came under his influence gained a new consciousness of the value of wide and accurate knowledge. And even the hopeless Philistines, whose ideals were those of the market-place, learned to speak with respect at least of the shining ones of the intellectual life, as the awed barbarians learned to reverence the beautiful gods of Greece. When he found that his teaching ceased to vary with the varying needs of his class, he left the class-room, and untiringly began to pour out from the storehouse of his mind the accumulations of his long career, vigorous, interested, effective as when he began. If the academic profession can attract and hold and give opportunity to such men, it need not ask for condolence; rather the professor may say like Hotspur in "Henry IV.":

"Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord."

But the professor is human. If America regards him as ornamental, he may turn lazy on her hands and snuggle down into a life which, with all its limitations, is for men of taste and culture the most delightful in the world. If America dampens his enthusiasm, if he is asked to be merely a cultivated and ineffective gentleman, it is the community and not the professor who will suffer most from such a policy; it is the community who will pay most heavily for the mistake.

Olive's First Story

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE boy who delivered *The Evening Banner* to those citizens of Denbyville sufficiently enlightened to subscribe for it was supposed, in the course of his duty, to reach David Stewart's house about four o'clock in the afternoon. Very often he was behind time, as Olive Stewart realized to-night in bitterness of spirit. After a slight, unavoidable delay, she had rushed home from school, arriving breathless at five minutes past four, only to languish for an impotent hour at the front gate, awaiting his tardy appearance. If, when he finally came, he would look conscious of his delay, or express fitting remorse, she could forgive him more easily. But she knew he would merely toss the newspaper to her without stopping, as he had done several times before, and go on his way with an air of brisk efficiency, maddening in the circumstances.

For Olive knew, too, that it was not because his route or his list of patrons was lengthened that Johnny Carroll was late. It was because he had stopped to listen to a hand-organ, or watch the work on a new building, or chat with some friend, or even take part in an exciting game several of his chums happened to be playing on the sidewalk as he approached their homes. She had often seen him indulge in these diversions during the months before her personal interest in *The Banner* had waxed so strong; and from the broad tolerance of her fifteen years she had judged him leniently, reminding herself that he was young and a boy. To-night his tardiness seemed almost a criminal offense. She had serious thoughts of writing about it to the editor of *The Banner*—thoughts checked just in time by an illuminating memory. No, she could never write that letter. She had no wish to wreck Johnny's future, she merely wanted him to see the error of his ways; and there was a reason now why the slightest word from her might influence the editor to the boy's utter undoing—even to the loss of his job.

She took the reason out of her pocket and read it again, for the sixth time that day. It was a note dated three weeks back, on paper so frequently read and re-read, so lovingly handled, so constantly carried in pockets, school-bags, and the leaves of books, that it was almost worn out. Her eyes, however, gloated over each familiar word with the zest of one seeing it for the first time.

Office of *The Evening Banner.*

DEAR MADAM,—We accept with pleasure your story entitled "Caleb Green's Awakening," and we thank you for sending it to us. A check in payment will reach you in due time.

Sincerely yours,
H. E. BLAIR, Editor.

H. E. Blair, Editor! Olive repeated the words softly to herself, rolling them as precious titbits under her tongue. She did not know Mr. Blair, but she knew of him—a great man, editor of a great newspaper, yet, among all the exacting duties of his crowded life, finding time to sweep the literary sky with piercing eyes, and recognize a new star when he saw one. She pictured to herself his thought of her—for of course he was thinking much about this new writer he had discovered, speculating as to her environment and what she looked like. He had no idea that she was so young—his "Dear Madam" showed that. The maturity of her style had deceived him, and he probably saw her as a gray-haired woman, with the strong, sad face of one who has Lived and Conquered Life, gazing at this moment into the gloaming, with her brow resting on her hand. Olive reflected comfortably that this was exactly the way she intended to look in a few years more. In the mean time, though she did not realize it, there was both strain and sadness in the gaze she fixed on the gloaming now; for it was



Drawn by William V. Cahill Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

WHEN HE REACHED THE GATE, SHE WAS LOST IN REVERIE

five o'clock, the friendly yellow eye of a newly lit street lamp half-way down the block was winking at her through the early dusk, a penetrating autumn wind was making her teeth chatter, and still Johnny Carroll did not come.

He was later to-night than he had ever been before, but she dared not leave her post until he came. She had to remain there, really watching the corner he must turn to come into sight, but ostensibly gazing at the distant gray skyline, as if lost in its somber charm. If she went away, even for a moment, she knew what would happen. Johnny Carroll would rush through the gate, throw *The Banner* against the front door, ring the bell, and rush off again; a maid would take in the newspaper and hand it to some member of the family, and the Greatest Secret in the World would be prematurely revealed, while the Most Beautiful Plan in the World perished before it was born.

No, decidedly, she would take no chances; but there was no reason why she should not walk toward the corner, meeting Johnny and getting *The Banner* from him in a casual, offhand way. This would enable her also to mention to him, in the measured terms of which she had read in fiction, what she thought of a boy who neglected the obligations of a high office, as he was neglecting his. It had not been easy to hang over that gate and walk that sidewalk every evening for three weeks without arousing the suspicion of even a singularly confiding family such as hers. She had given, it was true, the explanation that for the past year, since she began to "write," had covered satisfactorily every mood and act of hers—she was "thinking about a story," and she wanted to be alone. But she had never before wanted to be suspended over the gate in front of her home every evening for three weeks; and while no one had yet connected this phenomenon with the appearance of Johnny Carroll and *The Evening Banner,* it was becoming increasingly probable that some one would.

Suddenly a shrill whistle rent the atmosphere, a brisk step rang on the sidewalk, and the welcome figure of Johnny came into view, moving at a speed which suggested that to reach this identical spot at this particular moment had been to him the supreme object of a strenuous day. Sheltered by the gate-post and the twilight, Olive watched him approach, shaken by alternate hope and fear. She could hardly breathe in the uprush of emotion she experienced as he came near, but her secret was teaching her self-control, and when he reached the gate she was gazing pensively away from him, lost in a reverie he hardly dared disturb. It was not, indeed, until he actually stepped before her that she recognized and absently acknowledged his presence.

"Oh, is that *The Banner?*" she asked, distantly. And then, "I'll take it in," she said; and, grasping the sheet in a hand that trembled, she strolled carelessly along the gravel walk toward the house, swinging the newspaper at her side, with an air of supreme indifference. On previous evenings she had borne it up-stairs to her own room, and there alone, with none to mark her disappointment if her story was not in it, nor her incredulous delight if it was, she had opened the sheets and turned to the fiction page which *The Banner* had made a popular daily feature. But to-night some instinct, perhaps some electric thrill communicated to her by the paper which held the child of her brain, made her veer off to the right and stop suddenly behind the wing of the house, where, sheltered from observation, she turned the pages rapidly and with increasing nervousness, until she came to the one she sought. Every night for three weeks she had looked for her story in vain. But to-night—

It was wonderful, it was impossible, it could not really have happened at all, but it was there—the first literary babe of hers that had ever been dressed in print, smiling at its palpitating mother from the first column, with her name under its name, that all the world might see whose child it was. With suspended breath she read the title:

CALEB GREEN'S AWAKENING

By Olive Stewart

The type was strangely beautiful, she thought, and the story was longer than any other on the page. It filled two columns. It was wonderful to her to

realize all that had happened to it since she had sent it forth. It had been read and accepted. It had been put into type —actually set by printers' hands. It had been proved up and read by proof-readers—who knows with what keen intellectual delight. And now, *now,* even at this moment, it was undoubtedly being read by half the town. Yes, in the houses all around her, back of those dim windows and non-committal walls, absorbed men and women were reading "Caleb Green's Affinity," by Olive Stewart, and telling one another what they thought of it!

Instinctively her eyes read down the columns, catching a familiar phrase here and there, but she checked herself in this selfish indulgence. The hour had come to reveal the Wonderful Secret, according to the Beautiful Plan, and she would not forego now, on a sudden impulse, the delight of which she had dreamed so long. But she did not go into the house at once. As her hand dropped to her side, still holding open the precious page, she stood still for a moment, staring dreamily before her. In her line of vision were trees and buildings and distant moving figures, but she saw none of them. Instead, a bewildering castle shaped itself before her happy eyes—a castle of indescribable beauty, made of the stuff of which dreams are made, yet resting on the secure foundation of labor and achievement.

The voice of her little sister, eight years old, who had been sent in search of her, rose to her ears twice before she heard it, though Josie's diction was singularly clear for one of her tender age, and she had an incurable habit of emphasizing her important words.

"Mamma said she thinks you should come *in,*" she said now, briskly. "She's afraid you'll catch *cold* in this *damp* lake air."

She caught Olive's hand and stood swinging it back and forth, unmindful of her silence, used to the abstracted moods of this superior being who was the central figure in her little world. Olive bent and kissed the upturned face tenderly, almost solemnly, thinking as she did so, and thrilling with the thought, "Josie doesn't know it, but she's kissing an Author."

In blithe unconsciousness of this high privilege, Josie prattled on, relieving herself promptly, according to her custom, of everything with which her memory was charged at that moment.

"An' mamma says she doesn't know *what's* come over you lately, 'cause you're so *unlike* yourself. She's 'fraid you're going to be *sick.* Please come in, Ollie," she wheedled.

Olive yielded to the pull of the little hand.

"Is father home?" she asked, as they entered the hall, and she knelt to help Josie with the stiff buttons of her coat.

"Yes, an' they're *all* in the living-room—*father* and *mother* and *Aunt Virginia* an' *grandma.*"

Olive's heart leaped as she hung Josie's coat on the rack and put her own coat and hat beside it, but in the next instant a mild panic seized her. This was her hour, and there was no excuse for delay. Her stage was set, her audience waiting. Everything, so far, was working out almost miraculously in accordance with the Beautiful Plan—yet suddenly she was afraid. What if the family didn't like the story? What if they disapproved of her printing it without having told them about it? What if it was bad, after all, and reflected discredit on them, her own people, and in a way responsible for her actions? Then, in one of her quick revulsions of feeling, she pressed Josie to her side and laughed. Whatever criticism life held for her, she knew she had little to fear from the adoring circle beyond that closed door. And if her first literary production was something she had to "live down," though she didn't put it to herself in just that way, she knew subconsciously that her family would never believe it other than a work of genius misunderstood by the public, as works of genius are apt to be. With her arms around her sister, and clutching her copy of *The Banner* so tightly that her hand afterward bore the imprint of its fresh ink, she opened the door and entered the living-room, propelling Josie gently before her.

They were all there, as the little girl had said—three of them around the table, on which the great reading-lamp had already been lit—her father, deep in a magazine; her mother, intent on a

bit of embroidery; her grandmother, at work on another pair of the brilliant red stockings with which Josie's plump legs were even then brightening the dying day. Those innumerable pairs of red stockings, knitted in close succession by the devoted old lady, were the cross of Josie's life. They were "beautiful stockings," she had been assured, very long, made of merino wool, and "not to be bought in the shops for less than two dollars a pair." Josie was perfectly certain that, left to herself, she would never buy them in any shop at any price, and said so with characteristic decision.

Those stockings might be beautiful, as her family claimed, but many and heartless were the jests of her friends at their expense; and Mr. Morgan, her next-door neighbor, had confided to Josie only last week that it was solely by their aid, through seeing her standing at the gate, that he was able to find his way home one foggy night. With a despairing look now at the unfinished stocking in her grandmother's hands, Josie faltered on the threshold, preferring outer darkness to a nearer association with it, but Olive drew her along, finding a curious comfort in the reflection that here at least was one auditor who would not be critical. Everybody looked up as they entered, and a certain expectant expression, characteristic of Mrs. Stewart when her older daughter was not with her, dropped now from her features like a discarded veil. She regarded her ewe lamb with an expression in her eyes which Olive would never see in any other eyes in the world, however many she looked into.

"Aren't you cold, dear?" she asked. "Come to the fire."

Olive dropped a kiss on her head as she passed, touched her father's shoulder with a tender hand, and sank into her favorite place on the hearth-rug before the huge open fireplace, in which several logs were blazing. She was still holding *The Evening Banner* with a desperate grip. Josie sat down beside her, turning her fat back coldly upon the red stocking, and feeling in her little pocket for the jackstones with which at this period she was whiling away her leisure hours.

No one else spoke, though Aunt Virginia, who was at the piano trying some new music, nodded to her niece over her shoulder without stopping. It was all a familiar scene, in a familiar setting, yet to Olive it seemed different. There was a tenseness in the atmosphere, or perhaps it was merely the tenseness of her own nerves. Would they like her story? Would they?

Holding the newspaper before her excited face, she gazed at the page and wondered if those around her heard the beating of her heart. She had to seem absorbed in *The Banner* for five or ten minutes — that was part of the Plan. Then she must speak, but very casually, for the slightest evidence of self-consciousness would spoil the effect she had hoped to produce.

After what seemed to her the right interval, she dropped the paper and spoke, and no one but Josie, playing with her jackstones on the hearth-rug beside her, noticed the strained pitch of her voice.

"I've just been reading a story in *The Banner,*" she said, rather breathlessly. "May I read it aloud, mother? I want to know if you think the author has made it end right."

"Why, yes, of course, dear," her mother said, promptly. "That will be very nice."

She glanced at the old clock, ticking solemnly in its dim recess.

"Supper will not be ready for half an hour," she added, reassuringly.

For Olive to read a story aloud to the family was not an unusual circumstance. She was watching the work of "real authors" with what she called an "eagle eye," and hardly a week passed without some demand from her for family judgment on this situation or that in magazine fiction. *The Banner* writers interested her only as amateurs in her own town, real flesh-and-blood women, whom she knew or at least had seen remotely on the streets. One of them had gone to New York to win wealth and fame, and those left behind pronounced her name with bated breath, and told one another anecdotes of her youth. It was understood in the Stewart home that some day, years hence, the name of Olive Stewart might adorn a *Banner* page, but it had not occurred to any one but Olive that she would make her début there at the ingenuous age of fifteen.

To-night, at her suggestion, every one

but her mother looked resigned but unenthusiastic. Her grandmother raised her eyes from her knitting to smile at her with gentle acquiescence. She would have smiled as gently and receptively if Olive had suggested a ghost-dance by the entire family, for the elder Mrs. Stewart took life calmly. Aunt Virginia turned from her piano with an audible sigh. Mr. Stewart, held fast by an article on the mysteries of high finance, had hardly heard his daughter's words. Olive fixed him with a compelling eye. If—rare but possible occurrence—he happened to be more interested for the moment in his reading than in her, some of the colors of her iridescent dream would fade to neutral tints.

"Please listen, too, father," she pleaded; adding, with delicate tact: "You know, mother says you're the best critic in the family."

Her father raised his eyebrows and smiled at her with quizzical understanding. Then, laying his magazine on the table, face downward to mark his place, he leaned back in his big chair, and crossed his hands behind his head in his favorite attitude.

"Go ahead," he said, elegantly, and nodded to Josie, who had dropped her jackstones and was standing expectantly at his knee. She promptly climbed on his lap and cuddled up to him, laying her cheek against his breast with a sigh of entire happiness. Not even the sight of the red stocking filling her immediate foreground could dim Josie's perfect content when she was with her father. Olive began her story in a voice suddenly clear and steady. Fear had left her as inexplicably as it had come, and she felt calm and self-possessed.

"'Caleb Green's Awakening,'" she read, and stopped. Would they comment on the title? They would, and did.

"Sounds rather slushy," remarked her father, easily. "Are you sure the story's worth reading?"

Olive dropped the paper and stared at him in consternation. She had thought it a beautiful and strangely arresting title. She was sure that if she had seen it anywhere she would have read the story under it. Startled words pressed against her lips, but she held them in.

"The editor of *The Banner* printed it," she observed, coldly, after an instant of pregnant silence. "So *he* thought it was worth reading."

Her father looked snubbed.

"Oh, all right; go on," he said, and in the silence that followed Olive seemed to hear his unspoken words, "Get it over."

She read her story well—so well that the unconscious warmth and tenderness of her voice should have caught and held the attention of her hearers more than the tale itself. But each person in the little group was subconsciously following a different train of thought. Mr. Stewart's mind had returned to the mysteries of high finance, and had then moved on to some detail of his own business. The name "Caleb" had reminded grandma of some one she knew years ago. Aunt Virginia, still on the piano-stool and facing her beloved keyboard, was quietly sorting some sheet music, and Mrs. Stewart had begun to wonder whether the new cook would be equal to making the waffles ordered for the evening meal. Nevertheless, they listened—but not as those hanging breathless on a narrative.

Olive's hero was a guileless young countryman who, having met a lady on a railroad train, imagined for one blissful day that he had found in her the realization of his dream, only to wake from that dream when the day was done. The little tale was not as bad as it might have been. Reading it herself, long afterward, it seemed to Olive rather surprisingly good for a first effort. But her family were not judging it from that standpoint. What they heard of it they assumed to be the work of what Olive called "a real author," and they demanded high literary entertainment in return for even their divided attention.

Glancing up from the page at the end of paragraphs that seemed to her impressive, Olive studied their faces and waited for their tributes; but they listened, when they listened at all, in unresponsive silence. The face of her father and that of Aunt Virginia never changed. Once her mother smiled, but absently, Olive realized, rather as if at some reflection of her own, suggested by the story. There was an equal doubt in her mind as to whether her grandmother's frequent nods meant acquiescence in the



Drawn by William V. Cahill Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THEY LISTENED—BUT NOT AS THOSE HANGING BREATHLESS ON A NARRATIVE

points of the tale or merely increasing drowsiness. The heart that had leaped so lightly in Olive's bosom a short hour ago seemed to be dropping down, down, down. Her voice flattened as she read, but she kept on steadily to the bitter end of her self-appointed task. When she had finished there was a moment of silence, broken only by the sudden fall of a blazing log on the fender and the creak of her father's great chair as he changed his position. Each member of the family was trying to recall enough of the story to make an intelligent comment, but for Olive that pause was filled with black despair.

It was her grandmother who spoke first, and Olive realized, with a rush of affectionate feeling, that she had misjudged the dear, nodding head.

"I suppose something of that kind could have happened," the old lady said, guardedly.

"Humph!"

This was David Stewart's characteristic note of impatience, and the aspiring author turned cold as she heard it. It was plain that whether the thing could happen or not was a matter of entire indifference to her father.

"I knew a young man named Caleb when I was a girl," continued grandma, peacefully. "The first night I met him we were at a church sociable, and I wore a new gray poplin dress. Before I had been there an hour the young man upset a plate of strawberry ice-cream down the whole front breadth, and it looked so bad I had to go home. It ruined the dress, for I was never able to get those spots out."

She sighed, turning the heel of the red stocking. Olive waited in anguish. Would they ignore the story altogether, after this diversion, or would they return to it if gently conducted?

"What did you think of the plot?" she asked, timidly.

"I don't see why people write such silly things nowadays," said her aunt. "There's enough going on around us all the time to make really interesting reading, if authors only knew it."

"I think it's a *nice* story," observed Josie, suddenly opening the eyes that had been closed in peaceful slumber for ten minutes, "*'specially* that about the *dog*."

As the dog was solely a figment of Josie's dream, everybody laughed, even the outraged author taking a wan share in the little ripple, though her heart seemed bursting with its woe.

"What is it in the story that interests you, Olive?" her mother asked, gently. "You spoke about the end. It seemed to me that was logical enough."

Olive brightened. This was something—but, oh, how differently the Wonderful Plan was working out from what she had imagined!

"I think it has a new plot," she said, faintly, "and—and an interesting one, you know."

"New?" Aunt Virginia's voice dripped eloquence. "Why, Ollie, what are you thinking of? Noah whiled away the evenings in the Ark with stories founded on *that* plot, and we've been having them ever since."

"Oh, I don't think it's so bad."

Mrs. Stewart's voice, soothing and comfortable, checked the hot words on Olive's lips.

"But what's the use of it? Why was it written?" Mr. Stewart yawned and stretched out his hand for his magazine. "Old or new," he added, "the thing's a trifle, hardly worth attention. I can't imagine what you saw in it, Ollie."

But Olive had borne all that she could bear. The Wonderful Plan, as originally conceived in her mind, had shown the members of her family grouped around her, wide-eyed, intent, even thrilled, while she read to them, and clamorous at the end for the author's name. Instead, she had met not even the friendly criticism she could have endured more easily, but that most harrowing attitude of all—airy, utter indifference. As the contrast between what was to be and what really was suddenly overcame her, her wonderful castle tottered and fell, while her vision of herself as "a real author," so clear, so near to her happy eyes an hour ago, became again merely a dim, remote figure at the far end of a long avenue of years.

Now she was only a little girl, trying to swallow a great lump in her throat at the same time that she gulped down the biggest disappointment of her fifteen years of life.

"I thought," she began, and stopped a

moment, then ended her sentence with a rush—"I thought perhaps you'd like it—because—because—*I—wrote—it!*"

At the words every one in the room except Josie started, then straightened as if under the sudden force of an electric shock. Her father's hand, containing the magazine which he had just picked up, remained for an instant motionless over the table; then the magazine dropped from his relaxed fingers.

"Eh? What?" he cried, and stared at her with incredulous eyes. "What's that?"

But Olive did not hear him. Her mother's arms had opened and into their safe shelter she fled, burying her burning face in the breast that had always been her refuge.

"It's my very f-first s-story," she sobbed. "The very first I ever had p-printed, and you didn't l-l-like it!"

The last words came out with a childish gulp that carried a great stab of sympathetic pain to the maternal heart beating under Olive's curly head. "You said it was s-s-s-illy," added the author, turning the knife in her wound with relentless hands.

"Oh, my precious baby!" Her mother's eyes were wet, too; her arms tightened their grasp. "My own little girl! You know that if we had realized it was your story we would have loved every beautiful word in it."

"Y-yes—but that's j-just the p-p-point." The stricken author raised her head and gazed at her cowering audience with streaming, reproachful eyes.

"I wanted you to like it for it-itself alone as a s-story, and not just be-cause it was m-mine."

"Ollie *dear!*" Aunt Virginia's voice was shaken by remorse. "I'm so sorry I spoke as I did. I said the plot wasn't new, but every one admits that there's no such thing as a new plot nowadays, anyway. And—to tell the truth—I only got a vague idea of the story. I was thinking of something else."

"So was I."

Mr. Stewart's voice was briskly matter-of-fact. At the bottom of his big, devoted father's heart he felt worse than any of the others over Olive's grief and chagrin, for, better than any one else there, he understood how real her suffering was. Olive's temperament was like his own. He knew the height of the mountain-peak on which she had dreamed her dream of this hour, and the depths of the abyss in which she was now plunged. This was a crisis in her life, and the worst of it all was, he realized, that whatever the future brought she would never quite lose the memory of it, nor the scar of the experience. In that moment he would have given half his comfortable fortune if by doing so he could wipe forever from her mind and his own the memory of the past half-hour. He got up, went over to his wife's chair, and laid a very tender hand on his daughter's head, which remained unresponsive even to that loved touch.

"You see, my dear," he said, "you put a pretty stiff proposition up to us, and—well, we weren't equal to it, that's all. You expected us to drop everything we were thinking of, and concentrate on a stranger's story as carefully as if we knew it was yours. We didn't. I thought of what I'd been reading, and after that I composed an important letter I've got to write to-morrow. I shaped the actual phrases I intend to use. And Virginia here, who doesn't know anything about literature, anyway"—this with brotherly candor—"was thinking of the gentleman who's going to be your uncle, and I can prove it."

"I was, but I'd like to know how you knew it," remarked his sister, welcoming the little diversion.

"It's always a safe bet, at any time," her brother told her. "But to-night I know he's coming. While Olive was reading, you arranged the music you're going to play for him in a nice little pile. Isn't that it—the heap on the left?"

Miss Stewart laughed and admitted that it was. Olive wiped her eyes. "And now," said her father, briskly, "we want to hear that story all over again"; and he put his hand under her arm to help her to her feet.

But Olive, still kneeling beside her mother and dimly comforted by his words, shrank back into the shelter her arms afforded; and in that unconscious movement, the first she had ever made away from him, David Stewart received a blow that made him set his teeth.

"Oh, I couldn't read it again—I really couldn't," she stammered.

"Then I will," declared her father.

He crossed to the hearth-rug, picked up the discarded *Banner,* and, still standing there, read the story aloud, a little unsteadily at first and with a momentary tendency to clear his throat, then as tenderly and as understandingly as the author herself had read it. And as he did so some dim realization of Olive's dream came to her at last. For here—oh, here indeed, now that they knew—were the wide-eyed interest, the strained attention, the delight, and the appreciation which she had seen in her vision of this hour.

"It's *beautiful,* dearest," said her mother, when the story was finished, her sweet voice trembling. "It's just beautiful. David, let me see how it looks."

They all wanted to see how it looked. Mr. Stewart returned to the table and spread the page out on its generous surface, while the family gathered round it, every member talking at once, about the type and the heading, the style of the story, the plot and its development. They wanted to know when Olive had written it, and how long the editor had had it, and what he had said. Their questions came faster than she could answer them. Their eyes were shining, their voices eager and excited. Olive's tears had ceased, but she took only a languid part in the talk that flowed around her, replying to their questions as briefly as she could. Her wounds still rankled, though loving hands had drawn out the barbs so unconsciously planted.

"How did you feel when you opened the paper and really saw yourself in print for the first time?" asked her aunt, curiously, while the others were still staring at the printed page with fascinated eyes. For a moment Olive did not reply. In a flash of memory she was seeing again the dream castle she had looked upon as she stood alone an hour ago. Had it been only an hour ago? She felt as if she had lived a long, long time since then. At last, realizing that they were all waiting for her reply—

"Funny," she observed, tersely, and said no more, but crossed the room listlessly and stood with her back to them, staring out at the night. Her father and mother exchanged a quick glance. Then, with an air of quick decision, her father followed her, caught her by the shoulders, and turned her round till she faced him.

"Now, see here, Olive, this won't do," he said, with quiet emphasis, looking at her with eyes that were strangely soft without their customary twinkle. "If it was true that we didn't like your story, and you needed the knock-down blow of this experience, I'd let you take it—for in the end it would do you good. But it isn't true, and you don't deserve it." He stopped for a moment, his heart contracting under the expression in her brown eyes. "You find me a pretty truthful parent on the whole, don't you?" he added, when he could speak naturally.

Olive looked up at him as a patient ready for an operation might look at the surgeon she trusts.

"I don't believe you would tell a lie for *anything* in the world," she told him, with conviction.

"We-ell, that's saying a good deal." For an instant Mr. Stewart looked mildly embarrassed. "I don't know that I'd go that far," he added. "But take this from me as a fact. You're just a little beginner; you know that. But I think your story is a *remarkable* story for a girl of fifteen to write. I don't believe anyone of fifteen, anywhere, could write a better one. And I'm just as proud of you as I can be."

The last sentence came out with a gasp, for before he had finished speaking she had hurled herself into his arms.

"Oh, father, that's what I wanted," she cried, "to have you say that—and I wanted it so *dreadfully!* I know you wouldn't say it if you didn't mean it—but you do—I know you do—and I never was so happy in my life!"

He kissed her, holding her close.

"You'll print a lot of stories in your time, my girl," he said, "but I guess we'll never get quite the thrill out of any of them that we've got from this one."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE 1st Citizen, so called as if he were one of those characters that Shakespeare numbered when he got tired of giving his people names, came in with Mr. Arnold Bennett's book in his hand, and found himself promptly confronted with the 2d Citizen. They had every air of being prepared for controversy across the helpless form of the Easy Chair, and the 1st Citizen began immediately:

"What I say is that instead of being abused or berated by the travelers who have written about us, there was never a nation so well appreciated by its visitors, so well understood as a whole, and when misunderstood so misunderstood to its good report if not advantage. Here, for instance, is Mr. Bennett, who takes a fortnight and more of his time from writing the novels and plays which the public cannot get enough of, apparently, and gives it to a run across our country, and then makes a book about us: a book that I think cannot be equaled in the literature of travel for quick-witted observation and genial record of an astonishing range and variety of facts, for subtle perception of national character, and intelligent sense of national temperament, and—"

"Well," the 2d Citizen challenged, "who finds fault with him for it? Who says anything different of his book?"

The 1st Citizen, halted in his headlong career so abruptly, gasped in silence for a moment. Then he paused a little longer for reflection. Then he said: "Upon my word, I don't know that I have seen any adverse criticism in print, or that I have heard anything of the sort except from a lady who said at sight of the book that she would like to put it in the fire, but really gave no reason for wishing to burn it. Still there must have been something in her mind, a tacit censure which she expressed in that violent form."

"Perhaps she didn't like realizing that he saw us so clearly because he found us a sort of continentalization of the Five Towns, and himself a sort of prenative citizen of our commonwealth by virtue of having been born and brought up in the potentiality of our bourgeois apotheosis. I remember our friend of the Easy Chair, here, once noting that the people of those English Five Towns were very like the people of about Five Hundred Thousand American Towns—"

"Not quite so many," we ventured to interrupt, "but quite enough to make us feel the fellow-townsmanship of some of those bright, agile-minded, easy-mannered, gay, practical people of his."

"It doesn't matter about the number of the towns in either hemisphere," the 1st Citizen returned. "The thing is that he was peculiarly well qualified to judge us. But here is the book of one of the earliest travelers among us," and we were interested to observe how the pretty, red cover of Mr. Bennett's handsome duodecimo had mysteriously changed to the sober brown calf of an early nineteenth-century volume, with thin, yellowed leaves and print of somewhat the same complexion. It made itself known to us as the *Travels in America* of the Marquis de Chastellux, who visited these shores (when they really *were* shores) as a French officer in the force coming to our aid, perhaps our salvation, under Lafayette. The travels, interspersed with some battles, covered the years 1780-1-2, and pretty well the whole of the thirteen States, lately colonies. The traveler was not shuttled back and forth in the railroad fliers between our prodigious cities north and south, and east and west, like Mr. Bennett, but pacing or stumbling soberly on horseback, with now and then a lift, where there were carriageable roads, in the coach of some hospitable friend, he visited the different provincial capitals and sojourned in the seats of the mighty, the rich, the elegant, as people of that

sort went in those days. Yet with the disadvantages of his much longer stay and much more deliberate progress, he saw our things as clearly as Mr. Bennett himself.

"In fact," the 1st Citizen took the words which we were going to say out of our mouth, "there has been hardly any observer, of the many and many between these two, who surpasses them in perspicacity and fair-mindedness. Of these two, I should say that the later was the kinder, that the signally up-to-date Englishman saw us less censoriously than the *ancien-régime* Frenchman who came to help us throw off the yoke of the Englishman's ancestors, or ancestors' king, or the king's mistaken ministers: one can't be too precise in such matters. The curious thing is that we were the poetry, the romance of both these friendly visitors, and that they succeeded in convicting us of much more poetry, much more romance that we felt or feel ourselves guilty of. M. de Chastellux, when he finds us most to his mind, finds us of much the same pastoral quality as Sir George Trevelyan does in his history of our Revolution. What is very striking is that they both, M. le Marquis and Sir George, divine a truth in our past conditions which has escaped our own observers. The Englishman sees the charm, only too evanescent, of our pioneering or early agricultural period, a democratic grace, caught from the easy abundance, the grateful return of a new land to the hands first to redeem it from a desert, and to discover its fertility. The Frenchman, with academic ideals of liberty and equality, is constantly coming upon the evidences of an aristocratic life in our colonial past: stately mansions and noble public edifices; a fashionably dressed society with elegant manners, with assemblies and all stated forms of a generous hospitality. But he is too honest and too wise a man to let you suppose there is nothing else. He distinguishes; he lets you into the secret that the ladies of Boston are more cultivated, and the ladies of Philadelphia have more style, more world; that the Virginians and the Pennsylvanians are not of the same high aim or effect as the New-Englanders, and equally he abhors the brutality of the Southern poor whites and the sordidness of the Middle States Quakers. He does not hesitate to say that he thinks our colonial ladies often rather plain, while he praises their sense and virtue, and he rates the morality of all classes in the North very high; when he can't do that he praises their humanity and the true affection and goodness of their family life. The upper classes are socially like the English gentry, but they are differenced by the universal habit of business which sobers and steadies. It's in the people who work for their living with their hands at their trades or on their farms that he mostly finds the New World which he has come to help free from the Old."

"That's all very well, and true enough," the 2d Citizen said, not to abandon altogether his rôle of differer. "But I don't see why he says our soil is poorer than the European."

"Perhaps it was," we suggested. "It had been severely used, and, as he says, nothing had been done to restore its primeval fertility. Besides, he knew only the soil of the Eastern colonies, not of the Middle West, of Iowa, for instance, where a wayside gulley in a field shows it five or six feet deep."

"Perhaps," the 2d Citizen admitted, "but I don't like it."

"There you are!" the 1st Citizen exclaimed. "Our greed of praise is enough to discourage any foreigner from visiting us."

"I wish it might," the 2d Citizen declared. "We should lose very little by the loss of their praise."

"But literature," we hastened to observe, "would lose a good deal if it lacked a book so brilliantly interesting as Mr. Bennett's. Merely as an achievement in letters, it is so striking that any people might be proud to be the occasion of it, though it were as unfriendly as it is friendly. The effect is as if what his quick eye saw his hand as quickly recorded, and both unerringly co-operated. If he had done nothing but discover the American house, the American dwelling, with its absolute comfort and convenience, his book would be a real contribution to contemporary history. What a shock of surprise his recognition of our supremacy in that matter must give the average English reader!"

"Yes, and he is like the Marquis de Chastellux in finding the poetry, the romance, that he came for," the 1st Citizen rejoiced. "He couldn't have found the pastoral, the idyl which greeted the friendly eye of the Frenchman in our colonial conditions; but he didn't come for that. He came for the Kiplingesque heroic ballad, the dingdong, the hammer-and-tongs epic, the mighty and lusty music of our tremendous civilization, and he found that. He beheld the colossal people 'getting results' whom he expected to see, and he found the phrase ready to greet his apt and instant sense which seized upon it so joyfully. Till I saw it in his book I did not know how much we talked about 'getting results.' The wonder of his discovery is that it is spiritually commensurate with the vast American spaces which his travel covered. No other observer of our life seems to have seen with equal keenness New York and Cambridge and Chicago. The winning valor of the flat-dwelling young wife of Manhattan, and the genius of the housekeeping matron which has compelled the house of the academic suburb, are alike apparent to him. How did the man ever catch the gleam of so many facets of our swift-streaming life? That is the wonder of his book," the 1st Citizen declared; and we now perceived that the sober volume of De Chastellux had brightened again to the vivid red covers of Mr. Bennett's book.

The 2d Citizen was not to be so easily put down in his contention. "I'll allow all that, but it doesn't prove that we are the spoiled favorites of the foreign observer. What Frenchman was that who said just now that we put our feet on the dining-table?"

"But he didn't believe it!" the 1st Citizen protested.

The 2d Citizen did not mind him. "And what about Mrs. Trollope's book on American manners, and Dickens's *American Notes?*"

The 1st Citizen looked more grieved than troubled. "I thought," he said, "that we had condoned the offense of Dickens in accepting the apology which he offered in an after-dinner speech at the end of his last visit — perhaps the most patronizing and offensive apology ever offered to wounded *amour propre.* But suppose the offense still rife: wasn't it the truth in it that hurt? It was not handsome of Dickens to tell the whole truth of us, perhaps; but we could say no worse of it upon reflection than, 'All which, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it so set down,' and we did say this in various terms. We thought that a man whom we had so cumbered with compliment ought to have done nothing but flatter us back, and he did something more. Still, if we recur to his book, I believe we shall find it kinder to our virtues than we fancied at first in our rage with its unkindness to our faults. We were then in the middle condition, when it must have been very difficult for any foreigner to find his poetry, his romance in us, and Dickens had only come to find his interest. We had emerged from the colonial simplicity and gentility which charmed De Chastellux, and had not yet reached the world-shaking period of material achievement, of universal comfort, which seems to have taken the fancy of Mr. Bennett. We were raw, unformed, bumptious, braggart, uncouth, hobbledehoy, at our worst, and Dickens could not help seeing us at our worst as well as our best. With Mrs. Trollope I'll allow it's a more difficult proposition. But even with Mrs. Trollope, if it were not that she seems never to have heard us aright, and reports our parlance with really heart-breaking mistakenness, one must be very brave to declare that she never saw us aright. Probably she saw us rightly enough; nothing she reports of us, except our speech, strikes one as amiss, and if she is not to our faults a little blind, she was to our virtues, as far as she saw them, very kind. But we were then trying to enforce a liberty consistent with a state corrupted both North and South by slavery, and an equality of manner savagely denied and derided (as it is still) by glaring inequality of condition. It must have been a hateful country to live in even successfully; to live in unsuccessfully it must have been loathsome, worse even than now, when open graft has replaced self-satisfied sham. Mrs. Trollope, through her commercial failure, had much to bear, and womanlike she allowed us to share her burden."

"I don't see," the 2d Citizen took up the word, "but what you renounce your contention that we are the curled darling of foreign observers."

"Why, no, I haven't nearly emptied the bag yet. If you will remember that these observers, especially when they were English, had to reconcile our theory of liberty with our practice of slavery, you will see what difficulties they had to overcome in praising us at all. They came in the days when Englishmen abhorred slavery and before the generous hope of our national disruption by the Civil War led some of them to see good in the section where it was a peculiar institution. Afterward, when it appeared that the South might triumph, to the confusion of democracy everywhere and the especial advantage of England through our ruin, they came to look leniently on the lash, the chain, and the auction-block; but as yet they had to see, with what fortitude they could, women whipped, families sold asunder, and even manacled together in the tragical southward procession of the slave coffles; they had to penetrate beyond the dreadful vision to the humanity of the individual slaveholder which so often modified the inhumanity of slavery. This was especially the achievement of Captain Basil Hall, whose book was long anathema with all who loved this fair land of ours. When you come to read it, as you very well may with entertainment and instruction, it must be with amaze that any one ever saw anything but the politest good-will in it, the most courteous praise and hesitating censure. No sufficient motive for his coming among us in the late eighteen twenties and early thirties appears; but he did come with his wife and little daughter, and traveled from the northern cities southwestward through the most offensive regions of our vain, raw republic of that purblind day, when we were furthest from finding our better self out in manners and morals. We had left the colonial period behind, and were yet remote from such nationality as we have since achieved; but there were few times and places when Captain Hall did not see promise or excuse for us. He traveled sometimes by steamboat, sometimes by stage-coach, sometimes by private carriage, on ugly rivers and atrocious roads, but he was more apt than not to experience the alleviation of tolerable inns, and the freest-handed hospitality in the dwellings of hosts who, whether present or absent, cordially welcomed him. He repaid them with an appreciation as manly as it is eager, and when he had to censure the hateful conditions, the poor, apologetic man is scrupulously careful to account for his unpleasant instances as exceptional, or as nearly exceptional as he can make them. His book is a study of our civilization then and there of quite unique value; and yet who has not heard of it as a malicious diatribe, the satire of an insolent alien prompt to misrepresent and mock us? Confess that this is your own impression of it!" the 1st Citizen demanded of the 2d Citizen.

"I must own that this is my impression," the 2d Citizen candidly admitted.

"Well, you ought to read his book; everybody ought to read it, and read it together with Mr. Bennett's book. Instead of being held up to general obloquy, and as it were hung in effigy, Captain Hall ought to have had his statue erected in the national capital by public subscription."

"Then your idea," we suggested, "is that, however other observers have been wanting in kindness to us, Captain Hall more than made up to us once for all?"

"My idea is that our critics have every one been too good to us; that they have spared the rod and spoiled a child which has been the better for every stroke of it."

"And your objection to Mr. Bennett, then, is that he, the kindest of our critics, has done us the most mischief, or is likely to do it before his friendliness is forgotten?"

"I have *no* objection to Mr. Bennett! I find his book so true that sometimes I think we deserve his amiability; that his mirror, held up to American nature, reflects so few faults because we have so few left to reflect. I would like to see it in every public school of advanced grade, and made a text-book in all our schools of journalism for its lessons in the highest form of the art."

The 2d Citizen looked at us breathlessly for some response, such as he could not make, and we said: "Oh, come! Aren't you pushing it a little beyond?"

EDITOR'S STUDY

ROMANCE is of the actual rather than of an ideal, or imagined, world. Strangeness is essential to romance, and nothing which the imagination creates can be strange or alien. Travel into an unknown region and among peoples with unusual customs brings the surprise and excitement of romance. Fancy is a roamer rather than a creator and may produce the same effect, simulatively, fashioning and appareling at will its bewildering scene. But Fancy does not need, for such effects, to go into a far country; without changing the scene, it may work its kind of wonders with persons and circumstances near at hand, just disguising them, making them fit into a play.

Indeed, it was in that way that Comedy began, before it got upon the stage and while it was only a village roistering; it was the enactment of a romantic impulse which indulged in all the vagaries of inventive fancy, such as survived on the stage in the old Greek comedy. Aristophanes, with his fantastic disguises, was a romantic relief to the Greek tragedy of his day, for tragedy, though thrown back into the remote past, dwelt upon what was impressively familiar, making it still more so to the Greek imagination; it was intimately affecting rather than romantic.

The wonders of the creative imagination have always this familiarity. It is not the real but the "fake" ghost that seems alien. The embodiments of imagination in human faith are convincingly real, more homely than anything in outward neighborhood. Shakespeare's tragedies have a romance denied to the Greek, because they are not religious in their associations, and they include fantasies which belong to comedy.

Romance came into literature chiefly by way of prose. There was a vast deal of it in Herodotus's tales and descriptive sketches of Egypt and Asia Minor. He had to an unusual degree the traveler's advantage for romantic entertainment, such as Marco Polo had in the Middle Ages in his stories of Cathay, because he uncovered little-known matters, and he made the most of this advantage by ingenious selection.

The field of romance is that of foreign affairs. Thus we have a romantic interest in history, or even in geography, at least in the surprise of a first reading. The discovery of Nature's secrets and of new countries and peoples, mechanical inventions, and the expansion of individual and social consciousness, lead ever to fresh surprises and extend the boundaries of romance, making them coextensive with those of the visible world in so far as that world still holds for us a novel disclosure.

To the child all things, appearances, and movements are romantic, until by habit, use, and memory these have been domesticated, losing their wild and foreign aspects; and to keep up the illusive entertainment, we tell him fairy and other strange tales, multiply his toys, increasing their variety and complexity, giving preference to mechanical novelties, introducing him to moving pictures, and incidentally mingling all these allurements with the very romantic process of mind-making going on within him. If he is an urban child, he visits his uncle's or grandfather's farm, or if a rustic, his city relations; partly for the sake of a novel entertainment he is sent away from home to school and perhaps to college; and if he is free to choose his career, it shall go hard with him to escape the ever-thickening romance of our progressive time.

The surprises of the actual present are more than a match for any "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." We have no occasion, if we had the time, to quarrel with convention—that smug stifler of romance — when in so many ways we are breaking new ground, and even our philosophy weighs anchor and

commits itself to an "eternal flux." Nor are we afraid of either resting or rusting in a peace so heroic that it eclipses the old types of heroism. We find more exciting novelty in celebrating a centennial of unbroken peace than a hundred years' war, or the opening of an inter-oceanic canal than any foreign conquest. There are greater surprises for Arnold Bennett visiting America than were afforded to its original discoverer—even if it had been the Cathay he thought it was. The European mind was affected at more angles of strange expectancy by the visits of Thomas Edison and Mark Twain than it was, in the courts of Spain and England, by the first appearance of the American Indian.

At first thought it would seem that the barbarian and the provincial must have a keener sense of surprise than the cosmopolitan mind; but as a matter of fact, a Vermont mountain community of a century ago would have experienced less astonishment if convincingly possessed by the idea that the end of the world had come than a more sophisticated community would at the first advent of a steam-locomotive or even a fire-engine. The superstitious easily accept the marvelous, which, the more wonderful it is, responds to a more homely expectation. Cosmopolitanism develops the sensibility to novelty to such a degree that it must have satisfaction in fiction as well as in fact.

But for all conditions of men there is one sort of romance, pre-eminent and dominant — the love between the sexes, known distinctively as "romantic love." Thus marriage is a foreign affair, as being outside the home, generally outside of kinship, and sometimes extribal; and subsequently divorce is a further specialization of the romantic tendency, at least on the part of man—it is sought by woman more often for the conservation of domestic dignity. Romance is especially masculine. Man is pre-eminently the traveler and inventor. To him are committed all foreign affairs. Even suffrage, when woman shall have attained it, will only give her, if she remains normal, more complete scope of domestic economy and administration.

When we attribute curiosity to woman as a distinguishing characteristic, we do not mean by it a keen interest in far-away and strange things, but quite the opposite, that kind of interest which begets gossip, and makes for familiarity. Thus one's gossip is, in the old vernacular, one's "familiar." We have known modern instances in which the types of Odysseus and Penelope, as standing respectively for man and woman, have been reversed, and many lines of distinction between the sexes that once seemed sharp and unalterable have grown faint or have vanished altogether; but it is still true that man seeks out new inventions and chooses eccentric and novel paths, while woman is chiefly the domesticator, bringing everything home.

It was man who first undertook fiction —as he first undertook every kind of literature and art — and he gave it that romantic stamp which brought the term "Novel" into use as designating the result of his adventure. Until woman entered the field, it was assumed that she had no creative imagination, none at least which could give her distinction in any art; and after she entered it, not only the lateness of her advent, but the narrow scope of her venture and her lack of bold imaginative projection, made her work seem a trailing afterthought of man's more masterful performance. She was spared a more unfavorable comparison because man himself had already instituted the novel of society, for the first time foregoing downright romance and making fiction in a way a home affair. Fortunately, too, she followed Richardson, whose field she could take and easily make livelier and more interesting.

Yet, while it was conceded that woman must be charming, whatever else were denied her art, the question remained, as in De Quincey's classic poser, Could she create? It is no longer a question. Indeed, in literature as in life, we must concede that woman is natively and essentially creative — this quality in her imaginative work showing forth purely, with little romantic admixture.

What we are concerned with here is an inquiry which pertains to art generally and involves no comparison between the sexes. Really our inquiry is as to the relation of romance to the creative activity of the soul.

The difference between Imagination

and Fancy is that between genius and ingenuity — between creation and invention. On the one side there is life, and on the other the framework of existence as it is presented formally, by indirection and reflection, in our intellections and contrivances. Creative activity, which shapes genetically, according to no given or preconceived pattern, is confronted within its own economy by a contradiction to itself, by a process involving plan and artifice. The beginning of definite romance is in the sense of strangeness due to the impact of the material world upon a reflective intelligence, and the romance grows with the complexity of contacts with that world and with other intellects similarly developed. The romance vanishes, along with consciousness itself, in habitual repetition and automatism.

Romance is not confined to sensibility as affected by new and strange things; it belongs also to faculty as exercised beyond the range of ordinary animal functioning — to the conquest and exploitation as well as to the discovery of new worlds, and to the masterly organization of physical and social forces which constitute human progress. This is the heroic side of romance; and here, too, the romance vanishes in the dull routine of perfunctory convention, when the inventor of the machine is displaced by the servitor, and the master builder of a new order by the acolyte. Buoyance yields to depression, and the romantic to the serious, and there is no relief but through the levitation of a fresh heroic impulse, of the prophetic vision and shaping of a new order.

Romance, then, as associated with real beginnings in the creative evolution of humanism—for there is no genuine beginning apart from creative activity—is not wholly divorced from the life of the soul, though it is thus divorced in its strict definition, which connects it with objective and phenomenal novelty rather than with newness of the spirit—with strangeness rather than wonder. Holding fast to this distinction, we must regard the romantic as contradictory to the creative—that is, in that kind of contradiction which there is between intellection and intuition, between relaxation and tension, between radiant phenomena, where we see the physical elements in their bright eccentricity and disintegration, and the attraction of gravitation. In Nature we can see that contradiction is only apparent, but in humanity there seems, on a casual view, to be a veritable schism between the ideal and the actual, between the real and the romantic, or, as the "religious" would say, between the soul and the world. This is because in all human activities, owing to the arbitrament of will, the artificial, perverse, and even monstrous come so much into the foreground. Nevertheless, the soul, denying itself only to atrophy and indifference, has always inclined toward every heroic impulse, seeing beneath its perverted and disguised humanity the real humanity to come.

Thus romance takes the long way home. It began in antipathies. The stranger was an enemy and a barbarian, the man of another faith an infidel, forever to be antagonized in holy warfare. The sense of strangeness in others was blended with that of self-superiority; and this was an appreciable part of its entertainment, being also an excuse for contempt, if not for aggression. It is not long ago that the foreign visitor showed the keenest relish for what he deemed barbarian in the manners of his hosts—barbarian because unlike his own—and he was correspondingly appreciated as guest in the degree that his own peculiarities afforded a like satisfaction. The lure of romantic curiosity became the prey of romantic exploitation. For many ages this seemed the case in romantic love; but here, in due time, romance yielded to the reality of home. In the long course of history it yields to humanism.

It is of this humanism, of the creative life of the soul, that sympathy and tolerance are born. Faith, imagination, and the creative reason that for so long followed human wanderings in the world of matter and of mind—as if the soul wanted room and gloried in spatial expansion — have at length brought the wanderer home, leading him from the sense of outward strangeness to that of the real and intensive wonder of life itself, and from his emphasis upon differences, so allied with his individual conceits, to catholicity of sympathy.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Descent into Literature

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

WHEN Mrs. Jason decided to write for the magazines she set to work with characteristic energy and thoroughness. She had a charming Sheraton desk, an unabridged dictionary, and the use of a typewriter belonging to her husband, an equipment which she augmented by the purchase of a Roget's *Thesaurus*, paper, envelopes, and stamps. Daily, her three children in school and her domestic affairs in order, she shut herself in with the tools of her new undertaking and worked until noon.

Though by marriage transplanted to Bunstable, Ohio, Mrs. Jason was of truest, blue-blood, Beacon Hill, Boston extraction. She was likewise a college graduate who had made Phi Beta Kappa. She said "Somebody's else" and "it is I" as readily as her good husband split his infinitives or as her fifteen-year-old son resorted to such terms as "ripping," "corking," and "rotten" in order to express his finest shades of meaning. It is scarcely necessary to add that her neat manuscripts were returned with the same regularity and despatch with which they were sent out.

Mr. Jason, painstaking bank clerk, kindly, drabbish, baldish, was immensely proud of his talented wife. He decried the obtuseness of unappreciative editors.

"Your work is too good for them," he assured her. "There's none of the slapdash vulgarity about it that's all the rage. But keep at it, dear; you'll win out."

Mrs. Jason did keep at it. "Other women succeed," she said to herself, "why not I?" But she was sadly handicapped by her New England reticence, her instinctive dread of emotional experience, as well as by a too conscientious perusal of essays on style. The characters she drew were scarcely more



"YOUR WORK IS TOO GOOD FOR THEM," HE ASSURED HER; "BUT KEEP AT IT, DEAR, YOU'LL WIN OUT"

than jerky automata, each with its attached tag of psychological exposition. At the end of a year's work she had not had a single story accepted.

Out of loyalty to her native city, Mrs. Jason sent her stories first to Boston's best publication, then elsewhere to a few less worthy ones. She had chosen for her pseudonym "John Hornby," which sounded, she thought, dignified and strong.

Her husband continued admiringly sympathetic; too sympathetic, in fact. She grew weary of hearing him reiterate that editors invariably prefer more ginger. In her heart she knew it was not true. She realized that she had still much to learn.

There came an autumn day of wind-driven clouds, permeated with the tang of burning leaves, vivid and stimulating. Mrs. Jason seated herself with unusual reluctance at her desk, but none the less set resolutely to work upon a new story to be somewhat in the style of Henry James. She inked her pen and held it poised above the paper. Once again she but glanced out at the carnival of whirling leaves, looked long, was lost. So might one of her own ancestors, hesitating for a fatal moment before the meeting-house, have missed the sermon and lost his soul to boot, conveyed willy-nilly from thence by a mocking band of the witches he had scorned. A whole company of dreams came in cavalcade and bore Mrs. Jason away. For an hour she forgot that she was as a living stream of culture in a barren land far from the source, a distinguished alumna of the first among women's colleges, an exemplary wife and mother. She wandered blissful and unashamed through that land dear to sentimental romance, where all men save the villain are handsome and brave, and the beautiful heroine undergoes infinite peril before accompanying to the altar the handsomest and bravest. There was secret embassy and open combat. Swords flashed, steeds neighed, princes and swashbuckling roisterers paid her homage. It was like an atavistic return to a lower, unsophisticated state of culture. Scarcely conscious that she did so, Mrs. Jason began to write for the first time with the naïve, confident delight of a child in its own imaginings.

At half-past twelve the children came trooping in, and Mrs. Jason hastily turned her attention to the belated luncheon. She knew this new story was like nothing she had hitherto written. She believed that it was good.

In due course Mrs. Jason's manuscript came back from Boston, but this time with a marginal note scribbled by the editor. It read, "Try the *Fireside Flame*, Kansas City." If, as seems probable, this was a shaft of irony despatched by the long-suffering man of letters, it missed its mark. Mrs. Jason knew nothing whatever about the *Fireside Flame*. She knew only that advice proffered by the great editor was to be followed humbly and gratefully. She sent her story to the *Fireside Flame* even before ordering a sample copy from her newsdealer.

On one and the same day Mrs. Jason received the copy of the *Fireside Flame* and a letter from its editor accepting her story. He wrote that he would like to see more of her work, being always in need of tales of pure love and thrilling adventure, and concluded with the magic words, "You will soon receive our check."

When Mrs. Jason turned her attention to the paper itself, she suffered a dreadful revulsion of feeling combined with fears for the sanity of the Boston editor. It was a lurid, sensational sheet, printed on wretched, malodorous paper, and illustrated by cheap cuts of villainous appearance. She determined to write at once demanding her story back. And yet—Helen did need a new sash, and Roger's boots— She had used her pseudonym. She wondered how much they would pay. After consideration, she decided to let the matter rest.

When at last the check (for eight dollars) came, Mrs. Jason told her husband, for to cash it in Bunstable would have meant to publish her cultural predicament abroad. He astonished her by expressing unalloyed delight even after he had examined the *Fireside Flame*.

"It's not at all bad," he declared. "Write for it till you've learned the trick. It can't do any harm."

Mrs. Jason continued to write stories for the *Fireside Flame*. Her husband read and praised each one, and in addition, as she soon noticed with a shudder of apprehension, conscientiously devoured the entire contents of the numbers containing them. He never had cared for her literary gods, Meredith and James; none the less, she felt the guilt of an accomplice in his downfall. She then thought to raise the standard of the *Fireside Flame* by sending in some of her earlier, finely wrought, psychological studies. The result was not encouraging. The editor ended his note of curt refusal with the emphatic statement that his subscribers would never stand for that sort of high-brow stuff.

After all, the money she earned was so delightfully usable. It paid for Helen's sash, Roger's baseball outfit, Margery's character doll, and, as well, for a new volume of Maeterlinck, but best of all for a splendid willow plume. The latter graced her spring hat, which she wore at the May meeting of the Hypsophryrian Club when she read her paper on "The Function of the Home in the Education of the Child." The president, Mrs. Henry Billings, wore a plume of lesser magnitude and a gown of a shade of gray which made her sallow skin look like yellow leather.

Mrs. Billings, large of feature, emphatic in manner, possessed unusual talent for making people thoroughly uncomfortable, always ostensibly for their own good. On this occasion, when the usual vote of thanks had been tendered Mrs. Jason, she announced that she desired to speak on a matter of grave importance. Her remarks follow, in part:

"While we are, like loyal vestals, conserving the pure flames on our domestic hearths" ("I should think so, with coal at its present price," murmured an irreverent listener), "the serpent of evil has crept insidiously into the fair garden where our innocent children disport themselves. A pernicious periodical is being circulated in our high school and perused by the offspring of our cultured homes. It behooves us to discover the source of this polluted stream for which our beloved young people are deserting the Pierian fount; to discover and obliterate it." Mrs. Billings paused, out of breath, and extracted from her shopping-bag a copy of the *Fireside Flame*.

Mrs. Jason felt suddenly faint and ill, but no one noticed her. Mrs. Billings continued:

"Now while it contains nothing actually improper" (here there was a perceptible settling back, either from disappointment or virtuous satisfaction on the part of her audience), "it is none the less a vulgar, kitchen-maids' sheet, totally unsuitable as pabulum for the carefully nurtured children of our class."

Mrs. Billings said a great deal more which Mrs. Jason did not heed. When finally the meeting came to an end, she tried in vain to escape. Mrs. Billings called her back.

"I forbore to state publicly," she began, though precisely the same number of women was listening as before, while an awful fear clutched at Mrs. Jason's guilty heart, "that your son Roger is suspected of being the instigator of this wave of poisonous reading, the seeds of which have fallen on fallow ground. I fear lest, with your literary tendencies, you have been neglectful of your nobler duty as mother. Let me read at random, that you may realize the danger which assails the heart of our homes. Here, for example, from the words of an unlettered sensation-monger, one John Hornby:

"'Isabelle drew herself up to her full height. "Unloose him!" she commanded with noble mien. "He is my brother and the rightful heir to the vast Dukedom of Northumberly." The rude lineaments of the sheriff showed sympathy, for she was very fair, but—' Ugh! is it not disgusting?"

"I cannot see that that is so very bad," Mrs. Jason answered, pluckily; "it rather reminds one of Scott."

"Why, Mrs. Jason!" chorused the shocked members of the Hypsophryrian Club, and, in amazed crescendo, "Why, Mrs. Jason!"



"UGH! IS IT NOT DISGUSTING?"

But it was sheer bravado on the part of Mrs. Jason. On reaching home, she hurried to her room to find that the papers in her shirt-waist box had apparently not been tampered with. She gathered them in her arms and, taking them to the cellar, burned them in the empty furnace. But how then had Roger found out about the *Fireside Flame?* She said nothing about the catastrophe to her husband, dreading his uncomprehending sympathy. As soon as Roger was in bed, she went in and sat down beside him, as was her wont. She went straight to the point.

"Roger," she began, "Mrs. Billings says a paper called the *Fireside Flame* is being read in the high school, and she thinks you introduced it."



"WHERE DID YOU SEE IT FIRST?" SHE PERSISTED

"Yellow-faced old cat," remarked Roger, cordially.

"Where did you see it first?" his mother persisted, ignoring his opinion of the president of the Hypsophryrian.

"Why, I found a copy right here in this house," he answered, frankly, "tucked in among the cushions of father's chair. "It's a corking good paper, too; something doing all the time."

"It's not so bad as Mrs. Billings supposes," his mother said, "but, Roger, I wish you would not read it. I shall subscribe for you to the *Boy's Own Magazine*. It tells how to make things, and all the fellows will enjoy it, but I want you to try to persuade them to give up the *Fireside Flame*. You will, son?"

"Sure," the boy answered without apparent hesitation, "if it isn't just to smooth the feathers of that old Billings killjoy."

"Oh, Roger, dear, don't!" expostulated his mother, too relieved to be severe.

"But I say, mother," he continued, "I'd like to finish one story. There'll only be one more chapter. It's by a man named Hornby, and it's ripping. Of course I cut the love mush, but the rest is bully."

Mrs. Jason's heart beat quickly with surprised happiness. The frank, unwitting praise of her son touched her so deeply that tears gathered in her eyes. Roger started up impetuously when they fell on his hand. "I say, mother," he exclaimed, "I had no idea you felt that way about it. Of course I'll let 'em slide, the whole foolish old bunch of yarns. Won't read another word."

"No, no, son, it isn't that," his mother said; "finish the story, if you want to. It's just happiness. I'm so glad we are such good friends."

"Sure we are," answered Roger, greatly relieved. "Not another of the fellows has a mother that's such a real, all-round brick as you. Say, mother," he continued, after a pause, while she was thinking happily that perhaps she might learn to write for good magazines devoted to the affairs of youth, "we fellows thought—that is—would it be all right for us to write to that chap Hornby? He tells about a fire dance of the Arizona Indians. A chap that's the real Duke of Northumberly is kidnapped and turns up there. We fellows thought of that dance for our Scouts' high jinks. What do you think? Could we butt in on a writer chap like that?"

"Oh, Roger, I wouldn't," answered his mother, fervently. "I wouldn't. I'm sure you will find that dance described in the Encyclopædia. Absolutely certain," she added, with conviction.

The Odious Comparison

SHE was reclining in an arm-chair when the physician entered.

"Oh, doctor," she said, by way of greeting, "I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"That doesn't matter in the least. You see a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same," replied the doctor, with an assuring smile.

Inexpert

MR. SAYLES had a new colored servant, and, as he usually took his servant with him on fishing trips, he interrogated the new man as to his acquaintance with aquatics.

After a few preliminary questions, he asked:

"Have you ever rowed, Henry?"

"Well, sah," replied the colored man, "only on the cyahs, sah."

Disappeared

TWO men stood looking up at a small mountain.

"So that is Black Mountain?" asked one of the men of a native who was passing.

"Yes, sir," replied the native.

"Is there any story or legend connected with that mountain?" inquired the visitor.

"Lots of 'em," was the reply. "Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again."

"Indeed," exclaimed the interested visitor, "what became of them?"

"Why," drawled the native, "they went down on the other side."

Not Alone

AN old Indian man, selling baskets, called at Mrs. Allen's one morning. He was very anxious to make a sale, and after considerable parleying he said:

"Make me an offer, madam, and see if I don't take you up."

Little five-year-old Bertha was a spectator to the interview, and when the man made this remark she threw her arms around her mother, crying:

"Mother, if he takes you, I'll go, too."



OLD GENTLEMAN: *Well, well, so it's Jenny and Billy. I didn't know you at first,* JENNY: *Please, sir, we've just been washed.*

More Lenient

ONE morning Parson Smith gave an address upon some benevolent subject, and after the address was concluded contributions were taken.

One rich but eccentric old man gave nothing to help the cause, and, after the service, the minister, meeting the old man, said persuasively:

"Come, Benjamin, give us something."

"Can't do it," said Ben.

"Why not?" asked the parson. "Don't you think the cause is a good one?"

"Yes," said Ben, "but I am not able to give anything."

"Oh, I know better," said the minister, smiling; "you will have to give me a stronger reason than that."

"Well, parson, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, Benjamin," urged the minister, "you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson," said the old man, "but then he ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors."



Sweet Williams

The Indignant Farmer

"I'M just as mad as I can be!"
An angry farmer said;
"Those early strawberries of mine
Desire a folding bed!

"And my potatoes have declined
To ripen underground,
Unless, to keep dust from their eyes,
Smoked goggles I have found!

"The cabbage-heads, among themselves,
Indulge in secret chats;
But I have overheard them, and
They vow they'll have straw hats!

"Such foolishness I cannot stand;
And now—just as I feared—
Each single stalk of wheat demands
A barber for its beard!

"The squashes, too, are getting proud;
It almost makes me smile;
They want the very finest neckwear,
Of the very latest style!

"But now the very limit's reached!
I learn, with stifled groan—
Each ear of corn insists upon
A private telephone!"

CAROLYN WELLS.



"Maria, my dear, I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to blow my nose."

One Question Too Many

BETWEEN the Afton station, near the mouth of the tunnel by which the C. & O. R. R. penetrates the Blue Ridge, and the summer hotel known as Mountain Top, there used to be a steep foot-path that gentlemen often preferred to the rough and tedious stage ride. The path passed the cabin of an old negro of the genuine antebellum type. One day a Northern visitor, who had expressed a curiosity about the old man, was taken by some Southern gentlemen to his cabin. The old man was sitting on a bench by his door, and answered all the questions put to him. At last the gentleman said: "But, Uncle, how do you manage to live?"

"Well," he said, "Ah've got meh lill patch o' cohn an' puttaters, an' Ah raise some chickens an' hawgs, an' oncet in a while some gempman fom de Nawth come long an' axes me questions, an' dey mos' gen'ly gives me a dollah."

Inside Information

"THERE are people, Henry, who appreciate my cooking!" said the young wife, bitterly.

"Certainly, dear!—er—who?" queried her husband.

"Well, I just ran in to Widow Carr's with a cupful of lemon pudding, and you ought to have seen her face light up!"

But at this point the Widow Carr's son Tommy, having entered unobserved a moment before, proceeds to wriggle himself up on to the best mahogany chair, and to throw more light on the subject. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "four ladies says they's coming to our house to supper, an' we ain't got but three cups, an' Ma she was a-worryin' 'bout what she'd say to the lady that'd have to drink out o' the milk pitcher. An' when she seen you a-bringin' over another cup, she was 'most glad 'nough to holler!"

A Distant Relative

MRS. WHEELER, on the death of her first husband, married his brother. In the parlor was hanging a portrait of the first husband. One day a caller noticed the portrait, and asked:

"Is that a member of your family, Mrs. Wheeler?"

"Oh yes," replied the woman; "that's my poor brother-in-law."



THE LADY BURGLAR: "Coward, would you strike a woman?"

A Linguist

A NEGRO porter in a barber shop made a speech one night at his colored men's club. It was quite an effort, creating a sensation among his brothers on account of the number of big words it contained.

His employer heard of it, and the next day began twitting him when he saw him absorbed in a dictionary.

"What are you doing, Sam?" he asked. "Looking up some more big words for another speech?"

"No, sah," he replied. "'Tain't that. Ah's jes' translatin' the speech Ah made las' night."

Cool Work

IT had been a distressingly hot day. Riley returned home thoroughly exhausted after a hard day's work and found his better half peeved and also tired out after putting the greater part of the day in at the washtub. She was, however, at the time he entered, seated, fanning herself vigorously.

"Ain't ye got no supper?" he asked, somewhat angrily.

"Supper is it!" she asked. "Go on wid ye. Me all tired out from a hard day's wurruk in the hate an' you come home an' ask for yer supper. Bad cess to ye. Ye would cook no supper either if ye had to wurruk all day in the divil's own furnace. Aisy indade for you all day down in a nice cool sewer."

A Question of Taste

MRS. BROWN, from Boston, has a colored cook—from Georgia. The other day Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and Liza put in a request:

"Mis' Brown," she said, "won't you please ma'm git me a calendar?"

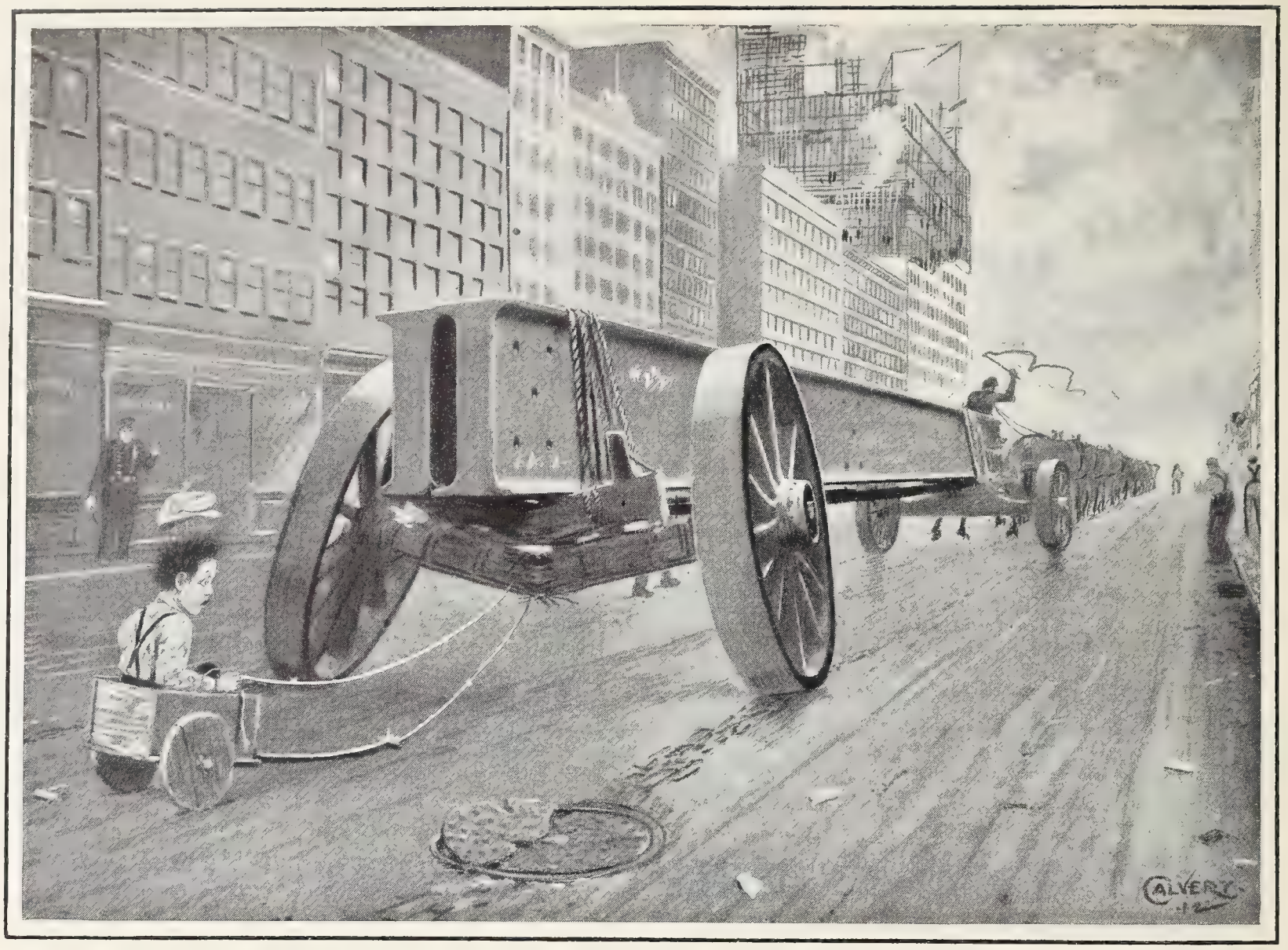
"Why, Liza, there's a calendar hanging by the door. You don't want another calendar!"

"Yas'm, I does. But I mean a calendar what you presses things through. Dat's de kind ob calendar I wants."

Mrs. Brown had a glimmer.

"Oh, Liza, you mean a colander!" she exclaimed.

"Well, it's de same thing," said Liza, patiently. "You uses de broad *a*, but I doesn't. I just says plain calendar."



"The Straw that Broke the Camel's Back"

The Bogy

BY GEORGE L. BUTTRICK

LAST night when it was awful dark,
As I was all snugged up in bed.
I heard a funny little sound.
I pulled the bedclothes round my head
And tried my best to go to sleep;
My eyes were tight as tight could be,
And then I heard that sound again,
And something came and sat on me.

Oh, say, but I was awful scared—
I didn't dare to move a bit.
I held my breath and listened hard
And winked my eyes a tiny slit,
But it was all so fearful dark
I wasn't sure what I *did* see,
But I was sure what I could *feel*,
And something came and sat on me.

Way off down there below my feet
(I sleep in such a great big bed),
I saw a bunch of something black
All crouched down close upon the spread.
I'm pretty sure I saw it move;
I couldn't say for certainly;
And then I heard that sound again
And something came and sat on me.

It wobbled like it had a chill—
You know the way that jelly goes;
I felt as sure as anything
That it was goin' to grab my toes.
And then I hollered right out loud;
I wanted daddy terribly;
I knew that he would drive away
That thing that came and sat on me.

My papa heard me yell, and came,
Wrapped in his big red dressing-gown;
He walked around beside my bed
And pushed the clothes back and sat down.
He put his arm around my neck;
"Why, what's the matter, kid?" said he;
And then I told him all about
How something came and sat on me.

My papa laughed a great big laugh
And took me in his arms, and said
That it was only mamma's shawl
Slipped off the footrail of the bed.
He held me till I went to sleep;
But I was scared, and you'd be, too,
If in the middle of the night
Some big thing came and sat on you



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover Illustration for "The Little Wet Foot"

"SHALL WE BE CAUGHT?" SHE ASKED, BREATHLESSLY

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The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER I

THE hands of the clock on the front of the Strangers' Gallery were nearing six. The long-expected introductory speech of the Minister in charge of the new Land Bill was over, and the leader of the Opposition was on his feet. The House of Commons was full and excited. The side galleries were no less crowded than the benches below, and round the entrance-door stood a compact throng of members for whom no seats were available. With every sentence, almost, the speaker addressing the House struck from it assent or protest; cheers and counter-cheers ran through its ranks; while below the gangway a few passionate figures on either side, the freebooters of the two great parties, watched one another angrily, sitting on the very edge of their seats, like arrows drawn to the string.

Within that privileged section of the Ladies' Gallery to which only the Speaker's order admits, there was no less agitation than on the floor below, though the signs of it were less evident. Some half a dozen chairs placed close against the grille were filled by dusky forms, invisible, save as a dim patchwork, to the House beneath them—women with their faces pressed against the lattice-work which divided them from the Chamber, endeavoring to hear and see, in spite of all the difficulties placed in their way by a graceless Commons. Behind them stood other women, bending forward sometimes over the heads of those in front, in the feverish effort to catch the words of the speech. It was so dark in the little room that no inmate of it could be sure of the identity of any other unless she was close beside her; and it was pervaded by a constant soft *frou-frou* of silk and satin, as persons from an inner room moved in and out, or some lady silently gave up her seat to a new-comer, or one of those in front bent over to whisper to a friend behind. The background of all seemed filled with a shadowy medley of plumed hats, from which sometimes a face emerged as a shaft of faint light from the illumined ceiling of the House struck upon it.

The atmosphere was very hot, and heavy with the scent of violets, which seemed to come from a large bunch worn by a slim standing girl. In front of the girl sat a lady who was evidently absorbed in the scene below. She rarely moved, except occasionally to put up an eyeglass the better to enable her to identify some face on the Parliamentary benches, or the author of some interruption to the Speaker. Meanwhile the girl held her hands upon

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the back of the lady's chair, and once or twice stooped to speak to her.

Next to this pair, but in a corner of the gallery, and occupying what seemed to be a privileged and habitual seat, was a woman of uncouth figure and strange head-gear. Since the Opposition leader had risen, her attention had wholly wandered. She yawned perpetually, and talked a great deal to a lady behind her. Once or twice her neighbor threw her an angry glance. But it was too dark for her to see it; though if she had seen it she would have paid no attention.

"Lady Coryston!" said a subdued voice. The lady sitting in front of the girl turned and saw an attendant beckoning.

The girl moved toward him, and returned.

"What is it, Marcia?"

"A note from Arthur, mamma."

A slip of paper was handed to Lady Coryston, who read it in the gloom with difficulty. Then she whispered to her daughter:

"He hopes to get his chance about seven; if not then, after dinner."

"I really don't think I can stay so long," said the girl, plaintively. "It's dreadfully tiring."

"Go when you like," said her mother, indifferently. "Send the car back for me."

She resumed her intent listening just as a smart sally from the speaker below sent a tumultuous wave of cheers and counter-cheers through his audience.

"He can be such a buffoon—can't he?" said the stout lady in the corner to her companion, as she yawned again. She had scarcely tried to lower her voice. Her remark was, at any rate, quite audible to her next-door neighbor, who again threw her a swift, stabbing look, of no more avail, however, than its predecessors.

"Who is that lady in the corner—do you mind telling me?"

The query was timidly whispered in the ear of Marcia Coryston by a veiled lady, who on the departure of some other persons had come to stand beside her.

"She is Mrs. Prideaux," said Miss Coryston, stiffly.

"The wife of the Prime Minister!" The voice showed emotion.

Marcia Coryston looked down upon her questioner with an air that said, "A country cousin, I suppose."

But she whispered, civilly enough: "Yes. She always sits in that corner. Weren't you here when he was speaking?"

"No—I've not long come in."

The conversation dropped just as the voice of the orator standing on the left of the Speaker rose to his peroration.

It was a peroration of considerable eloquence, subtly graduated through a rising series of rhetorical questions, till it finally culminated and broke in the ringing sentences:

"Destroy the ordered hierarchy of English land, and you will sweep away a growth of centuries, which would not be where it is if it did not in the main answer to the needs and reflect the character of Englishmen. Reform and develop it if you will; bring in modern knowledge to work upon it; change, expand, without breaking it; appeal to the sense of property, while enormously diffusing property; help the peasant without slaying the landlord; in other words, put aside rash, meddlesome revolution, and set yourselves to build on the ancient foundations of our country what may yet serve the new time! Then you will have an *English,* a national policy. It happens to be the Tory policy. Every principle of it is violated by the monstrous bill you have just brought in. We shall oppose it by every means and every device in our power!"

The speaker sat down amid an ovation from his own side. Three men on the Liberal side jumped up, hat in hand, simultaneously. Two of them subsided at once. The third began to speak.

A sigh of boredom ran through the latticed gallery above, and several persons rose and prepared to vacate their places. The lady in the corner addressed some further remarks on the subject of the speech which had just concluded to an acquaintance who came up to greet her. "Childish!—positively childish!"

Lady Coryston caught the words, and as Mrs. Prideaux rose with alacrity to go into the Speaker's private house for a belated cup of tea, her Tory neighbor beckoned to her daughter Marcia to take the vacant chair.

"Intolerable woman!" she said, drawing a long breath. "And they're in for years! Heaven knows what we shall all have to go through."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE VOICE OF THE ORATOR ROSE TO HIS PERORATION

"Horrible!" said the girl, fervently. "She always behaves like that. Yet of course she knew perfectly who you were."

"Arthur will probably follow this man," murmured Lady Coryston, returning to her watch.

"Go and have some tea, mother, and come back."

"No; I might miss his getting up."

There was silence a little. The House was thinning rapidly, and half the occupants of the Ladies' Galleries had adjourned to the tea-rooms on the farther side of the corridor. Marcia could now see her mother's face more distinctly as Lady Coryston sat in a brown study, not listening, evidently, to the very halting gentleman who was in possession of the House, though her eyes still roamed the fast emptying benches.

It was the face of a woman on the wrong side of fifty. The complexion was extremely fair, with gray shades in it. The eyes, pale in color but singularly imperious and direct, were sunk deep under straight brows. The nose was long, prominent, and delicately sharp in the nostril. These features, together with the long upper lip and severely cut mouth and chin, the slightly hollow cheeks and the thin containing oval of the face, set in pale and still abundant hair, made a harsh yet, on the whole, handsome impression. There was at Coryston, in the gallery, a picture of Elizabeth Tudor in her later years to which Lady Coryston had been often compared; and she, who as a rule disliked any reference to her personal appearance, did not, it was sometimes remarked, resent this particular comparison. The likeness was carried further by Lady Coryston's tall and gaunt frame, by her formidable carriage and step, and by the energy of the long-fingered hands. In dress also there was some parallel between her and the Queen of many gowns. Lady Coryston seldom wore colors, but the richest of black silks and satins and the finest of laces were pressed night and day into the service of her masterful good looks. She made her own fashions. Amid the large and befeathered hats of the day, for instance, she alone wore habitually a kind of coif made of thin black lace on her fair hair, the lappets of which were fastened with a diamond close beneath her chin. For the country she invented modifications of her London dress, which, while loose and comfortable, were scarcely less stately. And whatever she wore seemed always part and parcel of her formidable self.

In Marcia's eyes her mother was a wonderful being — oppressively wonderful — whom she could never conveniently forget. Other people's mothers were, so to speak, furniture mothers. They became the chimney-corner or the sofa; they looked well in combination, gave no trouble, and could be used for all the common purposes of life. But Lady Coryston could never be used. On the contrary, her husband—while he lived—her three sons, and her daughter had always appeared to her in the light of so many instruments of her own ends. Those ends were not the ends of other women. But did it very much matter? Marcia would sometimes reluctantly ask herself. They seemed to cause just as much friction and strife and bad blood as other people's ends.

As the girl sat silent, looking down on the bald heads of a couple of Ministers on the Front Bench, she was uneasily conscious of her mother as of some charged force ready to strike. And, indeed, given the circumstances of the family on that particular afternoon, nothing could be more certain than blows of some kind before long. . . .

"You see Mr. Lester?" said her mother, abruptly. "I thought Arthur would get him in."

Marcia's dreaminess departed. Her eyes ran keenly along the benches of the Strangers' Gallery opposite till they discovered the dark head of a man who was leaning forward on his elbows, closely attentive apparently to the debate.

"Has he just come in?"

"A minute or two ago. It means, I suppose, that Arthur told him he expected to be up about seven. When will this idiot have done!" said Lady Coryston, impatiently.

But the elderly gentleman from the Highlands, to whom she thus unkindly referred, went on humming and hawing as before, while the House slumbered or fidgeted, hats well over noses and legs stretched to infinity.

"Oh, there is Arthur!" cried Marcia, having just discovered her brother among

the shadows under the gallery to the left. "I couldn't make him out before. One can see he's on wires."

For while everybody else, after the excitement of the two opening speeches, which was now running its course through the crowded lobbies outside, had sunk into somnolence within the House itself, the fair-haired youth on whom her eyes were bent was sitting erect on the edge of his seat, papers in hand, his face turned eagerly toward the Speaker on the other side of the House. His attitude gave the impression of one just about to spring to his feet.

But Marcia was of opinion that he would still have to wait some time before springing. She knew the humming and hawing gentleman—had heard him often before. He was one of those plagues of debate who rise with ease and cease with difficulty. She would certainly have time to get a cup of tea and come back. So with a word to her mother she groped her way through the dark gallery across the corridor toward a tea-room. But at the door of the gallery she turned back. There through the lattice which shuts in the Ladies' Gallery, right across the House, she saw the Strangers' Gallery at the other end. The man whose head had been propped on his hands when she first discovered his presence was now sitting upright, and seemed to be looking straight at herself, though she knew well that no one in the Ladies' Gallery was really visible from any other part of the House. His face was a mere black-and-white patch in the distance. But she imagined the clear, critical eyes, their sudden frown or smile.

"I wonder what *he*'ll think of Arthur's speech—and whether he's seen Coryston. I wonder whether he knows there's going to be an awful row to-night. Coryston's mad!"

Coryston was her eldest brother, and she was very fond of him. But the way he had been behaving!—the way he had been defying mamma!—it was really ridiculous. What could he expect?

She seemed to be talking to the distant face, defending her mother and herself, with a kind of unwilling deference.

"After all—do I really care what he thinks?"

She turned and went her way to the tea-room. As she entered it, she saw some acquaintances at the farther end, who waved their hands to her, beckoning her to join them. She hastened across the room, much observed by the way, and conscious of the eyes upon her. It was a relief to find herself among a group of chattering people.

Meanwhile at the other end of the room three ladies were finishing their tea. Two of them were the wives of Liberal Ministers—by name, Mrs. Verity and Mrs. Frant. The third was already a well-known figure in London society and in the precincts of the House of Commons—the Ladies' Gallery, the Terrace, the dining-rooms—though she was but an unmarried girl of two-and-twenty. Quite apart, however, from her own qualities and claims, Enid Glenwilliam was conspicuous as the only daughter of the most vigorously hated and ardently followed man of the moment—the North Country miner's agent, who was now England's Finance Minister.

"You saw who that young lady was?" said Mrs. Frant to Miss Glenwilliam. "I thought you knew her."

"Marcia Coryston? I have just been introduced to her. But she isn't allowed to know me!" The laugh that accompanied the words had a pleasant, childish chuckle in it.

Mrs. Frant laughed also.

"Girls, I suppose, have to do what they're told," she said, dryly. "But it *was* Arthur Coryston, wasn't it, who sent you that extra order for to-day, Enid?"

"Yes," laughed the girl again; "but I am quite certain he didn't tell his mother! We must really be civil and go back to hear him speak. His mother will think it magnificent, anyway. She probably wrote it for him. He's quite a nice boy—but—!"

She shook her head over him, softly smiling to herself. The face which smiled had no very clear title to beauty, but it was arresting and expressive and it had beautiful points. Like the girl's figure and dress, it suggested a self-conscious, fastidious personality: egotism, with charm for its weapon.

"I wonder what Lady Coryston thinks of her eldest son's performances in the papers this morning!" said lively little Mrs. Frant, throwing up hands and eyes.

Mrs. Verity, a soft, faded woman with literary tastes, smiled responsively.

"They can't be exactly dull in that family," she said. "I'm told neither Lord Coryston nor his mother ever listens to a word the other says. She is the real thing! When Toryism dies there ought to be a monument in Pall Mall with Lady Coryston as the funeral muse."

"I think I'll bet that Lady Coryston will make Lord Coryston listen to a few remarks on that speech!" laughed Enid Glenwilliam. "Is there such a thing as *matria potestas?* I've forgotten all the Latin I learned at Cambridge, so I don't know. But if there is, that's what Lady Coryston stands for. How splendid—to stand for anything—nowadays!"

The three fell into an animated discussion of the Coryston family and their characteristics. Enid Glenwilliam canvassed them all at least as freely as her neighbors. But every now and then little Mrs. Frant threw her an odd look, as much as to say, "Am I really taken in?"

Meanwhile a very substantial old lady, scarcely less deliberate and finely finished, in spite of her size, than Lady Coryston herself, had taken a chair beside her in the gallery, which was still very empty.

"My dear," she said, panting a little and grasping Lady Coryston's wrist with a plump hand on which the rings sparkled —"my dear, I came to bring you a word of sympathy."

Lady Coryston looked at her coldly.

"Are you speaking of Coryston?"

"Naturally. The only logical result of those proceedings last night would be, of course, the guillotine at Hyde Park Corner. Coryston wants our heads! There's nothing else to be said. I took the speeches for young men's nonsense —just midsummer madness; but I find people very angry. *Your* son!—one of *us!*"

"I thought the speeches very clever," said Lady Coryston.

"I'm rejoiced you take it so philosophically, my dear Emilia!" The tone was a little snappish. "I confess I thought you would have been much distressed."

"What's the good of being distressed? I have known Coryston's opinions for a long time. One has to *act*—of course," the speaker added, with deliberation.

"Act? I don't understand."

Lady Coryston did not enlighten her. Indeed, she did not hear her. She was bending forward eagerly. The fair-haired youth on the back benches, who had been so long waiting his turn, was up at last.

It was a maiden speech, and a good one, as such things go. There was enough nervousness and not too much; enough assurance and not too much. The facts and figures in it had been well arranged. A modest jest or two tripped pleasantly out; and the general remarks at the end had been well chosen from the current stock, and were not unduly prolonged. Altogether a creditable effort, much assisted by the young man's presence and manner. He had no particular good looks, indeed; his nose ascended, his chin satisfied no one; but he had been a well-known oar in the Oxford boat of his day, and was now a Yeomanry officer; he held himself with soldierly erectness, and his slender body, cased in a becoming pale waistcoat under his tail coat, carried a well-shaped head covered with thick waves of light-brown hair.

The House filled up a little to hear him. His father had been a member of Parliament for twenty years, and a popular member. There was some curiosity to know what his son would make of his first speech. And springing from the good feeling which always animates the House of Commons on such occasions there was a fair amount of friendly applause from both sides when he sat down.

"Features the father and takes after the mother," said a white-haired listener in the Strangers' Gallery to himself as the young man ceased speaking. "She's drilled him! Well, now I suppose I must go and congratulate her." He rose from his seat and began to make his way out. In the passage outside the gallery he overtook and recognized the man whose entrance into the House Lady Coryston and her daughter had noticed about an hour earlier.

"Well, what did you think of it, Lester?" The other smiled good-humoredly.

"Capital! Everybody must make a beginning. He's taken a lot of pains."

"It's a beastly audience!" said Sir Wilfrid Bury, in reply. "Don't I know it! Well, I'm off to congratulate. How does the catalogue get on?"

"Oh, very well. I sha'n't finish till the summer. There's a good deal still to do at Coryston. Some of the things are really too precious to move about."

"How do you get on with her ladyship?" asked the old man, gaily, lowering his voice.

The young man smiled discreetly.

"Oh, very well. I don't see very much of her."

"I suppose she's pressed you into the service—makes you help Arthur?"

"I looked out a few things for his speech to-day. But he has his own secretary."

"You're not staying for the rest of the debate?"

"No, I'm going back to St. James's Square. I have a heap of arrears to get through."

"Do they put you up there? I know it's a huge house."

"Yes. I have a bedroom and sitting-room there when I want them, and my own arrangements."

"Ta-ta." Sir Wilfrid nodded pleasantly and vanished into a side passage leading to the Ladies' Gallery. The young man, Reginald Lester, to whom he had been chatting, was in some sort a protégé of his own. It was Sir Wilfrid, indeed, who had introduced him, immediately after he had won a Cambridge historical fellowship, to Lady Coryston—with whose sons Lester had already made friends at the university—as librarian, for the highly paid work of cataloguing a superb collection of MSS. belonging to the Corystons. A generation earlier, Lester's father had been a brother officer of Sir Wilfrid's, in days when the Lester family was still rich, and before the crashing failure of the great banking house of the name.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the House of Commons, Lady Coryston had been sitting pleasantly absorbed, watching her son, who lay now like a man relieved, lolling on the half-empty bench, chatting to a friend beside him. His voice was still in her ears, mingled with the memory of other voices from old, buried times. For more than twenty years how familiar had she been with this political scene!—these galleries and benches, crowded or listless; these opposing Cabinets—the Ins and Outs—on either side of the historic table; the glitter of the mace at its farther end; the books, the old morocco boxes, the tops of the official wigs, the ugly light which bathed it all; the exhausted air, the dreariness, the boredom!—all worth while, these last, just for the moments, the crises, the play of personalities, the conflict of giants, of which they were the inevitable conditions. There, on the second bench above the gangway on the Tory side, her husband, before he succeeded to the title, had sat through four Parliaments. And from the same point of vantage above she had watched him year after year, coming in and out, speaking occasionally, never eloquent or brilliant, but always respected; a good, worthy, steady-going fellow with whom no one had any fault to find, least of all his wife, to whom he had very early given up the management of their common life, while he represented her political opinions in Parliament much more than his own.

Until—until?

Well, until in an evil hour a great question, the only political question on which he differed and had always differed from his wife, on which he felt he *must* speak for himself and stand on his own feet, arose to divide them. There, in that gallery, she had sat, with rage and defeat in her heart, watching him pass along, behind the Speaker's chair, toward the wrong division lobby, his head doggedly held down, as though he knew and felt her eyes upon him, but must do his duty all the same. On this one matter he had voted against her, spoken against her, openly flouted and disavowed her. And it had broken down their whole relation, poisoned their whole life. "Women are natural tyrants," he had said to her once, bitterly. "No man could torment me as you do." And then had come his death—his swift last illness, with those tired eyes still alive in the dumb face, after speech and movement were no longer possible—eyes which were apt to close when she came near.

And yet, after all—the will!—the will which all his relations and friends had taken as the final expression of his life's weakness, his miserable failure to play the man in his own household, and in which *she,* his wife, had recognized with

a secret triumph his last effort to propitiate her, his last surrender to her. Everything left to her, both land and personalty, everything! save for a thousand a year to each of the children and fifteen hundred a year to Coryston, his heir. The great Irish, the great Devonshire properties, the accumulated savings of a lifetime, they were all hers—hers absolutely. Her husband had stood last in the entail; and with a view to her own power, she had never allowed him to renew it.

Coryston had been furiously angry when the terms of his father's will were revealed. She could never think without shivering of certain scenes with Coryston in the past—of a certain other scene that was still to come. Well, it had been a duel between them; and after apparently sore defeat she had won, so far as influence over his father was concerned. And since his father's death she had given him every chance. He had only to hold his tongue, to keep his monstrous, *sans-culotte* opinions to himself, at least, if he could not give them up, and she would have restored him his inheritance, would have dealt with him not only justly, but generously. He had chosen; he had deliberately chosen. Well, now then it was for her—as she had said to old Lady Farnham—it was for her to reply, but not in words only.

She fell back upon the thought of Arthur, Arthur her darling; so manly and yet so docile, so willing to be guided! Where was he, that she might praise him for his speech? She turned, searching the dark doorway with her eyes. But there was no Arthur, only the white head and smiling countenance of her old friend Sir Wilfrid Bury, who was beckoning to her. She hurriedly bade Marcia, who had just returned to the gallery, to keep her seat for her, and went out into the corridor to speak to him.

"Well, not bad, was it? These youngsters have got the trick! I thought it capital. But I dare say you'll have all sorts of fault to find, you most exacting of women!"

"No, no; it was good," she said, eagerly. "And he's improving fast."

"Well, then"—the wise old eyes beside her laughed kindly into hers—"be content, and don't take Coryston's escapades too hardly!"

She drew back, and her long face and haughty mouth stiffened in the way he knew.

"Are you coming to see me on Sunday?" she said, quietly. He took his snubbing without resentment.

"I suppose so. I don't often miss, do I? Well, I hear Marcia was the beauty at the Shrewsbury House ball, and that—" He whispered something laughing in her ear. Lady Coryston looked a little impatient.

"Oh, I dare say. And if it's not he, it will be some one else. She'll marry directly. I always expected it. Well, now I must go. Have you seen Arthur?"

"Mother! Hullo, Sir Wilfrid!"

There was the young orator, flushed and radiant. But his mother could say very little to him, for the magnificent person in charge of the gallery and its approaches intervened. "No talking allowed here, sir, please." Even Lady Coryston must obey. All she could add to her hurried congratulations was:

"You're coming in to-night, remember, Arthur?—nine-thirty."

"Yes, I've paired. I'm coming. But what on earth's up, mother?"

Her lips shut closely.

"Remember, nine-thirty!" She turned and went back into the darkness of the gallery.

Arthur hesitated a moment in the passage outside. Then he turned back toward the little entrance-room opposite the entrance to the ordinary Ladies' Gallery, where he found another attendant.

"Is Miss Glenwilliam here?" he inquired, carelessly.

"Yes, sir, in the front row, with Mrs. Verity and Mrs. Frant. Do you wish to speak to her, sir? The gallery's pretty empty."

Arthur Coryston went in. The benches sloped upward, and on the lowest one, nearest the grille, he saw the lady of his quest, and was presently bending over her.

"Well," he said, flushing, "I suppose you thought it all bosh!"

"Not at all! That's what you have to say. What else can you say? You did it excellently."

Her lightly mocking eyes looked into his. His flush deepened.

"Are you going to be at the Farnhams' dance?" he asked her presently.

"We're not invited. They're too savage with father. But we shall be at the opera to-morrow night."

His face lightened. But no more talk was possible. A Minister was up, and people were crowding back into the gallery. He hurriedly pressed her hand and departed.

CHAPTER II

LADY CORYSTON and her daughter had made a rapid and silent meal. Marcia noticed that her mother was unusually pale, and attributed it partly to the fatigue and bad air of the House of Commons, partly to the doings of her eldest brother. What were they all going to meet for after dinner—her mother, her three brothers, and herself? They had each received a formal summons. Their mother "wished to speak to them on important business." So Arthur—evidently puzzled—had paired for the evening, and would return from the House at 9.30; James had written to say he would come, and Coryston had wired an hour before dinner, "Inconvenient, but will turn up."

What was it all about? Her mother had not sent for them all only to scold Coryston for his Nottingham speech. Some business matter must be involved. Marcia knew very well that the family circumstances were abnormal. Mothers in Lady Coryston's position, when their husbands expire, generally retire to a dower-house on a jointure, leaving their former splendors — the family mansion and the family income — behind them. They step down from their pedestal, and efface themselves; their son becomes the head of the family, and the daughter-in-law reigns in place of the wife. Nobody for many years past could ever have expected Lady Coryston to step down from anything. Although she had brought but a very modest dowry, such from earliest days had been the strength and dominance of her character that her divine right of rule in the family had never been seriously questioned by any of her children except Coryston, although James, who had inherited money from his grandmother, was entirely independent of her, and by the help of a detached and humorous mind could often make his mother feel the stings of criticism when others were powerless. And as for Coryston, who had become a quasi-Socialist at Cambridge, and had ever since refused to suit his opinions in the slightest degree to his mother's, his long absences abroad after taking his degree had for some years reduced the personal friction between them; and it was only since his father's death, which had occurred while he himself was in Japan, and since the terms of his father's will had been known, that Coryston had become openly and angrily hostile.

Why should Coryston, a gentleman who denounced property, and was all for taxing land and landlords into the Bankruptcy Court, resent so bitterly his temporary exclusion from the family estates? Marcia could not see that there was any logical answer. If landlordism was the curse of England, why be angry that you were not asked to be a landlord?

And really — of late — his behavior! Never coming to see his mother—writing the most outrageous things in support of the government — speaking for Radical candidates in their very own county — denouncing by name some of their relations and old family friends: he had really been impossible!

Meanwhile Lady Coryston gave her daughter no light on the situation. She went silently up-stairs followed by Marcia. The girl, a slight figure in white, mounted unwillingly. The big, gloomy house oppressed her as she passed through it. The classical staircase, with its stone-colored paint and its niches holding bronze urns, had always appeared to her since her childhood as the very top of dreariness; and she particularly disliked the equestrian portrait of her great-grandfather by an early Victorian artist, which fronted her as she ascended, in the gallery at the top of the staircase, all the more that she had been supposed from her childhood to be like the portrait. Brought up, as she had been, in the belief that family and heredity are the master forces of life, she resented this teasing association with the weak, silly fellow on the ill-balanced rocking-horse, whose double chin, button nose, and receding forehead not even the evident flattery of the artist had been able to disguise. Her hatred of the picture often led her to make a half-protesting pause in front of the long Chippendale mirror which hung close to it. She made it to-night.

Indeed, the dim reflection in the glass might well have reassured her. Dark eyes and hair, a brunette complexion, grace, health, physical strength—she certainly owed none of these qualities or possessions to her ancestor. The face reminded one of ripe fruit—so rich was the downy bloom on the delicate cheeks, so vivid the hazel of the wide, black-fringed eyes. A touch of something heavy and undecided in the lower part of the face made it perhaps less than beautiful. But any man who fell in love with her would see in this defect only the hesitancy of first youth, with its brooding prophecy of passion, of things dormant and powerful. Face and form were rich—quite unconsciously—in that magic of sex which belongs to only a minority of women, but that a minority drawn from all ranks and occupations. Marcia Coryston believed herself to be interested in many things—in books—in the suffrage—in the girls' debating society of which she was the secretary—in politics—and in modern poetry. In reality her whole being hung like some chained Andromeda at the edge of the sea of life, expecting Perseus. Her heart listened for him perpetually—the unknown!—yearning for his call, his command. . . .

There were many people—witness Sir Wilfrid Bury's remark to her mother—who had already felt this magic in her. Without any conscious effort of her own she had found herself possessed, in the course of three seasons since her coming out, of a remarkable place in her own circle and set. She was surrounded by a court of young people, men and women; she received without effort all the most coveted invitations; she was watched, copied, talked about; and rumor declared that she had already refused—or made her mother refuse for her—one or more of the men whom all other mothers desired to capture. This quasi-celebrity had been achieved no one quite knew how, least of all Marcia herself. It had not apparently turned her head, though those who knew her best were aware of a vein of natural arrogance in her character. But in manner she remained nonchalant and dreamy as before, with just those occasional leaps to the surface of passionate or scornful or chivalrous feeling which made her interesting. Her devotion to her mother was plain. She espoused all her mother's opinions with vehemence, and would defend her actions, in the family or out of it, through thick and thin. But there were those who wondered how long the subservience would last, supposing the girl's marriage were delayed.

As to the gossip repeated by Sir Wilfrid Bury, it referred to the latest of Marcia's adventures. Her thoughts played with the matter, especially with certain incidents of the Shrewsbury House ball, as she walked slowly into the drawing-room in her mother's wake.

The drawing-room seemed to her dark and airless. Taste was not the Coryston strong point, and this high, oblong room was covered with large Italian pictures, some good, some indifferent, heavily framed, and hung on wine-colored damask. A feebly false Guido Reni, "The Sacrifice of Isaac," held the center of one wall, making vehement claim to be just as well worth looking at as the famous Titian opposite. The Guido had hung there since 1820, and what was good enough for the Corystons of that date was good enough for their descendants, who were not going to admit that their ancestors were now discredited—laughed out of court—as collectors, owing to the labors of a few middle-aged intellectuals. The floor was held by a number of gilt chairs and sofas covered also in wine-colored damask, or by tables holding *objets d'art* of the same mixed quality as the pictures. Even the flowers, the stands of splendid azaleas and early roses with which the room was lavishly adorned, hardly produced an impression of beauty. Marcia, looking slowly round her with critical eyes, thought suddenly of a bare room she knew in a Roman palace, some faded hangings in dull gold upon the walls, spaces of light and shadow on the empty matted floor, and a great branch of Judas-tree in blossom lighting up a corner. The memory provoked in her a thrill of sensuous pleasure.

Meanwhile Lady Coryston was walking slowly up and down, her hands behind her. She looked very thin and abnormally tall; and Marcia saw her profile, sharply white, against the darkness of the wall. A vague alarm struck through the daughter's mind. What was her mother about to say or do? There had been a family

meeting in the preceding year when the Dorsetshire property had been sold under a recent act of Parliament. Coryston wouldn't come. "I take no interest in the estates," he had written to his mother. "They're your responsibility, not mine." Marcia rather doubtfully assumed that something of the same kind was about to happen now.

Of course, Coryston would inherit some day. That was taken for granted among them. What were Tory principles worth if they did not some time, at some stage, secure an eldest son and an orthodox succession? Corry was still in the position of heir, when he should normally have become owner. It was very trying for him, no doubt. But exceptional women make exceptional circumstances. And they were all agreed that their mother was an exceptional woman.

But whatever the business, they would hardly get through without a scene, and during the past week there had been a number of mysterious interviews with lawyers going on. . . . What was it all about?

To distract her thoughts, she struck up conversation.

"Did you see Enid Glenwilliam, mother, in Palace Yard?"

"I just noticed her," said Lady Coryston, indifferently. "One can't help it; she dresses so outrageously."

"Oh, mother, she dresses very well! Of course nobody else could wear that kind of thing."

Lady Coryston lifted her eyebrows.

"That's where the ill-breeding comes in—that a young girl should make herself so conspicuous."

"Well, it seems to pay," laughed Marcia. "She has tremendous success. People on our side—people you'd never think—will do anything to get her for their parties. They say she makes things go. She doesn't care what she says."

"That I can quite believe! Yes—I saw she was at Shrewsbury House the other day — dining — when the royalties were there. The daughter of that *man!*"

Lady Coryston's left foot gave a sharp push to a footstool lying in her path, as though it were Glenwilliam himself.

Marcia laughed.

"And she's very devoted to him, too. She told some one who told me that he was so much more interesting than any other man she knew that she hadn't the least wish to marry! I suppose you wouldn't like it if I were to make a friend of her?" The girl's tone had a certain slight defiance in it.

"Do what you like when I'm gone, my dear," said Lady Coryston, quietly. Marcia flushed, and would have replied but for the sudden and distant sound of the hall-door bell. Lady Coryston instantly stopped her pacing, and took her seat beside a table on which, as Marcia now noticed, certain large envelopes had been laid. The girl threw herself into a low chair behind her mother, conscious of a distress, a fear, she could not analyze. There was a substantial fire in the grate, for the April evening was chilly, but on the other side of the room a window was open to the twilight, and in a luminous sky cut by the black boughs of a plane-tree and the roofs of a tall building Marcia saw a bright star shining. The heavy drawing-room, with its gilt furniture and its electric lights, seemed for a moment blotted out. That patch of sky suggested strange, alien, inexorable things, while all the time the sound of mounting footsteps on the stairs grew nearer.

In they came, her three brothers, laughing and talking. Coryston first, then James, then Arthur. Lady Coryston rose to meet them, and they all kissed their mother. Then Coryston, with his hands on his sides, stood in front of her, examining her face with hard, amused eyes, as much as to say: "Now then for the scene. Let's get it over!" He was the only one of the three men who was not in evening dress. He wore, indeed, a shabby greenish-gray suit and a flannel shirt. Marcia noticed it with indignation. "It's not respectful to mother!" she thought, angrily. "It's all very well to be a Socialist and a Bohemian. But there are decencies!"

In spite, however, of the shabby suit and the flannel shirt, in spite also of the fact that he was short and very slight, while his brothers were both of them over six feet and broadly built men, there could be no doubt that, as soon as he entered, Coryston held the stage. He was one of the mercurial men who exist in order to keep the human tide in movement. Their

opinions matter principally because without them the opinions of other men would not exist. Their function is to provoke. And from the time he was a babe in the nursery Coryston had fulfilled it to perfection.

He himself would have told you he was simply the reaction from his mother. And, indeed, although from the time he had achieved trousers their joint lives had been one scene of combat, they were no sooner in presence of one another than the strange links between them made themselves felt no less than the irreconcilable differences.

Now, indeed, as after a few bantering remarks to his mother on his recent political escapades—remarks which she took in complete silence—he settled himself in a high chair in front of her to listen to what she had to say, no subtle observer of the scene but must have perceived the likeness—through all contrast—between mother and son. Lady Coryston was tall, large-boned, thin to emaciation, imposing—a Lady Macbeth of the drawing-room. Coryston was small, delicately finished, a whimsical snippet of a man—on wires—never at ease—the piled fair hair overbalancing the face and the small, sarcastic chin. And yet the essential note of both physiognomies, of both aspects, was the same. *Will!*—carried to extremes, absorbing and swallowing up the rest of the personality. Lady Coryston had handed on the disease of her own character to her son, and it was in virtue of what she had given him that she had made him her enemy.

Her agitation in his presence, in spite of her proud bearing, was indeed evident, at least to Marcia. Marcia read her; had indeed been compelled to read her mother—the movements of hand and brow, the tricks of expression—from childhood up. And she detected, from various signs of nervousness, that Lady Coryston, like herself, expected a rough time.

She led the way to it, however, with deliberation. She took no notice of Coryston's "Well, mother, what's up? Somebody to be tried and executed?" But waving to him to take a particular chair, she asked the others to sit, and placed herself beside the table which held the sheets of folded foolscap. The ugly electric light from overhead fell full upon the pallid oval of her face, on her lace cap and shimmering black dress. Only Marcia noticed that the hand which took up the foolscap shook a little. It was an old hand, delicately white, with large finger-joints.

"I can't pretend to make a jest of what I'm going to say," she said, with a look at Coryston. "I wanted to speak to you all on a matter of business—not very agreeable business, but necessary. I am sure you will hear me out, and believe that I am doing my best, according to my lights, by the family—the estates—and the country."

At the last slowly spoken words Lady Coryston drew herself up. Especially when she said "the country," it was as though she mentioned something peculiarly her own, something attacked, which fled to her for protection.

Marcia looked round on her three brothers: Coryston sunk in a big gilt chair, one leg cocked over the other, his fingers lightly crossed above his head; James with his open brow, his snub nose, his charming expression; and Arthur, who had coaxed Lady Coryston's spaniel onto his lap and was pulling his ears. He looked, she thought, bored and only half attentive. And yet she was tolerably certain that he knew no more than she did what was going to happen.

"I am quite aware," said Lady Coryston, resuming after a pause, "that in leaving his estates and the bulk of his fortune to myself your dear father did an unusual thing, and one for which many persons have blamed him—"

Coryston's cocked leg descended abruptly to the ground. Marcia turned an anxious eye upon him; but nothing more happened, and the voice speaking went on:

"He did it, as I believe you have all recognized, because he desired that in these difficult times, when everything is being called in question, and all our institutions, together with the ideas which support them, are in danger, I should, during my lifetime, continue to support and carry out his ideas—the ideas he and I had held in common,—and should remain the guardian of all those customs and traditions on his estates which he had inherited—and in which he believed—"

Coryston suddenly sat up, shook down

his coat vehemently, and, putting his elbows on his knees, propped his face on them, the better to observe his mother; James was fingering his watch-chain, with downcast eyes, the slightest smile on his gently twitching mouth; Arthur was measuring one ear of the spaniel against the other.

"Two years," said Lady Coryston, "have now passed since your father's death. I have done my best with my trust, though of course I realize that I cannot have satisfied *all* my children." She paused a moment. "I have not wasted any of your father's money in personal luxury—that none of you can say. The old establishment, the old ways have been kept up—nothing more. And I have certainly *wished*"—she laid a heavy emphasis on the word—"to act for the good of all of you. You, James, have your own fortune, but I think you know that if you had wanted money at any time, for any reasonable purpose, you had only to ask for it. Marcia also has her own money; but when it comes to her marriage, I desire nothing better than to provide for her amply. And now as to Coryston—"

She turned to him, facing him magnificently, though not, as Marcia was certain, without trepidation. Coryston flung back his head with a laugh.

"Ah, now we come to it!" he said. "The rest was all 'but leather and prunella.'"

James murmured, "Corry—old man!" Marcia flushed angrily.

"Coryston also knows very well," said Lady Coryston, coldly, "that everything he could possibly have claimed—"

"Short of the estates—which were my right," put in Coryston quietly, with an amused look.

His mother went on, without noticing the interruption: "—would have been his—either now or in due time—if he would only have made certain concessions—"

"Sold my soul and held my tongue? Quite right," said Coryston. "I have scores of your letters, my dear mother, to that effect."

Lady Coryston slightly raised her voice, and for the first time it betrayed emotion.

"If he would, in simple, decent respect to his father's memory, and consideration of his mother's feelings, have refrained from attacking his father's convictions—"

"What! You think he still has them—in the upper regions?"

Coryston flung an audacious hand toward the ceiling. Lady Coryston grew pale. Marcia looked fiercely at her brother, and coming to her mother's side she took her hand.

"Your brothers and sister, Coryston, will not allow you, I think, to insult your father's memory!" The voice audibly shook.

Coryston sprang up impetuously and came to stand over his mother, his hands on his sides.

"Now look here, mother. Let's come to business. You've been plotting something more against me, and I want to know what it is. Have you been dishing me altogether—cutting me finally out of the estates? Is that what you mean? Let's have it!"

Lady Coryston's face stiffened anew into a gray obstinacy.

"I prefer, Coryston, to tell my story in my own words and in my own way—"

"Yes—but please *tell* it!" said Coryston, sharply. "Is it fair to keep us on tenter-hooks? What is that paper, for instance? Extracts, I guess, from your will—which concern me—and the rest of them."

He waved his hand toward the other three. "For God's sake let's have them and get done with it."

"I will read them if you will sit down, Coryston."

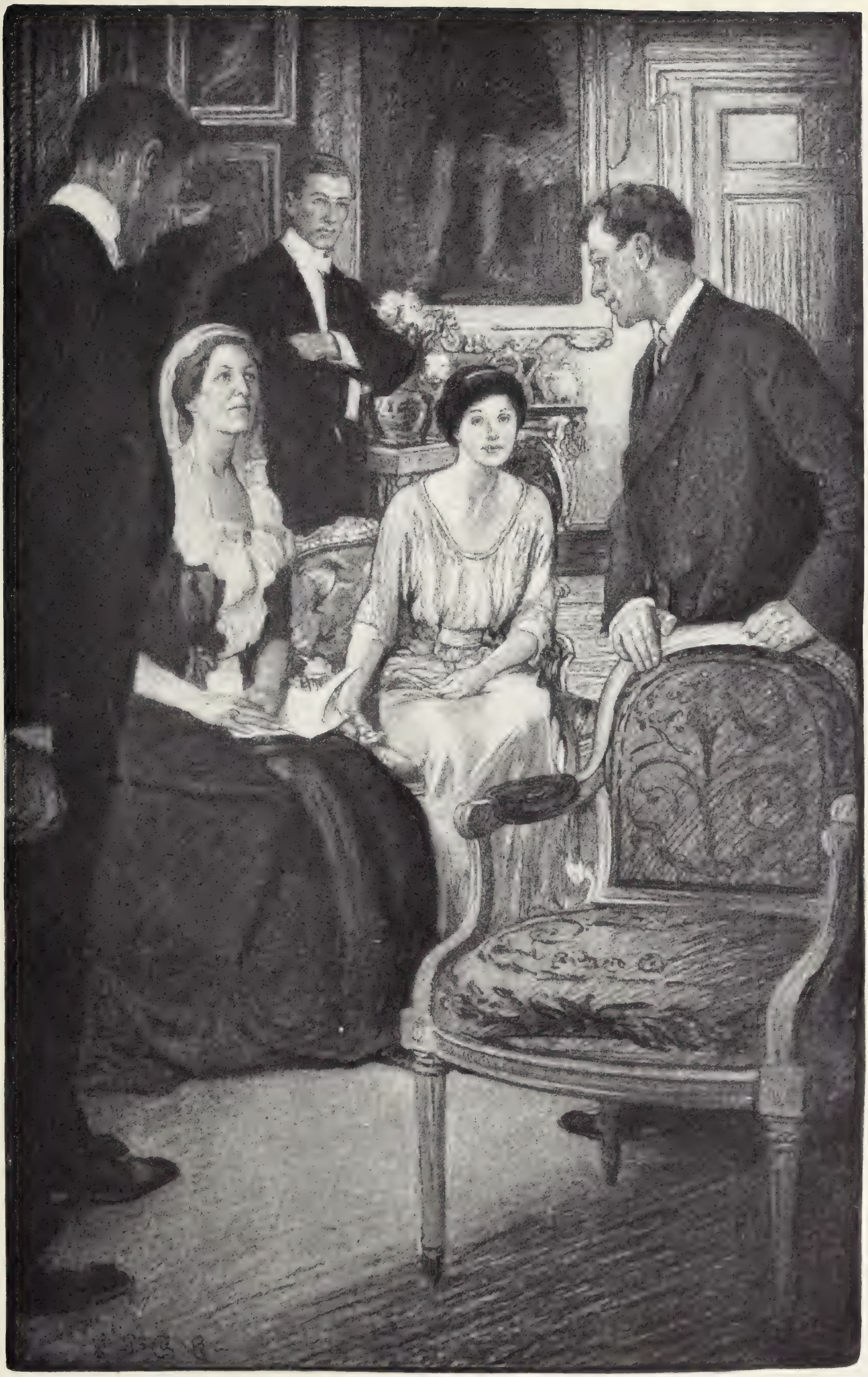
With a whimsical shake of the head, Coryston returned to his chair. Lady Coryston took up the folded paper.

"Coryston guessed rightly. These are the passages from my will which concern the estates. I should like to have explained before reading them in a way as considerate to my eldest son as possible"—she looked steadily at Coryston—"the reasons which have led me to take this course. But—"

"No, no! Business first and pleasure afterward," interrupted the eldest son. "Disinherit me—and then pitch into me. You get at me unfairly while I'm speculating as to what's coming."

"I think," said Marcia, in a tone trembling with indignation, "that Coryston is behaving abominably."

But her brothers did not respond; and Coryston looked at his sister with lifted



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN CONCOCTING THIS, MOTHER?"

brows. "Go it, Marcia," he said, indulgently.

Lady Coryston began to read.

Before she had come to the end of her first paragraph Coryston was pacing the drawing-room, twisting his lips into all sorts of shapes as was his custom when his brain was active. And with the beginning of the second Arthur sprang to his feet.

"I say, mother!"

"Let me finish," asked Lady Coryston, with a hard patience.

She read to the end of the paper. And with the last words Arthur broke out:

"I won't have it, mother! It's not fair on Corry. It's beastly unfair!"

Lady Coryston made no reply. She sat quietly, staring into Arthur's face, her hands, on which the rings sparkled, lightly clasped over the paper which lay upon her knee. James's expression was one of distress. Marcia sat dumfounded.

James approached his mother.

"I think, mother, you will hardly maintain these provisions."

She turned toward him.

"Yes, James, I shall maintain them."

Meanwhile, Arthur, deeply flushed, stood running his hand through his fair hair as though in bewilderment.

"I sha'n't take it, mother! I give you full warning. Whenever it comes to me, I shall hand it back to Corry."

"It won't come to you except as a life interest. The estates will be in trust," said Lady Coryston.

Coryston gave a loud, sudden laugh, and stood looking at his mother from a little distance.

"How long have you been concocting this, mother? I suppose my last speeches have contributed?"

"They have made me finally certain that your father could never have intrusted you with the estates."

"How do you know? He meant me to have the property if I survived you. The letter which he left for me said as much."

"He gave me absolute discretion," said Lady Coryston, firmly.

"At least, you have taken it!" said Coryston, with emphasis. "Now let's see how things stand."

He paused, a thin, wiry figure, under the electric light, checking off the items on his fingers. "On the ground of my political opinion—you cut me out of the succession. Arthur is to have the estates. And you propose to buy me off by an immediate gift of seven thousand a year in addition to my present fortune—the whole income from the land and the tin-mines being, I understand, about ten times that; and you intend to sell certain outlying properties in order to do this. That's your proposal. Well, now, here's mine. I won't take your seven thousand a year! I will have all—all, that is, which would have normally come to me—or *nothing!*"

He stood gazing intently at his mother's face, his small features sparkling.

"I will have all—or nothing!" he repeated. "Of course, I don't deny it for a moment, if the property had come to me, I should have made all sorts of risky experiments with it. I should have cut it up into small holdings. I should have pulled down the house, or made it into a county hospital."

"You make it your business to wound, Coryston."

"No, I simply tell you what I should have done. And I should have been *absolutely in my right!*" He brought his hand down with passion on the chair beside him. "My father had his way. In justice I—the next generation—ought to have mine. These lands were not yours. You have no moral rights over them whatever. They come from my father and his father. There is always something to be said for property so long as each generation is free to make its own experiments upon it. But if property is to be locked in the dead hand, so that the living can't get at it, *then* it is what the Frenchman called it, *theft*—or worse. . . . Well, I'm not going to take this quietly, I warn you. I refuse the seven thousand a year, and if I can't possess the property—well—I'm going to a large extent to manage it."

Lady Coryston started.

"Corry!" cried Marcia, passionately.

"I have a responsibility toward my father's property," said Coryston, calmly. "And I intend to settle down upon it and try and drum a few sound ideas into the minds of our farmers and laborers. Owing to my absurd title, I can't stand for our Parliamentary division—but I

shall look out for somebody who suits me and run him. You'll find me a nuisance, mother, I'm afraid. But you've done your best for your principles. Don't quarrel with me if I do the best for mine. Of course, I know it's hard for you. You would always have liked to manage me. But I never could be managed—least of all by a woman."

Lady Coryston rose from her seat.

"James!—Arthur!—" The voice had regained all its strength. "You will understand, I think, that it is better for me to leave you. I do not wish that either Coryston or I should say things we should afterward find it hard to forgive. I had a public duty to do. I have performed it. Try and understand me. Good night."

"You will let me come and see you tomorrow?" said James, anxiously. She made no reply. Then James and Arthur kissed her, Marcia threw an arm round her and went with her, the girl's troubled, indignant eyes holding Coryston at bay the while.

As Lady Coryston approached the door, her eldest son made a sudden step and opened it for her.

"Good night, mother. We'll play a great game, you and I—but we'll play fair."

Lady Coryston swept past him without a word. The door closed on her and Marcia. Then Coryston turned laughing to his brother Arthur, and punched him in the ribs.

"I say, Arthur, old boy, you talked a jolly lot of nonsense this afternoon. I slipped into the gallery a little to hear you." Arthur grew red.

"Of course it was nonsense to you!"

"What did Miss Glenwilliam say to you?"

"Nothing that matters to you, Corry."

"Arthur, my son, you'll be in trouble too before you know where you are!"

"Do hold your tongue, Corry!"

"Why should I? I back you strongly. But you'll have to stick to her. Mother will fight you for all she's worth."

"I'm no more to be managed than you, if it comes to that."

"Aren't you? You're the darling at present. I don't grudge you the estates, Arthur."

"I never lifted a finger to get them," said Arthur, moodily. "And I shall find a way of getting out of them—the greater part of them, anyway. All the same, Corry, if I do—you'll have to give guarantees."

"Don't you wish you may get them! Well, now"—Coryston gave a great stretch—"can't we have a drink? You're the master here, Arthur. Just order it. James, did you open your mouth while mother was here? I don't remember. You looked unutterable things. But nobody could be as wise as you look. I tell you, though you are a philosopher and a man of peace, you'll have to take sides in this family row, whether you like it or not. Ah! Here's the whiskey. Give us a cigar. Now then we'll sit on this precious paper!"

He took up the roll his mother had left behind her, and was soon sipping and puffing in the highest good-humor, while he parodied and mocked at the legal phraseology of the document which had just stripped him of seventy thousand a year.

Half an hour later the brothers had dispersed, Coryston and James to their bachelor quarters, Arthur to the House of Commons. The front door was no sooner shut than a slender figure in white emerged from the shadows of the landing overhead. It was Marcia, carrying a book.

She came to the balustrade, and looked over into the hall below. Nothing to be heard or seen. Her brothers, she perceived, had not left the house from the drawing-room. They must have adjourned to the library, the large ground-floor room at the back.

"Then Mr. Lester knows," she thought, indignantly. "Just like Corry!" And her pride revolted against the notion of her brothers discussing her mother's actions, her mother's decisions, with this stranger in the house. It was quite true that Mr. Lester had been a friend both of Arthur and of Coryston at Cambridge, and that Arthur in particular was devoted to him. But that did not excuse the indiscretion, the disloyalty, of bringing him into the family counsels at such a juncture. Should she go down? She was certain she would never get to sleep after these excitements, and she wanted the second volume of *Diana of the Crossways*. Why not? It was only just eleven.

None of the lights had yet been put out. Probably Mr. Lester had gone to bed.

She ran down lightly, and along the passage leading to the library. As she opened the door, what had been light just before became suddenly darkness, and she heard some one moving about.

"Who is that?" said a voice. "Wait a moment."

A little fumbling, and then a powerful reading-lamp, standing on a desk heaped with books midway down the large room, was relit. The light flashed toward the figure at the door.

"Miss Coryston! I beg your pardon! I was just knocking off work. Can I do anything for you?"

The young librarian came toward her. In the illumination from the passage behind her she saw his dark Cornish face, its red-brown color, broad brow, and blue eyes.

"I came for a book," said Marcia rather hurriedly, as she entered. "I know where to find it. Please don't trouble." She went to the shelves, found her volume, and turned abruptly. The temptation which possessed her proved too strong.

"I suppose my brothers have been here?"

Lester's pleasant face showed a certain embarrassment. "They have only just gone—at least, Arthur and Lord Coryston. James went some time ago."

Marcia threw her head back defiantly against the latticed bookcase.

"I suppose Corry has been attacking my mother?"

Lester hesitated, then spoke with grave sincerity: "I assure you, he did nothing of the kind. I should not have let him." He smiled.

"But they've told you—he and Arthur—they've told you what's happened?"

"Yes," he said, reluctantly. "I tried to stop them."

"As if anything could stop Corry!" cried Marcia, "when he wants to do something he knows he oughtn't to do. And he's told you his precious plan—of coming to settle down at Coryston—in our very pockets—in order to make mother's life a burden to her?"

"A perfectly mad whim!" said Lester, smiling again. "I don't believe he'll do it."

"Oh yes, he will," said Marcia; "he'll do anything that suits his ideas. He calls it following his conscience. Other people's ideas and other people's consciences don't matter a bit."

Lester made no answer. His eyes were on the ground. She broke out, impetuously:

"You think he's been badly treated?"

"I had rather not express an opinion. I have no right to one."

"Mayn't women care for politics just as strongly as men?" cried the girl, as though arguing the question with herself. "I think it's *splendid* my mother should care as she does! Corry ought to respect her for it."

Lester made a pretense of gathering up some papers on his desk, by way of covering his silence. Marcia observed him, with red cheeks.

"But of course you don't, you can't, feel with us, Mr. Lester. You're a Liberal."

"No," he protested, mildly, raising his eyes in surprise. "I really don't agree with Coryston at all. And in general I don't intend to label myself just yet. There's no need."

"But you think other things matter more than politics?"

"Ah, yes," he said, smiling—"that I do. Especially—" He stopped.

"Especially—for women?" The breaking of Marcia's delightful smile answered him. "You see, I guessed what you meant to say. What things? I think I know."

"Beauty—poetry—sympathy. Wouldn't you put those first?"

He spoke the words shyly—looking down upon her.

There was something in the mere sound of them that thrilled—that made a music in the girl's ears. She drew a long breath, and suddenly, as he raised his eyes, he saw her as a white vision, lit up, Rembrandt-like, in the darkness, by the solitary light—the lines of her young form, the delicate softness of cheek and brow, the eager eyes.

She held out her hand.

"Good night. I shall see what Meredith has to say about it."

She held up her volume, ran to the door, and disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wilderness of Northern Korea

BY ROY C. ANDREWS

Assistant Curator of Mammalogy, American Museum of Natural History

JUST beyond the borders of Korea, in the solitude of a pathless wilderness, lies a beautiful white mountain, cradling in its summit the blue waters of an exquisite lake. It is the Paik-tu-san, the sacred mountain of the Manchus. From a valley near its base, three hundred years ago, there rose a petty Tartar chieftain who challenged the power of mighty China and placed upon her throne a dynasty of conquerors. The struggle for mastery in the Celestial Empire had hardly ceased when two intrepid Jesuit missionaries, coming from the north, climbed the pumice-covered slopes of the Long White Mountain and looked down upon the wonderful lake, the "Dragon Prince's Pool," from which, the Manchus say, no man has yet returned.

Until thirty years ago, however, Korea offered a barred door to the Occident, and foreigners remained excluded from the vast wilderness to the southwest of the Paik-tu-san between the Yalu and the Tumen rivers. A region of wonderful, densely wooded plateaus, gloomy cañons, and subterranean streams, it was said to be inhabited only by wandering bands of Chinese robbers who ranged along its borders. Except by inference, nothing was known of the zoology of this northern wilderness, and to bring back specimens of its birds and mammals for the American Museum of Natural History I went to Korea late in 1911.

An interpreter and cook were engaged in Seoul, the capital, and we went by ship on April 1st to Chon Chin, a village on the east coast, not far from the Russian city of Vladivostok. From Chon Chin the journey into the interior was interesting. Its first stage was over a peculiar little railroad, along which we were pushed on small hand-cars by a coolie on either side. Each man had a heavy, four-foot stick, one end of which he inserted into the floor of the car, pushed until good speed was attained, and then jumped on behind to ride as long as the momentum lasted. In this manner we could travel at the rate of seven or eight miles per hour. The track led through a treeless but extensively cultivated valley, beside a telephone line, to the old walled town of Puryon. Next morning we were pushed up the railway to Muryantai, and spent the night in a Korean hut.

We left the push-railroad there and hired three bull-carts to take our equipment to Musan, forty miles away. Musan is the largest town in the interior of northeastern Korea, and lies only a quarter of a mile from the Tumen River, which forms the boundary. We came to it through a beautiful valley just at dusk, and in the mists of early evening, which softened the outlines of the grim old walls and half-ruined watch-towers, we seemed to be approaching an enchanted city.

The mountains of Manchuria were fading from sight when we entered the weather-stained gate, through which, in all its five hundred years, but few white men had ever passed. We were met by two or three Japanese gendarmes, besides about half the village, and as our wagon-train wound slowly up the narrow street between the bamboo fences, the road behind us was packed with silent, staring men and dirty children. Women there were in plenty, but the only sight I had of them was of half-covered faces and curious brown eyes peering from between the wicker hedges.

Next morning I had my first view of Musan, and it left me with a confused but delightful impression of massive, crumbling walls, picturesque gateways, narrow streets, and decaying buildings. It is typical of all the old cities of northern Korea. At each corner of the ram-



A Bull-market near Seoul

parts is a square watch-tower, having tiled, upturned gables, and on the east, west, and south a massive, two-storied gate. The western entrance is the largest and most impressive, and is in excellent condition. It is elaborately decorated in yellow and red, the Imperial colors, which could only be used on official buildings.

To wander about in the ancient temples, into the public reception-hall, deserted and decayed, but scarcely changed, to explore the ruined palaces and guest-house, was like turning the torn and yellow pages of an old book, and learning, as its first reader, the secrets of an age-long and hidden civilization. The city is replete with the charm and mystery of the Orient and the fascination of a hermit kingdom; of a people who, satisfied with their own greatness, for centuries lived in seclusion and jealously guarded the boundaries of their country.

In one of the temples the public school of Musan had its home. Here sixty bright little Korean boys from eight to fifteen years of age were being taught Japanese by a Japanese master. All their training was conducted along Japanese lines, and it is safe to say that the rising generation will be strongly influenced in the direction of the ruling power—as it should be. The children were drawn up in the courtyard when I appeared, and even the schoolmaster could not prevent them from breaking line and crowding about to get a look at me. Many of them had never seen a white man, for only during the Russian-Japanese war and once or twice since then had Europeans come so far inland.

Musan was left with genuine regret after a two-days' stay, and we started eastward for the village of Hozando. Two tigers had appeared at this place several days before and had killed a girl, besides three horses. I hoped to get the animals for a group at the Museum, as the long-haired Korean tiger is rare in collections and is much more beautiful than his Southern relative. Contrary to the general impression, tigers are not confined to the tropical jungles of India and the Malay Peninsula, but range northward, through the bitterly cold mountains of China and Korea, far up into Siberia.



THE PUSH-RAILROAD ON WHICH THE EXPEDITION TRAVELED TO MURYANTAI

We remained at Hozando and its environs for three weeks, and when the hunting was finished, returned to Musan to secure horses for the expedition into the unexplored forests to the south and west.

Without the assistance of the gendarmes we would have been helpless, for the natives did not want to go. Even before we left the coast, stories had been rife as to the wandering bands of Chinese robbers which hung about the outskirts of the forests. Because of that the gendarmes had the greatest difficulty in getting the six horses required to carry our supplies. It was only by ordering the *mafus* (horsemen) to go that we finally did secure horses, and even then one of the men deserted.

After leaving Musan we traveled southwestward, and were soon in a country which had never been visited by a white man. Our objective was the little village of Nonsatong (Nojido). It lies just at the edge of the forests which stretch away to the west and south in a primeval, uninhabited wilderness. From Musan to Nonsatong the road is good, and for about twelve miles winds along close to the Tumen River, now on the bluffs high above it, and again descending to the very edge of the water. Two hundred feet away, across the river, are the sandstone cliffs of China.

Beside the road on every hilltop are picturesque wooden shrines which have been erected to the god of the mountain. The Koreans of the north believe that every valley and hill has its own special divinity, and almost always stop to thank the mountain god for their protection.

One day while hunting at Nonsatong I found the seven men of the village preparing their annual offerings to the god of their valley. This particular joss was supposed to live in a great rock bearing a larch-tree, and each year offerings were made to him. The men boiled a chicken and a kettle of millet, and cleaned and scoured the brass dishes and spoons. They then knelt in front of the rock, "chin-chinning" and praying loudly for good weather and heavy crops, no sickness, and the birth of many cattle and children. The praying continued for half an hour, then the Koreans insisted that I join them in the feast. They were delighted when I accepted, and said that since the white *yang-ban* (nobleman) had honored their gods in this way they were sure the year would be the most fruitful in the history of the valley.

The gloom of the dense forest behind us, the strange dress of my companions,

and the heathen rites which were being performed all contributed to make a most interesting setting for the banquet, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. The interpreter was sent for my camera, and when it arrived and I had assured them that the strange-looking instrument would not go off, they sat quietly until the photographing was ended. They had not the slightest idea of what was being done, but when I asked to have the dishes replaced in front of the rock they refused. Their god would be deeply offended if food which had first been tasted by a human was offered to him, they said. The *saké* (wine), of which they insisted I should drink several cups, was about the vilest concoction I have ever had to swallow, and so strong that my head was whirling for hours afterward. It was made from potatoes, of which the Koreans in the north raise considerable quantities.

After leaving the river on the way from Musan to Nonsatong we crossed two wide, treeless, and well-cultivated plateaus. The fields were sown to oats and millet, and along the excellent road ran the telephone wires which connect Huheh and Kapsan. Few houses were to be seen, but it was all so civilized in appearance that I began to wonder if, after all, there really were any forests in Korea. But when we reached Nonsatong on the second day's march, and saw at the head of the valley the wonderful masses of dark-green larch-trees climbing far up the mountain-side and losing themselves in the low-hanging clouds, I realized that this was the very threshold of an unknown country; that within the depths of that somber forest the secrets of countless years lay hidden; that on the morrow the work I had come ten thousand miles to do could be begun. I slept that night breathing the strong, sweet perfume of the larch-trees, and dreamed that I was wandering alone through the forest, opening the treasure-boxes of the Wild.

We found good collecting at Nonsatong, and remained a week. The village, if it could be called so, consisted of ten or twelve huts of the poorest kind, strung out along the valley, and to the inhabitants I was an object of the greatest curiosity. They had never seen a white man before. My blue eyes attracted most attention, and when the simple, timid people learned that I was not averse to being examined they gave their curiosity full play. They did not believe that it was possible for a man having eyes like mine to see properly, their usual test being to select a tree or rock some distance away and ask me to tell them what it was.



ONE OF THE OLD GATES AT MUSAN



KOREAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN AND THE SCHOOL BUILDING AT MUSAN

The interpreter told the natives at Nonsatong that we would pay six sen (three cents) for any mouse, rat, or other small mammal which they could catch. They did not believe at first that any man would be foolish enough to pay such a price as that for something which could not be eaten, but, after repeated urgings to try and see, on the second day the men of the village arrived *en masse* with a chipmunk. At once six sen was offered for it, to the utter amazement of the Koreans. The next day there was an influx of chipmunks, for every man and child in the village turned out to catch them, and by two in the afternoon they had nineteen.

The natives raised quantities of onions, of which all Koreans are very fond, and on the first day of our arrival we bought a great bunch for four sen. After payment of six sen for a chipmunk, however, the price of onions jumped to thirty sen, for they argued, quite naturally, that if we would give six sen for a useless little animal not fit to eat, they could demand almost anything for perfectly good food. Although I proclaimed a boycott upon onions, the price was not reduced to its original status.

The Koreans, of course, did not know what would be done with the skins of the birds, mice, and other mammals which were being prepared so carefully. It was generally believed that I was crazy, and to that was added the distinction of being a colossal liar after they had seen a picture of the Museum, and were told that this great house, which seemed to them too big to really exist, was built to contain mice and rats and other animals. Many of them thought that when the specimens had been prepared, in some way they could be made to live again.

Even though the collecting at Nonsatong was good, I was impatient to leave. The lure of the miles and miles of unknown forest stretching away to the west and south was too strong to be resisted, and we left on May 8th, at 5.30 in the morning, after each of the *mafus* had prayed for protection at a shrine near the edge of the woods.

I had learned from the Koreans that fourteen miles away, near the Tumen River, a log hut had been built by some hunters a number of years before, and decided to go there, since it was in the direction of Paik-tu-san. Beyond this

camp there was no habitation of any kind. The traveling was not difficult, for an old, nearly obliterated trail led through the forest along the bank of the river. As we progressed, the Tumen Valley opened out before us, a beautiful, flat plain some two miles wide, dotted with groves of larch, oak, and silver birch. The plain is flanked by low hills, clothed with a heavy larch forest, fifty to one hundred feet in height. The valley would make a splendid cattle-grazing country, for the long, matted grass indicated a luxurious growth during the summer.

About thirteen miles from Nonsatong we left the river and struck through the forest toward a low mountain with a truncated summit, at the base of which the log cabin was said to have been built. After a mile of scrambling over fallen trees we came out upon the edge of a clearing and saw the little camp nestled into the hillside. The cabin was turned over to the men, and my tent pitched a short distance away under a tree.

Just above the log house was a row of little bark structures, about two feet square, which I learned were shrines erected to the god of the mountain by each man who had hunted there. The Koreans said that we must also build one, so I assisted and brought some rice and a cup of *saké* to propitiate the mountain god. One who has lived in the Orient soon learns that it is best to humor the natives in such things.

The hunting was not good at this camp, and I decided to push on deeper into the forest. The objective was still the Paik-tu-san, for, although it was not desirable to climb the mountain, I wished to pass through the unexplored country to its base.

As soon as we left the log cabin, traveling became difficult, and it was necessary to depend entirely upon the compass for direction. We steadily ascended the plateaus, and the forest changed quickly; instead of being plentifully interspersed with birch and oak, these gave place entirely to larch. The woods increased in density and the trees in size, and were festooned with beautiful gray moss, which strung itself from branch to branch, forming a thick canopy above our heads.

The traveling was very difficult. We followed the lines of least resistance, twisting and turning to avoid impassable barriers of rocks and underbrush, scrambling over fallen trees, and sometimes



A Mafu praying at a Shrine before the Expedition started into the Forest

cutting a passage with our hunting-knives. The gloom of the forest was depressing, and the silence more so. Animal life was absent, and when we stopped to rest not a bird's cry broke the solemn stillness. We seemed to be the only living things in a dead world. The occasional crashing of the horses in the underbrush and the guiding shout of a *mafu* echoed among the trees and lost themselves in the distance, only intensifying the loneliness. In the afternoon it turned cold and began to snow, the great white flakes drifting softly through the mossy canopy overhead out of a dull, leaden sky. The men were discouraged, and I decided to camp.

It was a subdued and quiet lot of Koreans who gathered about the fire that night and cooked their supper. They were not used to this, and did not like it. Their timid, impressionable natures yielded to every subtle influence of the forest, and even endowed with life the shadows which danced and played upon the tree-trunks. They were frightened, but of what they could not tell.

The next three days were repetitions of the first. As we ascended higher on the mountain-slopes the cold increased, and great drifts of snow, piled high against the rocks, began to show in the darker portions of the forest. When we climbed a hilltop or came to an opening in the trees we could see the peaks of the Paik-tu-san glistening against the sky. It was an inspiration, that beautiful mountain, lying so white and still in its cradle of dark-green trees, its peaks caressed by the floating clouds. Each time I saw it it seemed more wonderful, more dominating in its grandeur, and I was glad to be one of the chosen few to look upon its sacred beauty.

We were high upon the plateaus at the base of the Long White Mountain now, and the snow was drifted deep at every rock and windfall. I tried to trap, but caught nothing. We saw no mammals and but few birds; the woods were as barren of life as an arctic glacier.

There seemed to be but little more to be accomplished, and I determined to retrace our steps part way and strike southwestward through the forest toward the Yalu River. Before we left Nonsa-tong the Koreans had spoken of the "Samcheyong," which lay on a mountain half-way to the Yalu, and my gun-bearer knew its general location, for he had been there years before. Samcheyong means "Three Bodies of Water," and from descriptions I was sure they must be lakes. To the best of my knowledge Korea was a lakeless country, and the Samcheyong seemed to be well worthy of investigation.

When the Koreans were told that we were to go back a little and then strike directly through the forest for the lakes, I realized that trouble was brewing. They begged to be allowed to return whence they had come. When I refused they turned to the horses and muttered curses at the white *yang-ban* who had already forced them to go far beyond their wishes. Next day they again, and more insistently, demanded permission to go back, and the interpreter said he believed the men intended to take the horses that night and strike for Nonsa-tong, leaving us, with the outfit, in the woods. He was greatly frightened, and said I had better abandon the trip to the Samcheyong and reach the Yalu by the easy route from Huheh. The senseless fears of the Koreans made me very angry, and, when we camped, the *mafus* were told that the first man who touched a horse that night would be shot. They did not go to bed; so, taking the heavy tiger-rifle and pulling my sleeping-bag partly on, I sat down by the fire. About twelve o'clock the Koreans turned in, but it seemed best to watch all night.

We started again at daylight, turning southwestward toward the watershed between the Yalu and the Tumen rivers. Fortunately the traveling was somewhat easier, for the forest was open in places, and we camped early. I got an hour's sleep while the men were away pulling dried grass for their beds, but the interpreter told me they would surely steal the horses if they were not watched.

I spent another sleepless night by the fire listening to the wind whispering among the larch-trees and the howling of a wolf which circled about our camp. I was glad to hear that wolf, for it meant that deer must be somewhere in the neighborhood.

We were on the way again by sunrise, and after an hour emerged into a vast,



THE TUMEN RIVER, WHICH SEPARATES KOREA AND MANCHURIA. ON THE RIGHT ARE THE HILLS OF MANCHURIA, AND ON THE LEFT THOSE OF KOREA

burned tract, thousands of acres in extent. All day we tramped among the charred remains of a once grand forest, the black specters standing stiff and straight, their naked arms pointing upward to the sky. To me nothing is more depressing than the absolute desolation which a forest fire leaves in its wake, but its effect was like magic on the Koreans. As soon as they left the gloom of the larch-trees and came out into the sunlight their spirits rose, and they began to call to one another in half-laughing tones; now and then one would chant a few words of a strange, weird song, or give the long, musical "yodel" sometimes used by the natives of the north. It was a great relief to me to see the men cheer up, and acted like a stimulant on my tired legs and smarting eyes. I hoped to reach the Samcheyong that night, for from what had been learned at Nonsatong of its location, and from the statements of the gun-bearer, it seemed probable that it was not more than twenty-five miles from our last camping-place.

About four o'clock we left the burned woods, passing into a thin larch forest where traveling was easy, and we made fine progress. I was surprised, upon computing with the aneroid barometer, to find that we had ascended nearly a thousand feet from our last camp, but so gradually that it was hard to realize we had been going up at all.

Just before sundown I heard a shout from the *mafus,* and saw them pointing at a great flock of ducks circling over the woods half a mile ahead. The sight of that long, black line of birds made me forget that for two nights and days I had been without sleep, that every muscle of my body was aching with exhaustion, and that the rifle cut into my shoulder like a bar of lead.

I ran ahead of the horses to have my first sight of the Samcheyong alone. I could see the glint of water far away among the trees, but lost it when crossing a wide, shallow ravine. Coming up on the other side, and through a fringe of trees, I stepped out upon the shore of a beautiful lake. It was like a great, pure jewel in a setting of green. Not the tiniest wavelet marred the brilliance of its surface, which gave back, as a flawless mirror, a picture of its shores. Far away to the northward, guarding this rare treasure of the wilderness, rose the glistening white peaks of the Paik-tu-san, the sacred mountain of the Manchus.

I sat down upon a log and reveled in

its beauty. It was like a draught of pure, cold water to a thirsty man. A thrill of satisfaction set every nerve a-tingle at the realization that I was the first white man who had looked upon its surface: that it was *my* lake, that no matter how many Orientals had seen it, I was to be the first to tell of its loveliness to the Western world.

We camped in a little clearing a hundred feet from the water. There was no fear that night of losing the horses, and without waiting for dinner I crawled wearily to my tent and dropped into the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Next day it appeared that the name "Samcheyong" is well given, for there really are three bodies of water; in fact, there are four, because an elongated pond lies between what I called the "first" and "second" lakes, connected with it by a dry marsh. All three are circular. The first is about one mile in circumference, the second three miles, and the third about three-quarters of a mile. Near the center of the largest lake is a heavily wooded island, and from it a long sand-spit projects almost to the western shore. The basins of all three lakes consist of fine volcanic ash, so loose that a man sinks half-way to his ankles when walking on the beach, and my Korean gun-bearer said that, twelve or fourteen feet below, charcoal was to be found. Much of the region in the immediate vicinity of the lakes is cut into deep basins of varying sizes, which are undoubtedly full of water during the season of rain or melting snows. All these basins are of volcanic ash, and there seems to be little doubt but that this must have come from some violent eruption of the Long White Mountain many years ago. The lakes themselves seem to be fed chiefly by rain and snow, and possibly to some extent by springs. They lie almost on the summit of the watershed at an elevation of 3,700 feet. We made a raft by tying logs together with rope, and launched it on the largest lake to take soundings; the water proved to be eight or ten feet deep, but during the rainy season would undoubtedly rise several feet higher.

After returning to Seoul I found a military map, made during the Russian-Japanese war, upon which the lakes were indicated by the Korean name of Samcheyong. It was a disappointment to learn that they were known to the Japanese, but there was some comfort in the fact that they were still new to the Western world. The pond was the only one of the four bodies of water con-



THE EXPEDITION CROSSING THE YALU RIVER IN A DUG-OUT CANOE



SAMCHEYONG—LOOKING ACROSS THE LARGEST LAKE

taining rushes or other vegetation, and in this flocks of mallard ducks had their homes. "Golden eyes" and "blue-bills" were also plentiful on the large lake, and the second morning I killed a fine black-cock, well known to English sportsmen.

I shall never forget the first time I killed a deer in Korea. It was at Hozando while hunting tiger. A buck had been shot, and the bullet, passing through both lungs, filled the thorax with clotted blood. When we opened the animal to remove the viscera, the gun - bearer scooped up handfuls of the blood to drink, and, tearing out the liver, ate the steaming red mass with enjoyment. The Koreans believe that the blood of a deer, if drunk while warm, has great medicinal properties, and they never miss an opportunity to get it. Preparations made from growing deer-horn and from tigers' claws, teeth, and bones are among the most valuable drugs in their pharmacopœia, and a bear furnished the cook with enough medicine to insure his health for twenty years. The stomach and other viscera are highly prized for food, and will always be chosen in preference to the finest tenderloin.

The lakes were left with the greatest regret. The night before we started there had been a two-inch fall of snow, and in the morning we awoke to find ourselves in fairyland. We were living in a great white palace, with ceiling and walls of filmy, glittering webs. The long, delicate strands of gray moss which draped themselves from tree to tree and branch to branch were each one converted into threads of crystal, forming a filigree lace-work, infinitely beautiful. If I had not realized that within two hours it would all be gone we would never have started that day, but it was too late in the season for snow to last long after sunrise.

Two miles from the lakes we crossed the summit of the watershed, just one hundred feet above the Samcheyong. Here, in a little clearing, stood a log temple, brown and weather-beaten, but in good repair. Instantly the *mafus* tied the horses and began to worship at the shrine. Each man in turn gave a small offering of rice or millet and his thanks to the mountain joss for bringing him safely through the perils of the forest.

It took the best part of an hour, and I waited until the services were ended, then went into the temple to explore it for myself. Behind the altar, and on either side, were three small but beautifully executed water-color paintings, and my collector's instinct was aroused at once; they would make splendid exhibits

for the Museum! I turned toward the door of the shrine, and there, just outside, watching me, was the Korean gun-bearer, the tiger-rifle in his hand. Perhaps he had divined my temptation when he saw the interest with which the pictures were being examined.

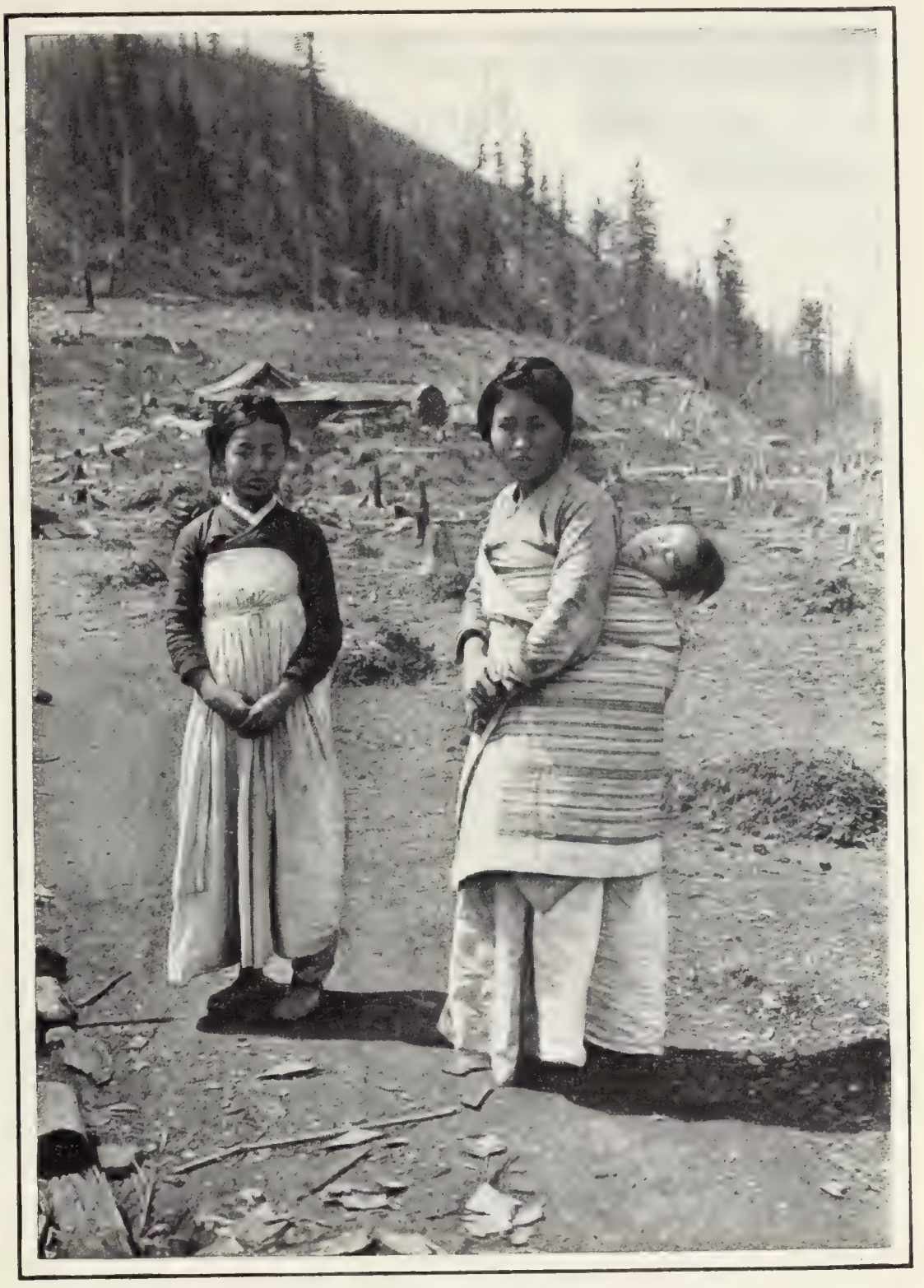
After leaving the summit of the watershed the descent became more abrupt than was the approach from the other side, and almost at once the forest changed; the trees were larger, the undergrowth more dense, and the ground soft and wet. Everywhere springs and streamlets spread into marshes filled with sticky mud, which made traveling difficult enough for a man, but for the horses well-nigh impossible. The poor brutes sank almost to their shoulders at every step, and had to be literally pried out of the mud. After trying to cross one good-sized marsh and getting the horses hopelessly mired, we found that the only way to pass was to cut small trees, lay them end to end, and drive the horses over; in short, to build a bridge. It was slow work, for hardly had one swamp been negotiated before another was awaiting us. By noon we had covered three miles, and were almost exhausted. In the afternoon we made three more, and I do not think that a dirtier or more disgusted lot of men than we were when we camped that night existed in all Korea. The swamps were finished, however, for during the last half-mile we traveled on solid ground. During the dry season this place would probably not be very difficult to cross, but I should never again attempt it so early in the spring.

The forest through which we passed was magnificent. Great larches from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height and four to five feet in diameter were everywhere, their branches festooned with gray moss and interlaced above. Every log and fallen tree, every stump and rock, was covered inches thick with beautiful gold-brown lichens forming a carpet of luxurious softness. Progress was necessarily slow, but seemed easy after our experience near the lakes. There was little more animal life than on the other side of the watershed, but now and then birds were seen, especially a great, black woodpecker with a red crest. It seemed like some evil spirit of the wood in the gloom and stillness, and frightened the *mafus* badly by swooping past their heads.

We were nearly out of the forest when an incident occurred which threw the Koreans into a wild panic. Their courage was absolutely gone, and no threats would induce them to spend another night in the woods. It was useless to argue with them, and I yielded to the inevitable. It meant a night of stumbling about, scrambling over fallen logs, and running the risk of breaking our necks, but they thought it preferable to braving the terrors of the wilderness. At five o'clock in the morning we saw light through the trees ahead, and wound slowly down the hillside toward half a dozen huts which lay huddled together as if seeking mutual protection. It was the village of Potisan. From there we crossed another steep and heavily forested mountain to Potaidon, where fifteen houses were strung out along a wide, deep valley; this was the region drained by the Yalu River and its tributaries.

The people of both these villages were of a distinctly lower type than those across the watershed on the Tumen side. The heads of the men and boys were disproportionately large, their eyes slanted, and the jaws were heavy and square, with thick, down-curved lips. The women, too, were very ugly, and did not have the delicate, oval faces and beautiful complexions of those on the opposite side of the forest. There is probably little intercourse between natives of the two sections, and almost no intermarriage; the language and customs varied slightly, but in all essentials seemed to be the same.

I was an object of even greater interest to these people than to those on the Tumen side, for they had never seen a white man, even though Japanese gendarmes frequently came here. The first day we camped, late in the afternoon the interpreter came to my tent and said that a number of Koreans had heard about the strange man in the village, and would I not come out and let them see me? I was wearing a full beard at the time, and after I had been examined decided to cut it off and give them a sight of a real white man. They stood about, a limp, silent crowd, watching every motion



A Woman and Girl at Potaidon

as the safety-razor and lather were prepared. When I began on the beard with the scissors they were horrified. Why a perfectly good set of whiskers should be sacrificed they could not understand, for every Korean cherishes his limited hirsutic adornment with the greatest care. The safety-razor was beyond their comprehension, and they were even more surprised at the change produced in my appearance; I will admit that it was considerable.

As usual, the ladies of the town delegated two of their number to ask when they would be given an audience, and the next day, just after tiffin, twenty-five women and girls appeared. I was again examined and questioned, but with becoming feminine modesty. When the photographs of the Museum were produced, it was very interesting to watch their faces and hear the comments, for they thought the pictures themselves were almost as wonderful as the things they represented. There was a general opinion that if people in my country could afford to build such a magnificent house for mice and rats and birds, the dwellings of the men themselves must be more beautiful than words could express. I have lectured to women's clubs in many parts of the world, but never to a more appreciative or interested audience than that little group of Koreans on the very edge of civilization.

After leaving Potaidon we made several camps of short duration, and then struck across country for the town of Heisanchin, on the Yalu. The river valley widens, and in the very center rises a flat-topped hill on which was the old city, but little remains of it now except a picturesque shrine, the ruined gate, and a watch-tower at a corner of the crumbling walls. A new city has been built by the Japanese on the river-bank, and here a number of gendarmes are stationed, as well as a company of regular soldiers.

The hunting was poor after we left Heisanchin, and I attempted to do but little. We continued across country to the village of Shinkarbachin, and partly by raft, partly by boat, floated down the three hundred and seventy-five miles which separated us from the west coast. Then, at the Chinese city of Antung, connections by train were made for Seoul. We had traveled entirely across northern Korea, and for four months had been far beyond the limits of civilization, but at the end the lure of the mountains was still upon me.

Beyond the Tides

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

OLD Captain Hodges, sitting in Gardner's Sea-Grill, gazed stonily through wrinkled window-panes on a cold November harbor. There were three or four others in the Sea-Grill, but this solitariness or inner vision of Captain Hodges had struck them silent. They seemed waiting nervously for the return of the spirit to its worn clay, even questioning if it would come back at all.

By his silences, his brief bullyings, his foreign curios, old Captain Hodges was known and commended for a character.

"He's a character, all right," people said; and indeed so necessary was the observation that people sometimes made it who were characters themselves, if you come to that. And since in no way did Captain Hodges account for his silences, people said again that he was a great thinker, who had been known to sit for "seven square hours" at the Sea-Grill, glaring over the warped table, his big legs, which were bowed slightly, doubled under it, and his fingers gripping the handle of his queer cane. This cane in its whole length was nothing more than vertebræ from the spine of a shark, wired together, with the cruel beak of an albatross fixed to the top.

And now, with the leisure of one who could think for seven square hours at a time, Captain Hodges lit his pipe. Oblivious of the oppressive tension of the place, he drew thickening clouds from that brown bowl, his big nose hanging over it with solicitous, expanded nostril.

All eyes were turned with a painful and involuntary interest upon the captain's nose, thus so intimately associated with his pipe. There was a dull movement of feet under the cramped tables, a creaking of chairs, a harrowing cessation of social experience. And then the captain spoke.

"Any pancakes, Lem?"

"Sorry, Cap'n, but I'm out of mixture," said Lem, his lean form drooping apology. "Got a nice swordfish here."

Captain Hodges said nothing to the swordfish; and then a young man with mighty forearms and a stupid face, thinking to widen this rift in the silence, said, "Fallish, ain't it?"

"Damned if it ain't," said another.

But again the tyranny of Captain Hodges's secret thought overcame them. They sat looking at him with constraint and dumb pity. They seemed to know that they could not expect enlightenment from one who had known the world as he had; who had been beaten down, blow on blow, to this. Yet a man does not sit thinking seven square hours for nothing, and this time they partly knew the reason. Knowing it, they held their tongues.

Captain Hodges rose to go. He made a pause in putting on his coat, to fix a contemptuous eye on a little sloop which was coming in with paradoxical speed, in view of its slack sail. Everybody knew what Captain Hodges thought of little sloops with cowardly engines up their sleeves. Usually he roared out something about them. To-night he said nothing, but drew the coat over his vast, shrunken shoulders, tapped his cane once or twice on the wooden floor, as if to feel it solid under him, and went out. Those who were left in the Sea-Grill, relieved from the pressure of his inscrutability, kicked the chairs around, yawned, struck matches, and burst into speech.

"Takes it hard, don't he?" said the young man with bulging forearms.

"An' so would you, Harry," said the thin, woeful man opposite him, "if you'd sailed a ship for fifty years, fair an' foul."

"So I would," said Harry, abashed, feeling that his youth had played him into the hands of wisdom.

"Not that I blame Jed an' Martin," said the other. "It was their chance. They wouldn't 've took the lease of the railway if they hadn't had the *Bessie K. Whitehead* in mind. They knew it was bound to come."



GLARING OVER THE WARPED TABLE, AND HIS FINGERS GRIPPING THE HANDLE OF HIS QUEER CANE

"No, you can't blame Jed an' Martin," said the young man. "It's a pretty smart move for them."

"I dunno's he blames 'em in his heart," said the thin fellow, teasing his mustache. "He had nothin' to say, of course. His int'rest in her is down to a sixty-fourth, I hear, not enough to qualify him for master. He had hard luck those last voyages, and had to sell. Put his money in that mine."

"They say he was a Tartar when he was younger, Roddy," said young Harry.

"An' so he was," said Roddy, with the mysterious reserve of a man who knows things which he had better not have known. "Black Taylor himself warn't nothin' to old Cap'n Hodges when he was riled."

Roddy was popularly thought to have gone a voyage with Captain Hodges when he was younger. But people generally, even though they hadn't sailed with Captain Hodges, said in round terms that he had been a Tartar, if only because it seemed so little likely to people who saw him for the first time. He looked gentle enough, a trifle morose, but quite "moderate"—tractable, even. You might have said he would "hear reason" if any man would. Yes, but there were people in the town who knew better, and said nothing. It was these soft-spoken men who had their way on the sea. And look at his nose. Wasn't it plain from his nose, to go no further, that the man must have been a Tartar? He was old now; nobody knew how old—like a wreck that the sea had cast up here, after all those years. But who knew what he had been in those years if not those who had gone to sea along with him?

"But it is hard," said the young man. Folding his forearms on the table, he gazed at them proudly.

"It won't make much difference to Cap'n Hodges long," said Lem. "Nothin' won't make much difference to him long. His heart, y' know. Doc Elwood says he won't last the winter out."

"All the same," said the young man, drearily, still gazing at his forearms, "it's hard."

"Damned hard," said Lemuel.

Captain Hodges, leaving the wharf and leaning heavily on his cane, took the road to Baker's Landing. The crook in his legs gave more than a seaman's rock to his shoulders; his walk was a gigantic toddle. He looked straight before him frostily at the rough road, where the mud had partly frozen in deep rolls. The board walk creaked and sank under him, and now and then his cane stuck in a crack, and he stopped to pull it out absently. Once a spasm of pain twisted his wry old face, and it was quite a minute before he could go on again.

Passing the ship-chandler's, Captain Hodges paused to look down a narrow alley to a little white house with shells against the door. A tall girl was leaning there, talking to the ship-chandler, a sturdy fellow who hung absorbed over the dilapidated fence. She had brown eyes, with brows which arched radiantly as small surprises dawned upon her. A man might guess how big surprises would illuminate her.

"Uncle Ira," she called, joyously, to old Captain Hodges. He paused on his cane.

"Going over to the railway?"

"Yes, Fan," he said, gently.

"Tell Jed I can't come now, won't you? He'll be 'most wild, poor fellow, but I can't help it."

Captain Hodges nodded, and went on past Baker's Landing to the deserted premises of Smalley & Co., ship-builders. Stepping into the abandoned shipyard through a twisted door in a high, weather-beaten fence, he paused again. Smalley, and Smalley & Co., had died years before, and the town with them. Or rather, like the spouse of an Arabian prince of old, the living town had gone down into the grave with Smalley.



A Girl was leaning there talking with the Ship-chandler

In the spongy yard gray, rotting rounds of crooked spars lay half-embedded, and strange outworks huddled on the waterfront — rusty boilers, crabbed anchor-flukes, and nameless iron parts, with blunt-ended bolts and savage cogs. The innumerable chips were gray, and in the half-twilight showed soft and vague, like feathers, as if a monstrous bird had been plucked over the place. Grass and burdock marked the roadways. By the ways and falling scaffolding, where many a stanch keel had rested, rose a broad flight of heavy wooden steps, worn and scarred and ashen, now black and ruinous against the west. Step by step they rose into the cold sky, ending in nothing, like aspirations which time has brought to naught.

Yet it was from these ways that the *Bessie K. Whitehead* had taken the water, it would be close to seventy years gone, now; and by these steps that a boy—old Jared Hodges's shaver—had climbed timorously up to look down into the vast empty hold of the new ship, this hold mysterious and deep, smelling of the pines, scattered with trunnels and shavings and shining wire nails and tufts of oakum, and braced with new iron, which showed dull black and formidable against the yellow ribs and timbers. What a thrill of confidence in her he had had, looking forward through the gloom of her 'tween-decks to where those giant ribs, yellow, bolted, with hewn surfaces revealing the stroke of the broad-ax, began to thicken and straighten up along the sheer. And the fine satin finish to the rounds of the masts, cold to his cheek, around which he could not put his arms. Sooner should the rooted pine fall than these. Then it had seemed to this little chap—old Hodges's shaver—as if everything in the world could be stowed down there, and as if so strong a ship must last forever.

He knew better now, standing there, forlorn and vast and withered, with his youth behind him, and the youth of his ship behind him. For, looking to the extreme end of the shipyard, he could see this very ship, so invincible to his boy's vision of might, now drawn out on the marine railway, propped, pilloried, at her last gasp. She was old, seared, gaping; each poor mortal crack and outline of her proclaimed her ended. Her sticks curled forward, her stays were slack. There were lurking horrors in the darkness of her underbody which the sea had covered. She wasn't seaworthy.

Captain Hodges, leaning on his cane, with the strong beak of the albatross protruding from his withered fist, bent his bleak eye upon her. Now that she lay out of water, he had to accept the inevitable fact. Any time this last five years a proper inspection must have forced her out of service. But he had fought for her, excused, concealed, lied, staving off this moment as he could, until at length she came to be known as a ship where even the cook had to jump back and forth between the galley and the pumps, and the fact of her decay stood forth beyond all subterfuge.

Now they had her trapped, laid bare, all the secret vices of her patent and damning. Even so, if they would only haul her up and have done with her, he could still think of her as in the past and glorious. Though it might wring his grim old heart, which had wasted emotion or founded sentiment on nothing but his ship, he could have put up with that. But they weren't content with that. They were going to degrade her, make her over, squeeze the last ignoble utilities out of her collapsing hulk.

Putting his cane forward, he picked his way across the shipyard, among the boilers and the sunken cranes, darkly meditating, under the stern-post of the *Bessie K. Whitehead.* The tide was lapping in over the slimy rails on which the dock rested; dark masses of reluctant weed turned with it, wavering, hanging from the heavy blocks of rough granite, which, bracketed in iron, held the wooden frame of the dock under the tides as it slid out on the rails. If anything, this dock was older, more decrepit even, than its occupant.

Brume and dankness hovered under the dismal bottom of the ship, and this bottom was heavily marked in ways which only Captain Hodges could explain. Her lines had lost their liveliness. She sagged aft, it was plain to any eye. A raw breath came from her, like an exhalation from that whole grim bulk, which still forced upon the mind its suggestion of inalterable might.

Captain Hodges put out his hand to the black timbers, where they dripped, and drew from the stolid immobility of the ship's side a half-comforting assurance. He followed with his eye the uneven seams, covered in places with slime and barnacles; the heavy boldness of the curves, the something jowl-like and steadfast in them yet. These people were so cursed afraid of pumps nowadays. . . . She could keep the sea out still, and what more could be asked of her? He impressed himself with her resources.

In the clear light of the late afternoon his ship hung over him, immense, assembling for him at a blow, with her decrepitude, all those hard years which had brought him to this, and her to this. They had had an equal span, it seemed. He had never thought of outlasting her; never even unconsciously pitted his mortal expectations against hers. It wasn't to be thought that a man could outlast a ship, a thing ribbed and bolted, and with that appalling purport. And yet here he was, outlasting her in spite of all.

Captain Hodges, lost in heavy shadow, indistinct, like a visionary guardian, looked along the port side of her, and up at the cockbilled yards, and the great shears, crossed and lashed, which were to send down the masts to-morrow. From there his roving eyes twinkled and contracted as they turned to the still harbor, which lay in the fading light, minutely accurate, like a steel engraving. These were the points he had known always; the dark, ragged pines, the low rocks, where the tide ran forever in and out, marking the centuries in inches. That calm coast, low-lying under its pines and birches, was like no other coast he knew, and he knew them all. The red buoys at their low slant, like fingers raised in warning, were unchanged from his youth. From farther out reverberations were borne in to him of the sullen tongues of the bell-buoys, salt-incrusted iron wardens of the coast, eternally tormented into lonely utterance. Cold, tide-worn, impervious, this featureless vicinity had submitted to the birth of ships and their passing, the birth of men and their passing, and given no sign. Shaking his head, he moved away, leaning more agedly than ever on his cane, wrapping his fingers about those strange pink jaws, deeply creased, shut with meaningless tenacity.

All at once, looking up, he became aware of a young man sitting on a stool beside an easel, smoking. Captain Hodges's soul smoldered wrathfully when he thought of artists. He could never see how it was they stood alone, brought up families—that sort of thing. They appeared to do nothing. This one, a light-hearted fellow in light flannels and a green felt hat, sat swinging one leg over the other and singing a snatch out of a popular ballad. Now he cocked his head at his easel, and again lifted it to brood over the darkening outlines of the ship, with a visible joy in that artistic wreck. Let her dislimn, he would have told you, for the soul shines forth triumphant through the last vestiges of what is mortal. The masts, with their gaunt rake forward, showed her aspiring to the end.

It was indeed bare ruin that he had laid upon his canvas, while he could still see to work; and old Captain Hodges, leaning over him, saw how he had traded on her weaknesses for his effects. He had accentuated that sag aft, so that it seemed as if only by a heartbreaking effort could the old ship hold her integrity at all. He had robbed the hull of what ruggedness it still possessed; and he had even, forestalling time unwarrantably, broken out a section of the bulwarks forward. The ship staggered up out of the green depths of his canvas, not as if suddenly stricken, but as if quietly overtaken by mischances numberless, lapping her round like the tides, leaving each its incalculable mark.

"You call it a ship?" said old Hodges, thickly, clutching at his cane, and raising the point of it to the canvas.

"What is left of one," cried the young artist, gaily. "As good a subject as I've seen in many a day. That hull alone, below the water-line, would torture a man out of conceit with himself. You see what I'm after"—bringing the bottoms of his palms together slowly—"the slack bulge of it—the gaping seams—that rough, mottled look, like the withered hide of some dead sea-monster—and there, those brownish stains dribbling down from the ports. If I can only get



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

"YOU CALL IT A SHIP?" SAID OLD HODGES, THICKLY

that look of something losing semblance, bursting open, crumbling. And the isolation, the look of a thing wrecked, cast up beyond the tides, hungering still for its element. Really, that's it, you know—beyond the tides. She's old. . . . Oh, the mockery of words!" said the artist, thinking of the surer felicities of paint.

"Aye, she's old," said old Captain Hodges, and he turned his deep-set little eyes wistfully upon her. They had lost their twinkle. She was old. He had not known till now how old.

"No doubt she was a gay ship once," said the artist, hilariously. "And when she was, I shouldn't have looked twice at her. Now she's old, she's a joy. With a soul in her."

"A soul," said old Hodges, deeply, looking at her. "Something, you take it, that isn't in the wood altogether now?"

"Why, yes," said the artist; "something of the sort." He was content to be vague, like all his sketchy tribe.

Old Hodges turned, looking across the harbor again. A little north of Baker's Landing the hull of an old coaster lay smoldering on the beach. They were burning the iron out of her. As night fell and the flame brightened he could see, through a red chasm in her side, the great gutted, ruinous hollow of her; those rows of charred ribs relaxing, and the iron of the hull glowing, rising into sight as the wood burned and blew away, day by day, week by week.

And suddenly his gray eyes held a wicked twinkle; and tapping his grisly cane forward among the gray chips, he lost himself in the gloom of the ship's side. Laboriously balancing himself on his crooked old legs, he got himself to the deck.

A tall young fellow with shirt open at the throat lounged against a capstan, reading a paper. Hearing the captain's cane on the deck, he looked up.

"Hello, Cap'n Hodges!" he said. "Fine evening."

His eyes softened with pity, and he could find nothing else to say. With the aged figure of this former master of the ship before him, he shuffled about uneasily, looking at the black, oily deck.

"Tough on the old fellow," he was thinking, like those others. But old Captain Hodges, aloof, bleak, with his small, steely eyes twinkling in his shriveled head, called out no spoken sympathy.

"Watching her, Jed?" he said, gently, lifting his cane and rubbing the ugly beak with a massive thumb.

"Why, yes, Cap'n," said young Jed. "We aren't taking any chances. This is a big thing, you know."

"Yes," said the captain. "You've got your hands full. Foremast coming down to-morrow?"

"Going to try to get it down," said Jed. "It's a good-sized contract."

"Man-sized," agreed the captain. He took a turn or two thwartships.

"Saw Fan in Martin's doorway as I came along," he said, presently. "Talking with the ship-chandler."

Jed darkened.

"Shouldn't let the ship-chandler do me out, Jed," said the captain, cunningly.

"She was coming down here," said Jed, angrily.

"Reckon she's detained," said old Hodges. "Better look her up. I'll watch the ship, Jed. Ship-chandler's a dangerous character."

Jed hesitated. "It's mighty good of you, Cap'n," he said, irresolute. The captain leaned on his cane, admirably indifferent.

"One watch more or less," he murmured, "out of fifty years. . . . But just as you say, Jed."

"I'll do it," said Jed, suddenly, the menacing possibility of the ship-chandler deciding him. "'Bout an hour, Cap'n."

He vanished over the side. Old Hodges watched him out of the dusk of the shipyard. Turning slightly, he could see, below, the lean face of the artist, yellow over the glow of a match. He was lighting his pipe again, no doubt content to sit there and drink in the various shadows of the falling night.

Leaning his cane against a binnacle, Captain Hodges fumbled in his pockets for a moment. Then he went forward at that rocking gait of his, and lowered himself painfully down the hatch amidships. But before he was altogether out of sight he checked himself and looked up the mizzen at the black yards dangling there, untrimmed, against a crescent moon. He blinked once or twice, and drew down his head into the blackness.

In a quarter of an hour he came on

deck again and resumed his cane. But now he was no longer the same man. Craft and guiltiness were in those little eyes, and he darted a quick look across the deserted shipyard.

"Jed will suffer by it," he murmured. "But Fan's a smart girl. They don't know."

He walked aft uneasily and put his hand on a spoke of the idle wheel. Looking through the maze of spars at the great black shears forward, crossed, as if in a damnable compact to undo the ship, he drew a deep breath, and the Tartar came out plainly in his rugged face. You could see then, if not before, that he had been master of his ship. Rousing himself out of that terrible speculation, he made for the ship's side, at his snail's pace, and yet with a suggestion of haste. But in the moment of putting his foot over he spied on the main hatch a small gray cat.

"God bless me!" he said, suddenly; and, forgetful of his haste, he withdrew his foot from the gangway and went cautiously toward the hatch. With bold, unwinking eyes, the cat allowed him to come very near; and then, with a prim consciousness of the futility of his chase, removed noiselessly to the other side of the hatch, and, sitting down there, again regarded him, without reproach, but by no means conciliated to the point of surrendering her person.

With rigid steps and deepening anxiety he followed her from point to point of the ship, crooning to her with a queer sort of desperate patience.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!" he called, in a cracked high voice, intent upon capture. The little cat, poised upon the bulwarks, lured him on, mingling her elusiveness with coy promises of ultimate submission.

Then Captain Hodges stood still; sweat gleamed on his wan temples; and the cat, sliding toward him along the rail, fawned upon him, arching her back, and agitating her throat with a noise of kettle-drums. He reached out his hand and seized her.

"Pretty kitty!" he said, and dropped her into the pocket of his coat. Suddenly a kind of spasm ran through him; he stopped, listening, but there was no noise, except the creak of a yard on its truss, swinging idle. Picking up his cane, he went over the rail and into the blackness of the ship's side again.

Emerging, he found the artist still smoking his pipe and communing with the night. "Been looking her over?" said that young man, lightly.

"Aye," said the old man, and now his voice was tremulous and his whole manner haunted and expectant, "and for nigh on sixty years."

The artist whistled. Old Captain Hodges bent toward him fiercely.

"I sailed that ship from boy to master," he cried. "She's my own ship. I know her. No one else."

He stopped over that thought, glowering. Yes, he could be said to know her, certainly. As he had known no other mistress, so his ship had known no other master over fifty years. This had been a strange union of intents and purposes. All those years he had cherished her, watching her through storms, fogs, channels, lifting his eyes to her yards, fingering her taut gear, rising and falling with her in the same concession to the seas and the same defiance of them. On her beam-ends, with the main-yard in the water, he could still trust her; as in quiet harbors, when he paced her deck, brooding, aching for the sea-winds again which should set her creaking, and laying over like the thing of life she was. And now, in his old age, she was condemned, a relic, with this young fool making a picture of her bones.

"A bit of a crab with the wind on the quarter, maybe," he began again, gustily, "but with the yards braced up there wasn't a ship to touch her in the Western ocean. She had wings, man. She'd go still if they'd let her. She's strained aft, and she needs a new mainmast, but she'd go yet. She'd lay over to it with any of 'em. Give me four men to a watch, and I'd bring her into 'Frisco now ten days ahead of the fleet."

He spoke as if there were still a fleet, as if the ringing of the mauls had just knocked off in the shipyard of Smalley & Co. He looked back swiftly toward the ship which rose blackly over them. The old coaster, nothing now but the red heart of a ship, a moldering skeleton, with glowing ribs warping open, in serried ranks, sent a red path across the water, tingeing their faces faintly red and giving

the night shade a stain of purple. The face of old Captain Hodges, coming out of gloom, worked strongly, and his eyes, strangely small and fixed and deadly, caught the light from the burning ship.

"She only wanted a bit of going over," he mumbled. "Good for ten years with a bit of going over. But they wouldn't have it."

His head fell a little, and he clasped one hand over the other on his cane, with his arms straight before him. In that posture, and for a brief instant, he seemed stripped of his age, and to stand on his two legs with the old sturdiness.

"She's done her work, and they won't let her alone," he cried, in a passion of sympathy. "She was a proud ship—a proud ship, I say. I could show you—records. She's led steam the way before now. And now what? Now what? They're sending down the sticks tomorrow. They'll use the hull for towing coal. A barge."

The old man drew a staggering breath, and in that moment the artist, without being told, could see that he had been a Tartar.

"But they won't do it," the captain said, coming closer and talking in shrill whispers. "They won't do it. I've put her beyond the tides, as you say, young man. Beyond the tides."

He looked at the ship over his shoulder with a strange, torturing expectancy. The artist, who had been bending over his kit, stopped at these last words, which were his own, and so had about them an arresting quality. At that moment his eyes were on the captain's queer, foreign cane, and it seemed to him that the long, narrow beak leaped out of the dark, snapping at him. At once he saw that the worn bone had reflected a light behind him, and he turned quickly.

In that very instant it appeared as if the old *Bessie K. Whitehead* brimmed over fore and aft with flame. The flicker on the cane had come from near the mainmast, but, with the speed of thought, the ship was a burning ship from stem to stern. Her timbers, many times dried and drenched in oil, offered no resistance. The young man stood staring helplessly, and old Captain Hodges, swaying on his cane, gave forth a crazy chuckle.

As the light grew, the heavy outlines of the ship showed dumb and cumbrous through those flying cavalcades of fire; and the yards, dripping small bits of burning gear, gave an effect against the masts of twisted crosses blazoning against the pale night sky of the north. The old ship, catching the spirit of her last moment, seemed to snatch at the chance of flame for her adornment; and the flame purged her of age, and set her roaring and shining and throwing down upon the flat, gray harbor the sinister light of that enthralling beauty.

The young artist gasped, "Good God!" and took a stumbling step or two toward the yard gate, but old Captain Hodges, pouncing on him, held him with his invincible bony fingers.

"Let be!" he cried, turning his puckered face from the heat, already grown fierce. "She's gone . . . like a ship . . . beyond the tides."

His grip slackened, he took a step or two, stiffly, and, supporting himself on his cane, sank down upon a box which lay against one of the outposts to the railway. At that moment the mainmast, already eaten out with dry rot, reeled under the corroding touch of fire, and fell, moving a vast yellow fan of flame against the night, crushing the railway superstructure and lapping the heavy bulwarks over as a man might fold a sheet of paper.

"Fore t'gallan' downhaul!" shrieked old Hodges then, casting his eyes aloft, and his voice had a full body, as a voice must have to run against sea-winds. But this was a voice out of the past; in a moment his head fell back, knocking against the post, and he was still. The artist, standing irresolute and horror-struck, saw a sudden movement of the old man's right-hand pocket, and directly the long, woeful head of the cat appeared from under the thick flap. The little animal, struggling out, fell to the ground and fled out of the heat, but old Hodges was without movement, his tuft of a beard pointing upward, and his cane with the albatross head fallen against his side.

The glowing ship burned his still face with dread insistence, but he did not flinch. They were alike, the skipper and his ship, beyond the tides.

The Power that Serves

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

AT two o'clock on the afternoon of a March day a young man peered across New York Harbor from the shelter of the ridge of a power-house roof. His hard, weather-bitten eyes roved ceaselessly across the corrugated horizon. Small wind-riven clouds thrust constantly up from the southwest, and were as constantly hurried across the city by the weight of a gale that had been blowing since morning. These he marked casually till they merged in the blur of gray smoke that was whipping viciously from the throats of the great stacks around him. The huge buildings beneath him vibrated delicately, and, mingled with the roar of traffic, he could distinguish a rhythmic drone, as of some enormous and contented animal housed within them.

Suddenly a black cloud thrust a ragged rim over the tail of Staten Island, twenty miles away. Mounting rapidly, it hurried into the vision of the weather-bitten eyes that caught its approach ere the on-coming shadow had fallen on the wrinkled surface of the bay. Simultaneously the lookout raced to a telephone booth that clung to the roof ridge. His lips had hardly left the transmitter before the smoke increased in volume, and tier on tier of boilers flung out vast exhalations of gas and vapor as though clearing their gigantic lungs for a coming battle.

The lookout, again at his post, noted the swift advance of midday gloom. Again and again he reached for the telephone. At his first message another young man, with a long chin and hawk-like face, who received it impassively, had stretched out a lean, nervous hand and pressed two buttons. A hundred feet below, in the chiaroscuro of the boiler-house, a number sprang into light. The system operator had demanded that number of boilers for instant use. Two stokers raced down the concrete aisle and depressed six levers. In three seconds the forced draught was doubled. In twelve more the sharp pop of lifting safety-valves told their story.

But these twelve seconds were very precious to the system operator. In adjoining rooms, on either side, were two great double-curved switchboards. Through these was controlled and distributed the power that vitalized every invisible artery of the whole system; and like a master intelligence the system operator held the switchboards in the hollow of his hand. Swifter than from brain to muscle sped his imperative call. Along glittering, marble curves men stood with eyes glued to dials whose trembling needles pulsed with the myriad demands of millions of invisible clients. From beneath them stretched viewless filaments carrying the mysterious current, which in turn itself governed the titanic engines that produced it. A maze of wires, battalions of switches, a confusion of multicolored lamps, a medley of indicators, blended and linked, fused and welded, into one masterful and harmonious instrument.

The turbines were lords of the engine-room. Half the weight and a quarter the size of the vertical engines, they produced five times the power. Theirs was the song of progress—a high note that told of a rim speed of six miles a minute, and cut sharply into the lower pitch of the plunging verticals. And it was to the turbines that the switchboard spoke—for the black cloud was near Manhattan Island, and there was peering across the bay and a scamper for shelter from Battery Park.

The deep shade stole swiftly northward, and lapped the lower fringe of the city. Instantly a thousand hands stretched to a thousand switches, demanding light. They got it. The midday darkness swept on. In five minutes it engulfed the human hive, from Wall Street to Madison Square, from the Hudson to the East River. Millions of

men interrupted their labors only long enough to turn on light. They all got it. There was the triumph—they all got it. In the power-house the turbines were successively waking to life, their stupendous disks revolving more and more swiftly till, at the exact moment of speed and synchronism, they snored into the laboring phalanx of mechanism. Behind them panted the verticals—"We are coming, brothers—coming—not so fast, perhaps, but with our own reciprocal certainty." Higher crept the trembling needles — greater grew the load — sharply rose the faint line registering the stupendous output—seventy thousand emergency horse-power in five minutes.

"Do you want any more?" throbbed the power-house.

But New York was satisfied—satisfied with a superb casual indifference that this was what it paid for. So the great black cloud passed up the Hudson Valley, and a million switches were snapped back, and several million people promptly forgot all about what was, after all, hardly worth remembrance; and there was only left the record of a single line on a piece of cross-section paper—a line that jogged along with just the ordinary fluctuation of a day's run, till it suddenly took a jump that looked like an Alpine peak dropped onto a Florida golf-course.

But, speaking subjectively, there was left a great deal more than that. There were those breathless moments in which the highest intelligence of man thrills with the consciousness of duty done. There was that reborn pride—even affection—for the vast, responsive mechanism, the joy that men of iron and brain have in their own creations of stone and steel; and stronger than all this flowed, like a hidden spring, a deeper sense of the nobility of service.

Good engineering is, broadly speaking, applied common sense fortified by special aptitude and investigation; and you will find that good engineers have, to a man, a certain quality of simplicity, which is the reflex sister of common sense. Furthermore, it is an established fact that the temperamental characteristics of a man are always legible in the thing he devises, writes or builds, paints or composes—the thing itself being, after all, only the expression of his characteristics. Now, if a power-house were the work of one man, it would infallibly reflect his personal modulations to an uncomfortable and unworkable degree. So it is that the modern power-house is the complex aggregation of the individual simplicities of many men. It is remarkable for what is not there.

Sir Oliver Lodge has profoundly remarked that "all we can accomplish in the physical world is to move things into desired positions and allow them to act on one another." That is what we call invention. The power-house is extraordinarily susceptible to this. Things are being constantly moved into new and desired positions. The mechanical triumph of to-day is the engineering relic of to-morrow. And when it is all over, and the millions are spent, and the latest device installed, there is generally only a safer, more economical, and more flexible way of doing very much the same thing. That is the peculiar property of the mysterious fluid—electricity. It continually presents some new phase and demands some new treatment.

Efficiency is a matter of debit and credit, plus a balance-sheet. In the power-house the question is first broached to a coal-pile and a chemist. A pound of coal should contain thirteen thousand five hundred heat units. Does it? The facts are worth knowing where seven hundred thousand tons of coal a year are involved.

The efficiency of the hundred and fifty boilers that swallow the coal is a large matter. They are mechanically debited with what they consume; they are mechanically credited with the steam they produce. Should the gases roaring up the stacks show undue waste, the chemist can tell you. Should the ash contain undue and unconsumed carbon, there is no escape from the test. For a pound of coal the boiler should produce ten pounds of steam. Does it?

And in the whirring orbit of the thirty-thousand horse-power turbines efficiency is the master word. It is a far cry to the measured plunge of the primal pumping-engine that Watt devised to drain a Lancashire coal-pit, or even to the see-saw walking-beam of the *Fulton* as she headed for Albany at nearly five miles

an hour. The turbine blades snore along at five hundred feet a second; but the difference is, after all, one of efficiency. A turbine-driven generator should produce a horse-power for eleven pounds of steam. Does it?

So with transformers, cables, converters—all the multiphase subdivisions that contribute to the service. They must answer the question or be superseded.

As a type of human efficiency consider the system operator — this modern and impassive Jove, distributing benignant thunderbolts. His position is the nearest thing in the world to absolutism, excepting only the German system of government. From boilers to substations his sway is supreme. He manipulates his hundreds of thousands of horse-power with a touch of delicate finger-tips. The whole cobweb of distribution is an open book. Not a boiler can be repaired, not an engine cut in or out, not a main relaid or a manhole remodeled without his sanction. He is the load-despatcher and magnetic monarch.

Turn now from what the public does not see to the human network by which the Electricity Supply Corporation is linked to the public. It is at once evident that an organization of every possible temperamental variety is essential to deal successfully with that most elusive element—a metropolitan population. The selling end must acceptably reflect whatever it finds in its clientele. The agent who gets business on the East Side knows little of the area north of Forty-second Street. The assembling of such a cohort is no less vital than the power-house itself. And in the background looms large that sense of personal disadvantage which many people experience when dealing with a corporation. Its very organization may breed distrust. Its promptness may suggest an ulterior motive.

As to the agent himself, it is a matter of selection, plus survival. He applies as a boy for employment; and forthwith his home record, his personality, and even his home influences, become matters of scrutiny. The sky being clear, he is taken in hand and encouraged and mentally fed up and physically developed, and in a business way pushed ahead, just as fast as he can assimilate progress. And, forging along, he will, first of all (if he is to face the public and ask for business), hear a lecture on "the value of right thinking," which is a good start for any aspirant. And after that he hears others on courtesy and efficiency and confidence and self-development, and various technical subjects. He will commercially graduate on a diet of "The Human Element in Business" and "Helps to Better Health" and "The Psychology of the Twentieth-Century Man" and "Applied Psychology" — all by men who have put into admirable and successful practice the subjects they discourse upon. And, what is more, he will be paid for the time spent at these lectures. All the while he is being card-indexed, and a faithful record made of his services, and the good old debit-and-credit system kept in force; so that when the next man ahead moves up it is perfectly clear whether our young aspirant is the right one for the bigger job. If he does not get it, he is entitled to ask for his progress record; and, if he sees fit, demand the appointment of another board to pass upon his claims for promotion.

Now, all this is very much calculated to produce somewhat more than merely a person with power for sale. So that if you are a man of importance—and all customers, whether prospective or secured, come under this category — you will be approached by a personable agent, who is perfectly ready and willing to talk to you intelligently and acceptably on almost any subject from golf to vegetarianism in those evasive moments when you are debating about making up your mind to do what you know perfectly well you will ultimately do. If, on the other hand, you have a grievance about a bill which is absolutely extortionate, another personable young man (they are all young) will call upon you and at once sympathetically agree that, on the face of it, the amount seems high—if what you say is correct. Curiously enough, he will know nothing whatever about the construction or operation of a meter. He is not supposed to. The knowledge would put him and keep him subjectively on the meter's side of it. But he will know that he is backed by a mass of scientific facts all going to prove that the

modern meter is an instrument of extraordinary accuracy—which indeed it is.

So, when you have had your say, and lean back with that defiant, impregnable air, he will consult your contract card, and inoffensively point out that you had four lamps and an electric heater installed within the last six weeks. Also that the automatic recorder at the power-house shows that the duration of sunlight last month was only half of that in the month before. If, then, your house was lighted to your satisfaction, you must have used the current.

A good deal of all this is pure and applied psychology. It is formative of the attitude that it is desired the mind of the customer should take. And that, after all, spells the standing of the corporation — the mental attitude of the customer. What a field for analysis, what a hinterland to explore and cultivate!

It is a question whether any more human and graphic commercial records exist than may be found in the card indexes of an Electricity Supply Corporation. There is, first of all, full information of all property sales, and a geographical presentation of every building in the areas served by the company. Add to this further records of rentals, leases, and sub-leases, through which may be followed the wanderings of every peripatetic customer, be he ever so insignificant. From the first he is, so to speak, a marked man, filed and numbered. His lamps, his motors, all his appliances—are they not written? His complaints—are they not remembered? His defalcations—do they not still live? Twist as he will through the city swarm, he is never invisible to the X-ray. And that, perhaps, is the first rule of the successful corporation. It never regards its customers *en masse*. It is a safe assumption that many a man is more of an entity to the Power Company than he is at home.

Of the making of rates there is no end. One New York power company testified that the small retail customer is served at a loss: the outlay necessary for his equipment was not covered in the amounts paid for current used. In this case the company spoke feelingly. It had experienced a diminution of revenue of a million and a quarter dollars in twelve months, seventy per cent. of which was by reason of a reduction in rates to small users.

The deepest wrinkle in the managerial brow is traceable to that exact point where the daily, steady, comforting manufacturing load cuts into the rapidly mounting evening lighting load. In winter-time this is about three o'clock. By five the output is doubled and the peak is reached. By seven the peak has vanished. It is the doubly loaded period between 3 and 6 P.M. that fixes the rates. A certain total generating power is absolutely necessary to carry the peak. Two-thirds of it is absolutely unproductive during the rest of the twenty-four hours. In other words, the power-factory has an average winter load-factor of about thirty-five per cent., and the earning power of one-third of the total investment must make a profit for the whole gigantic aggregation.

Lord Eldon defined the good-will of a business as "the probability that the old customer will return to the old shop." He does, to the power-factory, millions of him, with paralyzing unanimity at exactly the same time every day. And, to ease the burden of that unproductive two-thirds of his plant, the manager is striving to cultivate in you the use of his power—off the peak. Flatirons will lighten his cares. Fans will cool him. Electric trucks and cars are hailed as gilded gods. Vacuum-cleaners are a benison. Anything and everything, provided that it does not attempt to scale the precipitous side of his peak load.

On December 20th of last year the output of one New York power-house varied as follows, in thousands of horse-power: At 5 A.M., 50. By nine o'clock, 150; carried smoothly till noon, when it dropped to a mere 107. At 3 P.M., back to 150; thence giddily to 280, the five-o'clock peak, where a toboggan-slide started and swooped down to a negligible 90 at midnight.

As to individual users. A big hotel produces a curve that has only one noticeable hump — which about synchronizes with the hour when the orchestra plays the first dinner piece; and the location of its hump makes it a welcome customer. Likewise the apartment-house.

The peaks of department stores and office buildings come at the crucial hour of five. But what the manager really likes is the refrigerating plant, the turning of whose wheels knows neither change nor rest.

So much for winter. In summer the characteristics change, and nearly all peak loads are morning loads—that is, if there are any peaks at all. The general summer-load line is full of long, easy undulations, from which practically all the abrupt jumps have been smoothed by benignant atmospheric influences; while the Sunday curve is a lake of serenity that lifts itself into a communicative reading-lamp swell about 7 P.M.

Now, take all the curves, and superimpose them one on top of the other; and the result is an extraordinarily graphic representation that reflects, with absolute and mechanical accuracy, every economic condition of community life. And this is the basis of the making of rates.

It is perfectly evident that if a large body of highly trained, ambitious, and cultivated men devote themselves exclusively to one conjoined pursuit, from which everything that is irrelevant is excised, and in which everything that is at all worth considering is considered, all the essentials are present for the formation of an enormously powerful aggregation. It is this element of corporate power that vitally concerns the public. And the most interesting developments of to-day are those through which the public has expressed itself on this subject. There are three principal limitations to corporate power: the mental attitude of the man in the street, inventive genius, and legislation.

Of the first we have spoken. As to invention, who shall say that the sum of human knowledge may not be multiplied a thousandfold in one flash of revelation? To-day the best endeavors of the best engineers have only made it possible to extract and turn into power one-fifth of the total heat value of coal. Refinements in the use of steam, high-speed turbines, and various internal-combustion engines have contributed something. But the astonishing waste still bears an abnormal ratio to the progress made.

Thirty years ago two hundred people in the city of New York used three thousand electric lamps. To-day one hundred and twenty-five thousand customers use five million. And yet the mechanical efficiency of a man's stomach, expressed in terms of labor performed, is infinitely higher than that of the greatest creations of the same man's brain. But inventive genius cannot be cornered, and one inspired touch may open the door to astounding potentialities.

And as to legislation, there is the Public Service Commission. It is a question whether any controlling medium has been better named. It is poised in unprejudiced freedom between the man in the street and the corporate company. Its functions are advisory rather than arbitrary, because the right of court appeal applies to its findings; but it is seldom in the interest of either party to appeal. It is legislation humanized, and without cost. For the Public Service Companies it has made a deal of work. Stock issues, construction, rates, regulations, safeguards, methods of accounting, all come under the direction of the commission.

"Would you be without it?" was asked the manager of one of the largest of them all.

"On no account whatever. We have an opportunity to prove the reasonableness of a contention outside the courts. We don't as a rule appeal from the decisions of the commission. I was at a sitting yesterday — took eight of our representatives to meet the complaint of an East Side tailor because we would not put in a service without a deposit. We showed why to the commission's satisfaction. It cost about five hundred dollars in time — money well spent. We proved that we were fair, and that's what we wanted." And, after all, can any commission perform a higher duty than to prove or disprove the fairness of things?

"Power factor" is a potent term to an electrician. It signifies, in brief, the relation between the actual amount of current a machine consumes and the effective amount of work it turns out. And from a brief survey of the Public Service Commission it appears to be an ideal tribunal before which, whether the con-

sumption be of money or men, a power company must demonstrate its corporate power factor.

To generate hundreds of thousands of horse-power is mechanically magnificent; to distribute it quietly, safely, and instantly is the triumph of a flexible and co-ordinate system. But there was evidence of neither triumph nor complacency in those most directly interested. The men who carried the peak load seemed divided between a tense watchfulness of present things and a subjective forecast of the future. The lookout, staring from the power-house roof, keeps no keener gaze on the sky-line than that with which the power company's executive scans every evidence of popular sentiment. In the case of the East Side tailor the deposit was paid. But the rapidity with which the current went in wiped out every trace of Yiddish resentment. And such is the enormous importance attached to continuity of supply that in the power-house and throughout the system standing orders are to wreck any appliance up to the largest turbine rather than permit an interruption to the service. Thus is the engineer the creature of the psychologist.

The copper market is an excellent trade barometer. One man out of every forty in the United States is employed directly or indirectly in electrical industries, representing an invested capital of more than seven billion dollars, and earning annually more than one billion. This is the growth of thirty years.

Consider the net result, and abbreviate Electricity Supply Corporation to E. S. C.

John Smith is wakened precisely at 7 A.M. by telephone call (E. S. C.). He turns on the light (E. S. C.), and presently the elevator (E. S. C.) lowers him to the breakfast-room, where he reads the morning paper (E. S. C. motor-driven presses). The Subway (E. S. C.) whirls him to town, and shortly he is seated before the dictagraph (E. S. C.). Orders are given to his factory, where the machinery is also motor-driven (E. S. C.). Having telegraphed to Paris and San Francisco, he receives customers brought to New York by rail (E. S. C.), whom he later entertains at lunch (E. S. C. cooking). On the way home he drops into a moving-picture show (E. S. C.), and thence to the barber, who beautifies him with massage and vibration (E. S. C.). He dines on a cold-storage chicken (refrigerating machines E. S. C.); turns in a call for his car (E. S. C.), whose batteries are charged at the neighboring station (E. S. C.). With lighted cigar (E. S. C.) he rolls smoothly to the theater (E. S. C.), and surveys marvelous scenic effects (E. S. C.). Then to bed, where, having turned off the heat and light (E. S. C.), he sleeps in the security of a burglar alarm (E. S. C.). All the time he has been nourished and carried and soothed and stimulated and protected by the mysterious element. Yet the psychological outcome upon John Smith, should even the most luxurious of these multitudinous utilities fail him, may be expressed thus: "What a rotten service!"

The trouble with Smith is that, without knowing it, he has come to use electricity as a sense rather than as a commodity.

There is a temple in India where a hundred generations of Brahmans have tended a tiny but undying flame for two thousand years, and to its shrine have pressed millions of pilgrims to make obeisance in the obscurity of ancient shadows. Another priesthood has risen in the West, and other lamps are lit. But the only pride of guardianship is the pride of a service that must live outside the shadows. The shrine is unvisited, but its mysterious flame leaps at the orders of invisible millions.

The Great Little Man

BY FLORIDA PIER

THERE was a conspiracy going on in the offices of Barclay, Barclay & Sons. The senior clerk in the counting-room had started it, and the six other clerks had encouraged him. It was all about a broken window-pane. On Sunday there had been a severe hail-storm, and the lower end of New York had offered its expanse of glass to be freely shattered. On Monday the senior clerk had discovered a totally empty window-frame directly above his desk, and on Tuesday, when a head popped in the door to demand, "Any windows broken in here?" the senior clerk had answered, "No," and his six assistants had kept silent.

They smiled dry, delighted little smiles over this adventure. They had preserved their new-found privilege—for a privilege was precisely what they felt the paneless window to be. For some years, the senior clerk for as many as ten, they had worked in a room smelling of dust, its walls and floors faded to a dull gray, its outlook a high, black office-building across a narrow street, its windows opaque with grime. They had worked cheerily and neatly, and the senior clerk was now tenderly appalled to see, by the light which came in through the broken window, that his associates were dried-up little men, with loose skin and colorless eyes. He felt shocked. Quite a big square of sunlight fell on his desk, and the other clerks moved their stools nearer and made jokes about the joys of country life. The youngest clerk brought in some lilacs at lunch-time and stuck them in a drinking-glass. The gaiety of the afternoon was quite unseemly. There was even a mistake half made in one of the ledgers, and noted just as it was about to be jotted down. That sobered them for a while, but presently a breeze came in and blew some papers about in the most frolicsome way, and tried to ruffle the thin hair on their temples. Speech was too risky, but they exchanged puckered little grins, and the youngest clerk remarked as they were leaving for the day that he had had an uncle who could yodel.

Going up in the Subway, the senior clerk stared straight ahead at the flickering posts, and reflected, in a mental protest, "It's not right, it's not right." By the time he had reached 110th Street a sadness had settled about his heart, and very firmly he had decided that when seven grown men grew exalted over so slight an increase in delight as a broken window-pane, the blankness of those men's lives was real and wrong. The senior clerk prided himself on not reading a newspaper during his daily ride in the Subway. It was his little vanity that he always employed those hours in thought. He liked, on reaching his destination, to balance his researches neatly with a conclusion, and it was a disappointment to him when he found tidy decisions impossible. Once or twice lately he had awakened at the end of his evening ride, fresh from a region where his sensation was one of space and light. He reproved himself sharply for such mental vagabondage, and felt a little chagrined when the sense of light-hearted freshness remained with him. To-night, when he reached his station, he was startled out of some bright, rhythmic place which he had ridiculously enough reached through the broken window-pane. As he trotted down the platform he was still excited by it, and yet ashamed of not knowing what he meant by "it."

He reached the half-built street and the apartment-house in which he had a room. He went up the many flights of stairs, and his landlady met him at the door with one end of her checked apron applied to one eye; with the other she gazed at him hopelessly.

"Good evening, Mr. Blane." Her tone was righteously uncomplaining.

"Good evening, Mrs. Anderson. I hope nothing new has happened."



THE YOUNGEST CLERK BROUGHT IN SOME LILACS AT LUNCH-TIME AND STUCK THEM IN A DRINKING-GLASS

"Oh, nothing I didn't expect." She led the way into the kitchen, and Mr. Blane followed, noticing afresh how dark the hall was.

Mrs. Anderson turned down the gas-stove mechanically. She was always saving gas, and her food in consequence had an underdone, wornout flavor. Seating herself, she began in the same dull key. "The front-room lodger left today. I told you he would; he paid me, but that doesn't prevent the room being empty. I'll just have to advertise again, and that's money gone. And then Jim came in here this morning and said he was only working three days a week and he couldn't give me any money, and he left without telling me where he was living, and he was awful angry with me, because he said I talked religion to him. I'm sure I don't know what I'd do if I didn't talk religion; it's all I've got." Mrs. Anderson wiped the corners of her mouth, which only served to increase the droop of their contour.

Her lodger shook his head. "Perhaps if you were a little more cheerful when Jim comes to see you he'd decide to live with you, and pay board, and you'd like that."

"Yes, a mother generally likes to have her son with her, but the joys of this world are fleeting. That's what Jim never seems to understand. We mustn't expect happiness in this existence. We mustn't expect anything but trials and tribulations, and if we have faced them as we should we may know peace in the blessed life hereafter." Mrs. Anderson sighed heavily and picked with toil-worn fingers at the frayed trimming on her dress.

Mr. Blane felt revolt and a kind of horror surge up in his heart. The reiteration that had been in his mind on the way up-town began again, and this time he voiced it: "It's not right, it's not right."

"What isn't?"

"People not being happy now." Mr. Blane blinked with nervous belligerency, dreading to defend so daring a statement.

"Mr. Blane, I thought you were a Christian."

"I am, I am." Mr. Blane gained confidence by gulping, and continued in a firmer voice. "I—I believe it's wrong in people to put up with unhappiness in the present because they expect there's going to be something perfect in the hereafter." He remembered that he had deliberately lied in order to retain the empty window-frame, and he felt that it made him the sort of person who could glare at Mrs. Anderson authoritatively.

"Mr. Blane, I advise you not to shake my faith in the compensation that is coming to us for the ills of this life. No one can say I haven't had my share of trials. I've borne more than most people, and without a word of protest. Left a widow at forty—obliged to keep lodgers, after having a hired girl of my own for ten solid years, a son who is no comfort to me, and next to no support." Her voice was rising to such a pitch that Mr. Blane hastened to interrupt it.

"I don't think any of those things are so very awful, or—or—even if they are, I don't think they ought to make you unhappy. I—I don't think it's things, I—I think it's us, if we are not happy; I think we ought to be ashamed if we can't say we're happy." His eyes pleaded with his landlady not to push him too far. He was bewildered by the steps he felt himself forced to take.

"Mr. Blane, I pass over the light-mindedness of your remarks, and I ask you point-blank, are you happy?" She glared as though to frighten him into an honest reply.

He hesitated, and then dropped to his answer as a desperate man to a cold bath: "I am."

"Well, I marvel to hear you say it." She moved her eyebrows up and down, and the *arrière pensée* expressed shattered Mr. Blane.

"W-w-why do you marvel?" He had been loyal to his idea; now he hoped that she implied nothing too uncomplimentary to himself.

"What call have you to be happy—who are you? You don't even always get Saturday afternoons off. How do you know you're saved, what state's your soul in? I should think I do marvel. Why, I'm perfectly surprised at you!"

Mr. Blane was so muddled by her combination of superior indignation, doubt of his soul's state, and scorn of his attainments in material happiness that he was unable to do anything for a moment but rub his hands round and round his thin knees and make deprecating *moues* with his mouth. Then suddenly the rhythm that he had felt before began to vibrate through him. He closed his eyes just long enough to feel it surge in deep harmony, then he looked at Mrs. Anderson and laughed. Her lower lip dropped, and she gaped at him as he spoke.

"You say you're unhappy, and you don't complain, and that you will be repaid in the hereafter, but what you're really doing is to pile it on a lot. The unhappier you are the better you like it, because it makes you sorry for yourself now, and hopeful for the amount of compensation you'll get when you die; and so you really are happy, only in a nice way." He fairly beamed at her; he even a little expected her to reflect his delight, instead of which she rose, and, folding her hands on her waist-line, spoke bitingly; Mr. Blane's face fell like that of a reproved child.

"I would thank you, Mr. Blane, to leave my kitchen. I wish nothing more to say to you. You have hurt me something terrible."

"Why, Mrs. Anderson, why—I—I'm so sorry—I—"



"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I DIDN'T TALK RELIGION; IT'S ALL I'VE GOT"

"There is no use in your going on." She remained standing, and her lodger slowly got to his feet. He mumbled a few inarticulate words and went from the room, closing the door after him.

A vague idea came into his head that she would pity herself because he had gone, though it was what she had asked him to do. A flood of deeper depression swamped the smaller complexity, and he made his way to the little room he occupied.

He stood by the window and looked out over the blocks of red-brick apartment-houses. They were scattered about, with vacant lots between. Farther away the buildings grew solid, the roofs merging in a blurred complexity of irregularities. The hard, clear air above outlined the washing-posts of the nearest buildings. Out of a few of the windows people lounged, looking idly up and down the street. One man in shirt-sleeves gave the little clerk a pleasant impression of being too big for the flat he lived in, so completely did his wide shoulders fill the open window. The clerk's eyes strained to distinguish the number of windows in the distant apartment-houses, and he calculated that every two windows meant a family of indefinite numbers, all packed into those square, brick boxes, none of them wanting to expand until they burst the walls about them, all of them worrying and pitying themselves and feeling that worry was natural, and that to snatch a fragment of sunshine through a broken pane of glass was a bit of luck and not beneath them.

Mr. Blane felt an expansion within him so great that he panted as though he had been running. His pale eyes grew big at the thought that perhaps not one of those thousands of people had felt the thing he was feeling. They did not know the delicious expansion that melted his petty limitations until he felt himself taken into a great, beating, harmonious heart. It was so near all of them, and they had shut themselves off from it and become so little and nasty and weary and dry. His lips burned with the fever in him, and for a moment he held his head in his hands as the intoxication of the apostle came to him. It was so simple. They were an integral part of it; if he could make them realize. He sat on the edge of his narrow iron cot, his heart

beating loudly. It was their own limitations that were cramping them and draining them. They had separated themselves from the vital whole, and the sustenance of their egos meant starvation. It was all so clear to him. Everything stood out sharply in the almost painful vision that had come upon him. Looking out over the roofs, he met the glare of the setting sun, and his spirit rushed to it to give thanks and homage. He watched while the windows were touched to fire, and the bricks took on a wonderful, vivid light that blurred them into a beautiful whole. He smiled gently, and felt that there were no miracles, because all was a miracle.

He rose, then sank back chilled. Where was he going, how was he to tell them? What could he say? It possessed him, yet its nearness was what helped to make him speechless. What could he call it? It was just that he suddenly knew something. It wasn't religion, yet God was a part of it. It was just that a feeling of warm, rhythmic abundance had replaced the thin, meager life he had known. A wave of helplessness made him relax and sit blinking, abashed and hesitating. Then he laughed again as he had laughed at Mrs. Anderson, and rose springily to his feet. It did not matter what he told them; even the smallest part of it would help. It was so big that he could not tell them all, but they would feel it. The right words would come to him. The main thing was that the city was filled with people like Mrs. Anderson, and others like his fellow-clerks, and that they needed what he had to tell them.

He picked up his hat and went down the narrow, dark hall. He had been in his room an hour, and as he reached the kitchen door he heard his landlady inside, washing pots and pans drearily. He had not been called to dinner, and he had not noticed it. It was an intended rebuff, and it made him stand abashed. Poor Mrs. Anderson, she was so warped in her pious unhappiness, should be begin on her and tell her what he had to tell? He opened the door, and she turned an eye on him of such scorn that he gasped and shut the door quickly. Her look came near to dispelling all that he had in his heart. It was to save that that he had closed the door so hurriedly. Why did she think so little of his great idea? He was almost quer-



HE CONTINUED TO BLINK BRIGHTLY AT HER LIKE A WORRIED LITTLE SPARROW

ulous for a moment, and hurried down the five flights of stairs, with worried little "Oh, dears!" escaping from his lips.

Once out on the street, his sense of being laved in gentle vitality returned to him. The woman on the ground floor had a window-box, and the daisies nodded at him intimately. The sprinkling-cart had just passed by, and the air felt fresh and new. He walked until he saw the poplars waving their straight, elegant pencils in Morningside Park, and a great solemnity came over him. Everything was innately good. There were cities and suffering and sin, but they were not innate of this earth, with happiness hereafter and a millennium to come. We had not begun in badness. It was an impetus of original goodness that started the world. The core was sweetness and growth and change and power. This minute was infinity and heaven. We broke laws, we forgot usages, we became so dry that the life of the cosmos could not flow through us; but that did not make the laws or the usages or the cosmos less infinitely divine. He knew so much now, he could say so much. He could give it to them so abundantly.

A girl with round arms, in a low-cut blouse, stared at him curiously, bluntly, as though she wondered why he had been made. He smiled through her at the sky beyond, and did not know she was there. The streets grew crowded, and he was jostled by some people going into a moving-picture theater. They all seemed concentrated on efforts to endure their hot bodies as best they might, and they were doing it gaily, with much mopping of brows and frequent visits to soda-fountains. Shopkeepers stood at the doors of their shops, pale children playing in front of them on the pavement. On the steps of boarding-houses women in thin blouses sat negligently.

The little clerk watched them all, and had the sense that his great earth consciousness encompassed them all. Their business, their unawareness, were all included. The little clerk felt exhilarated. He hardly needed to tell these people. They seemed so vital with their hurdy-gurdies and dancing children that he had the happiness of feeling that, perhaps unknowingly, they knew what he knew. He walked blocks until he reached an open space where three streets came together, and where a dozen or so iron benches made an attempt to pass for a park. The seats were crowded with the discouraged bodies of men slumped to grotesque postures, and slovenly women who tried to quiet whimpering, heat-stricken babies.

Mr. Blane stopped and gazed at them. His longing to help surged up, to give overflowingly the knowledge that had come to him. He had been the channel through which it came; he wanted to let it rush unimpeded to the millions who needed it. There was a paralyzing pricking in his cheeks. Did he dare to speak out in a loud voice? He took in more closely the figures on the benches, and sadness checked his outburst. These were not people whom he could approach. They were such mangled mechanisms, so knocked awry and twisted that he saw no avenue of approach to them. He turned away and walked toward the west.

Was his great discovery perhaps a silly fantasy that comforted him? If he could not tell it to groups of lusty, unconscious people, or groups of broken humans, was it really so great? His heart grew big with the peace of certainty as the answer came that it was as great as the world. As his reverence grew, he felt that he must know more of it; he was perhaps in duty bound to spend his small savings on renting a hall and having a big meeting. There must be people who had written about it. He would see what they had said, so that his words should be clearer when the moment came for him to speak. He might have to prepare for it a long time.

On Amsterdam Avenue he found a public library, and entering, he approached the young woman at the desk. His voice was a blend of vagueness and awe. She regarded him with an official eye.

"I want—I—I wonder if you have—" he piped, hesitatingly—"I wonder if you have—a book on—on worship?"

"Worship of what?"

A middle-aged man standing near turned his head and listened.

"Well, I—I'm sorry—I—"

"The religious section is over there; you can go and see what we've got."

"Thank you, but I don't feel sure that

it *is* religion; it's not theology." He smiled with a sweet wistfulness as though he hoped she would understand without his adding to his negative explanations. She refused, and he continued to blink brightly at her like a worried little sparrow.

The man stepped nearer. "What is it you want to worship?"

The little clerk beamed. "Well, sir, I think it's the world."

The man smiled slowly and wrote out two names on a slip of paper, telling the young woman to give him those. The man nodded and left, and presently the books were laid before Mr. Blane. He took them to a far corner and opened them, with the uncomfortable diffidence of one who is unaccustomed to books.

The name of Fechner was strange to him, and he paused diffidently; then his eyes fell on phrases that thrilled and pierced him. He read a page and turned a dozen, and read again. He feared the closing of the library before he had mastered the contents enough to assure himself of the greatness of his mission. These were marvelous ideas, and their apostles were too few. Quickly he looked about him. He was alone in the library, alone with the glaring electric lights and the rows of brown-paper-covered books, except for the two young women who had stepped to the back of the room, and one blind woman who sat moving her fingers slowly over the pages of a large book. The little clerk bowed his head, and, placing his hands palm to palm as though in prayer, consecrated himself to the spreading of his poem of cosmic consciousness. He remained for a long moment in an ecstasy of avowal, then he closed the two books and sat with his clasped hands on them, smiling.

It was not his discovery any more. It was a great and beautiful belief, pondered on and articulated, which he must do his utmost to aid, and which he must, above all, protect from his own indiscretions and blunders. He had heard of a cause being hurt because of its most loyal supporters. He would remember. He would be very careful. The broken pane suddenly occurred to him. It seemed such a long time ago. He thought how dry and insignificant and silly the other clerks had looked as the sunlight fell on them, and he decided that they must be the first who should hear.

The lights began to go out, and the young woman beckoned to him to bring his books. The blind woman had already gone. He rose, standing very erect. The closing of the library at this moment was a sign. He must go out into the streets now. He left the building and walked to where a group of people were waiting for a car.

Quite simply, with his hat held behind his back, and balancing himself on the curbstone, he began in a limpid, gentle voice. "I have some words to say which I feel are good, and it is for the happiness of humanity that they should be heard. Will you listen to me?"

Two idlers paused in their saunterings, a small boy stood gaping by the lamppost, the people who were waiting for a car turned toward him, presenting blank faces.

"We are all dry and fussy, while all the time we should feel ourselves just quivering with life—the life of the universe. We ought all to be happy, because there is no unhappiness that you cannot lose in the power and peace of the earth-life. We're every one as insignificant as our worries, when we should all be strong and beautiful and calm."

One of the women smiled with a neat mental humor, and the idlers snickered. The little clerk looked around at them with mild reasonableness.

"You mustn't be surprised because I speak to you like this, on a street corner, and you mustn't be embarrassed by my speaking to you of such things. I know one is embarrassed to be talked to of things like this, suddenly and in public. But I want you to be simple and serious and big; I want you to just let yourselves expand until you are each as big as the universe." He felt himself of unlimited dimensions, and it was that feeling he wished to communicate when he went on, briskly and cheerily: "We are all tiny, pestered little humans, every one of us in a dreadful way about our own affairs, while what we ought to do is to realize, right away, that we are all a part of the cosmic consciousness, of the great life flowing through us, the air about us as alive as we. Do you see what I mean?"



"I HAVE SOME WORDS TO SAY WHICH I FEEL ARE GOOD"

He looked about exhilarated, hopeful because of the close attention which was being given him. Rather a large group had formed, all staring curiously at this thin, ineffectual little man who talked so spryly of such strange things. They seemed fascinated by the contradictions of a limitless subject being put forward by so circumspect a little figure. Their notice was more than he had dared hope for, and he experienced a great rush of power and thankfulness that he could spread the inspiration of a German who had arrived at so beautiful a vision. He threw out his arms with a spasmodic little jerk, and cried: "We are the eyes the earth sees through; it is by just such as we that the earth lives. Don't separate yourselves from the earth; be near to her, be of her, accept her power, swell with her greatness—"

A great laugh rang out like a thunderclap, and the people all turned their heads up to where, on top of a brewer's wagon piled high with barrels, a huge satyr of a man sat. The little clerk seemed stunned by the suddenness of the sound, and it took him a moment to find where the laughter had come from; then he stared up at the figure with drooping jaw. The man's bare arms and chest showed a rosy brown where his shirt was open, and he loomed, a laughing giant, holding in his three gray horses with a tight rein. His guffaw still sparkled in his face as he called, "You ought to have started swelling sooner, sonny; you've a long way to go," then chirruped to his horses, and with their movement the crowd scattered, and in a moment had melted away, leaving the little clerk alone under the street lamp.

He stood swaying unsteadily, then slunk across the street and into the inviting gloom of one of the residential blocks. He staggered as though drunk, and once or twice he passed his hand across his face as though it had been struck and the demeaning sting lingered. He thought of the dark shade he should find on Riverside Drive, and made for it, sickened by his sensation of being stripped, his heart's faith made naked before a snickering eye. That huge man had laughed; they had all laughed. He had fallen from such heights of ecstasy that he felt as numb as though the fall had been a physical one. He broke into a little trotting run, and went zigzagging along, past the people sitting by the wall, past the promenading couples, down one of the winding paths, until he dropped

to the ground in the shelter of a bush, and lay curled in a miserable heap.

He had traversed miles, and for a while he lay half unconscious. Then an unhappy blur of thoughts began in his mind, and he saw again the circle of intent, puzzled faces, and afterward the powerful figure of the man who had laughed. An undercurrent of the phrases he had read in the books beat like big waves against his consciousness, and presently a lack of connection between them and the laughter struck him sharply, and his whole body stiffened. It had not been at his words they had laughed, but at him. No one had shown contempt for his beautiful ideas; it was only contempt for him. He felt weak with relief. He realized now that the reason they had all stared so raptly at him was because he was an insignificant little clerk, he was a grotesque, colorless little figure. He probably looked just like the other clerks in the offices of Barclay, Barclay & Sons. It was absurd for him to talk of being as big as the universe. All he did was to make it sound funny. That man on the brewer's wagon could do more for his idea by laughing and chirruping to his horses.

When the little clerk reached this point in his thoughts there was a long pause of stupor before he dared face the pain of clear sequence. If he was the sort of person who made his infinite idea ridiculous, he must never voice a word of it again. He looked at the awfulness of its being in him who could not say it, of the millions of people who lacked it, and could not get it through him. A cry of bitter protest burst from him, and he sobbed, his fists pressed against his face. For a long time the fervor of the apostle and the realization of his incapacity fought on the battle-ground of his spirit, then quite clearly, as though everything had been simplified down to one thought in his head, he knew that he was capable of doing his utmost for his beautiful idea. He could forego expressing it. Weary and clinging for comfort to the knowledge of his sacrifice, he relaxed, his cheek pillowed on the soothing, living earth.

The Dreamers

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE gipsies passed her little gate—
She stopped her wheel to see
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding-chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died—
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gipsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close—
The longing in each breast
To some day know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

Landlocked

BY GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

TWO men stood on the wide granite block before the Fosdick door. The man with the nickel badge pulled the tinkling door-bell. The man with the cross-barred jumper stood, with squared shoulders but with hanging head, apparently engrossed in the silver door-plate. With the polishing of generations of housemaids the engraving had worn shallow, and now the spiral flourishes of *F* and *k* were almost as faint as script in old-time copy-books.

In the house opposite, the flutter of a window-blind, like the quiver of a nervous eyelid, showed that although the street lay vacant from end to end, the callers were under espionage. "There now," said the neighbor to herself, "just as I told Sabra Fosdick! What with having your Myron for forty-seven years, I said to Sabra, you don't realize that nothing will come of advertising in the weekly paper, and leaving word at the post-office and Boston Store that you want a strong, reliable man-of-all-work for the summer. They won't know of anybody, because there's nobody to know of. The thing for you to do, Sabra, I told her, is to toil up the hill to the county jail and have a plain talk with Mr. Pritchard. He's the jailer now, and he shows real good judgment. What with the hands that come to town from Wide Acre way, and the drunken farmers that 'fetch around,' as he says, on Saturday nights, he's hardly ever at a loss. Tell him how the robins are feasting on your ox-heart cherries, and that he simply must send the turnkey with some good, trustworthy prisoner who can climb a ladder. We have the selectmen's word that the work's a mutual benefit—making your left hand pay your right, so to speak. There, now, they're going in."

Miss Fosdick herself had opened the door. Mindful of the brigand birds, she was in haste, yet she paused to sweep the formal salutation that as a little girl she had been taught to give in greeting to all, either of high or low degree. As she stood in the doorway, her clothes gave the effect of protective coloring, like the coat of the gray squirrel against the tree-trunk. Her eyes and smooth-swept hair were of the mingled gray and brown of moss-agate. Her skin suggested some pallid, fine-textured fabric, rather than flesh and blood. Such was Miss Sabra Fosdick, sole survivor in the family mansion of her father, the General.

"Follow me," she said, leading down the wide hall into the broad kitchen. "Yonder is the cherry-tree, here is the pail, there is the ladder. You are the man—?" she hesitated in her synopsis.

The turnkey answered as if his charge were deaf and dumb. "Yes, ma'am, that's him. He can come back for dinner by himself if he likes, when the noon whistle blows, and I'll call for him again at nightfall."

Was there something sinister in the reference to the shades of evening, or why did Miss Fosdick feel an uneasiness as she looked at her workman, standing with averted face? She wished that he either would not hang his head or would not square his shoulders. Mr. Pritchard's assurances came back to her:

"There's never been no complaint, and I don't plan there shall be, not in my time. While I always aim to be accommodatin', I'm just as particular for you ladies as I'd be for my own family. Why, day after day I've seen my prisoners go out of this door like so many hired men, and evenin' after evenin', when I'd hear the *Emmer* blow, down the Sound, I'd look out of my office window, and there I'd see my squad just raisin' the hill. Why, there's one old man puts up here just as *regular,* and when I see him weaving up the walk I say to myself, 'There, now's the chance for Miss Gerrard to get another of her rush-bottomed chairs wove again in that ancient pattern she sets such store by.' So I

drop her a postal, and she has the piece around by the time he's able to take an interest. And what do you suppose the Aldrich girls would do without the jail, if every haying-time I couldn't supply their meadow with a man who can swing a scythe?"

Still, trepidation overcame Miss Sabra, and she clutched through her dress skirt at the morocco porte-monnaie in her silesia petticoat pocket. Before the arrival of "Pritchard's man," doubtless she should have made everything "secure." Now she wondered where she should begin her precautions. Past the wide-flung doors of the dining-room the mahogany table and sideboard showed dim beneath cumulative silver services. The only inner door with a strong lock happened to be to the jelly-closet.

"Be sure you're prompt," she quavered to the turnkey.

"Yes, ma'am," replied he, tramping down the hall. From the kitchen she heard him hail a mate, escorting a charge, as they passed at the gate. "Where goin'? Up-town? Mis' Fessenden's? The *old* Mis' Fessenden's? What she want? Chicken-coops? Rats at the eggs *again?* Well, if that don't beat all!"

Emboldened by the case of "old Mis'" Fessenden and her poultry, Miss Sabra ventured to survey again her man, and with a gasp of relief realized that her agitation was not due to fear. Expecting the hangdog air of the yokel, the loafer, the man out of a job who had been "sent up," she had not recognized the misery of a man acutely out of his class. He was so ashamed that she had been infected with his embarrassment.

"I didn't catch your name," she asked, with an apologetic inclination.

"Bradley—Asa Bradley."

"Why, you're never one of the Bozrah Bradleys—the long, white house behind the screen of willows, with the brook below?"

"My grandfather's."

"You must be Nat's boy. His younger sister was in my Sunday-school class until she married and went away, and his cousin — yes, his own cousin — was my aunt Miriam's gardener for years. As a little boy, perhaps you remember my father?"

"Yes, Miss Fosdick," said the man, looking up. "My father took me once to hear the General deliver a Fourth-of-July oration. He stepped out on the balcony over the front door, before the big arched upper window."

"I can show you the very piece of carpet he stood on," replied Miss Sabra, reverentially. Then, with a sudden change to secular tones—"Your robins are making sad havoc with the cherries, Bradley"—she dismissed him. To use *your* instead of *my* had been a favorite turn with her father, she remembered, in dealing with approved lieutenants.

At the noon whistle, that seemed a note of nature marking the meridian, she appeared near the base of the tree. "It can't be prudent for you to climb that steep hill in the heat of the day," she advised, while the fat cherries thudded into the bottom of a freshly emptied pail. "Take your lunch here, and have your noon hour for a well-earned rest. I've told Ella to set your place just as she did Myron's."

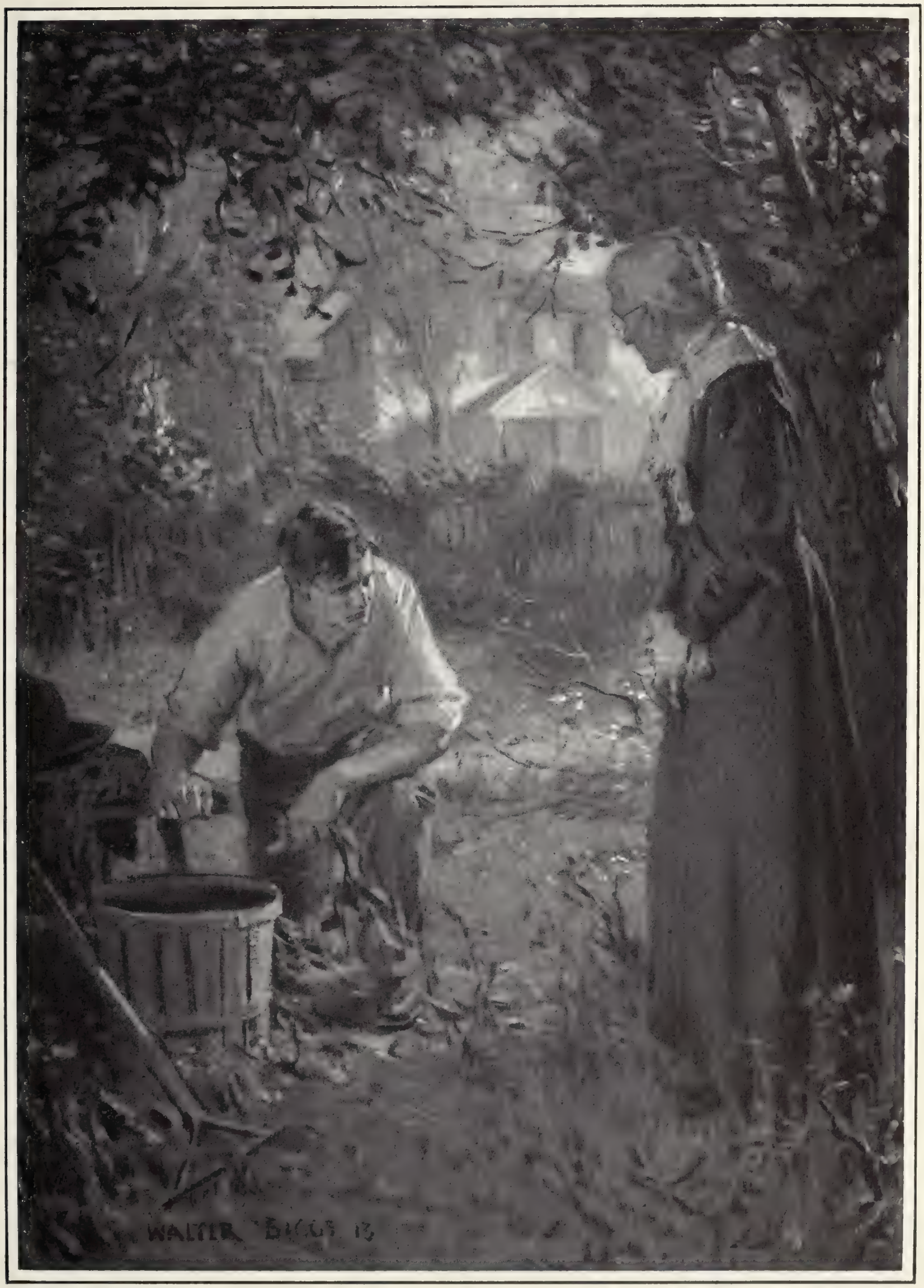
"Thank you, ma'am," came the reply from a spot in commotion among the leaves. Bradley dropped lightly and followed to the summer kitchen, where, on the leaf of the swing-table, a meal favored by the toothless old Myron had been set—milk-toast, a potato-cake, a saucer of warmed-over peas, a dish of apple-sauce. The china, banished from the dining-room because of chipped edges, was of the old "flowing blue." A frail old napkin of silvery damask was at his place.

"Is there anything especially you're in the way of taking with your meals?" inquired Miss Sabra.

For the first time Asa Bradley smiled. "Thank you, ma'am, no," he answered.

"Why, he's not one of Pritchard's men; he's only a boy, a nice, country boy," thought she, as she took her solitary place at the mahogany table, and pared frugal portions from the appallingly majestic viands which she "was in the way of" having prepared. Afterward, from the conservatory window, she watched her man strolling up and down the garden paths, unconsciously appraising the condition of tree, shrub, and vine. "He would *care* about things," she commented.

At five, the long shadows across the



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"AND YOU A BRADLEY!" SHE BURST OUT. "THAT FINE OLD STOCK!"

lawns, the chill in the air as the evening breeze progressed up the river, the chatter of groups of children turning home from play, brought to her a precious sense of her rooftree. At every dusk she felt a renewed gratitude for its protection, as a great, beneficent creature. During the working-hours this young man had contributed toward its safety and well-being. She would thank him.

Miss Sabra found him raking the fallen cherry leaves and twigs from the grass beneath the tree. "You have done very nicely," she said. "I wish—"

She hesitated. Scarcely could she express a desire that he should remain or return as one of "Pritchard's men."

He glanced up from scooping the rubbish into a peach-basket. "My time's up to-morrow, ma'am," he said. "Glad that I've given satisfaction to-day."

"I wish—" began Miss Sabra again. Then she made a bolder start. "You see, your cousin being my aunt's gardener for so long—" Again she paused, and then threw discretion to the winds. "And you a Bradley!" she burst out. "That fine old stock! Well do I recall when my honored grandfather took me in his gig over the hills he'd point out the Bradley farm as the best in the township. How could you do it?"

His narrow Yankee face reflected her intensity. "I'd been on a cruise," he explained. "When I reached port, I reckoned I'd visit my old grandfather again. He had died before I landed, and when I got to Bozrah his sons-in-law were closing up the estate and the vandoo was on. I walked in just as it was beginning."

Miss Fosdick clutched her hands in sympathy. Often from the roadside she had heard that gruesome clanking, as of invisible maniacs, which ushers in the rustic rite of vendue. What had reduced her to nervous tremors of sympathy with the humble household gods, manacled and exposed, had driven him to the county jail.

"Your cousin was a gardener," she suggested; "it must be in the family."

"I follow the sea," he replied, "but I was a farmer's lad."

"So you understand what is needed for"—she indicated with a wide gesture—"the place."

"Yes'm," he answered, with compressed lips, "I do."

"For these summer months—in charge—as a substitute, how would it strike you?"

"For the time being only? That's the agreement, ma'am?" he stipulated.

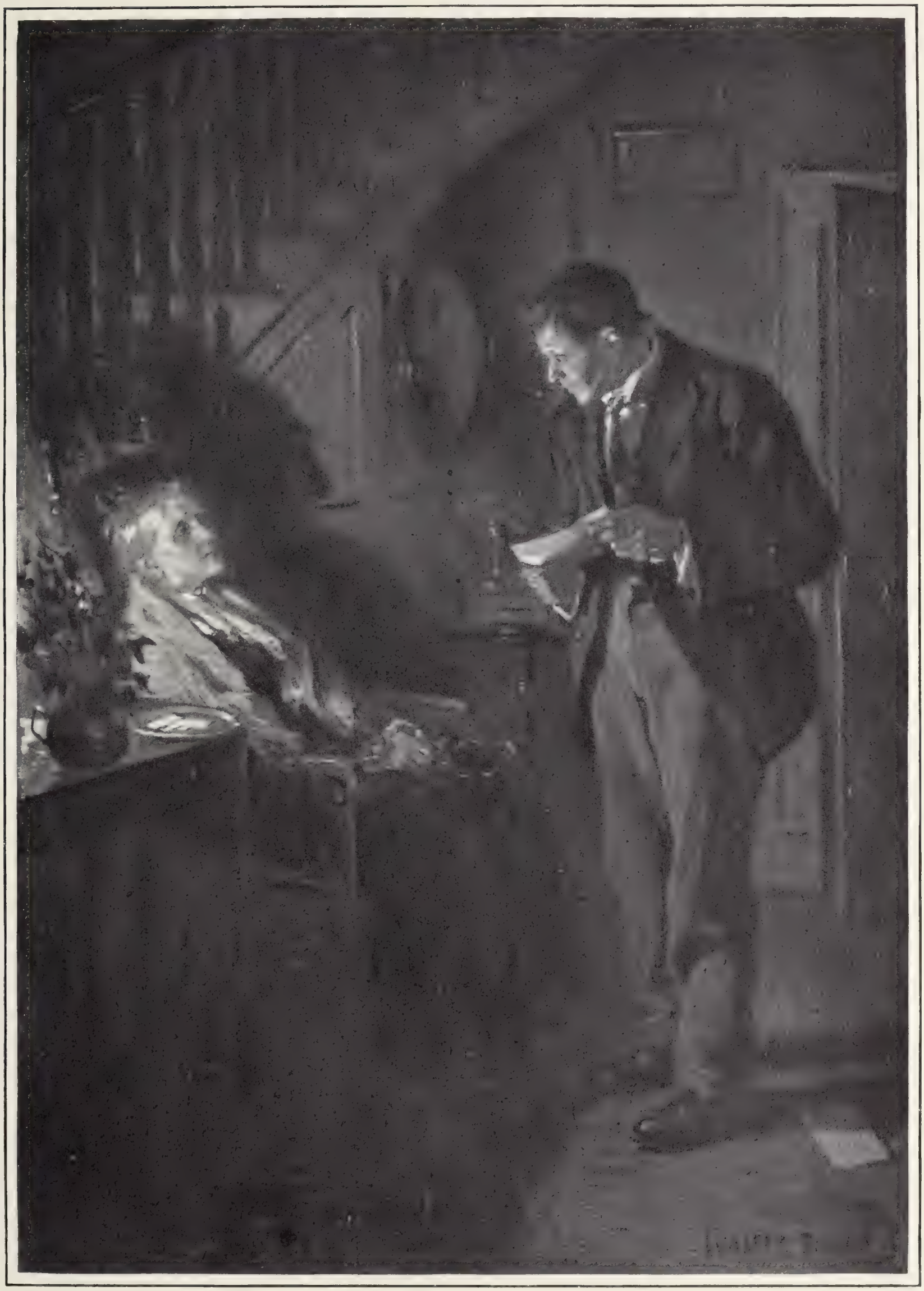
"Of course. I expect Myron to return early in the fall. Temporarily, you would have Myron's quarters in the wagon-house, and when you need an extra hand you can hire one of Pritchard's men. Tell me when you decide," she added, as the turnkey signaled from the sidewalk.

Between the slanted slats of the parlor blinds she watched the two men turn on their way to the hill. Her man did not hang his head. As long as "the place" was in sight his face was turned back, surveying barn, garden, meadow, pasture, wagon-house. Again Fosdick property was to be in a Bradley's care.

The New England summer lagged serenely along, each day the detail of a detail. Within the shuttered house, Miss Sabra went through each day's ritual. Within the fenced "place," Asa Bradley did his chores. By noting the occupation of either instead of consulting the dial, the hour of the day might have been told.

But no one but Asa himself could have told the unspeakable irksomeness of responsibility. Week after week he promised himself a few days, a single day, even a few hours, "off," and still the helpless objects of his care held him with mute appeal. Without his tending, the lawn would turn sallow and sparse, the weeds would elbow aside the flowers that will perish but will not jostle. Even in the beady eyes of the "Plymouth Rocks" he read a dependence on the heavy midday meal with which he indulged them.

In the increasing silence of the interminable days of midsummer, when, from the chirp of wren and veery at sunrise until the evening creak of katydids, the occasional protracted rattle of a locust was his only audible companionship, he detested the snug quarters and the pudgy bed of the pampered Myron. He wearied of the domesticated taste of produce from orchard and market. Even the tamed perfume of garden flowers was offensive



Drawn by Walter Biggs

IT HAD NOT OCCURRED TO HIM BEFORE THAT SHE WAS LEFT DEFENSELESS

at nightfall, when his nostrils craved the virile breath of the ocean. Bending over the warm, pungent earth, he muttered deep opinions of Myron and of himself.

But in the early autumn, when the dawns led in the milky fog of the seaboard, when mid-morning brought the singing air from the hills, and when the earth struck sharp and chill as a deck beneath his boot-soles—then, under the big stars of autumn, did he declare that the "Fosdick place" could detain him no longer. Myron would soon return. As for Asa, he, that very night, would follow the river down to the shipping at its mouth, smell the brackish water lapping the pier, handle the tarry ropes, hail a comrade rolling along some cobbled alley of the port.

The taps of Miss Sabra's bell summoned him to the house. To distinguish the sound from the table, door, or rising bells, she employed for Asa a bell shaped like a mandarin's cap, with a little button on top, which she smote with the palm of her hand. Automatically, as the General's soldiers had responded to General Fosdick, did Asa march up the garden path.

In the long hall, which he had first entered as a prisoner, stood Miss Sabra, in her tremulous hand a yellow paper. "Just as I was going up-stairs—" she said, and her voice quavered. "See what has come to me."

"Set down, Miss Fosdick, set down!" urged Bradley. She sank into a stiff hall chair. To be seated, under all circumstances, seemed the sum and substance of masculine advice.

He read the page. Myron, so his daughter wrote, had died in his sleep.

"Sho!" said Asa.

"He lived with my father when I was quite a child," appealed Miss Sabra. "I expected him back next week. His winter clothes are here now. Bradley—"

"I'll pack them to-night, ma'am."

She leaned her head against the high, carved back of the chair, and her man noticed that his mistress was wan and frail as a garden anemone. It had not occurred to him before that the General's daughter was defenseless and aged.

"You remember my father," said she, "and to me that makes all the difference in the world." She pulled herself erect by the swan-head chair-arms. "Would you, do you think, Bradley—"

"No, ma'am," said he, loudly and emphatically to convince himself, "that I couldn't. Not for a hundred dollars an hour. I'd like to. I wish I could. But I can't."

Miss Sabra dropped back with closed eyelids. "I don't see," and her voice quivered to a childish inflection, "really, how I shall be able to climb that hill again this season."

"What!" exclaimed Asa. "The hill to the jail! You don't mean to say you'd turn one of Pritchard's men in *here?*"

At his vehemence she opened her mild eyes. "But, Bradley," she remonstrated, "this place needs an able-bodied man."

Then this was to be the outcome of his summer's work—his garden, his lawn, his stock, and his vegetables, turned over from the keeping of Asa Bradley—to a jail-bird! And of all the Fosdick heirlooms that he had cherished, Miss Sabra herself, she who had recognized "the Bradley in him," was to be left to precarious chance. The chicks would go hungry, the fruit decay, the flowers wilt, but worst of all, Miss Sabra would be worried. Little things gave her increasing concern, he had noticed. He cleared his throat.

"It isn't as if I'd make a contract, Miss Fosdick," he said, "but if it's just for a spell, I'd as lief stay as not."

"You must always feel that you're absolutely at liberty," replied she. Even in the dim candlelight her eyes glowed with relief. "While I think of it, how about your loads of hickory firewood? But remember, Bradley, you are free at any and all times."

Grateful for the matter-of-fact theme of firewood, he assured her of a bargain already hard driven. Then he stepped quietly out again into the big, starred night in which he had promised himself his liberty, and smote together a callous palm and clenched fist.

"Here I am, my own master, and tied hand and foot," said he. "No one to hold me, and I can't budge." He paced the cool, quiet boundaries. "I wisht I *was* one of Pritchard's men," he declared, as he approached the wagon-house, "and I'd be free—free as air."

Captains of the Seven Seas

BY GEORGE HARDING

OF all the craft that sail the seven seas of the world, there is none which furnishes a more romantic prospect to its captain or, as the case may be, deals the unfortunate fellow a drearier drudgery than the tramp steamer of three or four thousand tons. In times of world-wide prosperity, when cargoes may be had for the asking, the tramp is employed in a regular trade. It may be in a trade no more inviting than carrying coal out of Cardiff and returning with ore: it may thus entirely lack the romance of the same trade from Wellington, in which, upon one occasion, for example, the *Ventore,* in addition to her cargo of coals, put to sea for Hong-Kong with the bones of fifteen hundred Chinamen aboard, and thence put out with a cargo of tea and live coolies.

If the tramp is a new one, the fortunate captain may find himself carrying merchandise such as jute and spices from Calcutta to New York, with happy stops at Colombo and Aden to break the monotony; or he may find himself in the Australian wool trade to England, or in the American cotton trade to the Continent, thence to the East with general cargo, returning to Philadelphia with sugar from Java. Then there is the Brazilian rubber trade, with its voyage of more than a thousand tropical miles up the Amazon River into the very heart of the jungles of South America. The captain of a tramp in this trade more than likely finds himself bound next voyage to one of the nitrate ports of Ecuador, where thieving lightermen make a nightmare of his stay in port.

A captain with stronger domestic tastes than romantic ideas is delighted with a command in Atlantic oil-carrying trade, or in the West-Indian fruit trade, where regular arrivals in port allow him to keep an eye on a thriving brood of youngsters ashore, not one of whom, he swears, will be allowed to go to sea. In respect to the discomforts of these wide-scattered voyages—and there are many, varying from a desolate stay in Siberian ports to undergo quarantine in a torrid Turkish port of the Arabian Sea—there is perhaps none quite equal to lying off Sekondi, of the West-African coast, and tediously loading great logs, each of which weighs several tons, has collected the foul muck of the rivers on its way to the coast, and, once aboard, continuously emits a fever-laden atmosphere from the hold. These are the voyages of prosperous times. In times of depression the captain of the tramp counts himself lucky to be employed in any regular trade at all, or bound on any voyage whatever, rather than have his ship laid up.

It is no easy matter for a man to arise from ship apprentice to a captain's berth. The apprenticeship is an established four years; beyond that, promotion is a marvelously uncertain affair. Sometimes it takes a captain more years to gain his own ship than he cares to remember. Generally speaking, and in the ordinary course of events, he is possibly eighteen or twenty years about the business. Sometimes he is fifty years; in some cases promotion never comes at all. Occasionally a captain wins his berth by distinguished or fortunate conduct in an emergency. Late one night, a good many years ago, when the *Puritan* was lying at the San Francisco wharves, her owner came aboard on business with the first officer. It is a general rule with the merchant service that all officers shall be aboard ship the night before sailing; but the first mate of the *Puritan* was nevertheless ashore upon some business of his own. It chanced that the owner was in a predicament: the captain of another of his barks, also due to sail the next day, had met with an accident, and the business upon which the owner had come to see the first mate of the *Puritan*



A Tramp Steamship wanders the World over, proceeding to any Port

was no less than to offer him a long-desired first command. The first mate was ashore; the second mate was not. And the second mate was a heartily promising youngster four years out of his apprenticeship. He was offered the command. Would he take it? Rather! And next day the two barks sailed for Vancouver.

With the best intention in the world, the captain of the *Puritan* advised the untried youngster to follow the *Puritan's* courses on the voyage. "You just keep your eye on my wake," said he. "I'll keep you out of trouble."

"Thanks awfully," drawled the youngster.

But here was a case where promotion had come, as the saying goes, more by good luck than good management. It was for the young officer to put his merit beyond question, and this he purposed to do to secure his future. Once beyond the Golden Gate, he squared away on his own course; and he had arrived at Vancouver, loaded his return cargo of lumber, and even sailed on the return voyage to San Francisco, before the arrival of the hoary skipper of the *Puritan*. Very naturally the owner was delighted. He had picked his man; his acumen had not failed him; he chuckled to himself over the performance, and without hesitation despatched him in command of the ship on the long voyage around the Horn to Bordeaux. But had the youngster failed, or had he won anything less than distinguished success, he would not only have been reduced to his former rank, but would have borne the stigma of in-



The Vessel may be in the West Indian Fruit Trade

competency to the end of his sea career. In such cases it is "Do or die!" To fail in an important emergency is to wait fifty years for promotion, or to go without promotion until the sea swallows the failure with his shame.

As a usual thing, distinguished service is frankly admitted and rewarded; whether amply or not is another question. When the Hudson Bay Company's bark *Stork,* loaded with furs to the value of more than a million dollars, faced an all too hazardous escape from the ice of those Northern waters, her captain determined to store the cargo ashore and put the ship in winter quarters. The crew was unprepared; the arctic winter turned out to be a dreadful experience. But when the *Stork* put into her home port in the following summer the underwriters laid down a cash reward sufficient to do considerably more than salve the memory of the winter's dreary hardships. The difficult operation of repairing a totally disabled steamer in the unfrequented waters of the South Pacific was performed by the captain of the *Branch.* New blades were fitted on the stripped propeller after seven days of labor in a high sea —the hazard of the work being gruesomely touched by a school of sharks loitering in the neighborhood. In this case a thousand pounds was distributed among captain and crew by the grateful owners and underwriters.

For personal bravery the underwriters at Lloyds present the corporation medal. This was done, for example, in the case of the captain and chief officers of the *Dalgonar,* who threw overboard a shipment of gunpowder from their burning steamer and saved her from total wreck by explosion. There is salvage, moreover: in the case of the *Corcovado,* which towed the *Manari,* disabled with a broken shaft, into Montevideo, the admiralty courts awarded the captain twenty-five hundred dollars, and awarded his owners nearly twenty thousand dollars.

"All very well to give rewards," said the disgusted captain of a tramp steamer which had broken down at sea, and whose grateful owners, touched by the conspicuous gallantry of the firemen, had cabled him to reward them each with five dollars upon arrival at Baltimore. "No objection to rewards as a usual thing. But not to firemen. Never reward a fireman!"

"Why not a fireman?"

"When I was ready for sea, two days after I handed over that cash," the captain replied, "one of my firemen was drowned, two were in the hands of the police, two more were still on a spree, three were in the hospital, and I had

one teetotaller aboard to get me under way."

Foreign governments are quick to recognize and reward gallant services rendered their own people by captains of another nationality. When the Atlantic freighter *Missouri* fell in with the sinking steamship *Denmark* in the North Atlantic the captain of the *Missouri* lost no time in transferring to his own ship the eight hundred emigrants aboard the doomed *Denmark*. Having done so, he was in a peculiarly hard case. The *Missouri* was a cargo boat, without passenger accommodations of any kind, and the question of what to do with the shipwrecked emigrants was a perplexing one, to say the least. The captain of the *Missouri* was equal to the emergency. Without hesitation, without debate with himself as to who was to pay for the loss, he cast a considerable part of his cargo overboard and stowed the emigrants in the hold of his ship. He was very well aware that somebody must stand the loss—possibly his owners; and in that event he would doubtless lose his command. It turned out, however, that the Danish government freely paid the expense of the good deed and suitably expressed their admiration of the captain who had performed it. Altogether aside from medals and cash rewards, and aside also from the element of personal pride, there is reason for further satisfaction on the part of the captain when his gallantry at sea has been recognized; for he knows that note of this recognition, whatever form it may take, is made in the Captain's Registry at Lloyds, and that underwriters have a considerable influence not only in continuing captains in command of their ships, but in getting commands for trustworthy men.

What the underwriters think of him is a matter of grave concern to the tramp captain. Naturally his living depends upon his reputation for seamanship, courage, alertness, and kindred qualities; and naturally the underwriters, with immense sums at stake, keep close watch upon a captain's success and failures. Influential as they are, they can either advance or retard a captain's progress; or at all events they can govern the amount of their own interest in a cargo and the rate of insurance thereon accord-



STRANGE TALES ABOUND WHEN TRAMP CAPTAINS COME IN FROM LONG VOYAGES

ing to their intimate knowledge of the past performances of the captain in command. An efficient system has been devised to gather and record this knowledge. Every considerable underwriting firm, whether in New York or London, possesses a filing cabinet in which the deeds of tramp captains are set down, dating from the time of their first command. One firm of New York underwriters has in its filing cabinet more or less intimate records of ten thousand seamen. At Lloyds, in London, the Captain's Registry, or Lloyds' Private List, is kept with scrupulous care. It contains the record of every captain in command of a British vessel. In addition to this, Lloyds has, of course, adequate sources of information concerning captains of other nationalities.



PROBLEMS OF THE CHART-ROOM

There lives in New York a deep-sea captain known to the underwriting world as the "Skipper of the Fancy Risks." The underwriters have conferred the title. He is known to them; he has succeeded in the most hazardous enterprises; and when extraordinary risks are assumed it is he upon whom the underwriters call. At first sight his commands are of the most commonplace description; they consist of craft built for service on inland waters — paddle-wheel steamers, ferry-boats, dredges, and small yachts. But the voyages he undertakes with these ungainly and insignificant craft are extremely removed from the commonplace. His clearance papers are more often than not from New York to San Francisco *via* Cape Horn. It may be that he is outbound in a paddle-wheel steamer, designed for the waters of Long Island Sound, from New York to Para; it may be that he is outbound in a dredge to Curaçoa, or in a Lake Erie yacht to the Pacific coast. Such craft are often sold in New York to be delivered in far ports; and before the underwriters will accept a risk they exact a condition that the craft shall be commanded by a captain of their choice. It is the Skipper of the Fancy Risks whom they select to win through with the most hazardous risks of all. Ferry-boats and dredges are not the best sea-boats to weather the off-shore gales of Hatteras or the hurricanes of the Caribbean Sea; nor are yachts built for cruising in Long Island Sound the most desirable sort of craft with which to face the Strait of Magellan.

On one occasion, after having been unreported at sea two months on a voyage with a tow of dredges to Cartagena, the Skipper of the Fancy Risks returned to Norfolk to undertake the longer voyage to San Francisco with a paddle-wheel steamer of the usual New York Bay type. She was made ready for the voyage; the sides were carried up, closing in the lower decks; extra braces were put in the hull, and the smoke-stack was secured with extra stays. Beyond Hatteras the paddle-wheeler ran into bad weather—a gale of wind and a nasty sea. She behaved badly; and there was no telling—until the outcome proved it—whether or not she had been sufficiently strengthened. Eventually an incredible thing occurred. A gust of the gale caught the old vessel as she rose on the crest of a big sea, like a bit of paper in a whirlwind. The wind actually lifted her out of the water, so that her wheels thrashed the air and only her keel touched the sea. The Skipper of Fancy Risks stopped his engines, chopped away the great paddle-boxes, thus releasing the up-



Drawn by George Harding

A BUSINESS HOUR IN THE OWNERS' OFFICE

lifting rush of wind within them, and allowed his craft to fall back into the water. Thereafter he continued to the first port of call on the long voyage to San Francisco.

Queer things happen at sea, and strange and jovial tales abound along the waterside of all the great ports of the world. When the tramp captains, in from long voyages, craving conviviality and the news of the waters of their world, foregather in a sort of dignified seclusion in these resorts, the yarns are of a lively quality whether the bottle goes around or not. There was the *Hupeh,* for example, a sugar ship bound from Java to Hong-Kong. In the China seas she sprang a leak. She grew lighter in the water; nobody knew why; it was a most curious circumstance. In the end, when the sugar had dissolved and washed away, the craft turned turtle under the feet of the astounded officers and crew. Sometimes these adventures are out of the common even in the uncommon careers of the tramp captain. For instance, the captain of a sailing-craft, trading at the smaller ports of Central America, unfortunately came into possession of two lepers, of whom he could not be rid; and it seemed he was doomed to sail the high seas forever, the shelter of the ports of the world tight closed against him. The local authorities of the little seaport of Aguja, burdened with two lepers for whom they had no sympathy and less use, had shipped them by force on our trading captain's vessel and compelled him to put to sea. Having accomplished this, they lost no time in spreading the news. What happened



In the Wireless-room



MERCHANDISE FROM CALCUTTA OR COLOMBO

after that is a mystery: the little vessel was permitted to provision at Porto Rico, and ordered to depart — and there the story ends.

Another gruesome adventure was that of the mate of a sailing-ship who navigated his vessel around the Horn with his captain gone insane, forever pacing the deck, imagining himself to be in the English Channel, and shouting orders to bear up for Goodwin Lightship. The yarn of the captain of the *Briarden* is told with gusto. The *Briarden,* owned on the Continent, lay in an English port, attached for debt, with an officious English bailiff aboard. Impatient with this restraint, her captain hoisted anchor, called for no pilot, asked full speed of his engineer, and ran for the high seas with the bailiff aboard. It was something of an achievement—thus to affront the law in an English port. Then there is the tragical experience of the mate of the *Traveller.* His craft was fever-stricken; the captain died, all the crew died save two, and the mate, almost single-handed, navigated the ship into Rodrigues, a small island of the Indian Ocean, where he could ship no hands, and courageously put again to sea, but was presently blown back and cast away by a gale of wind.

When the captain of a transatlantic liner loses his ship, he loses at least his command. The tramp captain, however, may survive a great disaster, even the loss of his ship, and continue in his profession; but he is likely at any time to lose his command for trifling departures from the exact perfection of service, whether due to misfortune or not. The captain of an English tramp steamer, busily engaged in piloting his vessel out of a German port in a gale of wind, failed to dip his ensign to a German battle-ship, whose standard was foul of the mast. It was a trifling omission; but the case was duly reported to the owners, and the delinquent captain was relieved of duty. Another captain, bound from Trinidad to New York with asphalt in bulk, ran into a tropical hurricane, during which the asphalt heated in some



THROUGH GALES AND MONTHS OF ANXIOUS WEATHER

curious manner below, flowed in a mass to the starboard side of the ship, and gave her a dangerous list. Upon arrival in port the captain communicated to the Board of Trade his opinion that asphalt-carrying craft should be equipped with shifting-board to prevent movement of the cargo, as is the case in ships laden with wheat. The Board of Trade recognized the wisdom of the suggestion, thanked the captain, and sent copies of his letter to various shipping associations; but the wretched captain, whose owners were in the asphalt-carrying line, lost his job for meddling.

When the Plimsoll mark was first painted on the sides of British ships, by order of the Board of Trade, to indicate the depth to which craft might be loaded in different seasons, there was something of an outcry raised by skippers against it. No self-respecting skipper of those times had any particular affection for the Plimsoll mark. It was regarded as an unwarranted interference with a skipper's seamanship and prerogatives. Many a spirited skipper of the old school fancied that he could "paint out the mark and put it on the smoke-stack" if he chanced to be in the mind to do so; in recent years, however, there is record of but one rash captain who had the audacity to defy the Board of Trade with a paint-pot and brush. The Board of Trade came down heavily upon offenders. It imposed fines—and fines of such magnitude that its requirements were presently respected. Many tramp captains, however, though they do not go the length of painting out the Plimsoll mark, attempt to win merit in the eyes of their owners by increasing the freight receipts. They overload. Under water goes the Plimsoll mark; and the skipper trusts to the coal consumption to lighten his ship before he reaches his port of destination. The captain of a tramp, bound in lumber from St. Johns to Liverpool, was fined one hundred pounds for sinking the Plimsoll mark below the water-line. Notwithstanding that he arrived in that delinquent condition, it is recorded in the proceedings of the Board of Trade that his ship came up no less than nine inches during the voyage across the Atlantic!

A tramp steamship is a "tramp" because she wanders the world over, carrying the most advantageous cargoes she can procure, and proceeding to any port, no matter how unfamiliar and remote, to which her manifest takes her; she is not a "tramp" because she goes about in the tatters of poverty. Quite the contrary is true. There are great tramp lines immensely wealthy and powerful, and the ships that fly these flags are

modern in every respect, equipped with wireless, of vast tonnage, and most comfortably appointed in respect to the officers' quarters. When his vessel lies in port, the tramp captain appears to the envious 'longshore onlooker to live a life of the most agreeable sort. As a general rule, however, the captain himself holds his occupation in no such high regard. It is seldom that he urges his sons into his own profession; but the sons themselves, a wilful progeny, with the wish to roam in far-off lands upon them, more often than not follow in their wake. Tramp captains may gratify their desire for romance, it is true, but only in a limited way, after all; and their prospect for material prosperity is of the smallest. The cash return is little enough: for all the responsibility assumed, the rich cargo and lives carried through months of anxious weather, of gales and fogs at sea, of lonely and monotonous wastes, the wage is not much greater than a commonplace bookkeeper may take ashore.

The pay of a junior officer aboard a tramp steamer would outrage the feelings of an alert office-boy; the pay of a first mate would shock a bank clerk. But once a first officer becomes a captain, his pay is practically doubled. When the happy day, after years of ambitious service, at last arrives, and the well-trained fellow steps into command of a small tramp, his owners forward to him, or to his wife if he is trading in foreign waters, the sum of ninety dollars a month, out of which he is sometimes expected to find himself in charts and chronometers. If his owners possess no other ship than his, the chance for advancement is extremely slight; but if he is in the service of one of the great freighting lines, his prospect at the best is that of eventually the newest ship at a wage of fifteen hundred dollars a year. The junior officer is, of course, in competition with a host of others as keen and as aspiring as himself; fourth officers, stranded in English ports, have been known to ship before the mast as able-bodied seamen, on voyages to Australia or other Eastern ports, where greater opportunities exist. As for the tramp captain, his next move in fortune is to the command of a mail steamer. Having obtained this eminence in the service of one of the most considerable trans-atlantic lines, he is paid no less than two thousand a year, and possibly as much as four or five. It is the ultimately sought-for job.

There is, of course, no telling when disaster will befall a ship and put a sudden period to her captain's career. The fact that a captain, familiar with the coasts of all the seas, and especially acquainted with the danger spots past which he regularly steams, has met with no mishaps, insures nothing for the next voyage. The captain of the *Bay State,* wrecked at Cape Race, made nearly three hundred voyages past the cape before meeting disaster in the fog. The captain of another steamer complained to the Canadian Lighthouse Department of the danger of mistaking the fog signal at the same cape for the whistle of a passing steamer: on the very next voyage he made the same error himself and was cast away. The captain of the *Pericles,* after having without the slightest mishap accomplished seventy-five voyages in the Australian trade, struck an uncharted rock off Australia and lost his ship.

When disaster befalls, the captain gathers his charts and log-books with which to face the Board of Trade inquiry. According to the attending circumstances, the Board deals with his certificate. There is no escape from this inquiry: the loss of every British ship, no matter in what quarter of the world it occurs, is minutely inquired into. And the captain loses his certificate, or is suspended, or is censured, or his certificate returned unmarked, according to the Board's view of his culpability.

It is, of course, true that a captain in misfortune seeks to squirm his way out of some trouble of his own making. "It was an uncharted rock," one complained to the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade put on its spectacles, carefully scrutinized the captain's chart, and was inclined to agree with him. And then, wise with the wisdom of years, the Board called for a magnifying-glass. Whereupon it discovered that the wily fellow had taken the precaution to erase from his chart every trace of the reef upon which he had struck.

The End and the Means

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE room was cool in spite of the heat; cool and cavernous throughout its great length and width. Its notes of light were all faintly green, its shadows dimly silvered. The portraits on the walls were just a little tarnished by time; the conscious glow of the frames a little tremulous and aged. Yet there was not a shabby object in Mrs. Treeve's drawing-room; and any observer could have seen that all its effects were calculated. Margaret Treeve herself, dressed in rigid white that had the simplicity and dignity of mourning, sat, with a book in her lap, beside the fireplace. It was a trick of the room that the fireplace looked as cool in summer as an open window. It was clever of Mrs. Treeve to have created such a room, for she lived in the same house the year round.

The book fell shut upon her lap. She did not open it again. She leaned back in her sea-green chair, not idle, but alert; not resting, but, as it seemed, waiting. For ten minutes nothing happened except the westward march of sunbeams and the widening of bright spaces on the floor. At last Margaret Treeve rose. She was not used to waiting in vain, and the fifty years which her blond head and straight, slim figure somehow managed frankly to acknowledge, had not, among their accumulated tasks, ever set her that one. She moved to the desk; she selected unfalteringly from the heap of papers one that contained a photograph, which she removed and took back to her chair by the fireplace. Meanwhile she glanced at a watch on the table. "Twenty minutes," she said, aloud, as if for her own information. Then she seated herself again to wait. She held the photograph in her hand, and her eyes did not move from it until the period of waiting was over. Once or twice she grimaced delicately; but her glance did not waver. When at last a trap drove up and stopped in front of the long windows, she rose and laid the photograph on the chimney-piece. Her gesture was firm and final. Evidently the conscientious scrutiny had sufficed.

Lawrence Treeve, who had jumped from the trap before it stopped, appeared with no delay in his mother's drawing-room. "Awfully glad to see you, mother dear," he called, before he had actually reached her. They kissed.

"You shall have tea at once. Ring, please," she said.

"Oh, I never drink it."

"But I do." She smiled. "And I waited for you. Please ring."

Mrs. Treeve drank her tea, while her son plunged erratically about the room. He, too, was fair and slim; as like his mother, one would have said, as the early twenties can be like fifty. But he had sudden, boyish movements, and unexpected naïvetés of form and feature, that suggested a copy of his mother by an immature hand. Life was not through with that delicate organism. His mother, facing him, sat, as she well knew, in the presence of rioting nerves and blood that had no thought of coolness. If Margaret Treeve's sea-green and silver were becoming to her, it was because they suited a life in which incident had stopped. But there was a deal of plot left in Lawrence; and his mother could not keep her fingers off the play.

The young man caught sight of the photograph on the chimney-piece. "Ah, there she is!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, there she is." His mother's eyes followed him, but she made no gesture.

"It doesn't do her justice." He held it at arm's-length, tilting his head to look.

"A photograph never does, of course."

"Her hair is really lovely," he protested.

"Yes, I could see that. Brown, I suppose? It might be very effective if she did it properly."

"Oh, my dear, the ways women do their hair nowadays!" He laughed.

"You haven't changed yours since I remember, but I assure you most of them pile it on till you wonder how they stagger under it. Clemence's is all her own, at least, and—woof, how it waves!"

"You've had ocular proof?" There was no mistaking the insinuation. Lawrence colored.

"Well, my dear, I've seen it when it got out from under her bathing-cap after a big wave went over her. You don't grudge me that?"

"No, Lawrence, I don't grudge you that." If Lawrence Treeve had known that his mother, sitting rigid in her sea-green chair, longed for nothing so much as never to leave it; to give in to the mortal weariness that invaded her, to let herself relax to the point of dissolution, of death— But he only saw her sitting rigid in her sea-green chair, with a novel that she had abandoned on account of the nuisance of discussing his marriage with him. He looked at her between half-shut eyes. Yes; she positively was — dear old mother — a little prim. Until six months ago he had never had any idol save her; but now—hang it! one had to go on with one's own generation! Mother was a dear; but she was also rather conventional—not up to the new books, the new pictures, the new plays. "*Bornée*" was the word that actually occurred to him. She had awfully good taste, of course; but she was just the least bit wanting in imagination. She read Meredith and old guys like that; no Wells, no Bennett, no Masefield. Mother wasn't exactly *modern*.

And Clemence, of course, was. Not that Clemence had ever had her chance. She hadn't read anything to speak of—but, oh, how decoratively and tropically she existed! Of course, they would read together after they married. Clemence said they would. Clemence's mother was as *bornée* in her way as Lawrence's own; though she seemed to be limited to things that rather shocked one. He didn't mean her cigarettes and cocktails; he meant a point of view that would simply have been choked to death in this room. Those sea-green and silver walls would have converged resolutely upon her plump corpse. He knew, for example—sometimes he felt he was too confoundedly sophisticated; it wore a man out, this preternatural comprehension of his fellow-beings — that Mrs. Medley wanted him for Clemence on account of the money. Mrs. Medley didn't know—though Clemence did—that most of the money could be withheld if Mrs. Treeve didn't approve. He glanced at the photograph again. If it looked like a sentimental French artist's conception of the canonized Magdalen, it was nobody's fault but the photographer's, he told himself. How she had drawn down her mouth, the mischief that she was! But perhaps his mother would like it.

Mrs. Treeve soon settled that question for him. She began her speech without changing her posture.

"There's no point in pretending, dear, that I don't hate it all absolutely."

He felt as if she had flung her glove into the lists—and not, at that, a fragile silken thing, but a tiny gauntlet of stiff, embroidered leather, used to clasping a bridle-rein. He really hadn't expected her to do it so directly.

"I've informed myself about her mother, who appears to be a semi-respectable adventuress."

"Do you mean that you fancy she isn't received? I assure you—"

"My dear boy, of course she has her own friends. I only ask if they are yours."

"Oh, lots of them."

"That is, you've taken them over. Would Agatha Dayne have her in the house?"

"Mrs. Dayne doesn't know her."

"Exactly. She seems not to know any one whom one knows or has heard of."

"She isn't smart, and she hasn't money; but, indeed, mater, if you think she doesn't go with a perfectly good crowd, you're most awfully mistaken."

"Just what is her crowd?"

Lawrence felt that the moment for enlarging on Clemence's virtues had not arrived. He had not, as he prepared to defend Mrs. Medley, any of the exhilaration that would have come from defending his beloved. Mrs. Medley did make him squirm. He wished his mother had attacked Clemence herself, just so that he could muster passion for his replies.

"Well," he began, "there's me." He smiled.

"Who else?" Mrs. Treeve did not smile.

"There's Freebody, the sculptor—such

a brilliant chap. And some clever girls and men who go in for journalism and painting and things. Clemence cares awfully about brains."

If he hoped thus to appease Mrs. Treeve's New England ancestors, he failed.

"Brains!" said his mother. "I'm so tired of fourth-rate brains. They seem to be the whole stock-in-trade of this generation. Does Mrs. Medley care about brains?"

"No, mother, I can't say that she does. She cares only about Clemence and a few old friends."

"Such as—"

"Oh, I naturally see Clemence's friends more than her mother's. But they're simple old souls, as far as I've met them. Not smart—no, certainly not smart."

"Are they ladies? Are they gentlemen?"

Lawrence looked helplessly about the room. "I'm not wanting to marry Mrs. Medley, you know," he brought out finally. "And I may say, mother dear, I never thought before that you were a snob. Mrs. Medley has always had awfully little money. She kept a students' lodging-house, so that she could give Clemence advantages." A little smile broke the rigidity of Mrs. Treeve's face for the fraction of an instant, but she suppressed it instantly, and Lawrence did not see it. "She hated it, and I think it was awfully plucky of her. Fortunately, she has had a little legacy from an old friend, and she can keep body and soul together without that now. She must have been tremendously relieved, for she didn't want Clemence to have to work. She adores Clemence, you know."

"And I adore you, Lawrence." His mother spoke quietly. "So I suppose that Mrs. Medley and I are natural enemies. And I am not relieved by the fact that you can't bring yourself to swear that Mrs. Medley's friends aren't impossible. As for 'impossible,' you know what the word means as well as I do. You know I am no more of a snob than you are. I'm a rather sensible woman, Lawrence dear."

"You are, mother. You're all of that." He said it heartily, for in spite of his new allegiance he didn't see himself going back on his mother.

"And you see," she went on, "you can't tell me one thing about this Mrs. Medley that is in the least reassuring. I don't even know where you met her."

"Oh, at a little seashore place up on Cape Cod where they go in the summer. I sailed over one day with Jack Dayne, and Jack happened to see Clemence. He used to know them. And it was a clear case, right off, for Clemence and me, though Jack Dayne was crazy about her, too."

"Did Jack want to marry her?"

"Mother, I really can't discuss Jack. Jack's all right, you know," he went on hurriedly; "wouldn't cheat or lie or anything like that. But he has ideas you wouldn't approve of," Lawrence finished, austerely. "And I may say I don't see much of him myself nowadays."

"Jealous, dear?"

"Jealous?" He flushed. "Of *Dayne?* For what, I should like to know?"

"For — not wanting to marry Miss Medley." The tone and the glance with which she said it showed that his mother had inferred accurately several things that he had certainly not intended to suggest. Damn Jack Dayne! He found himself warming to the vision of Clemence herself: the beautiful, untutored creature who had never had a chance; whom only he, apparently, had the sense to place where she belonged, above, far above, all blind or carping eyes.

"Look here, mother dear—" He crossed the room and stood before her, his hands in his pockets, swaying a little back and forth. "We sha'n't get anywhere, this way — we're only sparring. Never mind Mrs. Medley: she isn't your sort, I'm quite willing to admit. To tell the truth, I am all the fonder of Clemence for that. It's—it's so wonderful of her to be what she is when her mother is what *she* is. There isn't an ounce of harm in the old thing, but I don't doubt she is what you call 'impossible.'"

"Not an ounce?" interrupted his mother.

"I think she's really a decent sort," he went on, in explanation. "Vulgar, I don't say she isn't. But vulgar I do say Clemence isn't. And I'll ask you to remember, dear, if we're going to discuss her, that she is the girl I intend to marry if she'll have me."

Margaret Treeve looked at her son slowly from head to foot: his nervous, delicate build, his unformed slimness, his frail, clever features. She shut her eyes—she couldn't look at the photograph itself—to behold once more the striking face of Clemence Medley, which made all the points youth should not make. The combination was intolerable to her.

"Are you engaged?" she asked.

"Not technically. But virtually."

"Are you waiting to know what I shall do for you in the event of your marriage?"

He smiled at her. There was less tension between them than their words might suggest; for even the interloping photograph on the chimney-piece could not destroy the old, intimate knowledge each cherished tenderly of the other.

"It might make a difference about dates. But I don't think mere money could make any other difference."

Margaret Treeve bent forward. "Tell me what she is like. I know you're in love with her; but, apart from that, can you give me an idea? Sketch her for me."

It was the kind of thing he had often done for his mother — he rather prided himself on beguiling her solitude with portraits of people he encountered. But this task did not appeal to him. You might as well try to explain a Manet lady to a Perugino gentleman.

"If you could only see her!" he began, lamely.

"I have her photograph," said his mother, calmly. "It's the other kind of portrait that I want."

He had known that perfectly well, but he had needed to get a start. "Well," he began, "she's very modern."

"Do you mean" — his mother smiled faintly at him—"that she has queer ideas about morality, or just that she smokes cigarettes?"

"She smokes — of course. So does Peggy Dayne. But she's as straight as a string. Indeed, mater"—the nerves were beginning to work beneath the calm surface — "I can't discuss Clemence with you on the basis of your supposing anything else. You seem to think she's a chorus-girl."

"Chorus-girls aren't particularly modern, so far as I know," put in Mrs. Treeve. "Does she read all those people you bring me?"

Lawrence laughed in spite of himself. "You dear!" he said. "It would do you good to read something really shocking, once in a way."

"Balzac is quite shocking enough for me," she replied.

"Oh yes, but I mean something about the facts of life—life as it really is, you know."

A consuming laugh shook Mrs. Treeve's rigid languor for a moment. "Lawrence, Lawrence, do you suppose that you know more about life than Balzac did? Do you suppose that what ails you isn't something as old as the world?"

"Oh yes — all that," he answered, easily. "But there *is* a new type. And —I like it better. It's freer, it's braver, it's franker. That's what I mean by Clemence."

Mrs. Treeve looked at her son gravely. "I'm too clever to try to convince you out of books you won't read," she said. "But I should like to ask you if she is a lady."

"She's a woman!" he cried. "A beautiful, unspoiled, natural woman! *She* doesn't read books: she lives. The only good of those people I bring you is to try to describe *her*. She isn't conventional—unless, please God, it should be the new convention she's bringing in."

Margaret Treeve rose and looked at the photograph that stood on the chimney-piece. For a moment or two she said nothing, only stared, her eyes widening with tears. "And it's for this," she cried at last, passionately—"it's for this that we bring them up in every tradition that's dear to us, in every tradition for which we've paid our heart's blood because we've proved it's worth our heart's blood—just for this! They think they have a new light on heaven and earth; and it's just the old, old torch of sex. You think" — she turned suddenly to her son — "that because Jack Dayne wanted to make love to her without asking her to marry him, she has somehow become a saint. I am perfectly willing for you to think Jack Dayne a blackguard — but you don't. You simply think he made a mistake, and because you're in love with her you don't forgive him for making it. I object to

his mistake on other grounds; but you can't reproach me for not giving my consent to your marrying a girl about whom such a mistake could be made. What you mean by her being 'modern,' I suppose, is that she has a technical right to feel insulted, but that owing to her extraordinary theories she *doesn't* feel insulted. There are still a number of girls left who don't see themselves in that boat. I wish to God you'd oblige me by fancying one of those!"

She paused, spent and weeping.

"Mother, mother!" Lawrence was shaken and flushed. "I tell you you don't understand. The world has marched while you've been sitting here. You ought to hear Peggy Dayne after she's been to a Shaw play." He was doing his best to speak lightly, to humor her.

"I don't doubt Peggy *talks*. Young people get drunk over books. But your girl, here, doesn't read. She just *is* the dreadful type they write about." Her tone changed. She dried her eyes and resumed her dignity. "I don't want to talk literature to you, dear. But don't you see, when my own son comes to me and tells me that he wants to marry that sort of free-thinking heroine, I can't help harking back to it? The point is, dearest, that it's one thing to go off your head with a new fad, and another to be the new type. There may be some excuse for letting literature turn you upside down for a time, but if it's life itself that has done it there's no recovering your balance. I don't mind your applauding the heroine behind the footlights, but I do mind your taking her seriously at your own fireside."

Lawrence Treeve's nerves had by this time quite given way. "I think it's you, mother, who have gone mad over books," he said, sternly. "I don't give a brass farthing what Clemence thinks about these things. She's the woman I must have. I *want* her — like that!" He flushed and tossed his head defiantly. "You can't get back of love."

His mother bent to him and put her hand on his shoulder. A strange light had come into her eyes, and a new tone edged her voice. "Ah, Lawrence, there's something else to be said. You *can* get back of love. Wait."

Fixed by her eyes, her voice, he was silent. "I am going to dress," she said. "Wait." And she left the room.

Though Mrs. Treeve was, to her son's mind, prim, she could not, even to his alienated eyes, have been anything but beautiful as she sat opposite him at dinner. If she was not modern, she was at least not unfashionable; and her bare arms and shoulders, which had never been burned by the sun or hardened by athletics, were in themselves a brief for the unhygienic regimen of our mothers. The mere vision of her through a door would have abashed and antagonized Mrs. Medley beyond endurance. What they would have done to Clemence, Lawrence did not stop to think. The fact remained that, as a woman, in the old-fashioned sense, Margaret Treeve had been extraordinarily successful. Undoubtedly her code would not have marched at all points with her son's. He felt that dimly, but more and more surely, as he watched her. No: there was something Clemence had that his mother hadn't. He couldn't put his finger on it; and moment by moment, as dinner progressed, the list of things his mother hadn't, seemed to lessen. Animation she certainly had; which he could not account for. She ate frugally, omitting one or two courses entirely; she took no wine; she didn't even drink coffee at the end. But she was not at all the spent person who had trailed wearily out of the drawing-room to dress. Her ominous "Wait!" recurred to him as he fingered his cigarette-case after dinner. But what was it—his brain asked the question over and over — that his mother hadn't and Clemence had? . . .

Mrs. Treeve, back in her green-and-silver room, under the cunningly shaded lights, took possession of the situation.

"When do you have to go, Lawrence?"

"To-morrow. But I shall come back for the week-end."

"That's good. I might meet you on Saturday, and we could do a play."

"If there's anything you care to see."

"I leave you to choose. And I assure you I don't want Shakespeare. You might profit by the occasion to take me to something you wouldn't like to see with Miss Medley."

Was she accepting the situation, he wondered. He hoped she was going

to like it, after all. Of course, he couldn't give up Clemence; but it would have been almost impossible to chuck his mother if she had insisted on being chucked. To oppose the marriage finally would really amount to her insisting on that.

He was musing thus, walking about the room, while Mrs. Treeve sat silent again in her sea-green chair. Suddenly his mother spoke.

"I don't see, you know, Lawrence, how I am going to bear giving you up."

"Giving me up?" He turned quickly to her. So it had come to this, after all, and his lulled nerves must wake again. "It isn't conceivable that we should give each other up."

"That's what I feel, dear—oh, how I feel it! But I imagine you are ready to do it if necessary; if I don't really accept Miss Medley, that is."

He held his nerves quiet to look down the vistas of the future. "No," he said, finally; "if you should take that line, I suppose our relations would turn into a pretty perfunctory business. I mean—with the best will in the world I don't see how we could help it."

"Nor I. And I simply can't take any other line. I don't want to hurt you, dear—but if you knew how that face discourages me! I"—she looked about her with a little helpless gesture, unlike herself—"I can't say it all to you. It wouldn't be right for me to, and you just wouldn't agree with me. And yet how can I explain my attitude without giving you my reasons? Perhaps"—she smiled a little tremulously—"if I were more modern myself, I shouldn't find it so hard to tell you what I think of her. It's everything, dear—her mother, her training, her ideas, her face. I just don't make it out with any of them. They haven't anything to do with what I understand life to be for."

She stopped, as if she felt her words to be wretchedly inadequate.

"When you once know her—" Lawrence began.

Mrs. Treeve raised her white hand. "That won't be. I shall never know her—never! And I can't help feeling that other people will find it as difficult as I."

"Oh, if the whole world fed on such vague anathemas as you, my dear—"

"They won't be vague," she retorted, quickly. "The world will say all the things I don't say. If I'm vague, it's because I love you. No one else will love you enough for that."

Lawrence listened with compressed lips. He looked her between the eyes as he answered: "I'll take things from you, of course—I have to—that I wouldn't take from any one else. But I won't listen to any more insinuations. Even you—if you'll stop to think—couldn't expect me to."

She was very quiet again. "I don't expect you to, dear. Only, you see, she'll be unhappy because you've nothing to give her; and you'll be unhappy because she has nothing to give you. You'll probably divorce—she will never get a penny out of me, by the way, except in the form of alimony—and think of what will have been wasted! You're young: you don't feel waste. But I do. I've seen so bitterly much of it." Then, after a pause, very gently: "I wish I could make it clear to you, Lawrence dear, how welcome you are to kill me. I don't care a bit about living. But I don't want to go out and leave you in a hole like that. I don't want to be killed to no purpose, after having—apparently—lived to no purpose."

"To no purpose?" He tried to lead her down some easier bypath.

"I've never had but one purpose—that was you. And I see you riding straight upon your doom. Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence! Do you suppose I don't understand?" She turned and looked into the empty fireplace. "Oh," she moaned, softly, "it's only a chance of the mating-time whether they're made or broken. But the bitterness, with all the other chances there are, of having one's own son broken!"

It was not in Lawrence Treeve to be a stolid witness of his mother's despair. He had, moreover, an instinct for justice; and he didn't really expect his mother to be moved by the inadequate exhibition Clemence's photograph gave of her charm. He might dwell in memory on the luxuriant wave of her hair, the flash of her strong, white teeth; might even grow tender over the notion of protecting her from her mother, with whom

--to her greater honor, he felt—in spite of their affection for each other, she frequently and violently quarreled. He couldn't reproduce his sensations and impressions for his mother. And even if he did, was there a parent in the world, he wondered, who didn't at heart take the French attitude about marriage? He wondered what argument to use. Argument was needed; protests of passion, he knew, wouldn't serve. Parents seemed to think that all the legitimate passions had died out with them; whereas, in point of fact, one wasn't any too sure that they had ever felt at all. Only it was a little unkind of them to pretend they had never cared for anything but their children, when they must have had any poor old love-affairs they *did* have, long before their children were born. Perhaps that fallacy was his best point of attack.

"Why do you say I've been your only purpose? You've been the best mother in the world to me until now; but you must simply have turned to me after my father died."

If he had hoped to see her argument shrivel in the searching flame of his question, he was disappointed. Margaret Treeve only smiled at him. He was reminded of the tone of her "Wait!"

"No, Lawrence," she said. "You're the only thing I've ever had."

"Do you mean that you and my father—" He couldn't finish the preposterous question. Why, he had been brought up in an atmosphere of almost religious reference to his father. It was one reason why his chivalry had always so spent itself upon her--his poor mother, putting through the long years of her immitigable widowhood.

"I mean that we weren't suited to each other," she said. Her eyes clung to him as she said it. "We 'married for love'--as you want to. And it all went bad. The different traditions simply couldn't mate. We"—the words stuck for an instant in her throat, then came out clear—"we kept together always. After all, there was you. But we were warned; we laughed at the warnings; and then all the warnings came true."

"But what, in Heaven's name, was the *matter?*"

She did not answer directly. Instead, she seemed to give herself to painful reminiscence. "My family was very conservative, very narrow—as you think me, dear. He had come out of the ranks, and had made himself—bit by bit, very bravely. He had genius and pluck—there was nowhere he wouldn't go if his engineering took him. And that seemed rather magnificent to me, when I was looking for a hero. I didn't realize that he put up with everything because he didn't mind it; because, after the place he had been brought up in, anything seemed comfortable enough. He just"—oh, how slowly the words came!—"hadn't my standards of life. I thought it was romance, until I was mated with it. He could build bridges that were the wonder of men—but he couldn't build that one. And I could never build any bridge at all." She stopped for a moment, biting her lips nervously. Then: "You can imagine, Lawrence, that if it seemed to me anything short of a life-and-death matter I shouldn't be telling you this. It's the first time such words have ever crossed my lips."

"You grew not to care for him?"

"Never!" She turned on her son. "I always cared."

"But—I don't quite understand. You mean that just caring wasn't enough?"

"I mean"—she spoke very slowly, moistening her lips like an unwilling witness—"that just caring wasn't enough. Sometimes it would be easier if one didn't care. Can't you see that? There are so many, many things, Lawrence dear, that you can find to disagree about. What can love do every day, when the points of view are different, when there isn't a plan or a person or a thing in the world that you both want, or want at the same time, in the same way? And for all those differences there's only love to make good with. It wears love out if you have to patch up every little hole with it. Don't you see?" She looked at him eagerly—with a pathetic droop to him, as if bending across footlights to see if her message had carried.

Still he beat helplessly about in it. "But you always told me how perfect it had been."

"Never mind what I always told you.

This is what I'm telling you now. I shouldn't tell it to you if I didn't know what you were letting yourself in for. It's a terrible thing to do, to tell you." She closed her eyes—to seal deliberately for an instant, as it seemed, every outlet of confession. Then, with effort, she opened them and went on. "But to have nothing but you, and then to lose you because you are determined to play out the same old folly one knows by heart—oh, that is too ironic to be borne! I must save you from it, even if to save you I have to say dreadful things. Don't let me make the sacrifice of all my decent silence quite in vain."

He was thinking hard, but as yet only chaotically. "Poor old mater!" he murmured to himself. Yet she looked younger, he perceived, than she had looked for years, with that unhappy new animation that came from Heaven knew where.

"But how, but how," he asked, despairingly, at last, "can love *not* be enough?"

His mother's eyes were closed again. She seemed to be seeking strength for her answer; and when she spoke, all the strength she had found seemed to go into the mere utterance of the words. "For the great encounters love *is* enough; for the old fairy-tales love is enough. But can you realize what life must be when husband and wife don't agree upon anything under heaven except the fact that they love each other—whatever love, in that case, may mean?"

"But you say you loved him?"

She turned on him passionately. "I did love him. I do love him. But you said one couldn't get back of love. I tell you one can. And it's like the wrong side of everything else—the pattern's gone."

Lawrence Treeve stepped out on the terrace that lay beneath the long windows. He wanted for a moment another atmosphere: something as banal and eternal, precisely, as the quiet moonlight on the grass; something that would assent to his personality, that would not give the lie to his secret mood. The green-and-silver room in which his mother sat had changed for him with her confession. Never again, he thought, would it be in any sense, for him, a haven; only a place of broken lights and alien gleams. He paced up and down, smoking. He would give himself only five minutes; but these, he thought, he must have.

His mother meanwhile sat motionless within, waiting for him to return. When he entered she looked up apprehensively. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I should like to see my father's photograph again. It doesn't seem to be out."

She rose at once, stiffly, and crossed to her desk.

"Here is the best one." She held it out to him.

Lawrence Treeve, taking the photograph, walked over to the chimney-piece. There he set it beside the picture of Clemence Medley. Folding his arms, he looked at them. His mother, standing beside him, breathed heavily, but did not speak. He finished his scrutiny by bending forward to the photographs for a long, close stare.

"I see what you mean," he said, ironically, at last. "They *are* rather like."

"Lawrence, how can you!" Her voice was troubled now. She snatched the photograph of her husband from the shelf and held it to her side, as if against attack. "They are not the least, least bit in the world alike."

He was still ironic as he answered her. "Poor mother! You can't bear that any mésalliance but your own should have anything to be said for it. What I meant was—yes, that *is* what I mean—they both look so real. That is what Clemence has that you haven't," he added, almost as if to himself.

"Those two like each other? Oh no! Oh no!" She was frankly weeping now, but quietly, without sobs.

"Your point actually is, mother, that I'm like you, and that we're not like them. We're not very real, you and I. That's your point—and I rather fancy you've made it. . . . Sit down, dear; you're tired."

He led her to the sea-green chair.

"I can't say, to-night," he went on, standing before her, "what will happen. Clemence refuses to marry me if you positively disapprove. I certainly can't lie to her—she has never lied to me; and you certainly do positively disapprove. I gather that you always will. I might make Clemence give in, though I doubt

it. She's rather pig-headed — another point of likeness, by the way, between those two. Of course, with your notions about the money, we should have Mrs. Medley very much against us. She loves Clemence, you see, more or less the way you love me—she wants to see her come out on top. By the way, mother, considering that most of the money came from my father, don't you think it's a little sharp of you to use it to obstruct my marriage?"

Mrs. Treeve pressed her lips tightly together. "Lawrence—" she began.

He raised his hand. "That's all right, dear," he said, easily. "You couldn't be expected to do anything else. It's the kind of legal right that virtually constitutes a moral right. Only I knew it must strike a clever woman that way, sooner or later. But I rather think you've made your point."

"You *do* see?" She asked with trembling eagerness.

Lawrence Treeve knelt before his mother and took her hands in his. "Mater," he said — and though his tired young voice shook, there was a touch of sternness in it—"do you think I'm so little of a man that what you've told me would keep me from marrying Clemence? No! I'd go before a justice of the peace with her to-morrow if that were all. I suppose we all *must* do the same things over and over. . . . But I think you've smashed it, just the same. Clemence won't marry me if you really object, she says. It honestly isn't the money with her, I believe; it's a kind of pride—gutter-pride, you would probably call it. I rather like it myself. Yes, I think you can quite expect me to be turned down." His voice, though thin with weariness, had a sharpening edge of irony.

"But, Lawrence" — she bent to him and smoothed his hair—"I thought you did see. Perhaps I can tell you better—"

"Not again." He shook his head as her white hands clasped his face. "What has it to do with me? The reason why I shall let Clemence refuse me if she must—and I think she's in a mood where she will — is not what you've put through, but the fact that you have put it through. Your story doesn't prove anything about my story—surely, dear, you must see that!—but if you've never had any happiness except what your poor beggar of a son has been able to give you —he'll stay by, mother dear, he'll stay by. You've been perfect to me always; and it's the first time you've ever asked anything of me. Perhaps"—he bit his lip and his cheeks flushed — "perhaps Clemence won't chuck me; but if she does, I'll stand up and take it. I won't harass you. I hope to God she'll have me as I am!" He stopped for a moment, winking the tears impatiently out of his bright eyes. "But if she doesn't, I'll leave you in peace. Let me go away for a little, and then I'll come back and make it up to you the best way I can. One thing it has done—all this," he finished, brokenly—"is to take away my bitterness toward you. I don't suppose it would be in human power, seeing the thing as you do, and having suffered as you've suffered, to make it easy for me to live my own life."

He rose and took Clemence Medley's photograph from the mantel-shelf. "You don't want this any more?"

She shook her head.

"I do," he said—"desperately." He put it in his pocket. Then he walked again to the terrace door. "Good night, mother dear," he called as he passed out.

"Good night, Lawrence." They had not kissed each other, but she could not call him back. Clutching the photograph of her husband, she passed out of the green-and-silver room and went up-stairs.

Awake through the long night, Margaret Treeve felt her factitious animation ebb mercilessly to a cold clarity of vision. There were some means no end could justify, she told herself before many hours had passed; some ways in which the dead may not be used to serve the living. One memory reiterated itself pitilessly in her mind: a laughing command of the dying Philip Treeve's about their little son. "Don't let him mess his life by marrying the wrong woman; take my name in vain if you have to. Say I appeared to you, darling, and told you he mustn't. I've seen so many men wreck themselves on the lone edges of earth." That was what she had been twisting in her mind when she said "Wait." Now it came back to her with only its original implication of tribute:

its triumphant assumption that perhaps only he and she were fully able to bear witness how glorious a thing it was to have married, confuting all prophecies, the right person. Her arms had been about him when he said it; and, foreseeing his end, she had graven it in her mind simply as the last of his dear jests. And now what had she done? What plausible devil, in this new distress, had prompted her to recall and magnify for Lawrence's sake those little rifts that had never spoiled the sweetness of the lute?—to widen them with cruel fingers, and threaten the lute itself? "Philip! Philip!" she cried, laying her wet cheek against his photograph, crushing the stained face against her breast in the dark. But no answer came from the beloved and slandered ghost.

Even the exaltation of her regret was not long permitted her. She had to face with a cold, constricted heart the dupe that she had been and the dupe that she had made. To lie to save one's son had seemed, in the first passion of protest, a noble enough thing to do. Even now she could not be sorry that she had succeeded. To have lied without succeeding would have been worse. If the case hadn't seemed to her of mortal graveness, she wouldn't, she couldn't, have lied. The memory of Lawrence's chilled tones came back to her. Did he perhaps think her a cad for having told him all that? Well, she *was* a cad for having done it; a cad for the sake of her son. She half rose in bed. Should she go to Lawrence and take it back? The moon had set; her room was perfectly dark; she hadn't an idea what time it was. She might have been lying there an hour or forever. No, she couldn't take it back now. She couldn't face her son with that new confession. The only dignity she could have after what she had done was the dignity of her legend. If she should go to him, he would marry the girl—the girl who had never lied to him!—and despise his mother to boot. What would any one get out of that? No, she wouldn't perjure herself to save Lawrence, and then weakly take back her perjury so that he might resume his dance to destruction. Out of the wreck of her honor she would at least save her son alive.

Once or twice she tried weakly to think that she had not wholly lied; but, strain her memory as she might, she could bring back to mind out of all her married past only the purple hours. They must have quarreled; they must have had differences; but just now she couldn't, for the life of her, remember them. Only a few of the moments that suffice to justify years were revived for her as she lay there hot and wretched in the cool autumn night. Yet she couldn't tell Lawrence — bewilder him with counter-confessions until he didn't know what to believe. Perhaps the girl would stick to him, after all. Then — she solemnly swore—she would smother them in such wealth as she had, and sometime light her belated nuptial torch for Lawrence by telling him. . . . But in that disillusioned hour Margaret Treeve knew perfectly that, even as Lawrence said, she had "smashed it." He had revolted from her tale; but the sense of her pain had sunk deep in his heart and changed him. Unless the girl's face belied her utterly, she could get on without him; and he would make not more than one protest. He would come back to his mother; and however the ghost might hover and reproach, his mother could not but feel that the failure of Lawrence's marriage was utter gain. Through all the night the one thing that had not changed for Margaret Treeve was her reading of Clemence Medley.

Some residue of gladness was there, after all, as dawn came on; though what she felt most sharply was shame like a pain that seemed ready to stop her heart from beating. Nothing was left for her now, after her disastrous activity, but to be forever passive. Perhaps, if God gave her years, she could make it up silently to the ghost. But for the rest of the world, never a finger lifted again—a passivity that nothing could stir. The first earnest of her passivity came to her as, with the morning sunlight full upon her tortured face, she fell asleep.

My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJALMUR STEFÁNSSON

SIXTH PAPER

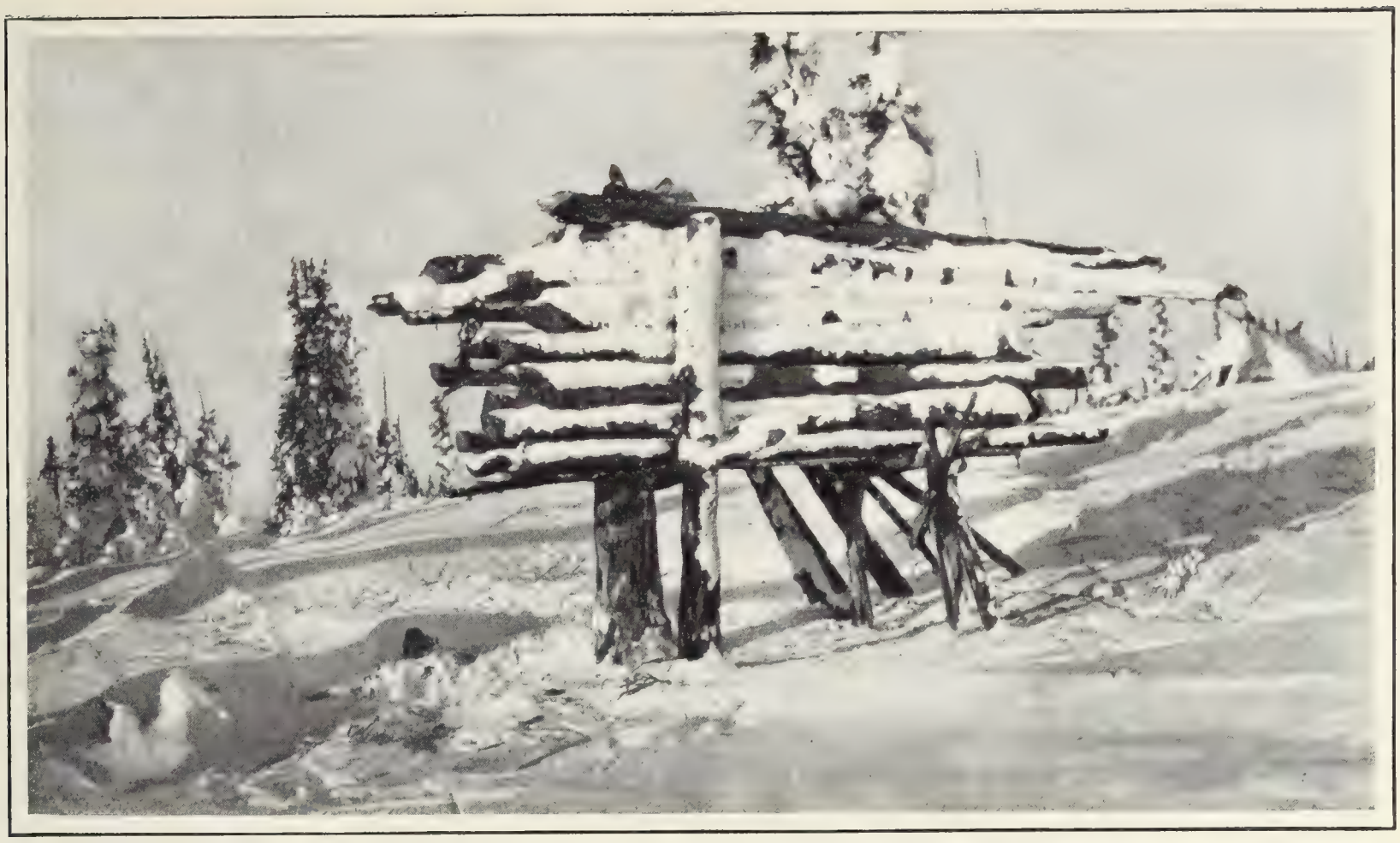
THE summer spent with the Copper Eskimos between Bear Lake and the Coppermine River passed pleasantly for me and profitably. From the first they had accepted me as one of them—they had not known that I was a white man until I told them so. My life was exactly as theirs, in that I followed the game and hunted for a living. Even my rifle did not differentiate me from them, because they looked upon its performances as my magic, differing in no way essentially from their magic. I spoke the Mackenzie Eskimo dialect and made no attempt to learn theirs, for it was not necessary for convenience' sake, and it would have thoroughly confused me to try to keep two so similar dialects separate in my mind. Sometimes in meeting an utter stranger I found a little difficulty; not that it was difficult for me to understand him, for he spoke very much like all the others that I had dealt with, but he at first would have some difficulty in adjusting himself to the sort of language spoken by myself and my companions.

By August the caribou skins were suitable for clothing. Up to that time we had killed only for food and had eaten each animal before moving to where the next was killed, so that our baggage had not increased; but now we had to begin saving the skins against the winter, and by the latter part of August we had a bundle of something like forty of the soft, short-haired pelts, so that our movements began to be hampered by the bulk and weight of our back-loads. We therefore chose a large dead spruce, the trunk of which was free of bark and limbs, and fifteen feet up it we suspended our bundle of skins. This we did for fear of the wolverines, for the Indians say that the wolverine cannot climb a smooth tree-trunk if the tree be so stout that it is unable to reach half around it with its legs in trying to climb. In this I have not much faith, because I have seen so many caches made which the Indians and Eskimos say are perfectly safe, and later when the cache is found to be rifled the natives are invariably astounded and assure you that they never heard of such a thing before. We tied our bundle with thongs to the trunk of the tree, and three weeks later when we came back it turned out that the first wolverine had just that day climbed up and eaten some of the thongs. Apparently it was mere accident that protected our clothing materials, and had we come a day later we might have found the skins destroyed.

The summer had been one of continuous sunshine, but that changed with the month of September, and the mists and fogs were then almost as continuous as the sunshine had been. The rutting season had commenced, and the bull caribou, which were numerous in summer in all the wood fringe northeast of Bear Lake, had moved out in the open country, and the hunting had become more difficult. Finally, by the end of September the caribou had become very few in number.

The Eskimos had all summer been making sledges, wooden snow-shovels, bows and spear handles, and other articles of wood. All these things and a good supply of caribou meat were stored at a spot which we called the "sled-making place," but which the Slaveys of Bear Lake, who know the country well and visit it in winter, call "Big Stick Island." This is a clump of large spruce trees on the southeast branch of the Dease River. The Eskimos were now waiting for the first snow of the year so they could hitch their dogs to the sleds they had made, load their provisions upon them, and move north toward the coast where they expected to spend the winter in sealing. But starvation began to threaten, so that finally, on September 25, the last party started toward the coast, carrying their sleds on their backs, for the first snow had not yet fallen.

I wanted very much to accompany them,



A "Wolverine-proof" Meat Cache of twelve-inch Spruce Logs

to become as familiar with their winter life as I already was with their summer habits, but it did not seem a safe thing to try, for their only source of food in winter is the seal, and these must be hunted, under the peculiar Coronation Gulf conditions, by methods unfamiliar to my companions and myself. Of course, we could have learned their hunting methods readily enough, but they told us that almost every winter, in spite of the most assiduous care in hunting, they are reduced to the verge of starvation. Frequently (and it turned out to be so that winter) they have to eat the caribou sinew they have saved up to use as sewing-thread, the skins they have intended for clothing, and often their clothing, too, while about one year in three some of their dogs die of hunger; a few years ago about half of one of the larger tribes starved to death. It was both fear of actual want and fear that if want came their superstition would blame us for it that kept us from going to the sea-coast with them. We decided, therefore, to winter on the head-waters of the Dease River, where the woodland throws an arm far out into the Barren Ground; to try to lay up there sufficient stores of food for the winter; to pass there the period of the absence of the sun; and to join the Coronation Gulf Eskimos in March, when abundance of hunting-light would make it safer to go into a country poorly stocked with game.

When we had decided upon this, I left my Eskimos to build a winter hut, while I walked alone down to the mouth of the Dease River, a distance of about thirty miles, to where my friends Melvill and Hornby were going to have their winter camp. I found there also Mr. Joseph Hodgson with his family, consisting of his wife, son, daughter, and nephew. Mr. Hodgson is a retired officer of the Hudson Bay Company, who through the many years of his service on the Mackenzie River had had a longing to get out of the beaten track of the fur-trader. For many years, he told me, it had been his special dream to spend the winter on the Dease River, and he had now come to do it. The mouth of the Dease is a picturesque spot, and although the Indians told Mr. Hodgson that it was "no good" as a fishing-place or as a location for hunting or trapping, he nevertheless stuck to his original intention and built his house there.

Both Mr. Hodgson and the Englishmen who lived about three miles away from him had a small store of white men's food, such as flour, sugar, tea, salt, and the like. But these were articles we did completely without, and even to the others they were merely luxuries, for they had to get the

main part of their food supply from the caribou of the land and the trout of Bear Lake. In spite of the little they had they offered me a share, a thing that I much appreciated, both because it shows the spirit of the north and because my Eskimos were immeasurably gladdened by a little flour, a thing they had not expected and without which they can get along very well, but the possession of which they feel marks them off definitely from the poor trash who cannot afford such things.

Melvill and Hornby had built their house on Bear Lake itself, about half a mile east of the old site of Fort Confidence, which had been built by Dease and Simpson in the thirties and occupied again by Richardson and Rae in the forties of the last century. The fort was a group of log buildings, which stood until a few years ago, when some Indians set fire to them, and now only the huge stone chimneys are standing, like the monoliths of Salisbury Plain, monuments of a bygone time.

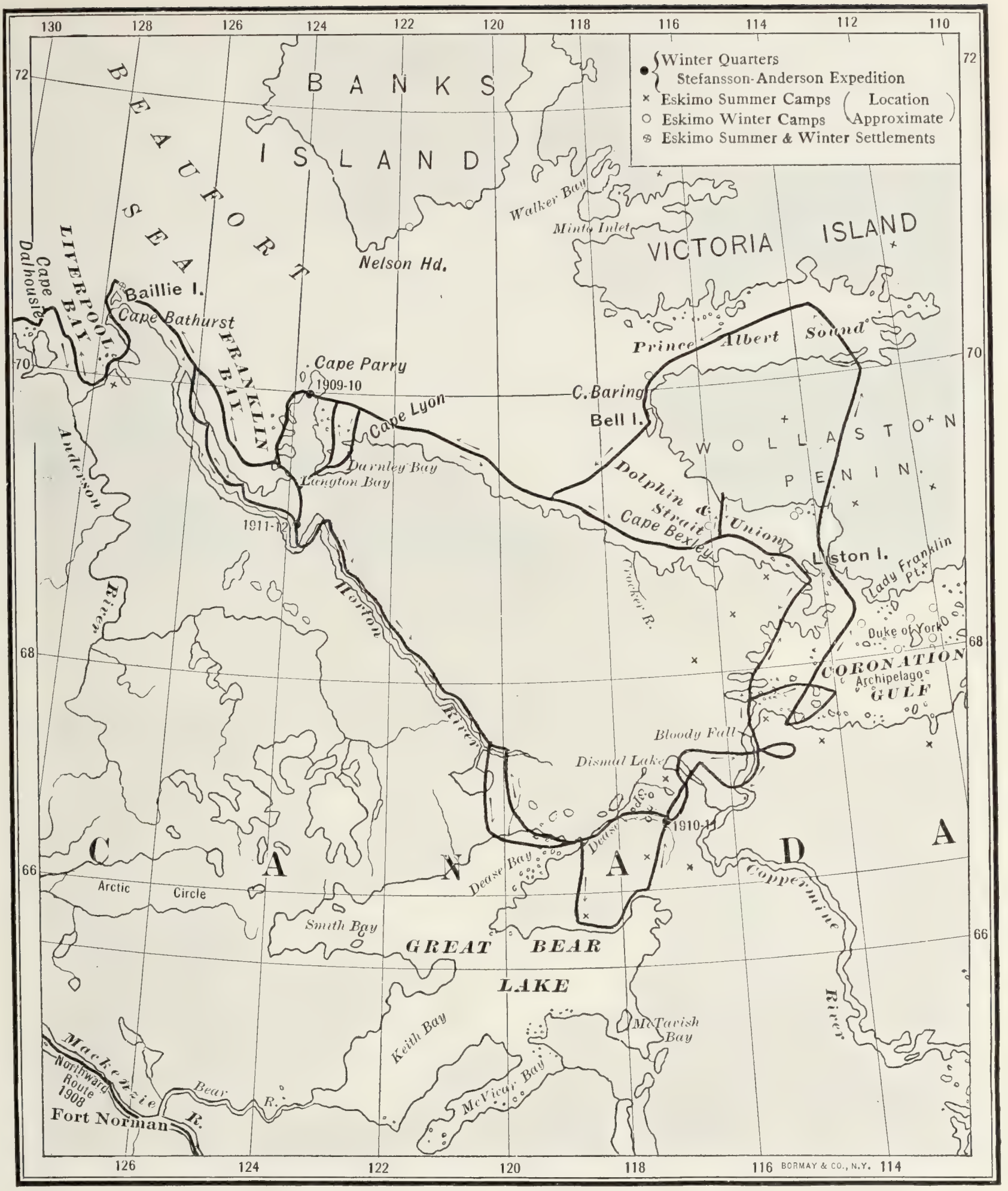
The firewood chopped by Richardson's men, and piled up methodically after the nature of Englishmen, looked as if it had been chopped last year—a striking proof of the fact that in the northern regions decay is very slow. Some months before on the Arctic coast west of Cape Bexley I had seen wood that had been chopped with sharp axes. Now we knew that no one with a sharp ax had been there since Richardson in 1848, and yet these chips looked nearly fresh. The weathering of wood seems greater in one season in the latitude of 45 degrees north than in twenty years in the latitude of 70 degrees.

I spent two weeks with my friends on Bear Lake, writing letters which it was expected some Slavey Indians would take to Fort Norman at Christmas-time. In ordinary years no Indians winter on the east end of Bear Lake, but this time a few families were there, attracted by the presence of the white men; and they would, of course, being good Catholics, have to go to Fort Norman to celebrate Christmas as well as to trade with the Hudson Bay Company and with the "Free Traders." These two weeks passed very pleasantly for me, yet in a way I regretted them, for I missed seeing the one big herd of caribou that came into our territory in the year. I have often seen five hundred caribou in a band, and sometimes a thousand, but the herd that crossed the eastern headwaters of Dease River going south from the 10th to the 14th of October certainly numbered a great many hundreds of thousands, and probably millions.

The two Eskimos had gone off on what they intended as a day's prospecting trip to the eastward from our camp in search of a fishing-lake. They took with them their rifles, of course; but, not having seen any caribou the last few days, they had now, as they had done the previous spring, made up their minds that no caribou were coming into our country any more, and they had therefore taken with them only about twenty cartridges, saying as they started that they felt sure they would catch enough fish so that they would not have to shoot ptarmigan. When they got down to the fishing-lake they saw, to their surprise, a few caribou near its eastern end. The wind was blowing from the north, and when they were approaching these caribou they noticed a strange stench which they hardly knew how to interpret. The big herd must have been a few miles to the north, and they had smelled it as one might smell a barnyard on close approach.

That day they wasted most of the cartridges on the few caribou in sight, skinned half a dozen or so, and camped overnight. When the big herd came the next morning they were nearly without cartridges. They were awakened by the tramp of caribou marching past in solid columns, two, three, or more abreast, and the columns anywhere from a few yards to a quarter of a mile apart. Sometimes the herd walked, but generally they proceeded on a trot. Such a sight as this had never been seen by my Eskimos, and it dumfounded them. Natkusiak, who always did the thinking for the two of them, decided immediately that he would, with the few cartridges they had, sit down and try to shoot two or three caribou with each bullet, while Tannaumirk was to go back the short eight miles to our camp to get ammunition.

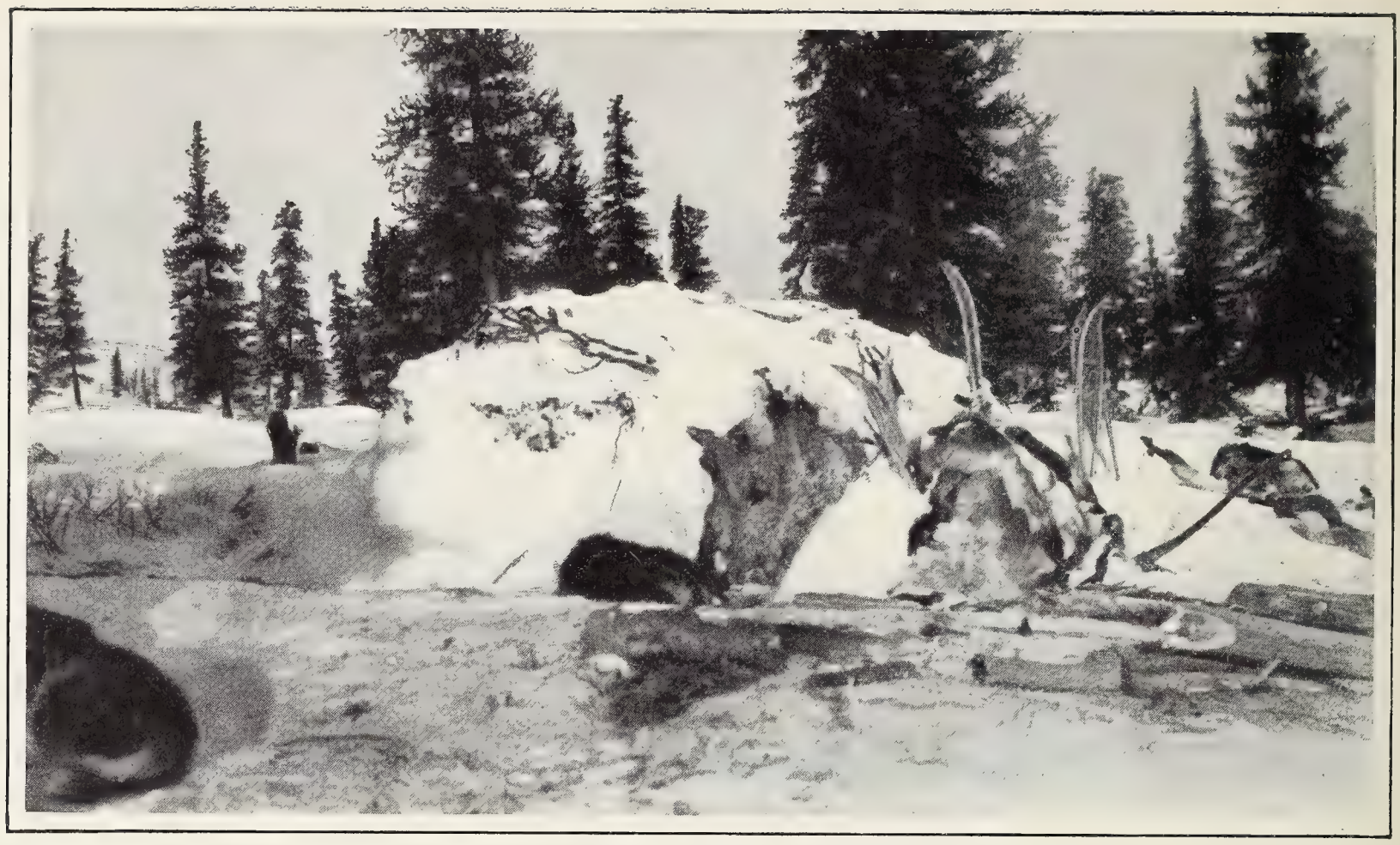
Tannaumirk accordingly started, but when he got a mile or so on his way he saw a place where the caribou were crossing the frozen river, coming down a steep cut-bank. As they did so it occurred to him that if he were to hide under the cut-bank he would be able to stab the caribou as they passed. The animals were too quick for him, however; and al-



MAP SHOWING STEFANSSON'S EXPLORATIONS, 1909–11

though, according to his own story, he was several times able to touch them with the point of his knife, he was unable to kill any. He then went and cut down a stout willow and made a long spear-handle for his knife. He is very sure that had he done this in the first place he would have killed a good many caribou, but when he took up his position afresh under the cut-bank the caribou had ceased coming over that spot. Nevertheless, he spent the entire day skulking under other cut-banks trying to stab caribou as they passed. Finally, when he was pretty well tired out, there was only daylight enough left for him to reach home.

The next morning when he was about to return to Natkusiak with the ammunition he saw a band of bull caribou near the camp. Of course, no one with brains would have done such a thing as he had done the day before, nor would any one have stayed to follow three or four bulls when he knew that the



HOUSE ON DEASE RIVER IN MIDWINTER

march of the big herd was in progress to the east; but Tannaumirk was never very bright, and he spent the entire day in stalking and shooting three bulls. While he was skinning them he happened to see some wolves, and made up his mind that it was important that he carry the meat home to camp. This took him several hours of the third day, and it was nearly evening on that day when he finally got back to Natkusiak with the cartridges.

Meantime Natkusiak had used his four or five bullets so well that he averaged killing two deer with each one, but when Tannaumirk got back, the herd had passed and only a few stragglers remained. For two days the herd had been moving south, past the west end of our fishing-lake, and when I came home a few days later I found a belt of country several miles in breadth so trampled down by the feet of the caribou that it might be spoken of as one continuous trail. Had I been there myself, I don't think there would have been any possibility of making even an approximate count of the herd. As it was, I merely agree with the Eskimos that the numbers were beyond comprehension. We got only twenty-nine animals out of it, however, while with any management at all we should have been able to kill at one spot enough meat to last us the whole winter.

It will be remembered that I had left Dr. Anderson and some of our Eskimos behind at Langton Bay, and it seemed to me wise now to try to connect with him, because I knew he would already be worrying about what had happened to us. His Eskimos, I felt sure, would take it for granted that we were long since dead, and I thought it likely—as, indeed, was the case—that Dr. Anderson would have in mind starting a search expedition for us. It seemed evidently much easier for us to find him (for we knew where he was) than for him to find us. Besides, the largest unexplored area on the continent lay between us on Bear Lake and his location on Franklin Bay, and this I was anxious to explore. The previous winter had been spent by us on the lower reaches of Horton River. When Richardson first saw the mouth of Horton River in 1826 he gave it a name; he also gave names in that immediate neighborhood to two other rivers—Ellice and Jardine—and the charts in no way indicate that one of these is larger than the other. The mouths of all are set down, but nothing else is shown. Now we found in the winter 1909–10 that the rivers Ellice and Jardine were creeks that you could jump across and not over six miles in length, while we had that same year explored some two hundred and fifty miles



THE SAME HOUSE IN SPRING

of the lower reaches of Horton River, and we had found it to have all the earmarks of a big river. It seemed as wide at two hundred and fifty miles up-stream as it was twenty-five miles from the sea, and it came from the direction of Bear Lake.

Now that we were on Bear Lake, I thought that by taking a course northwest true from the northeast corner of the lake for Langton Bay I should not only reach Langton Bay, but, incidentally, should probably find and be able to chart the upper reaches of Horton River. On this journey Natkusiak would of course go with me, while Tannaumirk and Pannigabluk remained behind on Dease River at our winter camp; but it seemed advisable to get also a Slavey Indian companion, for the Slaveys claim to know the country far to the north of Bear Lake, and one man in particular, known as Johnny Sanderson, said he knew all about it for a distance of several days' travel. Besides, we had no toboggans of our own, and our runner-sled was unsuitable on the tundra, so I hired Johnny with two toboggans and one dog-team.

On November 8, 1910, we started from the mouth of Dease River on our journey toward Franklin Bay; for two or three days before that we had been engaged in putting the finishing touches on our equipment, which meant making dog-harness and packing up dry caribou meat. Both at this time and on the two or three other occasions when we had come to Dease River Mr. Hodgson entertained us hospitably and helped us in every way. For the first forty miles after leaving his house we followed the shore of Bear Lake northwestward, and then struck inland, traveling west by compass, which here means northwest true. We had only about six days' provisions with us, for among other things Johnny had told us that there would be plenty of caribou as soon as we got away from the fringe of woods about Bear Lake. I have often started upon a longer trip than the three weeks we anticipated for this one, with less than six days' provisions, but in this case we could easily have taken more, for Mr. Hodgson generously offered to supply us with as much as we wanted to haul. Johnny regarded himself, apparently, as quite infallible, and succeeded in impressing me with the probability that he was nearly so; but few men I have dealt with have panned out so poorly as Johnny Sanderson.

Going in a northwesterly direction, it takes about forty miles of traveling to reach the edge of the Barren Ground, and for all this distance we saw plenty of caribou tracks, but Johnny told us it would

not be worth while following them and delaying our journey by a hunt in the woods, because, he said, "the Indians call the treeless country the Caribou Ground, and that is because it is always covered with caribou." A few miles after we had left the trees behind us and entered upon what we called the Barren Ground (but what Johnny called the Caribou Ground) we crossed the tracks of half a dozen or so animals, and after that for two hundred miles we never saw another track.

Johnny was proud of his varied experiences as a traveler, and told how this and that great man of the Hudson Bay Company had employed him as head guide, and how they always placed implicit reliance in him. He said there were few places he did not know, and that even where he was a stranger his judgment was so good that he was seldom at fault.

This confidence in himself had been so often justified in the past that the fact of its being seldom justified on the present trip evidently seemed to him an exception scarcely worthy of note. We struck the Barren Ground on the morning of our fourth day, and toward evening we had a blizzard. When it came time to camp we searched for a small lake, because the ice at this season was not much more than a foot thick and fuel was scarce, so we wanted to get water for cooking. When we got to the shore of a small pond I stopped the sled. The selection did not suit Johnny, however; he said that no one who knew anything about traveling would ever pick such a place for a camp. Half a mile back, he said, he had seen a cut-bank under the shelter of which we could have pitched our tent, and even now he could see, only a little way ahead of us, a round hill with a steep slope to leeward that would be a fine place under which to camp, for the hill would break the wind.

Now my idea and Natkusiak's did not coincide with Johnny's, because to us it was clear that if we camped in the lee of an obstruction the drifting snow would in the night cover up our tent and place us in danger of being smothered even were the tent not to cave in with the weight of the snow. No man of any winter experience in the open will pitch his tent in a shelter where there is the possibility of a blizzard. Johnny's ideas were all gained in the forested country, where it is wise, of course, to choose the most sheltered spots, and it seemed to him that we were little better than insane. He announced, therefore, that he would take the matter into his own hands and pitch the camp in the shelter of the hill, and he told me incidentally that I was the first white man he had ever seen who did not



On the Northward Journey



A Hunting-camp North of Great Bear Lake

know enough to understand that an Indian knows more than a white man about how to make camp. Of course, the obvious answer was that now that he had the opportunity he had better watch carefully people who had different ideas from his and see what the result would be.

Natkusiak and I had to take Johnny's own sled away from him by a show of force, and had the pleasure of listening to his comments while we, without any help from him, put up the tent. During that time, and at various other times thereafter, Johnny told us much of a party of the Geological Survey of Canada which had been commanded by a white man who was my superior in every way, and who, while he was inexperienced, had the good sense to defer to Johnny in everything. Among other things Johnny had said that we would all probably freeze to death during the night, but we banked up the tent so well, Eskimo fashion, that we had not been inside of it more than an hour or so before Johnny began to complain that it was too warm, and that he was getting wet through the snow in his clothes melting and soaking in. He had been so sure that the tent was going to be so cold—nothing could melt in it—that he had not thought it worth while to brush the snow off his fur coat.

We made no fire, for Natkusiak and I agreed that digging heather for fuel from underneath the snow was not worth the bother; we ate frozen raw caribou meat and drank cold water, at all of which Johnny complained bitterly. We could, he pointed out, have used the ordinary forethought of sane men; we could have hauled a load of dry spruce wood from the Bear Lake woods and could have made ourselves comfortable with a fire and a warm meal. To this we answered that our dogs agreed with us in considering the sleds heavy enough without piling a cord of wood on top of them, and that there was no need for special effort toward making us comfortable, for we were comfortable already.

The next morning we started early. Fortunately for us, the blizzard was from the southeast, and, although it was still blowing a little, it only helped us on. But with the southeast wind in this district there usually comes a fog, and so it was now. We got into some very hilly country—mountainous it seemed—and although we made a long day, we had to camp without finding any trees or sign of a river. I was expecting to find Horton River about here, and hoping that if we found it we should find spruce, or at least willows, in the valley bottom. It turned out that on our second Barren Ground day we camped just a little too soon, for the next morning early



A Camp near the Tree-line North of Great Bear Lake

we struck a river about one hundred yards wide coming in from the east and flowing sluggishly through level country with scarcely the vestige of a valley. We followed it west about six miles; then the conformation of the country began to indicate that the stream probably made a large curve, first southwest, and later west, north, and a little back again east. Anyway, our destination was Franklin Bay, which lay northwest true, so we abandoned the stream and struck northwest again about eighteen miles. Here we came upon the river again, and found it, much to our satisfaction, to be fairly well timbered with black spruce, while at the point where we struck it in the morning there had been nothing but willows.

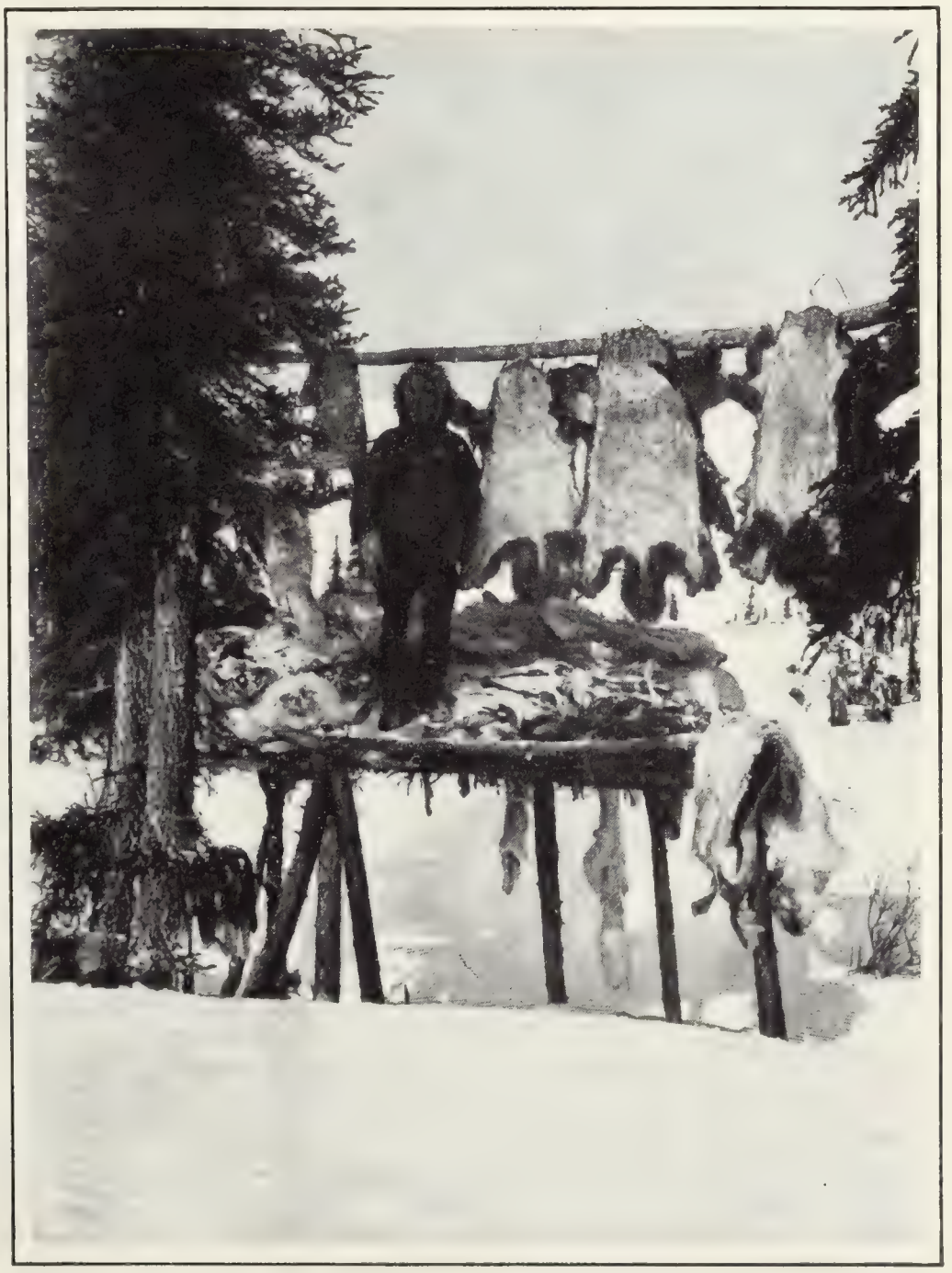
From this point on for six days we followed the winding course of the stream. There were rapids here and there and stretches of open water, but we always found a thoroughfare past these difficulties along one bank or the other. In some places the valley is fairly wide; in others the river plunges through narrow limestone cañons, and everywhere it is crooked, but when you once commit yourself to the river you must follow it, for the country through which it runs is, much of it, hills of solid rock, the tops of which are swept clean of snow by the fierce winter winds, and across them there is consequently no practicable road. Sleds such as we had would be worn out on the rocky surface in half a day, and even steel-shod sleds could not last more than a day or so. One must consequently follow the ice of some river.

Compared with many of our other trips, this one looks easy on the map, but it was really the most difficult we ever made. We had expected to find plenty of game, and found none at all, not even ptarmigan. After leaving the woods of Bear Lake we had begun to save our food; when we entered the river we had already eaten up all the meat which we took along from Bear Lake, but Melvill and Hornby had given me ten pounds of flour, and Mr. Hodgson some caribou tallow. We used these for making soup, our ration being four tablespoonfuls of flour and an eighth of a pound of tallow per man per day. We gave each of our dogs about as much tallow as we took ourselves, and divided up among them some long-haired caribou skins to give them something of bulk in their stomachs. It is our practice to feed the dogs as long as we do ourselves, for the speed of the party depends upon the strength of the dogs, and it would be bad generalship to hoard food to the disadvantage of the dog-team when speed is the one thing to be desired; besides, the dogs deserve this for the faithful service of many years.

It was on the morning of the seventh day on the river that we saw some caribou tracks. My Eskimo got along with Johnny Sanderson even worse than I did myself,

and while, under ordinary circumstances, I did the hunting, in this case I let my Eskimo follow the caribou tracks and went ahead with Johnny and the two sleds down the river. We made a fair day, but in the evening Natkusiak came home empty-handed. He had seen plenty of tracks, but no caribou. Up to this time I had been uncertain whether the river we were on was really Horton River and whether it would lead us eventually to Franklin Bay, where we had some reason to think that Dr. Anderson would be waiting for us in a camp which we hoped would turn out well stocked with deer-meat. During this last day, however, the character of the river had changed so much and had become so familiar to me that I felt sure it could not be long until I should finally recognize the most southerly spot reached by us the previous winter. Natkusiak had not been with me on my longest southeasterly journey the year before, so that the following day I let him and the Indian proceed with the sleds and hunted myself, with the idea that I should probably find myself on familiar ground. This turned out to be true. We were now in the district in which we had found caribou fairly abundant just a year before, and, as good luck would have it, they were fairly abundant still. I saw several bands and shot two animals before mid-afternoon. Hard times were therefore over, for I knew that it would take no more than three or four days more to reach the coast. Both ourselves and our dogs had lost a little flesh, and poor Johnny had, before we reached this district of plenty, wasted considerable time bewailing the evil day upon which he had joined such an expedition as ours.

The traveler's best motto is, "It is better to be safe than sorry." Acting on this principle, I decided to camp right where we were for a few days, to hunt caribou, since we had found them, and to dry the meat. We feared we possibly might not, after all, find Dr. Anderson on Franklin Bay, for not only is human life proverbially uncertain, but Anderson had gone on so long a journey to the west the previous summer that I was not sure that he would have been able to return; and even had he returned, I was not sure how successful his autumn hunt had been, and had no guarantee that we should find his camp well stocked with food. We did not have very good luck with the hunting. Johnny hunted one day, with no success at all, and Natkusiak and I between us killed seven. After half drying the meat over a camp-fire we cached it for our return journey and proceeded north. Everything was familiar now, for this was the district in which we had hunted a good deal and starved a little the year before. I took a six-mile walk one day to revisit our camp of the year before, and in the half-darkness of the winter noon I sat awhile looking at the ruins of what had been a comfortable shelter from many a storm. I had



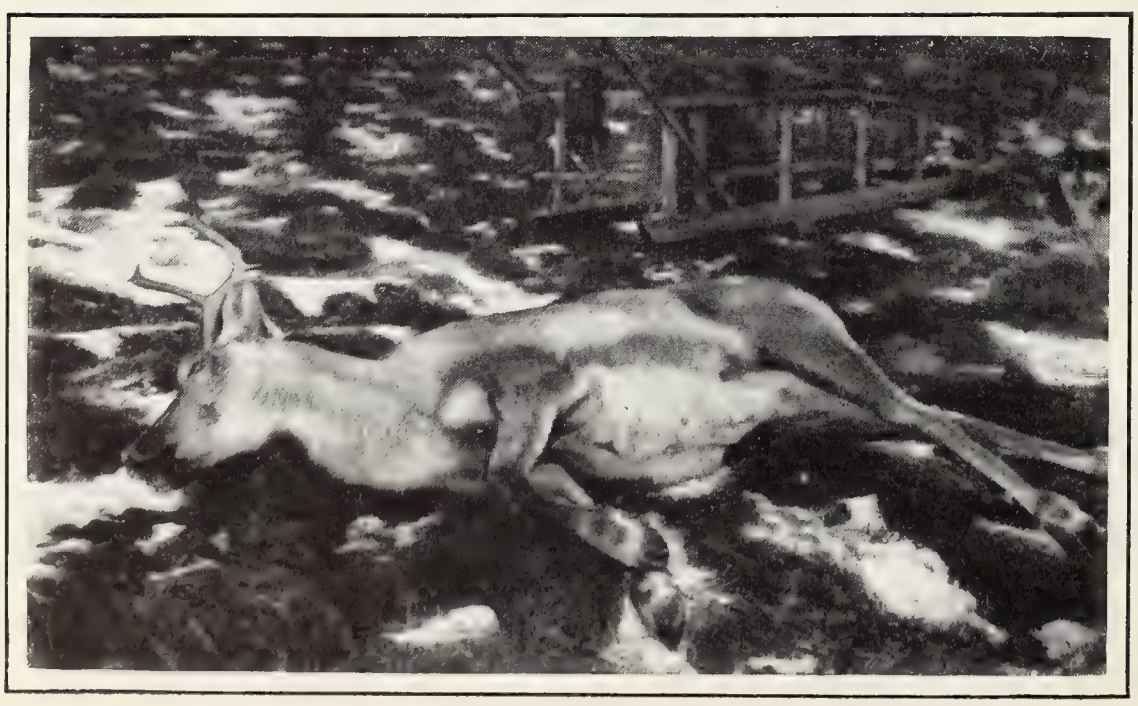
A Store of Deer-meat and Skins at the Winter House

advised Dr. Anderson to make his winter camp here this year, too, but to my disappointment I found no sign of him.

When we reached the point directly south of Langton Bay, which is the southeast corner of Franklin Bay, we struck overland a distance of about fifteen miles. The country here is a high plateau from which there is a steep descent of about two thousand feet when one comes within about three miles of the ocean. As we approached this descent we walked into a terrific local gale blowing off the plateau. These local gales on Franklin Bay are a regular feature of the early winter months. The explanation seems to be that the ocean outside is free of ice and the air over it is therefore warm, while the high plateau inland is intensely cold. The heavy cold air of the plateau therefore rushes down like an invisible Niagara, pouring down into the vacuum caused by the upward currents of air over the sea. We reached the coast two miles west of the Langton Bay Harbor, where our scientific collections of the two previous years were stored, and where I knew I should find some message from Anderson if he were not there himself. It was a time of considerable suspense, for the trip from Bear Lake had been so difficult that none of us liked the idea of returning at once without a little chance to rest; and this we knew we should have to do if Dr. Anderson proved to be absent, for at this time of the year Langton Bay is devoid of game, and any one living there must depend on stores gathered the previous summer.

Before quite reaching Langton Bay Harbor, however, we came upon sled tracks, and at the harbor itself we found Dr. Anderson and our Eskimos safe, comfortably housed and fairly well supplied with food. The main part of the food was whale, the carcass of which had drifted in to the beach just before the freeze-up in the fall. This animal had been freshly killed when he drifted ashore, and furnished us, therefore, a supply of food which was not only abundant but also palatable. I found here waiting for me some mail, to get which Dr. Anderson had had to make a thousand-mile trip the previous summer west to the whaling-station at Herschel Island. My most recent letter had been written on the 13th of May, 1910, and it was now the 4th of December.

After resting about two weeks we started back toward Bear Lake, leaving the same four Eskimos behind, although Dr. Anderson accompanied us. Knowing the character of the country, and having plenty of food at Langton Bay, we loaded the sleds with provisions, which, together with the caribou meat we had cached inland, would be equal to about twenty-five days' full rations. Had everything on the homeward road been as it was on the northwestward journey, this would have been ample, for we had come from Bear Lake to the sea in twenty-six days, but we were now a month later in the season; the sun had long ago gone away and we had only twilight at noon, and the snow lay thick and soft in many places in the river where on the way north there was glare ice. Our progress southward was therefore very slow, and by the time we reached that point of Horton River where one begins the portage to Bear Lake we were on short rations again. In our two days' crossing of the Barren Ground we again had a blizzard, but again it happened to be blowing at our backs and rather helped than hindered us, although we could see practically nothing of the country through which we traveled.



OUR FOOD SUPPLY IN WINTER

On our second day in the Barren Ground we had the last and



RUIN OF THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY STEFANSSON'S PARTY IN 1909

most striking proof of Johnny's infallibility. We had come to perhaps a dozen trees, and I said to Johnny, "Well, this is fine; now we are back in your Bear Lake woods again." No, that was not so, he said. There were two ranges of hills on the Barren Ground. One of these was right in the middle of the Barren Ground, and on the southerly slope of this range were a few trees. It was at these trees we now were, and if we left them it would take us another whole day of travel before we came to the next. He told us, therefore, that unless we wanted to camp without firewood we must camp here. Dr. Anderson and I talked this over, and we agreed that Johnny had never in the past proved right in anything; but still it seemed better to do as he advised, for, after all, this was his own country, and he ought to know something about it. The blizzard was still blowing, and it was intensely cold. If we had pitched camp where there were no trees we should have made a small tent, Eskimo fashion, and it would have taken us only a few moments to do so; but now that we had trees we put up an Indian-style tepee, a difficult thing to do in a storm, and a matter of two hours or so of hard work during which all of us froze our faces several times and suffered other minor inconveniences. My idea had been, on seeing these few trees, that we were now on the edge of the forest, and that a few miles more of travel would bring us into the thick of woods where no wind can stir the snow; and in the morning when we awoke and looked out, sure enough, there was the edge of the forest only a few hundred yards away, with the woods stretching black and unbroken toward Bear Lake. But for the wisdom of Johnny Sanderson we might have camped in its shelter and escaped one of the most disagreeable camp-making experiences we ever had.

The next day we had traveled only a few miles before we came upon the tracks of caribou. Our thermometer had broken some time before, and so I speak without the book, but there is little doubt that the temperature was considerably below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. There was not a breath of air stirring. While the other three proceeded with the sled I struck out to one side to look for caribou. First I saw a band that had been frightened by our main party. There were only a few clearings in the woods, but wherever the animals were you could discover their presence by the clouds of steam that rose from them high above the tops of the trees.

There are few things one sees in the north so nearly beyond belief as certain of the phenomena of intense cold as I saw and heard them that day. It turned out that the woods were full of caribou, and

wherever a band was running you could not only see the steam rising from it and revealing its presence, even on the other side of a fairly high hill, but, more remarkable still, the air was so calm that where an animal ran past rapidly he left behind him a cloud of steam hovering over his trail and marking it out plainly for a mile behind him. When you stopped to listen you could hear the tramp of marching caribou all around you. On such days as this I have watched caribou bands a full mile away whose walking I could hear distinctly although there was no crust on the snow; and as for them, they could not only hear me walking, but could even tell the difference in the sounds of my footsteps from those of the hundreds of caribou that were walking about at the same time.

My first opportunity to shoot came through my hearing the approach of a small band. I stopped still and waited for them. I was not nervous, but rather absent-minded. In other words, my mind was more fully occupied than it should have been with the importance of getting those particular caribou. I always carry the magazine of my rifle full but the chamber empty, and as the animals approached I drew back the bolt to throw a cartridge into the chamber, but when I tried to shove the bolt forward it stuck fast. This is the only time in four years of hard usage that anything has interfered with the perfect working of my Mannlicher-Schoenauer. The caribou were moving past without seeing me, and I became a bit excited. I knew the rifle was strong, and I hammered on the end of the bolt with the palm of my hand, but it would not move. When the caribou were finally out of range, and when nothing more could be done, I for the first time took a good look at the rifle to try to discover the trouble, and saw that one side of the bolt had something frozen fast to it. It turned out that when I had drawn the bolt back to load the rifle I had carelessly allowed the palm of my bare hand to rest against the bolt, and a piece of skin about an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide had frozen fast to the bolt and been torn away from my hand without my noticing it. It took but a few moments scraping with my hunting-knife to remove the blood from the bolt, and the rifle was in good working order again.

Three days later we reached the house of Melvill and Hornby on Bear Lake, thirty-three days after leaving Langton Bay. After a short visit with them and Mr. Hodgson we proceeded up the Dease River and found Tannaumirk and Pannigabluk well, although getting short of food, for Tannaumirk was not a hunter of much enterprise.

No caribou were just then to be found near our winter quarters, so Dr. Anderson, one of the Eskimos, and myself struck out south to look for them. On the second day we found them near the northeast corner of Bear Lake, but had hard luck that day on account of variable faint airs that continually gave the animals our wind. The next day, however, we got sixteen, and within the next twenty days thereafter fifty-two more, which was plenty of meat for the rest of the winter.

March 21 we left Dease River to go north and join the Eskimos again on Coronation Gulf. The days were long now and the caribou already moving north, so we judged it safe to do so too. It proved safe. With the Eskimos our experiences were largely a duplication of those of the spring before, except that they were now all old friends. We found they had starved considerably, but none of them had died of hunger, though a few of the dogs had. Our coming was especially useful to those who had been forced to eat their caribou sinew and consequently had no thread to sew clothes or to mend with.

The journey westward, too, was largely a duplication of our eastward journey a year before. We started from Coronation Gulf April 30th, went north across it to the south shore of Victoria Island, west through Dolphin and Union straits to Simpson Bay, then north again across southwestern Victoria Island to Prince Albert Sound, west along the sound, and southwest again across the straits to the mainland, and thence west along the coast to our home camp at Langton Bay, which we reached June 22, 1911, just fourteen months after leaving it. On our journey west we visited groups of Eskimos numbering perhaps five hundred persons, but we had also passed stretches of uninhabited country which it took us five weeks at a time to get through. On this homeward journey we lived on the game we shot, as we had done during the remainder of our fourteen months of absence in the country of the Copper Eskimos.

Mr. Munro's Doctrine

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

MRS. MUNRO shrugged her shoulders to find the rooms empty. Julius was always late. "Manning," she said, summoning the butler, "remind Mr. Munro we are having people to dinner." Her eyes caught a brilliant glimpse of her image in the mirror, and she paused to bask before it in her soft rose dinner gown, soothed by the consciousness of being so prettily incased. Only, her husband would never notice it. What was there one could do about Julius? Observing that the deep-green sofa cushions would be a becoming background, she sat herself stoically among them; and Julius Munro as he entered found her bending over a favorite bracelet.

Approval tinged with amusement was in his absent-minded look. The approval rose both from her effectiveness and his regard for her: she had her qualities. On the other hand, she was such a curious, plump, pigeony little woman, always making her brain be the footman and her heart the tsar; and his amusement was fed by her surrenders to this primeval side of her. Some further evolution would be needed before Emma ranked as human. She, when her feelings lacked outlets, thought of him in a similar strain. "An intellectual old dear, but so undeveloped humanly," her wail was. They each pondered plans at odd moments for making the other perfect.

Looking up, on a wave of fondness, to meet only the appraising smile, she fixed cool eyes on his collar, breathing languidly, "Again?" His hand, hoisted to the spot, found there no necktie. The smile faded. "Don't go up-stairs," she said, patiently, as he marched toward the door; "it is hanging down your back, dear." He clutched at his back. And now the mirror reflected a statesmanlike form, whose lips moved soundlessly as he struggled at a task not always performed to advantage when a critic is watching.

"The Hanburys are quarreling," she said, presently. "He came at eleven this morning and stayed to luncheon with me."

"Ah-hum!" with absolute indifference.

"He didn't quite take to staying at first, but I told him I expected you in at any minute, and he saw I didn't, so he did."

"Eh? Oh. . . . Ah-hum! . . . I was working at the library."

Emma Munro stretched forward and surveyed a silk-clad foot. "You're always at the library," she sighed, "buried up to your neck in your aboriginal indecencies. Julius, aren't you overdoing it? It is one thing to take a passing interest in the Caraway-Islanders, and quite another to devote your whole life to the creatures. When you retired from business—"

"When I retired so early from business," he answered, "it wasn't to sit down and play the piano with you, my dear Emma. I need fresh mental pursuits to keep from deteriorating. We won't discuss it. Ethnology is a study we have all neglected, and while I don't in the least intend to devote my whole life to the people you charmingly describe as the Caraway-Islanders, I do intend to study ethnology. You speak of indecencies, alluding, I assume, to tribes that do not practise concealment of their bodily functions or of their bodies. Now among the Dyaks—"

"Please, please, Julius," snapped Mrs. Munro, "don't blacken my mind any further with their revolting customs. What you told me yesterday morning about your Dyaks made me squirmish all day. Besides, it isn't your studying ethnology that I object to; you miss my point. It is your spending even more of your time on it than you used to spend on business. Though I do think some less awful subject — geography or hydraulics—"

The butler appeared in the doorway

announcing the first arrivals. "Mrs. Broderick," he rolled. "Mr. and Mrs. Sims." And a moment later, more resonantly, "Mr. 'An-b'ry."

"Booms my name like a dying trombone, that fellow," Hanbury said, with some annoyance, approaching his hostess.

"Yes," she laughed, moving over to the sofa. "Manning's uncle was a curate."

"Hence the bellow, you mean?" he answered, following, "or hence the special disapproval he evinces of *me?* Am I such a miserable sinner that every curate's nephew who sees me must give a howl like that? By the way, did you tell Julius about—er—?"

"About that Mr. Chilton?"

"No, no, about me. About my lunching here. You did? Tut, tut, tut! Well—spilled milk. Where the deuce is Carol, do you suppose?"

"Where is your wife, Hanbury?" inquired Munro, stalking up. "I trust that you did not leave her in the bureau drawer."

"Oh, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?" Hanbury coughed. "Why, I was just wondering. Started before I did, took the motor; I came with the Simses. A tire perhaps. Hark — here's Manning again."

"Mis-sus 'An-b'ry," groaned the butler, ominously; and then, in a voice of prophetic fulfilment, "Mr. Chill-ll-lton."

"There, Emma, what did I tell you?" whispered Hanbury. "She must have stopped for him. Now what would your fellow's uncle have said to that?"

"That," so far as Robb Chilton was meant, looked sufficiently innocent. A mild, speculative face, eyes warm and bright, chin raised a little, his air in general was one of an observant detachment. He was writing; writing stories for children, and feeling his way psychologically toward a future novel; and he had become much attached to Carol Hanbury: to have such a vivid woman believe in him was a spur and a delight. She, on her part, liked the boy for his openness and for his demanding nothing of her, just as she loved and quarreled with her husband for demanding everything.

To her husband, Robb Chilton was proving an irritating dose. The younger man's responsiveness and candor were lost upon Hanbury, who thought him an insinuating dog setting much too fast a pace. A puppy—a soft, little shuffling young puppy who took up too much room. He watched him throughout the dinner, watched and frowned at Carol, sent Emma Munro signals; and his plan was to pounce on the puppy as soon as the women rose; but in shifting their places Chilton fell, as it happened, to Sims, and Hanbury to his host.

His host was expansively ethnological. Hanbury found himself invited to consider Indecency, "a foolishly avoided subject." Social codes were next; then the foibles of women. Hanbury dreamed. An impressive tapping on his shoulder restored his attentiveness.

"Humanity's great need, to my mind," urged the tapper, "is to provide all women with more schooling in the give and take of social relations; and our great modern difficulty is the old prejudices that forbid it. Let me give instances. When a Tamil girl is grown, which is generally the case in the twelfth year, she is not allowed to leave the house, Hanbury, without her mother's permission, and even in the house is secluded as much as possible from the eyes of men. In Korea they are so successfully hidden, even among the poor, that travelers have reported never seeing any girl over eight, except hanging listlessly about in the women's apartments. Arab women are said in their ignorance to cling willingly to claustration. We all know what the conditions have been in Turkey. In some provincial towns in America it gives rise to scandal if girls dine tête-à-tête with any man except near relatives. In most Australian tribes women may talk with no men but their husbands, not even with their own brothers. Venetians of the seventeenth century, according to Yriarte—"

"One moment," interrupted Hanbury. "What are you driving at? It seems to be a matter of conscience with you ethnologists" (Munro looked pleased) "never to reveal the cocoanut until you've first built your whole coral island, shell by shell, and then slowly grow the palm-tree. Life's too short."

"My—ah—cocoanut, or climax, was to have been," said Munro, "that even



"Don't go up-stairs; it is hanging down your Back, Dear"

our modern women don't get enough opportunities to train themselves—properly—in social fields." He puffed abstractedly on a cigar that had long since gone out.

"Why, that's just where they shine," said Hanbury.

"I disagree with you. I should call the average woman distinctly undisciplined socially. In wholesale gaieties, balls, dinners, they shine, if you like. In closer and more personal relations, marriage especially, they fail."

Hanbury's conscience awoke. Had Munro a hidden meaning? If the phrase "average woman" was his way of saying Carol, if he meant Carol was a failure, he was trying to be sympathetic. If he meant Emma Munro, he was being hostile. "The 'average woman,' you say?" he questioned.

"Even the best of them, Hanbury," said Munro. That settled it. His tone meant it was Emma who was "undisciplined." He knew nothing of Carol, anyway. It was Emma he was talking

about, and her having him—Hanbury—to lunch; Munro was jealous. Pshaw! Too bad if a man couldn't see Emma without her husband's whining about it over the coffee.

"I'll tell you what my idea is," Munro continued. "Women don't understand the true laws of a relationship." Hanbury shifted his position—the bolt was coming. "Rarely having in any real sense more than one, they plan to make that their whole life—they plan, that is, to compress all that life holds, or can give, into just that one relationship. Marriage, for instance. They expect a man to, too. And in doing this, in shutting all the doors and the windows and pulling down the shades, they impoverish both marriage and themselves. Don't I make myself clear? You look puzzled."

"You—er—your idea is—"

"One must lead a fuller life," Munro said, firmly, his mind upon Emma's objection to his going to the library; "one must have outside interests. I think this should be morally obligatory rather than just permissive. It is not simply one's privilege, it is one's duty. For the sake of the relationship, mind you. It brings something fresh to it from without. I may say it is an enrichment. And there is more, much more, I could say if—ah," he looked at the mantel, "if it were not time to go to the drawing-room."

Hanbury pointed his mustache-tips and straightened his waistcoat. Munro was not jealous, then. "He actually seems to be hinting, in his obscure ethnological way," he thought, "that Emma owes it to herself to see something of—me, for instance. Probably I do her good. Or else it's that she clings too tightly to him—she would, she's that infatuated—and bores the chap."

"An awfully good sort, isn't he, Carol?" he said to his wife on their way home.

"He's a dear," she answered, "and I'm so glad you've found it out, Fips. That story of his about those—"

"Eh? Those what-were-they? Dyaks? I say! He told you that?"

"Dyaks? No. The one I mean was about the seven kings' sons and the golden go-cart."

"What! That sounds more like little Robb Chilton than Julius Munro."

"I thought it was Robb we were speaking of," she murmured.

His nostrils whitened.

"You call the child by its first name, do you?" he said, morosely. "Well, by—Jupiter, Carol, I simply don't see what it means! You, who have always had the most independent, indifferent attitude toward other men of anybody in skirts, to take such a sudden fancy to this young whipper-snapper, pursue him, read his stories, butter him up—I can't understand it. You're running more of a risk than you realize, Carol, and—people who run these risks have to take the consequences."

"You're beginning to understand, when you speak of him as a child, Fips. He's not, of course. But it really is the child in him I like most of all."

Hanbury looked skeptically away at the long avenue of maples. "Don't be a hypocrite, Carol," he said.

Her eyes flashed. "Don't you be one, either," she retorted; "you who talk of risks and consequences. Do you imagine I don't know, my dear, whom you lunched with to-day?"

A sudden smile, under his mustache, was throttled by Hanbury and sent back inward, where it warmed him. So that was how she felt! His course was plain, then. Lifting her wrap from her shoulders when they entered their home, he leaned forward as though to caress her, saying, smoothly, instead, "Does it ever strike you, Carol, that women lack discipline socially?"

She turned and frowned curiously at him, drawing off her long gloves.

"They don't understand, you see, the true laws of a relationship," he went on, sagely. "Marriage, for instance. They wish a man to make that the whole thing—just that one relationship—and the result is that they impoverish both marriage and themselves. They don't realize how desirable it is for men to lead a fuller life. Men must have outside bonds, Carol. Not simply because it's their privilege, but because it's their duty. For the sake of their marriage tie, mind you," he recited, eyes half shut. "It brings something fresh to it from without. I may say it is an enrichment. And there is more, much more, I could add," he continued, impressively, "if—if—er—"



"IT'S THE NEW MUNRO DOCTRINE," HE LAUGHED

Carol Hanbury stared incredulously at the halting orator. "Why, what ghastly nonsense are you talking now, Fips?" she cried. "You call me a hypocrite—could anything be more hypocritical and pharisaical than this? If I understand what you are driving at, it isn't even practicable. You say men should have women friends, don't you, in order to bring something 'fresh' to their home ties from without; yet you object, it seems, to women having men friends? You don't wish me to see Robb, at least."

He made a gesture of impatience. "We are not discussing Chilton," he protested. "Don't continually drag that Chilton into our home."

"I don't intend to. But I am asking you how you'll arrange this. How can men possibly go around having friendships with other women if those very women mustn't ever have friendships for men?"

"The difficulty of arguing with you, Carol," he replied, trying vainly to clear away the haze her words spread over his thought, "is that, instead of attempting to see the truth of anything I say, you get shirty and attack me. It's always fight, fight, fight, and no getting anywhere."

"No, but take some definite case, Fips," Carol persisted. "What would you expect Julius Munro to say if he found you trying this plan with Emma?"

Aha! If that spring had been successfully touched in her, never mind the argument. "Munro could have no objection," he said, with a chuckle, "because this is his own theory that I've been expounding." Well! he had downed her that time. "His own theory," he repeated, marching triumphantly out of the room. "It's the new Munro doctrine," he laughed, poking his head back in through the portières. The dark, pained eyes she turned on him made him feel like a brute. "Carol dear—" he began; then said to himself, "No, not while she is half Chilton's"; and went down the hall with a face as troubled as her own.



SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WHOLLY PLEASED WITH HIS RECEPTION OF THE LETTER

How hateful, *hateful* Fips could be, shivered Carol, and suddenly wished with all her might he would reappear and kiss her. Was that his footstep? She turned abruptly to the mantel and rearranged the vases. No, he wasn't coming. Thrusting the vases from her, she ran to the portières, but when she looked through the hall was empty, his door shut.

Her eyes grew moist, and, noticing it, her heart hardened. "If he is going to make a fool of himself over Emma Munro," she reflected, "I shall certainly"—"make a fool of yourself over Chilton?" inquired her inner mentor. "I shall certainly get what compensations I find available," she thought, defiantly.

But was Robb Chilton, in any sense, available? One of his tenets was that married people were hardly free to invite new friends into their lives unless their houses were in order. The noise of hammering spoiled the visits. "Fips doesn't hammer me," she had exclaimed; "or I him"—at Robb's twinkle. "Have you earned the right to a new friend, though?" had remained his question. "Or is it an assistant carpenter you're looking for, really? Or the doctor? Because, if my rôle is to be professional, Fips should join you in calling me in."

How to hold a man of this sort? Why, of course! The Munro doctrine! She and Robb could do the enriching for Fips. She could show Robb that she needed him for Fips's own sake. Quick, quick to her desk.

"My husband has just told me something which I must tell you, Robb," she wrote, thinking to herself, "Poor Robb, how nervous that will make him!" "He calls it the Munro doctrine, because it is Julius Munro's idea. Men and women shouldn't allow, he says, any one relationship to become the whole thing in their lives. That would impoverish them and be bad for the relationship. Everybody ought to have more than one real bond; it is not only one's privilege, it is one's duty; for the sake of the relationship, mind you. It enriches it. And you must see how all this applies to our relationship, Robb. Think it out! Too long after midnight for more," she ended, and signed herself his friend, C. H.

She would not have been wholly pleased with his reception of the letter. It made Chilton shake his head, and not for the first time, over the insensitive way women spoke of precious things. Carol Hanbury he was very fond of; there was no one like her; but instead of her appreciating the little reticences and reserves with which he was building a beautiful mutual understanding between their two spirits, here she was blurting out something about a "relationship." He disliked labels. All very well for what was past or dead! not for opening buds.

With Julius Munro's idea, however, he was in the fullest sympathy: friendships between men and women should exist outside of wedlock. Deep and tender friendships. When married folk tried to be not simply all in all to each other, but nothing much to any one else, they made a community a group of insulated pairs, no more a true society than was that of the Ark. In a true society there would have to be many sorts of ties, binding people to one another in a great interlacing network of love and affection. How much broader their lives would then be! How much more civilized that society!

But there was nothing very new or revolutionary in the idea, and what did Carol mean by saying it applied to her and him? "Think it out," she had written. What special application of it had she had in mind?

She had more than one tie. He hadn't, though. He knew no one as he did her. Had it struck her perhaps that he was letting her shut him off from other bonds?

How generous of her, then, to tell him; some women would not have been so ready to send a man to others. Only —whew!—how fatuous of him to think it generous of her. That did show he was rusty. Might she not have told him this, poor girl! because she had found him—well—didactic perhaps, or wordy, or in danger of becoming so. Or—come now!—had he been too intense with her? Did she think he needed balance? She really did seem to imply that he led a narrow life. To have other women friends was not only his privilege, but his duty, "for the sake of the relationship, mind you." Dear, dear! that sounded pressing. Could he in cold blood go out gunning for one, "for the sake of the relationship"? He reviewed the brief list of their neighborhood. There was his last night's hostess. She was the nicest.

Amused at Carol's having felt he required the prod, he determined at least to plumb Mrs. Munro's possibilities.

The Munros' dinner had been on a Monday. On the following Friday Fips Hanbury, entering their garden, sighted Emma Munro at her sewing on the broad rear piazza. "Alone at last," he called out, joining her. She smiled vaguely at him and rang a hand-bell.

"Why sound the tocsin, coward?" he laughed, getting into a hammock. "I won't bite."

"You are the coward," she retorted, "coming through my garden like this to avoid the curate's nephew."

"Fellow I burn to avoid is that Chilton," said Hanbury. "What's come over him, Emma?" She made no answer. "I didn't think anything of it when I found him here Wednesday," he went on; "I took it for his dinner call. But when he walked in again on Thursday, interrupted that whole visit, stayed me out, spoiled my afternoon—yours, too, didn't he?—it provoked me. What is he up to?"

There was another pause.

"I like him," Emma avowed, finally. "You would like him too, Fips, if you weren't so—so—"

"Say it, Emma. So jealous?"

"Yes," said Emma; "so jealous a husband."

"Think it blinds one's judgment instead of sharpening it, do you?" said Hanbury. "Ah, well, I dare say it's possible. What is your judgment, by the by, of Miss What's-her-name—this new librarian?"

"Why—I haven't seen her yet," she answered, darting a sidelong look at him.

"No? Well, when you do, let me know what you—and Julius—think of her."

Mrs. Munro went placidly on with her sewing.

"Now don't be obstinate, Emma," drawled Hanbury. "You know you want me to tell you about the new librarian."

"I know you must want to tell me."

"But naturally, Emma. There are no mysteries between us, are there? Unless you mean to make one of Chilton, of course."

With her head slightly drawn back and tilted, Emma patted into place the long centerpiece she was trimming with lace. "My dear Fips, how you bargain," she said, looking through her basket. "Like a rag-and-bottle man. I don't intend to make a mystery of anybody, I can assure you. If I am not as alarmed as you could wish about the new librarian, possibly it is because after this week Julius is to do his reading here at the house."

"When did he say so, Emma?"

"He said so last night."

Fips stretched himself out on the hammock, one hand resting lightly on the box of geraniums. "The new librarian," he yawned, "arrived this morning."

Mrs. Munro picked up the hand-bell again and jangled it sharply. "Manning!" she expostulated, like a frowning Aladdin.

"Very curious butler she keeps," Fips confided to the geraniums. "Funeral atmosphere about him. Won't answer the tocsin. Has a voice like a fog-horn. Makes faces at guests. A little poison, now, sprinkled on his tooth-brush—"

"Don't be hideous, please," ruffled Mrs. Munro. "Is she pretty, Fips?"

"Mm!—no, but she's a Bryn Mawr girl, nice family, clever."

"Tea, Manning," Emma ordered, as the butler appeared. He fixed his eyes blankly on Hanbury, bowed, and retired.

"And—ah—Manning, bring some of those little square cakes with sliced apricots in them," Hanbury called. There was no reply.

The hostess surveyed this guest of hers with raised eyebrows. "He knows how afraid you are of him at heart," she observed, "and the more jauntily you try to give him orders the more he knows it."

"The old death's-head!" Hanbury growled.

Mrs. Munro went placidly on with her sewing.

"Robb likes him," she murmured, presently.

"'Robb'?" cried Hanbury, sitting bolt-upright in the hammock. "'Robb,' eh? Well, God bless my soul! It was 'that Mr. Chilton' the last I heard. How does that chap do it?"

She seemed half amused at him, half bored.

"What's he coming here for, anyway?" Fips repeated, not noticing. "Do you know what I suspect? That he is spying on me: playing watch-dog for Carol, eh?"

"Egotist!" laughed the lady.

"I see that one of us is," he answered.

"Pr-rut! Upon my word! Am I egotistic to suppose that when people come to see me they come to see me? Besides, which of you two is it that Carol is supposed to care for? If it is Robb, why should she mind your seeing me? And if, as we both know, it's you, why do you mind her seeing Robb?"

"Beautifully simple, isn't it! You are very primitive sometimes, Emma. It's both. That's my trouble. I used to be the whole thing with Carol, and now I'm a fraction. She cares for me, same as ever, yes; but she also cares for Chilton, and in spite of its being all right I don't enjoy being a fraction."

"So you've got out your yard-stick, have you, old Rags-and-Bottles? Who's being primitive now?"

Hanbury pondered it dispassionately.

"That doesn't answer me, Emma," he said. "The fact remains that I am no longer getting what I once did of Carol, and you know very well that it's only human of one not to like it."

"But I don't believe there *is* any answer, so long as you take that attitude—of wanting to get all you can instead of giving all you can. It's as Robb says: there is no tradesmen's entrance, my dear, to Venusburg. . . . Place it sidewise, Manning," she added, as tea appeared. "No, to the right a little." Manning arranged the table and withdrew, breathing heavily.

"The art of living," sighed Mrs. Munro; "it's frightfully difficult. But there's one thing I am becoming convinced of, Fips: if people would live in the fullest and most fruitful sense, they must not shut themselves up into just one relationship."

"It would impoverish them, you mean?" suggested Fips, pricking his ears.

"Precisely," Emma rejoined, "pre-

cisely. And that would be bad for the relationship itself, don't you see? Everybody ought to have more than one real bond. It's more than a privilege, it's a duty."

"One owes it to the relationship," chorused Hanbury, smiling. How well Julius had drilled her! She had it by heart.

"Yes," she assented, though without conviction. She was wondering whether, after all, she wished to have a "bond" with Robb, or, indeed, he with her. "One owes it to the relationship. It enriches it."

"Sounds like a patent medicine, doesn't it?" mocked Fips. "The unctuous tone, to a dot. Does Julius always end it just that way?"

"Julius?"

"You recite his ideas."

"Julius's ideas, Fips? Nonsense! Poor dear Julius!"

"But they are. He told me them word for word; on Monday, at your dinner."

Emma was appalled.

Julius did get beyond his depth sometimes—she knew that; there had been tactful rescues—rescues of a drowning man who believes himself unsinkable require tact. Her habitual drowner, however, had hitherto had this excuse: when he entered the water it never was quite on his own initiative. Sirens—the peculiar brand of sirens, that is, to whom he was susceptible — had had to sing tooth and nail, as it were — and such songs! encyclopedic!—before he left the boat. *Now,* though: if now he were siren-hunting, not siren-hunted, with a babble of enriching their home life as his justification: if *that* were the explanation of his daily absences? It couldn't be. She knew her Julius.

"Nonsense!" she reiterated.

"Word for word," Hanbury assured her. "I call it the Munro doctrine."

"I supposed it the Chilton doctrine. It was he who told me of it."

"Oh!" said Fips, blankly.

They sat staring at each other, both thinking rapidly. Her thoughts were that if Julius *had* implanted these notions in Chilton and Fips, it must have been to encourage their visiting her. Why should he have? To make up for his own absences? to keep her amused? Or did the exasperating man count her an "impoverished" creature and in need of being freshened, or educated, before she could amuse *him?* And what were Fips's and Chilton's motives? Were they running to her perhaps only to be freshened for Carol? Emma had fancied herself their lodestone, not their whetstone.

Fips's brows were very black, she noticed. "Julius told it to me," he was saying; "I told Carol; Carol told Chilton then. So you see I was right in believing she had sent him here, Emma. Whether to be polished up for her by you, according to the doctrine, or to play the spy on me, isn't important. It's disloyalty one way, mean suspicion the other. Ah! I can't — I mustn't — talk of it." He moved to Emma's side. "Emma! Do you think me that kind of a man?"

"Why, no, Fips. No. What kind?" she stammered, looking up into his handsome, frowning face.

"No, Emma! I knew you wouldn't." She found her hand being taken. "The kind that a woman would feel disloyal to," he whispered, touched by the momentary confusion with which she seemed to wish both to be free of his clasp and to return it, to reassure him. The next instant he stooped as if to kiss her.

With a hand stretched to steady the teakettle she rose swiftly to her feet. "Really, Fips—really—" she said, flushing, all her clean, straight honesty of spirit shining in her face. "But where are we getting to? That was not fair." A look of quick estrangement sprang into her expression. "To disguise your anger at Carol as affection for me! And such anger! *You* a sulky monopolist? Can't you learn to take a healthier—"

The butler appeared in the doorway. "I did not ring, Manning," she said.

"No, madam," replied Manning, coming forward and holding back the curtain. "Mis-sus 'An-b'ry, madam." His eyes were again on Hanbury. Carol drifted out on the porch.

"You are just in time for tea, dear," said Emma, kissing her. Hanbury watched the two with a queer, twisted smile. If people could read one another's minds and know all one another's acts, he was thinking.

Possibly people could, was his next thought; for Carol, looking from one to the other, asked abruptly, "And what have you two been discussing?"

"Chilton, for one thing," returned her husband.

He could not more effectively have changed her mental currents. Robb had neither answered her note nor come to see her since the night of the dinner, and whether the note could have displeased or—conceivably—alarmed the boy, was a question she asked of herself a dozen times a day. Coupled with this question was soon another, as to how much she cared; the answer to which, she decided, was "a good deal"; for she needed a Robb in her life and had begun to realize it. In all, or nearly all, their ways she and Fips were wedded, joined one to the other, indissolubly; she knew and rejoiced in it; but her love for Fips had been his sunshine, where his for her had —not stunted her, no, but — smothered her, perhaps. Unchecked, it would have reduced her to filling just one function, every day, that of being Fips's private idol, devoted to managing, serving, and soothing Fips. Robb helped her to remain a person, not simply a husband's adjunct, and in doing this service for her he had done one for Fips, she felt. Fips had been making her over into Fips's rib; Robb fostered her growth as an individual. She wished to be both.

"Have you a penny about you for her, Fips?" she heard Emma's voice asking. "Such deep thoughts! For the third and last time, my dear Carol, how many lumps?"

"I know what she's thinking about," Fips said. "She is wondering where those little square cakes are with sliced apricots in them."

"Fips has eaten them all?" inquired Carol.

"He would have if Manning had brought them," Emma nodded. "Go get them, Fips, will you? Don't be frightened. They're not in Manning's pantry; they're on the sideboard. Carol," she continued, as Fips disappeared, "it's been quite delightful for me seeing so much of your Robb Chilton man."

Carol caught her breath. This was where Robb had been, then. Men were all alike. How wicked of Emma, cold as a fat little fish except where Julius was concerned, to make a follower—yes, really—of Fips; and now Robb, too! She was a mean, spidery— "Yes, isn't he nice?" she smiled brightly.

"And how he loves explaining people to themselves — once he drops his reticences," went on Emma. "Julius and I are both frightfully lopsided, it seems: I don't sympathize half enough with the beauty of ideas, and poor, dear Julius, we decided, has no idea of beauty. All my good and bad points have been out on the table, like a picture puzzle, being fitted together in new ways; though you know how it is, it's fascinating while you are doing it, and then — you end where you began, with the pieces of you jumbled any which way into the same old box, lying on the same old shelf that you thought you'd left forever. Ugh! how I hate that shelf! Still, I shall try to do something for Julius — wouldn't you?—on the esthetic side; though how I shall manage it when he won't even look at pictures, for instance, let alone flowers or jewels—"

"There Robb is now!" cried Carol, springing to her feet. "Oo-oh! Oo-oh!" she called. "Emma, I'm going to the garden gate to let him in that way." And off she sped down the paths, waving vigorously to Robb, so wounded both by him and by Emma she almost trembled with it. They should never see, though. Never. She would be as gay and unconcerned, and, ah, as flinty underneath as—well, they'd learn. Dear old Fips! With all his faults and narrowness he at least was loyal; he would drop Emma fast enough; one could easily fix that; and thistle-down Robb could float as far afield as he chose. She knew just the girl who could take him away from Emma, too—only how horribly sleek it might make Robb to have different women petting him! How sleek he looked already, at the gate—not a bit embarrassed! Brazen. A brazen weather-vane. Oh, dear! What made her have such thoughts? "We are all having tea, Robb," she smiled.

"Let's walk over by the arbor first," he answered, motioning with his stick toward a cool, green stretch of trellises away from the house.

"The arbor is hot," she said, decisive-

ly, giving it a longing look. "Better come to tea—Emma's waiting. Isn't she a dear?"

There was a shade of surprise in his eye as he noted her brusqueness, but his voice was smooth and quiet. "I like her," he said. "That was good advice you gave me, Carol." She looked her uncomprehension. "About my need of having friends, other friends, you know, so that I—so that we—"

"*Your* need?"

"Yes," wonderingly. "You implied I rather owed it to you, I thought. Impoverishment for us if I didn't. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, Robb! so that's why—! My fear was that I had offended—struck some wrong note. I wasn't advising you to seek any new relationships; I was justifying ours!"

"As though we needed it!" They walked forward in silence for a few moments. "I'm glad you've told me, though," he added. "When I first read your letter, I confess—"

"No, don't bother to, now it's cleared up. I wish to forget my foolishness. Tell me what you think of Emma?"

"Well, it is delightfully easy to be pals with Emma. She is just enough preoccupied always with her thoughts of Munro to make a well-rounded intimacy out of the question; she gives me one side or slice only: one slice of herself, I mean. But she gives that quite promptly. And it is so much simpler to have dealings with a definite section of a person than with the whole that I've got on famously. Better than with you. No, not better, Carol; faster. That's because it has been the whole you that has had to make each step."

"Surer progress?"

"Ye-es. Toward either a fuller understanding or a definite break."

"Oh, Robb!"

"You know which I'm betting on," he smiled with his warm eyes, and she felt herself responding unafraid to the frank affection in them.

"Emma's very like Fips in one thing," he continued, as they neared the piazza, now empty. "They're both—if you'll permit me—grabbers. She doesn't admit it to herself in so many words, but she would like to be the absolute owner of Julius Munro; just as Fips—"

"Here he comes, you elaborate theorist," said Carol. "Where's Emma, Fips?"

"Out in front, to see if Julius is coming. Did I hear the words 'elaborate theorist' applied to me, may I ask?" He stepped through the door and looked with what was almost a start, and was certainly a little pang, at Carol: she who had seemed so quenched was now aglow. "My gad!" his thought again ran, "how does that chap do it?"

"No, it's Robb who's the theorist," answered Carol. "You—"

"Never mind me," he interrupted,



CAROL DRIFTED OUT ON THE PORCH

"for the moment, because if that's what Chilton is I must ask him a question." Something in Robb's eyes led him on as he yielded to his impulse. "Look at her, Chilton," he cried. "Five minutes ago she was ditch-water for dullness; or if that's too plain a simile, say a pond in shadow. You come, and she's a brook, all sunlit, gay, dancing—dash it! What? Any theory for that?"

To Carol the question seemed hostile, or a step toward hostilities. This was a new Fips to her. But Chilton's ear, with a freer thought-field back of it, heard only a troubled sincerity that roused his good-will.

"Yes, I've a theory, though you'll think it rather fine-drawn if I tell it you, Hanbury," he said.

"Try it in words of one syllable," Fips grunted, beginning to cool.

Chilton hesitated. "You see, it's this way," he suggested, "though, as I say, it's perhaps a hair-thin distinction. You seem to me less vividly interested in Carol herself than you are in the—er—relation, the tie, that's between you. If you were to analyze your thoughts you'd find them more concerned with *that*—wouldn't you?—than with her? I'm just the other way, now. It simply doesn't occur to me to dwell on the side of it that you do. It is Carol's self on whom my attention centers."

"Same as though you were an entomologist, eh, examining beetles? That's reassuringly impersonal of you, Chilton."

"It doesn't make her look like a beetle," Chilton objected.

"While my way does, you would imply? Then that's her contrariness. For this difference that you have described, my boy, strikes me as simply the difference between a friendly curiosity, say, and love."

"If you are right," Chilton bowed, "our rôles are appropriately assigned, of course." He eyed the cake-dish. "Let me offer you a cake, with my 'friendly curiosity,'" he said to Carol.

"Please, please don't stop, you two," Carol fluttered. "The audience wishes to see this play continued."

Her husband gave a short laugh of protest, and again his face wore a hint of that queer, twisted look. Chilton noticed it and winced. Best leave them alone together was his instant thought. A few moments later, moments of more commonplace interchange, he had succeeded in lessening the tension and effecting his departure. Listening, they heard his footsteps grow fainter on the path; then the distant click of the gate.

"Carol," Hanbury said when he had gone, "I didn't mean to get stirred up. I understand perfectly, my dear, that it is only your passing fancy—"

"More than that."

"Much more?"

"Why, I hope so, Fips. And I hope it is on Robb's part, too—and you needn't glower! because the more he gives the more you'll benefit—yes, you; the Munro doctrine says so."

"The devil take that infernal doctrine. I renounce it," said Hanbury.

Carol beamed at him, half ready, for the moment, to renounce it too. But instinctively she clung to her advantage—to use it for, not against him, she promised herself. "That's only because you don't trust me quite enough," she explained, and added, softly: "It hurts me to see your hidden fears, dear; they give you wounds I can't bandage. Oh, Fips! I can't bear to have you feel left out of things, and it's so silly of you when you aren't. Not one bit. Do you realize—you funny old sweetheart—that your kind of affection swings you far, far away from me sometimes, instead of making us truer companions?"

Fips's hand found Carol's, gripped it, and seating himself beside her he pressed it against his forehead, rubbing it slowly back and forth. "I am not very keen about the companion idea, Carol," he confessed. "That's Chiltonish, that way of talking, and Chilton strikes me as one of those people who—how does it go?—

> "'Who know not love from amity,
> Nor—nor—'"

"'Nor my reported self from me,'" she finished. "But he does, Fips. He gets 'way past one's reported self. When he's with any one he likes—me, for instance—all his imagination is brought to bear on seeing the world with her eyes, seeing her interests that way, her humdrum tasks, even, and any of her appreciations he cannot share he at least tries to sympathize with and understand. It's



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes

"THERE ROBB IS NOW," CRIED CAROL, SPRINGING TO HER FEET



"LOOK AT HER, CHILTON," HE CRIED

wonderful how close two people can get when they really do that. And all the time it's you I want to be close to, Fips dear; only — you see — *you* are letting love be your goal, instead of making it just a product, and—"

"Oh, don't, Carol!" he begged. "Don't have it up by the roots and paw it all over; bad for any plant."

"But principles? We can reason out the principles?"

"'S-sh! Later!" he said, drawing her to him and looking ruefully into her eyes. Her head rested against his shoulder. "We are in church now, Carol dear. You'll interrupt the service."

Emma meanwhile was indoors with Julius Munro; and Munro, having peered solemnly at Hanbury, a little before this, through the window, had asked, "No Chilton?"

"In the garden," his wife told him.

"Ahem!" he coughed. "All present or accounted for, then. I feared he had missed a day. I am going upstairs." He muttered something to himself and got slowly under way.

"Julius!" — disappointedly.

"Why, come, come, what is the matter? Down-stairs is inhabited densely enough without *me*."

"You don't like it, after all, then?" she asked, hopefully.

"Their half-living here? I do not care sixpence. They—ah—get a little under my feet, I feel, sometimes, but if you are enjoying it—"

"I enjoying it!" All Emma's pent-up resentment overflowed at the words. To see Julius stay away himself, send her these substitutes, with his doctrine, his wretched Munro doctrine, learned by heart, on their lips, and then to have this same Julius imply that she—Oh! it was intolerable. She poured out her thoughts to him torrentwise, with a rush that caught and whirled him off his feet. He shouted astounded interruptions. She swept them down.

"I tell you I never—"

"Don't lie to me, I beg you, Julius."

He grew white. "Never heard of this blasted 'doctrine' in my life," he finished, almost squeaking.

"Not by name, perhaps," she had to grant him; "but it's what you said to Fips Hanbury on Monday after dinner, about going outside the marriage relation — you *must* remember — as a duty—"

He knit his brows, thinking intently: something seemed to snap. "Ah!" he cried—"ah, I have it! I was talking of ethnology."

"Of having people enrich their married life with Caraway-Islanders?" gasped Emma.

"Yes. Outside interests. Outside interests I told him, not relationships. The man's an ass to have twisted it."

Emma's not too mobile face grew radiant. She slipped to his side. "Come out and disown it to them, Julius." They went arm in arm toward the porch, he mentally examining the doctrine that Hanbury had fathered on him, or else understood him to promulgate, and considering where it led and what it encouraged.

"Here he is," called Carol, as he plodded through the doorway.

"Author! author!" chimed Fips Hanbury. "Speech!"

"Author yourself, sir," Munro said, and gave his explanation: a labored explanation, Hanbury thought it, the work of a shifty husband in full conjugal retreat. It was exposing him, Hanbury, moreover, to the laughter of Emma, and to peal on peal of it from Carol, who now saw in him the true digger of this pit they were so deep in, he deepest.

"I accept the authorship gladly," he, however, announced, "if it gives me the right to withdraw the doctrine. I pronounce it dead."

But, "Not so fast, Hanbury," Munro unexpectedly interposed, evidently completing a new line of thought. "Parenthood does not give rights of life and death over offspring. And now that I look a little farther into this matter, it—er—one sees points. You object to it because of the separative possibilities, doubtless? Well, I don't mind admitting that I have had a taste of those myself these last few days! But that was only because I didn't understand. This doctrine seems right to me in theory. The attitude it advocates is really very broadening and trustful. I favor our trying it."

The silence that fell at this on the little group was broken by Carol Hanbury. "There is one thing we *must* be careful of, then," she said. "No matter how much freedom is allowable, a bird shouldn't leave its own nest for a selfish good time. It should always try to share what it finds. It should always bring back with it the—the—"

"Worm?" said Hanbury, glumly, thinking of Chilton.

"No, nothing concrete," said Munro. "I — ah — apprehend that nothing concrete should be insisted upon as requisite. There would often be better ways to share the essence of a worthy experience. If it added to one's perceptiveness, for instance, or fineness of spirit, that would probably communicate itself to a sympathetic mate."

"It would if it worked," Hanbury muttered.

"It won't always work," Munro granted him. "Neither does marriage."

Carol Hanbury rose to go, with a look at the sunset. "If you try it," said she, "do for all our sakes make it a success."

Munro's eyes involuntarily met Emma's. "That will depend largely," he smiled, "on my sympathetic mate."

"The Mussel Gatherers"

by Homer Martin

IN the landscapes of Homer D. Martin there is expressed a deep sense of the stability of earth and a knowledge of its structure, together with subtle gradations of color in field and beach and sky. Before the present generation of landscape painters showed the keenness of their enjoyment of light, he saw the changeable quality of the atmospheric envelope of the landscape and sought to convey its variety by breaking up the notes of color used. He felt the vibration of air, the tremor of light and shade, which other painters have sounded more forcibly since, but it was not in him to indulge in the shrill notes of high-keyed color which have called attention to his followers. He sought to express his vision in a different way. His attitude toward Nature was altogether serious, and there was always a severity in his compositions. His themes are always marked by solemnity, strength, and dignity, with an underlying vigorous masculine sentiment. There is always an interrogation of the actual scene for its emotional interest, through which is echoed the loneliness of his own heart. There is a feeling of reality, but it is reality clothed with the magic of a dream. There is an air of scholasticism about his work, and those whose eyes are wholly accustomed to newer ways have been known to pronounce it a bit old-fashioned; but in art, as in other things, fashions are ephemeral, and in the end it will be found there will remain only that something which satisfies the needs of the reflective man, something of harmony, something of the universal, which for want of a better name we call soul. This quality is shown by all of Martin's pictures.

"The Mussel Gatherers," from the collection of Mr. William T. Evans, of New York, like all his best landscapes, shows that broad structural knowledge which carries an air of strength and serenity, with fine harmony of color touched with a dreamy sadness.

W. Stanton Howard.



"THE MUSSEL GATHERERS," BY HOMER MARTIN

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXXVI

SPRINGS OF HEALING

DUSK had almost come, yet Jasmine had not arrived at Brinkwort's Farm, the urgency of Al'mah's message notwithstanding. As things stood, it was a matter of life and death; and, to Al'mah's mind, humanity alone should have sent Jasmine at once to her husband's side. Something of her old prejudice against Jasmine rose up again. Perhaps behind it all was involuntary envy of an invitation to happiness so freely laid at Jasmine's feet, but withheld from herself by Fate. Never had the chance to be happy or the obvious inducement to be good ever been hers.

She herself had nothing, and Jasmine still had a chance for all to which she had no right. Her heart beat harder at the thought of it. She was of those who get their happiness first in making others happy — as she would have done with Blantyre, if she had had a chance; as even she tried to do with the man whom she had sent to his account with the firmness and fury of an ancient Greek. The maternal, the protective sense was big in her, and indirectly it had governed her life. It had sent her to South Africa—to protect the wretch who had done his best to destroy her; it had made her content at times as she did her nurse's work in what dreadful circumstances! It was the source of her revolt at Jasmine's conduct and character.

But was it also that far beneath her criticism of Jasmine, which was, after all, so little in comparison with the new-found affection she really had for her, there lay a kinship, a sympathy, a soul's *rapprochement* with Rudyard which might, in happier circumstances, have become a mating such as the world knew in his youth? Was that also in part the cause of her sympathy and anxiety for Rudyard, and her sharp disapproval of Jasmine? Did she want to see Rudyard happy no matter at what cost to Jasmine? Was it the everlasting feminine in her which would make a woman sacrifice herself for a man, if need be, in order that he might be happy? Was it the ancient tyrannical soul in her which would make a thousand women sacrifice themselves for the man she herself set above all others?

But she was of those who do not know what they are, or what they think and feel, till some explosion forces open the doors of their souls and they look upon a new life over a heap of ruins.

She sat in the gathering dusk, waiting, while hope slowly waned. Rudyard also, on the veranda, paced weakly, almost stumblingly, up and down, his face also turning towards the Stay Awhile Hospital. At length, with a heavy sigh, he entered the house and sat down in a great arm-chair from which old Brinkwort, the Boer, had laid down the law for his people.

Where was Jasmine? Why did she not hasten to Brinkwort's Farm?

A Staff Officer from the General Commanding had called to congratulate Jasmine on her recovery, and to give fresh instructions which would link her work at Durban effectively with the army as it now moved on to the relief of the town beyond the hills. Al'mah's note had arrived while the officer was with Jasmine, and it was held back until he left. It was then forgotten by the attendant on duty, and it lay for three hours undelivered. Then when it was given to her, no mention was made of the delay.

When the Staff Officer left her, he had said to himself that hers was one of the most alluring and fascinating faces he had ever seen, and he, like Stafford,

though in another sphere — that of the Secret Intelligence Department — had travelled far and wide in the world. Perfectly beautiful he did not call her, though her face was as near that rarity as any he had known. He would only have called a woman beautiful who was tall, and she was almost *petite;* but that was because he himself was over-tall, and her smallness seemed to be properly classed with those who were pretty, not the handsome or the beautiful. But there was something in her face that haunted him—a wistful, appealing delicacy, which yet was associated with an instant readiness of intellect, with a perspicuous judgment and a gift of organization. And she had eyes of blue which were "meant to drown those who hadn't life-belts," as he said.

In one way or another he put all this to his fellow-officers at mess, and said that the existence of two such patriots as Byng and Jasmine in one family was unusual.

"Pretty fairly self-possessed, I should say," said Rigby, the youngest officer present at mess. "Her husband under repair at Brinkwort's Farm, in the care of the blue-ribbon nurse of the army, who makes a fellow well if he looks at her, and she studying organization at the Stay Awhile with a Staff Officer."

The reply of the Staff Officer was quick and cutting enough for any officer's mess.

"I see by the latest papers from England that Balfour says we'll muddle through this war somehow," he said. "He must have known you, Rigby. With the courage of the damned you carry a fearsome lot of impedimenta, and you muddle quite adequately. The lady you have traduced has herself been seriously ill, and that is why she is not at Brinkwort's Farm. What a malicious mind you've got! Byng would think so."

"If Rigby had been in your place today," interposed a gruff Major, "the lady would surely have had a relapse. Convalescence is no time for teaching the rudiments of human intercourse."

Pale and angry, Rigby, who was half Scotch and correspondingly self-satisfied, rejoined stubbornly: "I know what I know. They haven't met since she came up from Durban. Sandlip told me that—"

The Staff Officer broke the sentence.

"What Sandlip told you is what Nancy would tell Polly and Polly would tell the cook—and then Rigby would know. But statement number one is an Ananiasism, for Byng saw his wife at the hospital the night before Hetmeyer's Kopje. I can't tell what they said, though, nor what was the color of the lady's *peignoir,* for I am neither Nancy nor Polly nor the cook—nor Rigby."

With a maddened gesture Rigby got to his feet, but a man at his side pulled him down. "Sit still, Baby Bunting, or you'll not get over the hills to-morrow," he said, and he offered Rigby a cigar from Rigby's own cigar-case, cutting off the end, handing it to him and lighting a match.

"Gun out of action: record the error of the day," piped the thin precise voice of the Colonel from the head of the table.

A chorus of quiet laughter met the Colonel's joke, founded on the technical fact that the variation in the firing of a gun, due to any number of causes, though apparently firing under the same conditions, is called officially "the error of the day" in Admiralty reports.

"Here the incident closed," as the newspapers say, but Rigby the tactless and the petty had shown that there was rumor, however faint, concerning the relations of Byng and his wife, which Jasmine, at least, imagined did not exist.

When Jasmine read the note Al'mah had sent her, a flush stole slowly over her face, and then faded, leaving a whiteness, behind which was the emanation, not of fear, but of agitation and of shock.

It meant that Rudyard was dying, and that she must go to him. That she must go to him? Was that the thought in her mind—that she must go to him?

"*If she wished to see him again before he went!*" That midnight, when he was on his way to Hetmeyer's Kopje, he had flung from her room into the night, and ridden away on his grey horse, not hearing her voice faintly calling after him.

Now, did she want to see him—the last time before he rode away again forever, on that white horse called Death? A shudder passed through her.

"Ruddy! Poor Ruddy!" she said, and

she did not remember that those were the pitying, fateful words she used on the day when Ian Stafford dined with her alone after Rudyard made his pitiful protest against the life they lived. "*We have everything — everything,*" he had said, "*and yet—*"

Now, however, there was an anguished sob in her voice. With the thought of seeing him, her fingers tremblingly sought the fine-spun strands of hair which ever lay a little loose from the wonder of its great coiled abundance, and then felt her throat, as though to adjust the simple linen collar she wore, making exquisite contrast to the soft simplicity of her dark-blue gown.

She found the attendant who had given her the letter and asked if the messenger was waiting, and was only then informed that he had been gone three hours or more.

Three hours or more! It might be that Rudyard was gone forever without hearing what she had to say, or knowing whether she desired reconciliation and peace.

She at once gave orders for a cape-cart to take her over to Brinkwort's Farm. The attendant respectfully said that he must have orders. She hastened to the Officer in charge of the hospital, and explained. His sympathy translated itself into instant action. Fortunately there was a cart at the door. In a moment she was ready, and the cart sped away into the night across the veld.

She had noticed nothing as she mounted the cart — neither the driver nor the horses; but, as they hurried on, she was roused by a familiar voice saying, "'E done it all right at Hetmeyer's Kopje — done it brown. First Wortmann's Drift, and then Hetmeyer's Kopje, and he'll be over the hills and through the Boers and into Lordkop with the rest of the hold-me-backs."

She recognized him at once—the first person who had spoken to her of her husband on her arrival, the cheerful Corporal Shorter who had told her of Wortmann's Drift and the saving of "Old Gunter."

She touched his arm gently. "I am glad it is you," she said in a low tone.

"Not so glad as I am," he answered. "It's a purple shame, that you should ha' been took sick when he was mowed down, and that some one else should be healin' 'is gapin' wounds besides 'is lawful wife, and 'er a rifle-shot away! It's a fair shame, that's wot it is. But all's well as ends well, and you're together at the finish."

She shrank from his last words. Her heart seemed to contract; it hurt her as though it was being crushed in a vise. She was used to that pain now. She had felt it—ah, how many times since the night she found Adrian Fellowes' white rose on her pillow, laid there by the man she had sworn at the altar to love, honor, and obey! Her head drooped. "At the finish"—how strange and new and terrible it was! The world stood still for her.

"You'll go together to Lordkop, I expeck," she heard her companion's voice say, and at first she did not realize its meaning; then slowly it came to her. "At the finish" in his words meant the raising of the siege of Lordkop, it meant rescue, victory, restoration. He had not said that Rudyard was dead, that the Book of Rudyard and Jasmine was closed forever. Her mind was in chaos, her senses in confusion. She seemed like one in a vague, shifting, agonizing dream.

She was unconscious of what her friendly Corporal was saying. She only answered him mechanically now and then; and he, seeing that she was distraught, talked on in a comforting kind of way, telling her anecdotes of Rudyard, as they were told in that part of the army to which he belonged.

What was she going to do when she arrived? What could she do if Rudyard was dead? If Rudyard was still alive, she would make him understand that she was not the Jasmine of the days "before the flood"—before that storm came which uprooted all that ever was in her life except the old, often anguished, longing to be good, and the power which swept her into by and forbidden paths. If he was gone, deaf to her voice and to any mortal sound, then — there rushed into her vision the figure of Ian Stafford, but she put that from her with a trembling determination. That was done forever. She was as sure of it as she was sure of anything in the world. Ian had

not forgiven her, would never forgive her. He despised her, rejected her, abhorred her. Ian had saved her from the result of Rudyard's rash retaliation and fury, and had then repulsed her, bidden her stand off from him with a magnanimity and a chivalry which had humiliated her. He had protected her from the shame of an open tragedy, and then had shut the door in her face. Rudyard, with the same evidence as Ian held,—the same letter as proof — he, whatever he believed or thought, he had forgiven her. Only a few nights ago, that night before the fight at Hetmeyer's Kopje, he had opened his arms to her and called her his wife. In Rudyard was some great good thing, something which could not die, which must live on. She sat up straight in the seat of the cart, her hands clenched.

No, no, no, Rudyard was not dead, and he should not die. It mattered not what Al'mah had written; she must have her chance to prove herself; his big soul must have its chance to run a long course, must not be cut off at the moment when so much had been done; when there was so much to do. Ian should see that she was not "just a little burst of eloquence," as he had called her, not just a strumpet, as he thought her, but a woman now, beyond eloquence, far distant from the poppy-fields of pleasure. She was young enough for it to be a virtue in her to avoid the poppy-fields. She was not twenty-six years of age, and to have learned the truth at twenty-six, and still not to have been wholly destroyed by the lies of life, was something which might be turned to good account.

She was sharply roused, almost shocked out of her distraction. Bright lights appeared suddenly in front of her, and she heard the voice of her Corporal saying: "We're here, ma'am, where old Brinkwort built a hospital for one, and that one's yours, Mrs. Byng."

He clucked to his horses and they slackened. All at once the lights seemed to grow larger, and from the garden of Brinkwort's house came the sharp voice of a soldier saying:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the Corporal's reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," was brusquely returned.

A moment afterwards Jasmine was in the sweet-smelling garden, and the lights of the house were flaring out upon her.

She heard at the same time the voices of the sentry and of Corporal Shorter in low tones of badinage, and she frowned. It was cruel that at the door of the dead or the dying there should be such levity.

All at once a figure came between her and the light. Instinctively she knew it was Al'mah.

"Al'mah! Al'mah!" she said painfully, and in a voice scarce above a whisper.

The figure of the singing-woman bent over her protectingly, as it might almost seem, and her hands were caught in a warm clasp.

"Am I in time?" Jasmine asked, and the words came from her in gasps.

Al'mah had no repentance for her deception. She saw an agitation which seemed to her deeper and more real than any emotion ever shown by Jasmine, not excepting the tragical night at the Glencader Mine and the morning of the first meeting at the Stay Awhile Hospital. The butterfly had become a thrush that sang with a heart in its throat.

She gathered Jasmine's eyes to her own. It seemed as though she never would answer. To herself she even said why should she hurry, since all was well, since she had brought the two together living, who had been dead to each other these months past, and, more than all, had been of the angry dead? A little more pain and regret could do no harm, but only good. Besides, now that she was face to face with the result of her own deception, she had a sudden fear that it might go wrong. She had no remorse for the act, but only a faint apprehension of the possible consequences. Suppose that in the shock of discovery Jasmine should throw everything to the winds, and lose herself in arrant egotism once more! Suppose—no, she would suppose nothing. She must believe that all she had done was for the best.

She felt how cold were the small delicate hands in her own strong warm fingers, she saw the frightened appeal of the exquisite haunting eyes, and all at once realized the cause of that agitation—the fear that death had come without understanding, that the door had been forever shut against the answering voices.

"You are in time," she said gently,



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"YOU ARE IN TIME," SHE SAID, GENTLY

encouragingly, and she tightened the grasp of her hands.

As the volts of an electric shock quivering through a body are suddenly withdrawn, and the rigidity becomes a ghastly inertness, so Jasmine's hands, and all her body, seemed released. She felt as though she must fall, but she reasserted her strength, and slowly regained her balance, withdrawing her hands from those of Al'mah.

"He is alive—he is alive—he is alive," she kept repeating to herself like one in a dream. Then she added hastily, with an effort to bear herself with courage: "Where is he? Take me."

Al'mah motioned, and in a moment they were inside the house. A sense of something good and comforting came over Jasmine. Here was an old, old room furnished in heavy and simple Dutch style, just as old Elias Brinkwort had left it. It had the grave and heavy hospitableness of a picture of Teniers or Jan Steen. It had the sense of home, the welcome of the cradle and the patriarch's chair. These were both here as they were when Elias Brinkwort and his people went out to join the Boer army in the hills, knowing that the *verdomte* Rooinek would not loot his house or ravage his belongings.

To Jasmine's eyes, it brought a new strange sense, as though all at once doors had been opened up to new sensations of life. Almost mechanically, yet with a curious vividness and permanency of vision, her eyes drifted from the patriarch's chair to the cradle in the corner, and that picture would remain with her till she could see no more at all. Unbidden and unconscious there came upon her lips a faint smile, and then a door in front of her was opened, and she was inside another room—not a bedroom as she had expected, but a room where the Dutch simplicity and homely sincerity had been invaded by something English and military. This she felt before her eyes fell on a figure standing beside a table, fully dressed. Though shaken and worn, it was a figure that had no affinity with Death.

As she started back Al'mah closed the door behind her, and she found herself facing Rudyard, looking into his eyes.

Al'mah had miscalculated. She did not realize Jasmine as she really was—like one in a darkened room who leans out to the light and sun. The old life, the old impetuous egoism, the long years of self were not yet gone from a character composite of impulse, vanity, and intensity. This had been too daring an experiment with one of her nature, which had within the last few months become as strangely, insistently, even fanatically honest, as it had been elusive in the past. In spite of a tremulous effort to govern herself and see the situation as it really was—an effort of one who desired her good to bring her and Rudyard together, the ruse itself became magnified to monstrous proportions, and her spirit suddenly revolted. She felt that she had been inveigled; that what should have been her own voluntary act of expiation and submission had been forced upon her; and pride, ever her most secret enemy, took possession of her.

"I have been tricked," she said, with eyes aflame and her body trembling. "You have trapped me here!" There was scorn and indignation in her voice.

He did not move, but his eyes were intent upon hers and persistently held them. He had been near to death, and his vision had been more fully cleared than hers. He knew that this was the end of all or the beginning of all things for them both; and though anger suddenly leaped at the bottom of his heart, he kept it in restraint, the primitive thing of which he had had enough.

"I did not trick you, Jasmine," he answered, in a low voice. "The letter was sent without my knowledge or permission. Al'mah thought she was doing us both a good turn. I never deceived you—never. I should not have sent for you in any case. I heard you were ill and I tried to get up and go to you; but it was not possible. Besides, they would not let me. I wanted to go to you again, because, somehow, I felt that midnight meeting in the hospital was a mistake; that it ended as you would not really wish it to end."

Again, with a wonderful intuition for a man who knew so little of women, as he thought, he had said the one thing which could have cooled the anger that drowned the overwhelming gratitude she felt at his being alive — overwhelming,

in spite of the fact that her old mad temperament had flooded it for the moment.

He would have gone to her—that was what he had said. In spite of her conduct that midnight, when he was on his way to Hetmeyer's Kopje, he would have come again to her! How, indeed, he must have loved her; or how magnanimous, how impossibly magnanimous, he was!

How thin and worn he was, and how large the eyes were in the face grown hollow with suffering! There were liberal streaks of grey also at his temples, and she noted there was one strand all white just in the centre of his thick hair. A swift revulsion of feeling in her, making for peace, was, however, sharply arrested by the look in his eyes. It had all the sombreness of reproach—of immitigable reproach. Could she face that look now and through the years to come? It were easier to live alone to the end with her own remorse, drinking the cup that would not empty, on and on, than to live with that look in his eyes.

She turned her head away from him. Her glance suddenly caught a sjambok lying along two nails on the wall. His eyes followed hers, and in the minds of both was the scene when Rudyard drove Krool into the street under just such a whip of rhinoceros hide.

Something of the old spirit worked in her in spite of all. Idiosyncrasy may not be cauterized, temperament must assert itself, or the personality dies. Was he to be her master—was that the end of it all? She had placed herself so completely in his power by her wilful waywardness and errors. Free from blame, she would have been ruler over him; now she must be his slave!

"Why did you not use it on me?" she asked, in a voice almost like a cry, though it had a ring of bitter irony. "Why don't you use it now? Don't you want to?"

"You were always so small and beautiful," he answered, slowly. "A twenty-stamp mill to crush a bee!"

Again resentment rose in her, despite the far-off sense of joy she had in hearing him play with words. She could forgive almost anything for that—and yet she was real and had not merely the dilettante soul. But why should he talk as though she was a fly and he an eagle! Yet there was admiration in his eyes and in his words. She was angry with herself—and with him. She was in chaos again.

"You treat me like a child, you condescend—"

"Oh, for God's sake—for God's sake!" he interrupted, with a sudden storm in his face; but suddenly, as though by a great mastery of the will, he conquered himself, and his face cleared.

"You must sit down, Jasmine," he said, hurriedly. "You look tired. You haven't got over your illness yet."

He hastily stepped aside to get her a chair, but as he took hold of it, he stumbled and swayed in weakness, born of an excitement far greater than her own; for he was thinking of the happiness of two people, not of the happiness of one; and he realized how critical was this hour. He had a grasp of the bigger things, and his talk with Stafford of a few hours ago was in his mind—a talk which, in its brevity, still had had the limitlessness of revelation. He had made a promise to one of the best friends that man—or woman—ever had, as he thought; and he would keep it. So he said to himself. Stafford understood Jasmine, and Stafford had insisted that he be not deceived by some revolt on the part of Jasmine, which would be the outcome of her own humiliation, of her own anger with herself for all the trouble she had caused. So he said to himself.

As he staggered with the chair she impulsively ran to aid him.

"Rudyard," she exclaimed, with concern, "you must not do that. You have not the strength. It is silly of you to be up at all. I wonder at Al'mah and the doctor!"

She pushed him to a big arm-chair beside the table and gently pressed him down into the seat. He was very weak, and his hand trembled on the chair-arm. She reached out, as if to take it; but, as though the act was too forward, her fingers slipped to his wrist instead, and she felt his pulse with the gravity of a doctor.

Despite his weakness a look of laughter crept into his eyes and stayed there. He had read the little incident truly. Pres-

ently, seeing the whiteness of his face but not the look in his eyes, she turned to the table, and pouring out a glass of water from a pitcher there, held it to his lips.

"Here, Rudyard," she said, soothingly, "drink this. You are faint. You shouldn't have got up simply because I was coming."

As he leaned back to drink from the glass she caught the gentle humor of his look, begotten of the incident of a moment before.

There was no reproach in the strong, clear eyes of blue which even wounds and illness had not faded—only humor, only a hovering joy, only a good-fellowship, and the look of home. She suddenly thought of the room from which she had just come, and it seemed, not fantastically to her, that the look in his eyes belonged to the other room where were the patriarch's chair and the baby's cradle. There was no offending magnanimity, no lofty compassion in his blameless eyes, but a human something which took no account of the years that the locust had eaten, the old mad, bad years, the wrong and the shame of them. There was only the look she had seen the day he first visited her in her own home, when he had played with words she had used in the way she adored, and would adore till she died; when he had said, in reply to her remark that he would turn her head, that it wouldn't make any difference to his point of view if she did turn her head! Suddenly it was all as if that day had come back, although his then giant physical strength had gone; although he had been mangled in the power-house of which they had spoken that day. Come to think of it, she too had been working in the "power-house" and had been mangled also; for she was but a thread of what she was then, but a wisp of golden straw to the sheaf of the then young golden wheat.

All at once, in answer to the humor in his eyes, to the playful bright look, the tragedy and the passion which had flown out from her old self like the flame that flares out of an opened furnace door, sank back again, the door closed, and all her senses were cooled as by a gentle wind.

Her eyes met his, and the invitation in them was like the call of the thirsty harvester in the sunburnt field. With an abandon as startling as it was real and true to her nature, she sank down to the floor and buried her face in her hands at his feet. She sobbed deeply, softly.

With an exclamation of gladness and welcome he bent over her and drew her close to him, and his hands soothed her trembling shoulders.

"Peace is the best thing of all, Jasmine," he whispered. "Peace!"

They were the last words that Ian had addressed to her. It did not make her shrink now that both had said to her the same thing, for both knew her, each in his own way, better than she had ever known herself; and each had taught her in his own way, but by what different means!

All at once, with a start, she caught Rudyard's arm with a little spasmodic grasp.

"I did not kill Adrian Fellowes," she said, like a child eager to be absolved from a false imputation. She looked up at him simply, bravely.

"Neither did I," he answered gravely, and the look in his eyes did not change. She noted that.

"I know. It was—"

She paused. What right had she to tell!

"Yes, we both know who did it," he added. "Al'mah told me."

She hid her head in her hands again, while he hung over her wisely waiting and watching.

Presently she raised her head, but her swimming eyes did not seek his. They did not get so high. After one swift glance towards his own, they dropped to where his heart might be, and her voice trembled as she said:

"Long ago Alice Tynemouth said I ought to marry a man who would master me. She said I needed a heavy hand over me—and the shackles on my wrists."

She had forgotten that these phrases were her own; that she had used them concerning herself the night before the tragedy.

"I think she was right," she added. "I had never been mastered, and I was all childish wilfulness and vanity.

I was never worth while. You took me too seriously, and vanity did the rest."

"You always had genius," he urged gently, "and you were so beautiful."

She shook her head mournfully. "I was only an imitation always — only a Dresden-china imitation of the real thing I might have been, if I had been taken right in time. I got wrong so early. Everything I said or did was mostly imitation. It was made up of other people's acts and words. I could never forget anything I'd ever heard; it drowned any real thing in me. I never emerged—never was myself."

"You were a genius," he repeated again. "That's what genius does. It takes all that ever was and makes it new."

She made a quick spasmodic protest of her hand. She could not bear to have him praise her. She wanted to tell him all that had ever been, all that she ought to be sorry for, was sorry for now almost beyond endurance. She wanted to strip her soul bare before him; but she caught the look of home in his eyes, she was at his knees at peace, and what he thought of her meant so much just now — in this one hour, for this one hour. She had had such hard travelling, and here was a rest-place on the road.

He saw that her soul was up in battle again, but he took her arms, and held them gently, controlling her agitation. Presently, with a great sigh, her forehead drooped upon his hands. They were in a vast theatre of war, and they were part of it; but for the moment sheer waste of spirit and weariness of soul made peace in a turbulent heart.

"It's her real self—at last," he kept saying to himself. "She had to have her chance, and she has got it."

Outside, in a dark corner of the veranda, Al'mah was in reverie. She knew from the silence within that all was well. The deep peace of the night, the thing that was happening in the house, gave her a moment's surcease from her own problem, her own arid loneliness. Her mind went back to the night when she had first sung "Manassa" at Covent Garden. The music shimmered in her brain. She essayed to hum some phrases of the opera which she had always loved, but her voice had no resonance or vibration. It trailed away into a whisper.

"I can't sing any more. What shall I do when the war ends? Or is it that I am to end here with the war?" she whispered to herself. . . . Again reverie deepened. Her mind delivered itself up to an obsession. "No, I am not sorry I killed him," she said firmly after a long time. "If a price must be paid, I will pay it."

Buried in her thoughts, she was scarcely conscious of voices near by. At last they became insistent to her ears. They were the voices of sentries off duty —the two who had talked to her earlier in the evening, after Ian Stafford had left.

"This ain't half bad, this night ain't," said one. "There's a lot o' space in a night out here."

"I'd like to be 'longside o' some one I know out by 'Ampstead 'Eath," rejoined the other.

"I got a girl in Camden Town," said the First victoriously.

"I got kids—somewheres, I expect," rejoined the Second with a flourish of pride and self-assertion.

"Oh, a donah's enough for me!" returned the First.

"You'll come to the other when you don't look for it, neither," declared his friend in a voice of fatality.

"You ain't the only fool in the world, mate, of course. But 'struth, I like this business better. You've got a good taste in your mouth in the morning 'ere."

"Well, I'll meet you on 'Ampstead 'Eath when the war is over, son," challenged the Second.

"I ain't 'opin' and I ain't prophesyin' none this 'eat," was the quiet reply. "We've got a bit o' 'ell in front of us yet. I'll talk to you when we're in Lordkop."

"I'll talk to your girl in Camden Town, if you 'appen to don't," was the railing reply.

"She couldn't stand it not but the once," was the retort; and then they struck each other with their fists in rough



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson M. Demarest

"PEACE IS THE BEST THING OF ALL, JASMINE," HE WHISPERED

play, and laughed, and said good night in the vernacular.

CHAPTER XXXVII

UNDER THE GUN

THEY had left him for dead in a dreadful circle of mangled gunners who had fallen back to cover in a donga, from a fire so stark that it seemed the hillside itself was discharging myriad bolts of death, as a water-wheel throws off its spray. No enemy had been visible, but far away in front—that front which must be taken—there hung over the ridge of the hills veils of smoke like lace. Hideous sounds tortured the air—crackling, snapping, spitting sounds like the laughter of animals with steel throats. Never was ill work better done than when, on that radiant veld, the sky one vast turquoise vault, beneath which quivered a shimmer of quicksilver light, the pompoms, the Mausers, and the shrapnel of Kruger's men mowed down Stafford and his battery, showered them, drowned them in a storm of lead.

"*Alamachtig,*" said a Rustenburg dopper who, at the end of the day, fell into the hands of the English, "it was like cutting alfalfa with a sickle! Down they tumbled, horses and men, mashed like mealies in the millstones. A damn lot of good horses was killed this time. The lead-grinders can't pick the men and leave the horses. It was a *verdomte* waste of good horses. The Rooinek eats from a bloody basin this day."

Alamachtig!

At the moment Ian Stafford fell the battle was well launched. The air was shrieking with the misery of mutilated men and horses and the ghoulish laughter of pompoms. When he went down it seemed to him that human anger had reached its fullest expression. Officers and men alike were in a fury of determination and vengeance. He had seen no fear, no apprehension anywhere, only a defiant anger which acted swiftly, coolly. An officer stepped over the lacerated, shattered body of a comrade of his mess with the abstracted impassiveness of one who finds his way over a puddle in the road; and here were puddles too—puddles of blood. A gunner lifted away the corpse of his nearest friend from the trail and strained and wrenched at his gun with the intense concentration of one who kneads dough in a trough. The sobbing agony of those whom Stafford had led rose up from the ground around him, and voices cried to be put out of pain and torture. These begrimed men around him, with jackets torn by bullets, with bandaged head stained with blood or dragging leg which left a track of blood behind, were not the men who last night were chatting round the campfires and making bets as to where the attack would begin to-day.

Stafford was cool enough, however. It was as though an icy liquid had been poured into his veins. He thought more clearly than he had ever done, even in those critical moments of his past when cool thinking was indispensable. He saw the mistake that had been made in giving his battery work which might have been avoided, and with the same result to the battle; but he also saw the way out of it, and he gave orders accordingly. When the horses were lashed to a gallop to take up the new position, which, if they reached, would give them shelter against this fiendish rain of lead, and also enable them to enfilade the foe at advantage, something suddenly brought confusion to his senses and the clear thinking stopped. His being seemed to expand suddenly to an enormity of chaos and then as suddenly to shrink, dwindle, and fall back into a smother—as though, in falling, blankets were drawn roughly over his head and a thousand others were shaken in the air around him. And both were real in their own way. The thousand blankets flapping in the air were the machine-guns of the foe following his battery into a zone of less dreadful fire, and the blankets that smothered him were wrappings of unconsciousness which save us from the direst agonies of body and mind.

The last thing he saw, as his eyes, with a final effort of power, sought to escape from this sudden confusion, was a herd of springboks flinging themselves about in the circle of fire, caught in the struggle of the two armies, and, like wild birds in a hurricane, plunging here and there in flight and futile motion. As unconsciousness enwrapped him the vision of these distraught denizens of the veld was before his eyes. Somehow, in a

lightning transformation, he became one with them and was mingled with them.

Time passed.

When his eyes opened again, slowly, heavily, the same vision was before him —the negative left on the film of his sight by his last conscious glance at the world.

He raised himself on his elbow and looked out over the veld. The springboks were still distractedly tossing here and there, but the army to which he belonged had moved on. It was now on its way up the hill lying between them and the Besieged City. He was dimly conscious of this, for the fight round him had ceased, the storm had gone forward. There was noise, great noise, but he was outside of it, in a kind of valley of awful inactivity. All round him was the débris of a world in which he had once lived and moved and worked. How many years —or centuries—was it since he had been in that harvest of death? There was no anomaly. It was not that time had passed; it was that his soul had made so far a journey.

In his sleep among the guns and the piteous, mutilated dead, he had gone a pilgrimage to a Distant Place and had been told the secret of the world. Yet when he first waked, it was not in his mind—only that confusion out of which he had passed to nothingness with the vision of the distracted springboks. Suddenly a torturing thirst came, and it waked him fully to the reality of it all. He was lying in his own blood, in the swath which the battle had cut.

His work was done. This came to him slowly, as the sun clears away the mists of morning. Something—Some One had reached out and touched him on the shoulder, had summoned him.

When he had left Brinkwort's Farm yesterday, it was with a desire to live, to do large things. He and Rudyard had clasped hands, and Rudyard had made a promise to him, which gave him hope that the broken rooftree would be mended, the shattered walls of home restored. It had seemed to him then that his own mistake was not irreparable, and that the way was open to peace, if not to happiness.

When he first came to this war he had said, "I will do this," and, "I will do that," and he had thought it possible to do it in his own time and because he willed it. He had put himself deliberately in the way of the Scythe, and had thrown himself into its arc of death.

To have his own way by tricking Destiny into giving him release and absolution without penalty—that had been his course. In the hour when he had ceased to desire exit by breaking through the wall and not by the predestined door, the reply of Destiny to him had been: "It is not for you to choose." He had wished to drink the cup of release, had reached out to take it, but presently had ceased to wish to drink it. Then Destiny had said: "Here is the dish—drink it."

He closed his eyes to shut out the staring light, and he wished in a vague way that he might shut out the sounds of the battle—the everlasting boom and clatter, the tearing reverberations. But he smiled too, for he realized that his being where he was alone meant that the army had moved on over that last hill; and that there would soon be the Relief for which England prayed.

There was that to the good; and he had taken part in it all. His battery, a fragment of what it had been when it galloped out to do its work in the early morning, had had its glorious share in the great day's work.

He had had the most critical and dangerous task of this memorable day. He had been on the left flank of the main body, and his battery had suddenly faced a terrific fire from concealed riflemen who had not hitherto shown life at this point. His promptness alone had saved the battery from annihilation. His swift orders secured the gallant withdrawal of the battery into a zone of comparative safety and renewed activity, while he was left with this one abandoned gun and his slain men and fellow-officers.

But somehow it all suddenly became small and distant and insignificant to his senses. He did not despise the work, for it had to be done. It was big to those who lived, but in the long movement of time it was small, distant, and subordinate.

If only the thirst did not torture him, if only the sounds of the battle were less loud in his ears!

It was so long since he waked from that long sleep, and the world was so full of noises, the air so arid, and the light of the sun so fierce. Darkness would be peace. He longed for darkness.

He thought of the spring that came from the rocks in the glen behind the house, where he was born in Derbyshire. He saw himself stooping down, kneeling to drink, his face, his eyes buried in the water, as he gulped down the good stream. Then all at once it was no longer the spring from the rock in which he laved his face and freshened his parched throat; a cool cheek touched his own, lips of tender freshness swept his brow, silken hair with a faint perfume of flowers brushed his temples, his head rested on a breast softer than any pillow he had ever known.

"Jasmine!" he whispered, with parched lips and closed eyes. "Jasmine—water," he pleaded, and sank away again into that dream from which he had but just wakened.

It had not been all a vision. Water was here at his tongue, his head was pillowed on a woman's breast, lips touched his forehead.

But it was not Jasmine's breast; it was not Jasmine's hand which held the nozzle of the water-bag to his parched lips.

Through the zone of fire a woman and a young surgeon had made their way from the attending ambulance that hovered on the edge of battle to this corner of death in the great battlefield. It mattered not to the enemy, who still remained in the segment of the circle where they first fought, whether it was man or woman who crossed this zone of fire. No heed could be given now to Red Cross work, to ambulance, nurse, or surgeon. There would come a time for that, but not yet. Here were two races in a life-and-death grip; and there could be no give and take for the wounded or the dead until the issue of the day was closed.

The woman who had come through the zone of fire was Al'mah. She had no right to be where she was. As a nurse her place was not the battlefield; but she had had a premonition of Stafford's tragedy, and in the night had concealed herself in the blankets of an ambulance and had been carried across the veld to that outer circle of battle where wait those who gather up the wreckage, who provide the salvage of war. When she was discovered there was no other course but to allow her to remain; and so it was that as the battle moved on she made her way to where the wounded and dead lay.

A sorely wounded officer, able with the help of a slightly injured gunner to get out of the furnace of fire, had brought word of Stafford's death; but with the instinct of those to whom there come whisperings, visions of things, Al'mah felt she must go and find the man with whose fate, in a way, her own had been linked; who, like herself, had been a derelict upon the sea of life; the grip of whose hand, the look of whose eyes the last time she saw him, told her that as a brother loves so he loved her.

Hundreds saw the two make their way across the veld, across the lead-swept plain; but such things in the hour of battles are commonplaces; they are taken as part of the awful game. Neither Mauser nor shrapnel nor Maxim brought them down as they made their way to the abandoned gun beside which Stafford lay. Yet only one reached Stafford's side, where he was stretched among his dead comrades. The surgeon stayed his course at three-quarters of the distance to care for a gunner whose mutilations were robbed of half their horror by a courage and a humor which brought quick tears to Al'mah's eyes. With both legs gone the stricken fellow asked first for a match to light his cutty pipe and then remarked: "The saint's own luck that there it was with the stem unbroke to give me aise whin I wanted it!

"Shure I thought I was dead," he added as the surgeon stooped over him, "till I waked up and give meself the lie, and got a grip o' me pipe, glory be!"

With great difficulty Al'mah dragged Stafford under the horseless gun, left behind when the battery moved on. Both forces had thought that nothing could live in that grey-brown veld, and no effort at first was made to rescue or take it. By every law of probability Al'mah and the young surgeon ought to be lying dead with the others who had died, some with as many as twenty bullet wounds in their bodies, while the gunner, who had served this gun to the last and

then, alone, had stood at attention till the lead swept him down, had thirty wounds to his credit for England's sake. Under the gun there was some shade, for she threw over it a piece of tarpaulin and some ragged, blood-stained jackets lying near—jackets of men whose wounds their comrades had tried hastily to help when the scythe of war cut them down.

There was shade now, but there was not safety, for the ground was spurting dust where bullets struck, and even bodies of dead men were dishonored by the insult of new wounds and mutilations.

Al'mah thought nothing of safety, but only of this life which was ebbing away beside her. She saw that a surgeon could do nothing, that the hurt was internal and mortal; but she wished him not to die until she had spoken with him once again and told him all there was to tell—all that had happened after he left Brinkwort's Farm yesterday.

She looked at the drawn and blanched face and asked herself if that look of pain and mortal trouble was the precursor of happiness and peace. As she bathed the forehead of the wounded man, it suddenly came to her that here was the only tragedy connected with Stafford's going: his work was cut short, his usefulness ended, his hand was fallen from the lever that lifted things.

She looked away from the blanched face to the field of battle, towards the sky above it. Circling above were the vile aasvogels, the loathsome birds which followed the track of war, watching, waiting till they could swoop upon the flesh blistering in the sun. Instinctively she drew nearer to the body of the dying man, as though to protect it from the evil flying things. She forced between his lips a little more water.

"God make it easy!" she said.

A bullet struck a wheel beside her, and with a ricochet passed through the flesh of her forearm. A strange look came into her eyes, suffusing them. Was her work done also? Was she here to find the solution of all her own problems—like Stafford—like Stafford? Stooping, she reverently kissed the bloodless cheek. A kind of exaltation possessed her. There was no fear at all. She had a feeling that he would need her on the journey he was about to take, and there was no one else who could help him now. Who else was there beside herself—and Jigger?

Where was Jigger? What had become of Jigger? He would surely have been with Stafford if he had not been hurt or killed. It was not like Jigger to be absent when Stafford needed him.

She looked out from under the gun, as though expecting to find him coming—to see him somewhere on this stricken plain. As she did so she saw the young surgeon, who had stayed to help the wounded gunner, stumbling and lurching towards the gun, hands clasping his side, and head thrust forward in an attitude of tense expectation, as though there was a goal which must be reached.

An instant later she was outside hastening towards him. A bullet spat at her feet, another cut the skirt of her dress, but all she saw was the shambling figure of the man who, but a few minutes before, was so flexible and alert with life, eager to relieve the wounds of those who had fallen. Now he also was in dire need.

She had almost reached him when, with a stiff jerk sideways and an angular assertion of the figure, he came to the ground like a log, ungainly and rigid.

"They got me! I'm hit—twice," he said, with grey lips; with eyes that stared at her and through her to something beyond; but he spoke in an abrupt, professional, commonplace tone. "Shrapnel and Mauser," he added, his hands protecting the place where the shrapnel had found him. His staring blue eyes took on a dull cloud, and his whole figure seemed to sink and shrink away. As though realizing and resisting, if not resenting this dissolution of his forces, his voice rang out querulously, and his head made dogmatic emphasis.

"They oughtn't to have done it," the petulant voice insisted. "I wasn't fighting." Suddenly the voice trailed away, and all emphasis, accent, and articulation passed from the sentient figure. Yet his lips moved once again. "Ninety-nine Adelphi Terrace—first floor," he said mechanically, and said no more.

As mechanically as he had spoken, Al'mah repeated the last words. "Ninety-nine Adelphi Terrace, first floor," she said slowly.

They were chambers next to those

where Adrian Fellowes had lived and died. She shuddered.

"So he was not married," she said reflectively, as she left the lifeless body and went back to the gun where Stafford lay.

Her arm through which the bullet had passed was painful, but she took no heed of it. Why should she? Hundreds, maybe thousands, were being killed off there in the hills. She saw nothing except the débris of Ian Stafford's life drifting out to the shoreless sea.

He lived still, but remained unconscious, and she did not relax her vigil. As she watched and waited, the words of the young surgeon kept ringing in her ears, a monotonous discord, "Ninety-nine Adelphi Terrace—first floor!" Behind it all was the music of the song she had sung at Rudyard Byng's house the evening of the day Adrian Fellowes had died—"*More was lost at Mohacksfield.*"

The stupefaction that comes with tragedy crept over her. As the victim of an earthquake sits down amid vast ruins where the dead lie unnumbered, speechless and heedless, so she sat and watched the face of the man beside her and was not conscious that the fire of the armies was slackening, that bullets no longer spattered the veld or struck the gun where she sat; that the battle had been slowly carried over the hills.

In time help would come, so she must wait. At least she had kept Stafford alive. So far her journey through Hades had been justified. He would have died had it not been for the water and brandy she had forced between his lips, for the shade in which he lay beneath the gun. In the end they would come and gather the dead and wounded. When the battle was over they would come, or, maybe, before it was over.

But through how many hours had there been the sickening monotony of artillery and rifle fire, the bruit of angry metal, in which the roar of angrier men was no more than a discord in the guttural harmony. Her senses became almost deadened under the strain. Her cheeks grew thinner, her eyes took on a fixed look. She seemed like one in a dream. She was only conscious in an isolated kind of way. Louder than all the noises of the clanging day was the beating of her heart. Her very body seemed to throb, the pulses in her temples were like hammers hurting her brain.

At last she was roused by the sound of horses' hoofs.

So the service corps were coming at last to take up the wounded and bury the dead. There were so many dead, so few wounded.

The galloping came nearer and nearer. It was now as loud as thunder almost. It stopped short. She gave a sigh of relief. Her vigil was ended. Stafford was still alive. There was yet a chance for him to know that friends were with him at the last, and also what had happened at Brinkwort's Farm after he had left yesterday.

She leaned out to see her rescuers. A cry broke from her. Here was one man frantically hitching a pair of artillery horses to the gun and swearing fiercely in the Taal as he did so.

The last time she had seen that khaki hat, long, threadbare frock-coat, huge Hessian boots, and red neckcloth was at Brinkwort's Farm. The last time she had seen that malevolent face was when its owner was marched away from Brinkwort's Farm yesterday.

It was Krool.

An instant later she had dragged Stafford out from beneath the gun, for it was clear that the madman intended to ride off with it.

When Krool saw her first he was fastening the last hook of the traces with swift, trained fingers. He stood dumfounded for a moment. The superstitious, half-mystical thing in him came trembling to his eyes; then he saw Stafford's body, and he realized the situation. A look of savage hatred came into his face, and he made a step forward with sudden impulse, as though he would spring upon Stafford. His hand was upon a knife at his belt. But the horses plunged and strained, and he saw in the near distance a troop of cavalry.

With an obscene malediction at the inert body, he sprang upon a horse. A sjambok swung, and with a snort, which was half a groan, the trained horses sprang forward.

"The Rooinek's gun for Oom Paul," he shouted back over his shoulder.

Most prisoners would have been con-

tent to escape and save their skins, but a more primitive spirit lived in Krool. Escape was not enough for him. Since he had been foiled at Brinkwort's Farm and could not reach Rudyard Byng; since he would be shot the instant he was caught after his escape—if he was caught—he would do something to gall the pride of the *verdomte* English. The gun which the Boers had not dared to issue forth and take, which the British could not rescue without heavy loss while the battle was at its height—he would ride it over the hills into the Boers' camp.

There was something so grotesque in the figure of the half-caste, with his dopper coat flying behind him as the horses galloped away, that a wan smile came to Al'mah's lips. With Stafford at her feet in the staring sun she yet could not take her eyes from the man, the horses, and the gun. And not Al'mah alone shaded and strained eyes to follow the tumbling, bouncing gun. Rifles, Maxims, and pom-poms opened fire upon it. It sank into a hollow and was partially lost to sight; it rose again and jerked forward, the dust rising behind it like surf. It swayed and swung, as the horses wildly took the incline of the hills, Krool's sjambok swinging above them; it struggled with the forces that dragged it higher and higher up, as though it were human, and understood that it was a British gun being carried into the Boer lines.

At first a battery of the Boers, fighting a rear-guard action, had also fired on it, but the gunners saw quickly that a single British gun was not likely to take up an advance position and attack alone, and their fire died away. Thinking only that some daring Boer was doing the thing with a thousand odds against him, they roared approval as the gun came nearer and nearer.

Though the British poured a terrific fire after the flying battery of one gun, there was something so splendid in the episode; the horses were behaving so gallantly,—horses of one of their own batteries daringly taken by Krool under the noses of the force—that there was scarcely a man who was not glad when, at last, the gun made a sudden turn at a kopje, and was lost to sight within the Boer lines, leaving behind it a little cloud of dust.

Tommy Atkins had his uproarious joke about it, but there was one man who breathed a sigh of relief when he heard of it. That was Barry Whalen. He had every reason to be glad that Krool was out of the way, and that Rudyard Byng would see him no more. Sitting beside the still unconscious Ian Stafford on the veld, Al'mah's reflections were much the same as those of Barry Whalen.

With the flight of Krool and the gun came the end of Al'mah's vigil. The troop of cavalry which galloped out to her was followed by the Red Cross wagons.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"PHEIDIPPIDES"

AT dawn, when the veld breathes odors of a kind pungency and fragrance, which only those know who have made it their bed and friend, the end came to the man who had lain under the gun.

"Pheidippides!" the dying Stafford said, with that touch of humor which had ever been his. He was thinking of the Greek runner who brought the news of victory to Athens and fell dead as he told it.

It almost seemed from the look on Stafford's face that, in very truth, he was laying aside the impedimenta of the long march and the battle, to carry the news to that army of the brave in Walhalla who had died for England before they knew that victory was hers.

"Pheidippides," he repeated, and Rudyard Byng, whose eyes were so much upon the door, watching and waiting for some one to come, pressed his hand and said: "You know the best, Stafford. So many didn't. They had to go before they knew."

"I have my luck," Stafford replied, but there was a wistful look in his face.

His eyes slowly closed, and he lay so motionless that Al'mah and Rudyard thought he had gone. He scarcely seemed to notice when Al'mah took the hand that Rudyard had held, and the latter, with quick, noiseless steps, left the room.

What Rudyard had been watching and waiting for was come.

Jasmine was at the door. His message had brought her in time.

"Is it dangerous?" she asked, with a face where tragedy had written self-control.

"As bad as can be," he answered. "Go in and speak to him, Jasmine. It 'll help him."

He opened the door softly. As Jasmine entered, Al'mah, with a glance of pity and friendship at the face upon the bed, passed into another room.

There was a cry in Jasmine's heart, but it did not reach her lips.

She stole to the bed and laid her fingers upon the hand lying white and still upon the coverlet.

At once the eyes of the dying man opened. This was a touch that would reach to the farthest borders of his being —would bring him back from the Immortal Gates. Through the mist of his senses he saw her. He half raised himself. She pillowed his head on her breast. He smiled. A light transfigured his face.

"All's well," he said with a long sigh, and his body sank slowly down.

"Ian, Ian!" she cried, but she knew that he could not hear.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE ROAD IS CLEAR

THE Army had moved on over the hills, into the valley of death and glory, across the parched veld to the town of Lordkop, where an emaciated, ragged garrison had kept faith with all the heroes from Caractacus to Nelson. Courageous legions had found their way to the petty dorp, with its corrugated iron roofs, its dug-outs, its improvised forts, its fever hospitals, its Treasure House of Britain, where she guarded the jewels of her honor.

The menace of the hills had passed, heroes had welcomed heroes and drunk the cup of triumph; but far back in the valleys beyond the hills from which the army had come, there were those who must drink the cup of trembling, the wine of loss.

As the trumpets of victory attended the steps of those remnants of brigades which met the remnants of a glorious garrison in the streets of Lordkop, drums of mourning conducted the steps of those who came to bury the dust of one who had called himself "Pheidippides" as he left the Day Path and took the Night Road.

Gun-carriage and reversed arms and bay charger, faithful comrades with bent heads, the voice of victory over the grave —"*I am the resurrection and the life*"— the volleys of honor, the proud *salut* of the brave to the vanished brave, the quivering farewells of the few who turn away from the fresh-piled earth with their hearts dragging behind — all had been; and all had gone. Evening descended upon the veld with a golden radiance that soothed like prayer.

By the open window at the foot of a bed in the Stay Awhile Hospital a woman gazed into the saffron splendor with an intentness which seemed to make all her body listen. Both melancholy and purpose marked the attitude of the figure.

A voice from the bed at the foot of which she stood drew her gaze away from the sunset sky to meet the bright, troubled eyes.

"What is it, Jigger?" the woman asked gently, and she looked to see that the framework which kept the bedclothes from a shattered leg was properly in its place.

"'E done a lot for me," was the reply. "A lot 'e done, and I dun'no' how I'll git along now."

There was great hopelessness in the tone.

"He told me you would always have enough to help you get on, Jigger. He thought of all that."

"'Ere, oh, 'ere it ain't that," the lad said in a sudden passion of protest, the tears standing in his eyes. "It ain't that! Wot's money, when your friend wot give it ain't 'ere! I never done nothing for 'im—that's wot I feel. Nothing at all for 'im."

"You are wrong," was the soft reply. "He told me only a few days ago that you were like a loaf of bread in the cupboard—good for all the time."

The tears left the wide blue eyes. "Did 'e say that—did 'e?" he asked, and when she nodded and smiled, he added, "'E's 'appy now, ain't 'e?" His look questioned her eagerly.

For an instant she turned and gazed at the sunset, and her eyes took on a strange mystical glow. A color came to her face, as though from strong flush of

feeling, then she turned to him again, and answered steadily:

"Yes, he is happy now."

"How do you know?" the lad asked with awe in his face, for he believed in her utterly. Then, without waiting for her to answer, he added: "Is it you hear him say so, as I hear you singin' in my sleep sometimes—singin', singin', as you did at Glencader, that first time I ever 'eerd you? Is it the same as me in my sleep?"

"Yes, it is like that—just like that," she answered, taking his hand, and holding it with a motherly tenderness.

"Ain't you never goin' to sing again?" he added.

She was silent, looking at him almost abstractedly.

"This war 'll be over pretty soon now," he continued, "and we'll all have to go back to work."

"Isn't this work?" Al'mah asked with a smile, which had in it something of her old whimsical self.

"It ain't play, and it ain't work," he answered with a sage frown of intellectual effort. "It's a cut above 'em both—that's my fancy."

"It would seem like that," was the response. "What are you going to do when you get back to England?" she inquired.

"I thought I'd ask you that," he replied anxiously. "Couldn't I be a scene-shifter or somefink at the opery w'ere you sing?"

"I'm going to sing again, am I?" she asked.

"You'd have to be busy," he protested admiringly.

"Yes, I'll have to be busy," she replied, her voice ringing a little, "and we'll have to find a way of being busy together."

"His gryce 'd like that," he responded.

She turned her face slowly to the evening sky, where grey clouds became silver and piled up to a summit of light. She was silent for a long time.

"If work won't cure, nothing will," she said in a voice scarce above a whisper. Her body trembled a little, and her eyes closed, as though to shut out something that pained her sight.

"I wish you'd sing somethin'—same as you did that night at Glencader, about the green hill far away," whispered the little trumpeter from the bed.

She looked at him for a moment meditatively, then shook her head, and turned again to the light in the evening sky.

"P'raps she's makin' up a new song," Jigger said to himself.

On a kopje overlooking the place where Ian Stafford had been laid to sleep to the call of the trumpets, two people sat watching the sun go down. Never in the years that had gone had there been such silence between them as they sat together. Words had been the clouds in which the lightning of their thoughts had been lost; they had been the disguises in which the truth of things masqueraded. They had not dared to be silent, lest the truth should stalk naked before them. Silence would have revealed their unhappiness; they would not have dared to look closely and deeply into each other's faces, lest revelation should force them to say, "It has been a mistake; let us end it." So they had talked and talked and acted, and yet had done nothing and been nothing.

Now they were silent, because they had tossed into the abyss of Time the cup of trembling, and had drunk of the chalice of peace. Over the grave into which, this day, they had thrown the rock-roses and sprigs of the karoo bush, they had, in silence, made pledges to each other, that life's disguises should be no more for them; that the door should be wide open between the chambers where their souls dwelt, each in its own *pension* of being, with its own individual sense, but with the same light, warmth, and nutriment, and with the free confidence which exempts life from its confessions. There should be no hidden things any more.

There was a smile on the man's face as he looked out over the valley. With this day had come triumph for the flag he loved, for the land where he was born, and the beginning of peace for the land where he had worked, where he had won his great fortune. He had helped to make this land what it was, and in battle he had helped to save it from disaster.

But there had come another victory—

the victory of Home. The coincidence of all the vital values had come in one day, almost in one hour.

Smiling, he laid his hand upon the delicate fingers of the woman beside him, as they rested upon her knee. She turned and looked at him with an understanding which is the beginning of all happiness; and a color came to her cheeks such as he had not seen there for more days than he could count. Her smile answered his own, but her eyes had a sadness which would never wholly leave them. When he had first seen those eyes he had thought them the most honest he had ever known. Looking at them now, with confidence restored, he thought again as he had that night at the opera the year of the Raid.

"It's all before us still, Jasmine," he said with a ring of purpose and a great gentleness in his tone.

Her hand trembled, the shadows deepened in her eyes, but determination gathered at her lips.

Some long-cherished, deferred resolve reasserted itself.

"But I cannot—oh, I cannot go on until you know all, Rudyard, and then you may not wish to go on," she said. Her voice shook, and the color went from her lips. "I must be honest now—at last—about everything. I want to tell you—"

He got to his feet. Stooping, he raised her, and looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Tell me nothing, Jasmine," he said. Then he added in a voice of finality, "There is nothing to tell." Holding both her hands tight in one of his own, he put his fingers on her lips.

"A fresh start for a long race — the road is clear," he said firmly.

Looking into his eyes, she knew that he read her life and soul, that in his deep primitive way he understood her as she had been and as she was, and yet was content to go on. Her head drooped upon his breast.

A trumpet-call rang out piercingly sweet across the valley. It echoed and echoed away among the hills.

He raised his head to listen. Pride, vision, and power were in his eyes.

"It's all before us still, Jasmine," he said again.

Her fingers tightened on his.

[THE END.]

The Common Lot

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

I AM so little that the gods go by,
And leave me to my house, my garden-plot,
My clump of jonquils in a windy spot.
I tend the herbs; I look up at the sky.
As great a thing am I as e'er drew breath.—
The gray, hushed steps of them that bore from here
My lovely ones, still ring within mine ear.—
Yea, great enough to have been hurt by Death!
Nothing I reckon of the pomps of men;
I am too little for a sword, a crown;
I tend the herbs; I look up at the sky;
And every spring my jonquils blow again,
Yellow and windy as the lights of town.
I am so hurt, so hurt, that I would die!

The Little Wet Foot

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

THE Cape Fear River, Wilmington's waterway, empties into the sea on the west side of Smith's Island, whose southernmost extremity forms Cape Fear. There are the most dangerous shoals, but there, too, was the least dangerous wing of the Yankee fleet. Between Smith's Island and Confederate Point—the tongue of mainland betwixt the river and the sea—flows the New Inlet, which pierces the river's eastern side some seven or eight miles from the cape. Here in the New Inlet is freer water, and—a more powerful fleet. The Federal squadron of more than thirty ships stretched in a great double crescent from below the river's mouth, out around the Frying Pan Shoals, to above the New Inlet. In the outer crescent were the Federal navy's fastest ships. The two horns of the inner crescent hugged the dangerous shore as closely as they dared, but the swift, light-draught blockade-runners dared hug it a little closer; and so between the innermost Federal ship and the shore lay the royal road to fortune. Yet no easy road, for old Bo's'n Ben had helped set fire to his last ship, too closely pressed and driven ashore by its pursuers, and Selfridge had been one of the only boat's crew to escape from a runner that sank under a rain of Federal shells.

That night we saw the sun go down behind the Carolinas. When the *Saracen* turned south we all knew for the first time that we were above the Cape Fear, and therefore that Captain Titus had determined to essay the passage of the New Inlet. There was no moon, and the wind-driven cloud-wrack made a mock of any starlight. Except that the sea was rising, no night could have been, for us, more ideal. There still was a run of thirty miles down the coast, and the *Saracen,* now at full speed, swept down upon whatever fate awaited us.

But for the carefully shielded binnacle-lamp, there was not so much as a pin-point of light to be seen on board. Since leaving the Gulf Stream the wind had been by contrast bitterly cold; in spite of one of Uncle Cameron's pea-jackets (on me its skirts all but trailed the decks), and in spite of the warmth of the funnel, in whose lee I crouched, my teeth chattered; but I kept a sharp lookout ahead and out to sea. A long hour passed. Then I heard the door of the chart-house close, and recognized Uncle Cameron as he came hurrying aft. "Come, Richard," he called, softly, "I had almost forgotten my passengers." In the fast-rising sea the *Saracen* both pitched and rolled; I was secretly glad when Uncle Cameron grasped me firmly by the arm as we made a difficult way along the deck. From the unseen shore came the ceaseless boom and rumble of great breakers piling in upon the miles of hard-packed sand.

So dark it was that we were close before we saw her—Anne Mackeel; she stood alone at the very stern, her feet wide apart, her body swaying with every roll of the ship; she seemed the spirit of the time and place, urging the *Saracen* on. "Come, Anne," my uncle called. He put his arm about her and, driving me before him, hurried us down the companionway into the cabin. "You will both stay here, no matter what happens," he said, speaking rapidly, "until I come or send for you. We may meet a Yankee ship and be fired upon at any moment now." He glanced at the chronometer. "In thirty minues we should be inside their fleet." He gave me a half-wistful smile. "Take care of her, Richard! Good-by, Anne!" he said; then hurried up the stair. I could have wept with the bitterness of disappointment. There would be firing, surely!—and I not on deck to see; instead I was

shut into the cabin with a woman! It was almost more than I could bear!

The *Saracen,* being in many other respects built like a ship of war, had a cabin similar to a small ward-room (and such my uncle insisted upon calling it), into which there opened three individual cabins (or state-rooms, as the Americans say), the captain's aft, across the entire stern; forward, the chief engineer's and the first officer's, that now was Miss Mackeel's. The old negress came out of Miss Mackeel's cabin and sat herself down on a locker along the ward-room's side. She did not speak a word (indeed, she was the most silent creature that I ever knew); not a muscle of her wrinkled face moved, but her eyes rolled till the whites glinted ludicrously as in a black mask; I believe that she was terribly afraid. Neither did Anne Mackeel nor I speak; it would have been hard to make ourselves heard. Every timber of the *Saracen* groaned and strained and creaked; often a wave would break with a crash against the side, and the ship would quiver, stop for an instant, then with a leap plunge on again; above all other sounds came the constant, deep roar of the surf, ominously near. The seconds ticked themselves away. Five minutes, ten, twenty minutes; from the deck there came no sound; the strain was becoming unendurable to us all. Anne Mackeel restlessly got up and crossed to the locker; she knelt on it and made as though to draw aside the heavy curtain of a port.

"Don't!" I cried, and sprang forward and roughly caught her arm.

She turned on me angrily. "You are a very ill-bred little boy!" Then her voice honeyed. "I did not realize that it would be dangerous just to look out." But the anger was still in her eyes, and she went back to her chair and bit her nails and watched with a strange look the minute-hand creep around. Suddenly she gave a little cry. "My ring! My ring!" and stretched out her white, beautiful hands. The ring—the single diamond that I had so much admired—was gone. She half stood up, then sank back heavily. "Fetch me brandy, Dickie—I am faint!"

It did not take me more than a minute or two; when I re-entered with the bottle in my hand, Miss Mackeel was gone. The old negress was standing with a port curtain raised, peering out. "You nigger!" I cried, in a passion. "You heard what I said about the light!" She let the curtain fall into place, turned, and glared at me.

"Where is Miss Mackeel?" She did not answer, but sullenly gestured: There. I ran to the cabin and without waiting to knock flung open the door; she was not there. I turned and ran up on deck. Straight before me as I sprang up out of the companion, but clear at the stern, stood Anne Mackeel, at arm's-length above her head a lantern! Suddenly she stooped and seemed to pick up something from the deck. A white figure raced by me. I could have shrieked, it was so wraith-like except for the voice—my uncle Cameron's—bellowing: "Put out that light!—for God's sake, put out that light!" He snatched the lantern and flung it into the sea. But it was too late. Just off the port bow, and not half a mile ahead, a rocket shot up into the sky and burst into a shower of stars; beyond it, to the left, another one, and then another and another far out at sea. Almost instantly from the nearest ship came a shell that passed directly over us and exploded with a roar, and its blinding flash lighted up the beach. Other white-clad figures were running swiftly down the deck. My uncle, the moment the lantern was gone, turned and dashed back to his place by the pilot on the bridge. "Yankee" Powell, the first to reach her, seized Miss Mackeel by the wrist; she struggled in terror, and he suddenly caught her up in his arms and ran, stumblingly, to the companionway. "Shut her in her cabin and guard the door," old Ben King roared, and rushed forward to his station again.

Shells were bursting all about us. Had any one ordered me to go below I could not have moved from fright. A rocket of our own sprang up from the bridge and broke above us into a cluster of vivid green stars: our position being signaled to Fisher, the Confederate fort. From the land there came a deeper roar than any I had yet heard; almost simultaneously a dozen more; we seemed directly between the two fires. A Federal

shell burst above our bows, and there came the sound of rending wood and the scream of a wounded man. I flung myself face down all alone there on the quarter-deck and beat upon the planks with my fists in an anguish of fright.

The pandemonium ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun. The *Saracen* slid into stiller water, and there came a blessed sound—the rattle of the out-running anchor-chain. We were safe under Fort Fisher's protecting guns.

And then (as later I learned the custom to be) the crew rushed from their stations and danced and shouted and capered about; and since they still wore the white shirts over their other clothes (for at night upon the sea white is least distinguishable), it looked like Judgment Day with the dead in their shrouds gone mad with resurrection. And Fort Fisher cheered the *Saracen,* and the *Saracen* cheered the fort, and all the engineers and stokers, naked to the waist and gleaming with sweat, came pouring up on deck, and added to the bedlam; and I cheered loudest of all. Double grog was served out, and we all cheered again. Then Uncle Cameron found me and damned me right heartily for having stayed out on deck in the shell-fire. But, that night, of Anne Mackeel and her lantern he said never a word.

When I found him alone next morning and said, timidly, "She sent me for brandy, Uncle Cameron, or—" he stopped me more by a look than by his words: "She has her ring and we have the ship, Dickie, so let be." Poor Uncle Cameron! What those two said to each other I shall never know; they had it out together there on the quarter-deck before I was awake. But all the way up the shoal-bound river Uncle Cameron stayed in the chart-house and Anne Mackeel sat alone by the taffrail and stared out over the marshes and the pine-barrens, cold gray under the lowering sky. It began to rain drearily a little before we reached Wilmington, just at dusk, so that of the cheering crowds Selfridge had promised me would welcome us as we had never been welcomed before there was only a handful of agents, bedraggled officials, and omnivorous Hebrew speculators with very limp cheers. After the *Saracen's* agent and the officials of the port finished their preliminary business on board, my uncle punctiliously escorted Miss Mackeel to the hotel; he came back almost immediately. As for me, I was not in the least sorry that she was gone; I hoped she would find her father in better health—and so I had told her when I said a very terse good-by.

In the morning the sun was brightly shining, and very early I got my first impression of Wilmington. Indeed, that first impression was about all that I ever carried away with me. It was that of a big, straggling town built on sand-hills; a town that looked, and was, extremely dull. Of course I remember such places as Division Headquarters in an old, red brick colonial house that stood pompously at the very edge of the sidewalk; and, a block away, the Carolina Hotel, with an iron-railed, narrow balcony across its face; I went there many times. Also I remember the "Seaman's Bethel" on Chapel Hill—chiefly because of the remarks made about it by our unsanctified crew. On the whole I promised myself that I would be more than glad when the *Saracen* should unload her machinery and stores, get her cotton aboard, and steam out to sea.

On the eighth morning in Wilmington Uncle Cameron called me into the cabin. "Richard," he said, frowning, "did you ever hear Miss Mackeel" (it was the first time he had spoken of her) "mention the name of the place where she was going to join her father?"

"I think it was Elizabethtown, sir."

"Um-m!—that's all, Richard." He was gone for over thirty-six hours. Very little I missed him! Uncle Cameron was a very different uncle from the one for whom I had run away from home; now, when he was not melancholy he was irritable, and never his old good company.

One other friend had failed me during those days—"Yankee" Powell. Myself alone, I should never have guessed the reason, but that old Ben King undertook to banter him. "'A fine figger o' a woman' yer said she were, 'Yankee'?" he gibed, with a sly wink to me.

"You lie!" Powell answered, hotly.

"An' yet ye tell-it me ye 'ad the lydy hin yer harms, 'Yankee'—"

"Some day I'll knife you for that,

Bo's'n," and there was no more badinage. "Old fool!" he muttered, as the boatswain left us.

"I believe that you are another kind of fool, Powell," I cried, angrily. "Such talk of a lady from the like of you! One more word I hear and I'll tell the captain!" After that Horace Powell was as sulky as a gib-cat.

Uncle Cameron, very hot and dusty, came back the middle of the next morning. "You must have had that name wrong, Richard," he said, crossly. "She had not been there, and no one had ever heard of her father."

At noon three days later we began to drop down the river. The town was still in sight, not two miles behind us, when "Yankee" Powell caught my arm as I passed and pointed excitedly. "Look there, Mister Richard!" On the road along the river shore a chaise drawn by a galloping horse was swiftly pulling abreast of us, a woman in it waving a handkerchief frantically. Already some one had reported to the captain, and he hurried out of the chart-house, focusing his binoculars as he came. He gave a quick look. "Call away the gig!" he ordered, sharply.

I was at the gangway to meet them as they came aboard — Uncle Cameron and Anne Mackeel and the old negress. Anne kissed me. "I'm so happy, Dickie!" she exclaimed. "My father was taken to Nassau two weeks ago — we must have passed the ship—and Captain Titus is taking me back to him!" I looked at my uncle; he was the same jovial sea-captain who had listened to my stories of blockade-running there at home under the tamarind. But someway there came an odd thought of Mark Antony, whose story I had dug out of my Latin not a month ago. Poor Uncle Cameron! Among the crew there were black enough looks, and when their captain had gone below with his passenger, I caught the word "spy" in tones not very carefully guarded.

That night at dusk we anchored just above the last bend of the river; beyond the low sand-dunes that lay between us and the sea there rose, reed-like, the topmasts of the blockaders. Of all the ships in the Federal squadron there was but one, in the outer crescent, of which we had any real dread—the *Punxsutawney*, a new screw steamer several knots faster than the *Saracen*. Many were the stories we had heard in Wilmington of the *Punxsutawney*. It was the design of the inner line when they caught sight of any blockade-runner to follow as fast as possible, firing guns and rockets to attract the notice of the outer line, and chiefly that of the *Punxsutawney*. Though she had come on the station but a month or six weeks before, she had already sunk one runner and driven two others upon the beach.

The moon was in its first quarter and would not set until after midnight; thus we would have less than five hours to get through and out of sight of the outer crescent of blockaders before dawn. Until midnight, then, there was nothing but to wait. At two bells Uncle Cameron sent for me; he and Miss Mackeel, their deck-chairs side by side, were seated on the quarter-deck. "Bedtime, Richard," said my uncle, jovially. "Nine o'clock is time for small boys and even for big girls to go to bed. Tut, tut!" sharply, as I began to plead. "Orders, sir! Besides, there will be no excitement for hours—if at all." Then, to Miss Mackeel: "You will excuse me now, for I have much work to do, and, also, I am sure you must be very tired." So, nothing else for it, Anne Mackeel and I went below and to our several rooms. Almost immediately there came a sharp knocking at my door and Anne's voice: "Richard, please tell Captain Titus that there is no lamp in my cabin; ask him to have one sent to me."

In a moment I had to report: "We have been locked in, Miss Mackeel."

"No matter, then," she answered, in a sweet voice. "I shall do without a light. Good night."

My bed was on a locker in Uncle Cameron's cabin. I lay down fully dressed, my mind firmly made up to keep awake. . . . When I awoke it was with the feeling that I had slept some hours. The *Saracen* was under way, steaming, I judged by the motion, at full speed. Some one was just leaving the cabin. "Who's there?" I whispered, frightened, for the ward-room was, unwontedly, pitch-dark. My uncle in the doorway whispered back that it was he,

and that he was just going on deck, and that I was to go to sleep.

"Are we *through?*"

"We're nearing the outer line." (I snickered, for it was ludicrous to hear him try to whisper with that great voice of his.)

"Let me come on deck?" I begged.

He was silent for a time, deciding; then, "Come on, lad!" he said. And in a moment we were out on the black deck in the chill night air. Later I remembered that I had left the companion hatch unlocked. Uncle Cameron placed me under the care of old Ben King (with, I think, orders to take me below the water-line should we be fired upon). And so the Bo's'n and I sat on the deck with our backs against the port bulwarks, and watched the star-crowded sky and whispered of many things. Just about the time—old Ben said—that the moon and the tide became right for us as we lay in the Cape Fear River, a runner had been driven ashore six or eight miles up the coast (they had seen the glow of her burning), thus drawing off a large part of the fleet, and so we had made a dash straight out from the New Inlet and had slipped through unseen. So we sat and whispered, and after a while old Ben pointed out the signs that showed him that within the hour would come the first gray light of dawn. Presently Uncle Cameron and Selfridge came by, and my uncle told me to go back to bed, for "we're through the outer line by several miles. There will be no more excitement this trip, Dick," he said.

As if to mock his words a rocket with a glare and a roar shot up from the quarter-deck of the *Saracen* and broke above us into a corona of vivid green stars. We all raced aft. And as we ran we saw directly astern and but eight or ten miles away, a Federal rocket, and to the right a second, and on the left, still farther away, a third. Then came the boom of the blockaders' signal-guns, and we knew that they were slipping their anchors and within ten minutes would be in pursuit. Midway to the stern we came upon a little group of sailors struggling fiercely with some one in their midst.

"Have you got her?" Selfridge shouted, excitedly.

A figure was half pulled, half pushed out in front. "Well?" Captain Titus called, sharply.

A chorus of voices: "It's the Yankee—Powell, sir. He was a-sneakin' for'ard just after the rocket went off."

"Well, Powell?"

"Aye, sir"—only his sullen voice was recognizable in the gloom—"I *was* on the quarter-deck, but I didn't see who fired it—no, nor I don't *know!*"

"Tie him up; guard him!" snapped my uncle. Suddenly he shook his two fists above his head, and his voice so trembled with rage as to make the words scarcely intelligible: "Law or no law, half an hour after I prove it on him, I'll hang the man who put off that rocket — so help me God!" His arms dropped to his sides, and he hesitated as though not determined upon his next move.

Selfridge spoke—in his tone the utmost respect, but with a very great firmness: "Where we all are so deeply concerned, Captain Titus, I suggest that we examine the — the cabin." Without a word my uncle turned and strode away, and we followed hurriedly down to the ward-room. It was pit-black, but Selfridge lighted a lantern and held it high above his head. The locker in which were kept the extra rockets, spare signal-flags, and like equipment was gaping open. Uncle Cameron scarcely gave the locker a glance. He made straight for Anne Mackeel's door and gave a thunderous rap.

"Wait!" Selfridge cried. He had stooped and snatched up an object from beneath the table, and was now holding it close to the lantern. It was a sailor's knife. "H, P.," he read aloud from the big, bold initials cut in the bone handle. Half the stout blade was gone; the broken piece lay inside the locker. "It *is* Powell!" he gasped, his jaw dropping in astonishment. My uncle still stood at Miss MacKeel's door; he was looking back at Selfridge, and in his eyes there now was a gleam of triumph.

The door opened, and backgrounded by the black interior stood Anne Mackeel. Her hair hung about her face and over her shoulders in a thick cloud; at her throat she clutched the edges of a heavy, fleecy robe of dark gray, its wide

sleeve falling back from her round arm; at the robe's bottom, here and there, was a flash of white from her night-dress, beneath which peeped the tips of the toes of one small, bare foot. "Oh!" she cried. "What is it?" She seemed scarcely able to open her eyes, and rubbed them sleepily with the knuckles of the other hand, as would a child.

"One of my men has turned traitor. He has broken open the locker here and has signaled the Yankee fleet."

"Shall we be caught?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I hope not!" His reply was part grim, part anxious. "Dress, please, and wait here."

Then we all hastened up on deck again. The *Saracen* had been steaming, and continued, at her topmost speed. There was nothing to be done but keep our course and make of it the best race that we could. "If the *Punxsutawney* is one of them, we are goners inside of three hours," Selfridge said to me as he went below to his engines.

They gave Horace Powell a trial by drum-head court-martial there in the dark in the lee of the chart-house—my uncle, the first and second officers, and Selfridge; for witnesses, the sailors who had taken him and I, suddenly become the star witness for both the prosecution and the defense. What the prisoner had been doing there on the quarter-deck he would not, or could not, explain, nor did we ever learn; perhaps—but that would be only guesswork. Then abruptly Uncle Cameron confronted him with the knife, and let him feel of the initials and the broken blade (for it was too dark to see), and told him where it and the blade-piece had been discovered. "What defense, prisoner?"

"I call Mister Richard," he answered. One of the sailors pushed me gently forward.

"Swear him," said the judge; and Lunn, first officer, swore me. My knees trembled.

"Mister Richard," Powell asked, earnestly, "you mind how we sat on the after-hatch yesterday afternoon and whittled? I lent ye m' knife." To the court: "Ask him, 'What did he do with it?'"

"Richard?"

"I—I gave it back," I stammered.

"Think, Richard!"

"I gave it back," I repeated, stubbornly; then, as the incident came back clearer: "Don't you remember, Powell, that I said, 'Here's your knife, "Yankee"; it needs sharpening'?" The stars were fading out, but it still was too dark to distinguish any man's features; we all listened breathlessly.

Presently Horace Powell's voice lifelessly answered: "I do mind now, Mister Richard. I left it stickin' in the coamin' of the hatch; till now I've thought you had it. It's all goin' agin me, gentlemen," he cried, desperately—"all goin' agin me! but I didn't do it, nor I don't know who did." There was but little more, then the court stepped aside and whispered together; almost immediately they were back again.

"Horace Powell," my uncle began, solemnly, "this court finds you guilty, and decrees that you be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul. I'll give you half an hour, my man."

And then I ran away and flung myself down behind a coil of rope and cried until I could cry no more. When I looked up it had grown gray—not light, but objects on deck could be distinguished. I walked slowly aft toward where Uncle Cameron and Selfridge stood peering astern through night-glasses. I had almost forgotten that we were being pursued, and within an hour or two might all be on the way to prison. My uncle glanced at me, then drew out his watch. "I want you to go below in five minutes, Richard." I understood, and nodded, then wandered restlessly over to the hatch where "Yankee" and I had sat together only yesterday afternoon. I stood staring down at the place; it and the deck were still wet, I noticed dully, from the spray that had come aboard when we passed through the tide-rips over the bar. And then in the little space between the hatch-coaming and the mainmast—sheltered from the spray and therefore dry—I saw the pale-blue splotch of a powder-burn. So it was from here that the rocket had been put off! And then I saw, beside the powder-burn, on the strip of dry deck, a dark print that had been made by a bare, wet, little

foot. "Uncle Cameron! Uncle Cameron! Uncle Cameron!" I shouted, and then could only beckon and point.

Anne Mackeel had just joined my uncle and Selfridge; she ran with them to me, merely glanced at that at which they stared, then laughed a little, defiant laugh. We three looked at Uncle Cameron. It was lighter now, so that we saw his red face grow slowly white and the muscles draw and twitch. "Oh, Anne! Treacherous, *treacherous!*" was all he said. Kindly old Selfridge gave a sudden sob and walked away, but I, boy-like, lingered and looked on. My uncle stood and looked at her as, since, I have seen men look upon their dead. Presently he spoke again: "And the other time—the ring?" Her only answer was an insolent laugh. "And your father—that, too—?"

"My father was a Philadelphian—as am I."

A bright-red spot was beginning to burn in Captain Cameron Wye's either cheek; in his eyes was a look as though the blood were rushing into them, too.

The first officer, Lunn, came hurrying toward us. "The half-hour is up long since, Captain," he reminded.

"Set Powell free!" Then as the officer gaped, he pointed. "*This* is the spy!" Cameron Wye said. The officer all but ran; a moment later from the forward deck came cheer after cheer.

Heartbreak and bewilderment and humiliation were swiftly turning into cold wrath. "For your treachery I had almost hanged an innocent man!"

The girl stared. "The man at the stern?" (My uncle nodded.) "He did not see! When the rocket went off I was in bed!" Again that maddening little laugh. "I used a long fuse—its sparks hidden here." (Between the mainmast and the hatch.)

"The knife was his," said my uncle.

"What a coincidence!" she mocked. "I found it sticking here in the hatch yesterday. "And now," she looked up into his face impudently, "what are you going to do to me?"

Selfridge suddenly called: "I think—the *Punxsutawney!*" With his glass he was pointing directly astern. The gray light was by now spreading far out over the sea; momentarily the horizon seemed lifting and widening; within it were three black, fan-shaped streamers of smoke. The girl gazed, then softly clapped her hands, but my uncle seemed neither to hear nor see. He took a step forward and put his hands heavily on her shoulders and spun her about till she faced him again.

"Why have you done this thing, Anne?" he hoarsely asked. "Why? Why?" She wrenched herself away furiously; then she, too, pointed at the foremost smoke-column.

"There is the answer!" she cried, exultantly. "There! For my affianced husband, for Captain Lawrence Barry, of the *Punxsutawney.*"

My uncle gazed at her incredulously. "He—sent you to be his—spy?"

She shook her head, and her lips trembled; at that one question she changed in an instant from the adventuress to the foolish, romantic schoolgirl that she was. "He does not know," she faltered.

"But—but *why,* then?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Prize-money, my share and his! A prize or two like *this*"—and she stamped her foot upon the *Saracen*—"and I can keep him forever from the sea. The sea!" And then with a storm of passion: "You tell us—you men—that you love us, then at her veriest whisper you leave us—weeks, months, years—for the *sea.* I hate, I loathe, I fear the sea!" She stopped, breathless, and covered her face with her hands.

Lunn, the first officer, rushed up and caught Uncle Cameron by the arm and pointed. "The fog!" he yelled. "The Gulf Stream fog!" And there, but a few miles ahead, distinguishable now in the pale light, rose a great, gray, sheltering wall—the fog-bank which at that season and in that latitude so often bands the Gulf Stream's inner edge. Uncle Cameron stared, then suddenly gave a loud laugh from which all the old-time mirth had gone—never to come again.

"That!"—and he snapped his fingers at the *Punxsutawney*—"for your Captain Barry now!" he cried; and to the girl: "You both will sail the seas for a thousand years if you wait to take the *Saracen.*" Abruptly his manner changed. "Madam," he said, with cold dignity,



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

HE NEVER TOOK HIS EYES FROM ANNE MACKEEL'S FACE

"your Captain Barry shall have his bride-to-be within the hour!"

"What are you going to do?" she asked, frightened for the first time. Without answering he turned and strode rapidly away.

Within fifteen minutes there came the end. More and more slowly the *Saracen's* paddle-wheels turned, then stopped, and gradually the ship lost way. A boat had been cleared and lowered till its gunwale was level with the bulwark rail; two lines of sailors stood ready at the falls. Every man aboard except those in the stoke-hold and engine-room, at the wheel or in the crow's-nest, was gathered within a close, silent group at the waiting boat. Broad day had now come; the sun was not yet up, but the sky was glowing with warm light and the edges of a low-hung cluster of woolly clouds were turning to the hue of sulphur. The sea was lagoon-like, covered with swiftly changing, gorgeously tinted reflections of the gorgeously tinted, swiftly changing sky; never have I seen the sea so still, not a stir from beneath, not a rippling from above. Astern, the three smoke pillars rose taller, blacker; they seemed to spring forward and draw closer with terrifying speed. Not even the *Punxsutawney* had yet come close enough to have us within range. I fancy they must have been exulting on board the Yankee ships—believing the *Saracen* to have broken down.

My uncle Cameron and Selfridge, and between them Anne Mackeel, came forward, followed by the old negress and several sailors carrying the bags. No one spoke a word. Anne Mackeel's face was white to the very lips, and in her step an occasional falter as of fear not quite entirely mastered; but her splendid eyes were blazing, and she carried her head high. Involuntarily I let my gaze shift from that beautiful, treacherous face to "Yankee" Powell's. He was oblivious to everything but her. In his face, his gesture, his eyes — telltale to even me—there was but one expression: hunger.

It was Selfridge who helped Anne Mackeel into the boat. "It will be but half an hour," he was saying, compassionately, soothingly, as to a little child, "only half an hour before you will be picked up. There is no danger, not a particle." My uncle stood with his hands clasped behind his back — cold, pitiless, implacable. If he said a word of farewell, it had been spoken before they reached the boat. He stepped forward when Anne was seated, and said to the old negress: "You may either go or stay." The black woman looked at him as might an animal; then she spat upon the deck between his feet and, without a word, clambered clumsily into the boat. The luggage was tumbled in. At a motion from Lunn two seamen sprang forward to man the tackles; Horace Powell roughly shouldered one of them aside and took his place in the boat's bow.

The sun shot up out of the sea and gilded all things a thin, ruddy gold. The group of sailors stood absolutely silent, watching with awed faces. My uncle looked on, seemingly least concerned of any of us. "Lower away!" cried Lunn, sharply, and as the boat dropped below the bulwarks we all, as one man, surged forward and hung over, looking down into it. The man at the stern tackle cast it loose and came climbing swiftly up hand over hand. "Yankee" Powell stood for a moment in the gently rocking boat staring up into the row of faces that stared silently down into his. "Two women—in a little, open boat!" he sneered. In a sudden fury he dashed the block and tackle against the *Saracen's* side, and with an oar shoved off. Then he sat down on the thwart opposite Anne Mackeel, and began slowly to row toward the onrushing *Punxsutawney*. As long as I could distinguish his features he never took his eyes from Anne Mackeel's face.

The paddle-wheels began their drumming again, faster, faster. My uncle Cameron Wye gravely paced aft, still with his hands behind his back. I watched him, but dared not follow. He did not so much as glance astern at the little boat, but descended into his cabin. But there—so I like to think, although I shall never know—alone behind his bolted door, I fancy him kneeling on the locker at the stern port, watching, watching, with his great telescope, till the gray fog came like a wall between them and shut her forever from his sight.

Lincoln's Alma Mater

BY ELEANOR ATKINSON

IN the destiny of a great man must be found not only the measure of his original gifts, but the measure of his preparation for his tasks. But we give up the vision of the superman with reluctance, and because we arrive more readily at what a man's disciplined powers may be over the main-traveled road, we instinctively look for the hall-mark in matters of education. The unblazed trail of the self-taught man is difficult to follow; but for one who makes the attempt to retrace it there are rewards—inspiring discoveries of unsuspected powers of the human mind to select what it needs, and to nourish itself and grow on the unconsidered.

Before the age of twenty-two Lincoln spent many months ferrying at the mouth of Anderson Creek, and he made two voyages to New Orleans. The great water highway then swarmed with leisurely traffic. Equipped and opinionated men from the East and South were on every boat, and every river settlement had its quota of the educated. Clay and Jackson were magnets who drew many eminent men to their retreats. The Marquis de Lafayette slept at the Hermitage in 1825, and opened the ball in the tavern at Kaskaskia, Illinois. The newspapers that circulated in southern Indiana were printed in Cincinnati and Louisville, flourishing cities of twenty and ten thousand people by 1830. From that date the Louisville *Journal* was edited by the brilliant journalist and Clay's biographer, George D. Prentice. There was nothing of national or sectional importance that was not reported and commented upon in the Western press, and public sentiment responded quickly to the current happening.

Published accounts of the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and of the projected extension of the National Road to the Mississippi, set the region north of the Ohio ablaze with hope of conquering its distances, plunged it into public extravagance, and made a sharp cleavage in parties on the question of Federal aid for internal improvements. In 1826 an impetus was given to educational progress by the establishment of Robert Owen's colony at New Harmony, Indiana. The principle that maintenance of free schools is the duty of the state was proclaimed from the Wabash. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that this idea was new in the West.

Settlers who were ambitious for their children were from the first attracted to the old Northwest Territory because public land had been set aside for the support of public schools. For quite fifty years these lands produced little or no revenue, but for this the people refused to wait. District schools were kept open, intermittently, by subscription; academies sprang up in the larger towns; educated missionaries importuned the East for money and university-trained men to build up denominational colleges. In 1825 Illinois placed a local-option school-tax law on its statutes. It began to be suspected that pedagogy was a science. The theories of Pestalozzi were tried out in the shops and fields of New Harmony. Cincinnati had a teachers' college, and that city very early became an important publishing center for school-books and standard and religious works. In 1826 Cincinnati printed and distributed about one hundred and fifty thousand copies of common-school texts. With the publication of McGuffey's readers in 1835, and Ray's arithmetic a little later, the West began to originate its own text-books, and to improve on those that had been supplied from the East.

A scarcity of school-books in central Illinois in the early thirties has been assumed from the circumstance of Lincoln's having walked six miles to get a copy of Kirkham's grammar from a German farmer. It proves only his poverty. Any text in use could have been bought at the store of William Manning in

Springfield. In December, 1831, this merchant advertised in one of the earliest numbers of the *Sangamo Journal* "a large assortment of the most approved school-books, among which are the following." Four spellers were listed by title, two readers and a speaker, Murray's grammar, Walker's dictionary, five geographies and an atlas, a United States history and a compendium of ancient and modern history, an arithmetic, an algebra, a work on penmanship, a Latin grammar, and *Hall's Lectures on School-keeping*. The phrase "among which" carries the implication that this was only a partial list.

New Salem had a good school-house and a resident schoolmaster of unusual attainments and teaching ability, an indication that the town had ambition and resources above the necessities of living. And central Illinois had three higher institutions of learning—Illinois College, at Jacksonville, twenty-five miles south of New Salem; McKendree College, at Lebanon; and Shurtleff College, at Upper Alton. All three are flourishing to-day, and they had their alumni among Lincoln's contemporaries. Illinois College opened in the fall of 1830 as a full-fledged college, with Dr. Edward Beecher for its president, and a faculty of four graduates from the Divinity School at Yale. No allowances were made for the pioneer youth's supposed lack of advantages. The entrance requirements and the four years' work in the classic languages, mathematics, and philosophy were practically identical with those of Yale at that day.

But as there was little money in that region, all these infant institutions were obliged to smooth the financial path to learning. That Lincoln never considered the possibility of working his way through college seems less likely than that he made deliberate choice of another line of study. At any rate, with three colleges at his door, seeking students and anxious to make things not too hard for ambitious young men, we find Lincoln living in the precarious ways of a self-supporting student, but busying himself with the same materials he had used in Indiana—delving in a few good books, reading newspapers, waylaying men, and "practising polemics." The original mind is pre-eminently selective. But had not Lincoln's interests and powers been brought to more abundant sources of the kinds of knowledge he needed, it would be difficult indeed to account for his transformation from the farm-laborer and river-boatman of 1831 to the lawyer, public speaker, and political leader of 1836.

Lincoln had never lived in a town, and it is very certain that he had had no such neighbors and friends as he found in New Salem. Settled in 1825, the place was abandoned in 1840. With "never more than three hundred people," as Lincoln said, it was the voting precinct and the trading-place for farmers over a radius of several miles. Besides a saw and grist mill, an eight-room tavern, four stores, and half a dozen crafts shops, the town had two preachers, two doctors, a schoolmaster, a postmaster, and a justice of the peace. Typical of a region where East and South met, Massachusetts and North Carolina, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee had all contributed to its population. Mentor Graham was of Scotch origin; Jack Kelso, who loaned the British poets to Lincoln, Irish; Henry Onstot, the cooper, bears a German name, and Dr. Francis Regnier a French one. The permanent business men of the place were able and energetic. When a steam-mill was set up two miles down the river, opening wider opportunities, they migrated in a body, and they became the leading merchants, physicians, church-building ministers, and factory-owners of Petersburg, the county-seat of Menard, in the '40's and '50's. William G. Greene, Lincoln's closest friend in New Salem, worked his way through two years of college in Jacksonville, and became a local financier in railroad-building days. David Rutledge was admitted to the bar.

Even without direct testimony to the fact, it might have been surmised that such a village, in that day and place, would have had a literary and debating society in which to give Lincoln an opportunity to satisfy his passion and cultivate his talent for thinking on his feet. Oratory had been a cult in America from the time of Patrick Henry. In Webster, Clay, and Calhoun was found the expression of national genius at a time when imaginative literature had only

made a beginning in Bryant, Irving, Cooper, and Poe. But the dawn of letters was hailed by the lyceum movement that swept the country, after 1825, with an ambitious programme for self-improvement — lectures on literature, history, science, and political economy; cultivation of the arts of conversation and debate; the founding of libraries, natural-history museums, and historical societies; and the encouragement, by the purchase of apparatus, of scientific observation and experiments. Lincoln read a remarkable paper on "The Preservation of Our Political Institutions" before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield in 1837. As the star debater of the little group that met once a week in the public room of the Rutledge tavern, he had an appreciative audience, and it was there that his fitness for public service is said to have been first remarked.

Of books, besides school-texts—and he "tackled another science" when he had completed the study of grammar—Lincoln found in New Salem Shakespeare, Burns, Rollin, Gibbon, Volney, and Voltaire, and the Statutes of Illinois. Blackstone was dropped at his feet from an emigrant's wagon. Arnold states that he had considerable knowledge of physics and mechanics; Dr. Browne, that he was versed in the natural sciences; William G. Greene is quoted as saying, rather loosely, that Lincoln learned "a hundred other things." His knowledge in any field then cultivated need have been limited only by his time and interests. Books were there, and it is not on record that Lincoln was ever refused the loan of books. Of Mr. Greene's texts in Greek, Latin, and mathematics he seems to have made no use, but among the junior and senior year texts of Richard Yates, who was graduated from Illinois College in 1835, were all the works of Paley, Butler's *Analogy,* a natural philosophy, probably Olmsted's that was used in Yale; an intellectual philosophy, probably Enfield's abridgment of Brucker's *Critical History of Philosophy;* a work on astronomy, one on logic, Blair's rhetoric, and the political economy of Jean Jacques Say. And Illinois College had a reference library of fifteen hundred volumes.

This list is given, not to prove what further books Lincoln read, but what were accessible to him. If Richard Yates loaned his college texts to Lincoln, the fact has not been recorded. Lincoln seems never to have been in Jacksonville before he was admitted to the bar, although he walked nearly as far to borrow law-books in Springfield. We do not know how much use he made of the private library of belles-lettres of Edward D. Baker in Springfield. Lincoln himself says that he had not read Plutarch's Lives before 1860, although he knew its interest and value. One must conclude that, contrary to popular opinion in the region, everything printed that came to his mill was not grist to Lincoln. But this fact presents him in a new aspect. He did not take only such an education as he could get, wresting it from scant materials, but from ample resources he took what he needed for his definite purposes. He took an elective course in the university of life. We have no quarrel with his results, and the explanation of them must be sought in the materials he is known to have used.

Of newspapers Lincoln was less a reader than a student. He read every paper that, as postmaster, passed through his hands. In her *Domestic Manners in America* (1832) Mrs. Trollope testified to the universal reading and the serious character of the newspapers that circulated in the West: "The American newspaper is more or less of a magazine. . . . The lawyer between briefs may pick up a comparison of Scott and Bulwer, and the pig-sticker and wood-cutter may make some pretense to polite learning. The best writers seem to find no more dignified way in which to employ their talents than in editing the newspapers and periodicals with which the country is flooded." An Englishwoman of the upper class, Mrs. Trollope was not in sympathy with an educated "peasantry." But what she said was true of both East and West. The best writers could not make a living by devotion to the muse. Had not Bryant found a berth on the New York *Evening Post* or some other paper or periodical, he must have sought employment less agreeable to him and less serviceable to his generation. Such men as Prentice in Louisville, Lovejoy in St. Louis and Alton, and John Howard

Bryant in Princeton (Illinois), wrote leaders that widened the intellectual horizon and elevated the taste of the pioneer. The editorial office was one of influence and dignity everywhere, and the equipment and personality of the editor were far more marked elements of success than they are to-day. Judge James Hall forsook the bench to edit the Illinois *Intelligencer* in Vandalia, long the most influential paper in the state, and to conduct *The Illinois Monthly Magazine.* Modeled on the *New England Magazine* and the British reviews, with some features of the American *Journal of Science,* it was filled from them, in part, by the use of a competent pair of shears, but largely by an indefatigable and talented editorial pen. Such a periodical was a surprising thing to find in the little fiat capital in the woods of Illinois in the early '30's.

For the purposes of this inquiry examination was made of files of the Vandalia *Intelligencer,* the *Sangamo Journal,* the St. Louis *Times,* and the Edwardsville *Advocate* of the fourth decade, but Lincoln also had the Louisville *Journal* in New Salem, and New York, Boston, and Cincinnati newspapers circulated in the region. The home paper followed the pioneer who could afford it. Western papers were patterned after those of the East, and from the number of credited items the editors seem to have had extensive exchange lists, as indeed they must have had in order to get out papers at all, with their limited means and their remoteness from the sources of news.

In appearance and contents these papers were all much alike. Set solidly in wide columns, usually in agate type, with single-line heads, and with no display advertisements; and with no space required for the retailing of crimes, scandals, or local gossip, a good deal of news and comment was packed into their four pages. The proceedings of Congress and an account of a state convention in Kentucky were given first place in *The Intelligencer* for January 28, 1832. Had there been a speech of Webster, Clay, or Calhoun to report, that would have had precedence. At times political news crowded everything else out. It was, of course, colored by partisanship, but every shade of opinion was to be found in the many papers that circulated in the West. Second place in this issue was given to an admirably written sketch of Stephen Girard, who had died a month before. An editorial on the English Reform Bill was credited to an Eastern exchange. A half-column was given to the difficulties and problems of the new Spanish-American republics. Local news dealt with public improvement and National Road meetings, and a call to form a state lyceum. The editorials were on the elevation of Judge Taney to the Supreme Court bench, the National Road, the lyceum movement, and an epidemic of influenza.

At a time when Congress was not in session—October 7, 1831—the newspaper more nearly approached the magazine, with fiction, literary essays, and book reviews. In *The Intelligencer,* for example, three columns were given to a variety of foreign news, and one to report of outbreaks among the slaves. Such matters as poems by Byron and Mrs. Hemans and descriptive bits from Irving and Scott were used by Western papers for fillers, often without credit, for rights of property in letters had scant recognition. Lincoln's indifference to American writers of the period could not have been due to entire ignorance of them, for the press made much of them, and he came to know John Howard Bryant well in 1836. He may not, however, always have known the authorship of verses and prose extracts. The poem "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was printed anonymously in a Western paper. Much of the verse of the time was marked by this tone of elevated gloom—inspired, no doubt, by the success of "Thanatopsis." Newspapers and periodicals were deadly serious, often dull and pompous, never amusing. A joke in one of them was as rare as a blue moon. Lincoln's quick sense of the comic does not appear to have been characteristic of his day and place.

As one goes through a file of one of these papers the large interests of the time emerge and fix the attention. Education, transportation, and the development and marketing of resources, engaged the energies of the nation. The very early and intelligent attention paid to foreign news is surprising, and may well

account for Lincoln's grasp of international complications in the Civil War period. The pioneer mind was as eager and wistful as Lincoln's own. Incredible sacrifices were made in the clearings to educate the children, and the nation has reaped the harvest of these countless, unnoted sowings ever since.

Reports of serious disorders that grew out of slavery were printed in every issue of every paper in the West thirty years before the war, but seldom were they commented upon. Few, apparently, felt the alarm that Lincoln felt, or, feeling it, had the courage to sound a note of warning.

To find men in that region on whom these disquieting reports were making the same impression as on Lincoln one would, paradoxically, have had to go to the colleges. Presidents, faculties, and students were reading the newspapers, and they were, as certain politicians complained, "preachers meddling in politics." As a matter of fact, the preachers had never been able to avoid meddling in politics. Some of them had been in Illinois since territorial days, incessantly on horseback, reaching the remotest settlement and loneliest cabin at regular intervals. In 1821 the Rev. John M. Peck, Baptist missionary and agent for the American Bible Society, wrote the first gazetteer of Illinois from his own knowledge of the country. Finding many things to be done, such as opening schools, peddling good books from saddle-bags, and securing better laws, and no one else to attend to these matters, the early preachers came into intimate touch with the religious, educational, social, and political life of the people.

Dr. Edward Beecher and his "Yale Band," faculty and trustees, were newcomers in the West, but the views and courage of the Beecher family were well known, and Illinois College was commonly looked upon as a nest of abolitionism. William H. Herndon was only one of a number of young men who were removed from such pernicious influences, usually "after the damage was done." McKendree College was less definitely involved in the antislavery agitation, but the growth of all three institutions was retarded for years. The bogy of church and state was raised, and there was organized opposition to giving these colleges charters under which they could do effective educational work. No man could be in politics in Illinois at that time without ranging himself as for or against the colleges. For a decade they were obliged to have their representatives in Vandalia every time the legislature met, to fight for charters.

Lincoln could not easily have missed meeting Professor Jonathan B. Turner, of underground-railway fame, in the summer of 1833, for this inspiring teacher of English literature and rhetoric in Jacksonville, and early advocate of manual training, spent his vacation riding over the country and speaking in school-houses on improved methods for district schools. Other instructors he met in Vandalia in 1835. He was always in favor of granting liberal powers to the colleges. In 1839 he put through a special bill for McKendree, very likely at the request of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, one of McKendree's founders and trustees. This picturesque pulpit orator lived near New Salem, served the district for three terms in the state assembly, and was Lincoln's successful rival in the election of 1832. Despite much evidence to the contrary, the idea persists that Elder Cartwright was only an illiterate evangelist with a gift for eloquence. Educated in an academy in Kentucky, a man of comprehensive mind, an omnivorous reader and a keen observer, he had but two objects in life—to save souls and to promote education. He was proud of having placed ten thousand dollars' worth of good books in pioneer cabins. Wholly disinterested, he stopped work on a seminary he was building and turned all his resources into McKendree when his conference decided to support that venture; and not in the least bigoted, for all his zeal, he insisted that McKendree should be non-sectarian. He held to the opinion that a four years' wrestle with Greek roots was the best apprenticeship to the trade of wrestling with either the world or the devil. He made a business of tutoring his young circuit-riders in the effective use of the voice and in the arts of persuasion. Lincoln was welcome to this instruction, and a young man who aspired to be a public speaker would have

been well advised to listen to Elder Cartwright in the pulpit or on the stump at every opportunity.

In the Blackhawk War Lincoln came in contact with a number of men of conventional education, and one of striking personality and conspicuous position. A true Jeffersonian Democrat, Governor John Reynolds shared the food and the camp-fire of the volunteers he commanded. An alumnus of Knoxville College, Tennessee, he could read books in four languages, write racily in one, and talk in three—English, French, and the vernacular. In the arena of politics, where he had been for twenty years, he was an encyclopedia of information on questions, personalities, and practices in Illinois.

Governor Reynolds may very well have confirmed Lincoln's ambition to go to Vandalia. He could also have heard much that was convincing on this point from W. L. D. Ewing, for whom he voted for United States Senator two years later; from Major Stuart, of Springfield, who encouraged him to study law; and from Sidney Breese, who was already of the permanent nucleus of able men in the state capital. Any of these men could have told Lincoln that at one time or another nearly every man in the state who was worth knowing could be seen in Vandalia.

In that winter was held the third of a long series of educational conventions in Illinois that were remarkable for the number of distinguished men, who were not educators, who took part in them. In this one John J. Hardin and Lincoln sat as delegates, and Douglas acted as secretary. Governor Joseph Duncan, who had framed the local-option school-tax law of ten years before, no doubt gave to it what time could be spared from other duties. So also did Judge Lockwood of the Supreme Court bench, one of the founders of Illinois College. Ewing, the new Senator, was there, and Thomas Ford, a future Governor, and the man who was chosen by the Historical Society to write the first history of the state "before all the early actors had passed from the stage." Colonel Pierre Ménard, who had had a hand in every public undertaking since coming out to Kaskaskia from Canada in 1790, still kept in touch with affairs.

Lincoln could have come to know all of the hundred or so of men who were in Vandalia on public or private business, in the assembly, in the Supreme-Court-room, in the office of *The Intelligencer,* which was a sort of gentlemen's club, and in Governor Duncan's hospitable library. The little town of eight hundred people afforded no amusements. Diversion was found in discussion and in attending lyceum lectures. On Sundays the little churches, the school-house, and every available public room were crowded by audiences who listened eagerly to a score of preachers of learning and eloquence. Younger than most of this group, Lincoln was in no way distinguished by his early poverty or his struggles for an education. There were then few favored sons of fortune in the West.

These were the standards by which Lincoln measured himself, the helps by which he lessened his own deficiencies. Two years later a thousand men, strangers to the place and to one another, surged through the streets of the little capital and clamored for local and personal advantage. Most of these new men were lawyers from Chicago and the northern counties, an aggressive breed, but the lawyers and law students who were already in the country were not submerged by them. Lockwood, Breese, Hardin, Yates, Ewing, Stuart, Logan, Baker, Butler, Lincoln, and Douglas forged to the front. Indeed, Stephen T. Logan, who came to Springfield in 1833, and who directed Lincoln's law studies, remained at the head of the Illinois bar for two decades. Ten years older than Lincoln, a man of university training in Kentucky, he was one of the few lawyers in the West who never entered politics. Such was Lincoln's second law partner. His first was John T. Stuart, who came from a university in the blue grass of Kentucky and a law-office experience in Richmond, Virginia. Lincoln's other early friends in Springfield — Butler, Baker, Speed, Herndon, and Edwards— are well known. By 1840 the stage was crowded with men of whom the nation knew little, with the exception of Douglas, before 1860, and much thereafter.

A Hostage to Virtue

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was George Minturn, a truthful man as well as a sophisticated observer, who used to comment on the crudity of our usual moral analyses by telling the story of Jared Verry. On Minturn's own admission, no other human being ever saw the thing as he did; yet to those of us who knew him his interpretation is by no means on that account less valid. But it has startled me often to reflect that had our friend, with those delicate faculties of his, failed to apprehend his astonishing discovery, it would have been as though old Verry had never existed: to reflect, also, that there may be many such deceptive characters, their secret interest securely masked by an apparent commonplaceness, whose dramas, played in airy pantomime to blind audiences, remain forever unperceived. Wherever he went, for that matter, vague dramatic clouds, meaningless to dull eyes, seemed to await the prompt precipitation of Minturn's finer vision. But if he found dramas everywhere, it was the case that he literally saw, rather than loosely imagined them. His vision was as direct and strong as it was delicate and subtle. He was no careless spinner of unconsidered yarns.

Early in June, some dozen years or more ago, as he has often told the story, Minturn betook himself to the old town of Croye with the idea of straightening out the genealogy of the Flemings. A remote grandmother of his had been, as I remember, a Deborah Fleming, and it seemed to him that if his irreproachable family history still contained a few incomplete pages, a clansman with leisure and dilettante tastes could not do better than fill in their lines. It was with no thought of being detained beyond a week or so that he put up at the bleak little inn, for he surmised that the material he sought lay more or less frankly strewn upon the pleasant surface of the place. He did, indeed, meet a certain degree of prompt success in extracting flavorless facts from brown, crumpled pages, before somebody told him that ampler versions of the town's earlier history were to be found in certain volumes in the possession of Jared Verry, the local bookseller. The garrulous recommendation—Minturn, it must be confessed, encouraged garrulity—further set forth that Verry was a pleasant old fellow, and that he stood high in town and church councils. Minturn smiled. He had, of course, a bored certainty of the type of smug, bewhiskered deacon he should encounter.

Indifferently, therefore, he strolled toward the bookshop the next day at noon—a silent noon of deep, unmitigated heat. Like some tropic city, the valley town was sleeping away its midday leisure. Coming suddenly upon Verry's shabby sign, Minturn pressed a loose latch and went inside. The cool, musty darkness was scarcely a relief from the sun; Minturn felt that it blindfolded him, compressed his throat. As no one came forward, he slipped into a chair, exhausted. But a moment later he realized that, after all, the shop was not unguarded. The ground-glass door leading to an inner office was ajar, and from this smaller room came voices—a petulant child's voice and another that had a smooth, controlled, ageless quality. The talk was desultory, or seemed to be, for the words were not distinguishable; but suddenly it was interrupted by laughter—laughter that in a flash roused Minturn from his stupor. It was the voice of a mirth that seemed to belong to a different, earlier world—a world that had no pity in it, and no tears. No mere curiosity, but a positive agitation, led him to cross the room quickly and knock at the glass door. As he opened it, a slender, elderly man, with disordered hair and a scanty, pointed beard, sat holding on his lap a pouting, restive child. The alarm that for a moment had beset the

visitor left him at sight of the man's calm, amused face.

"I am looking for Mr. Verry—"

"I am Mr. Verry. Will you come into the other room, if you please? Daisy, run home now. It's so rarely that any one comes in, in the middle of the day, that I usually—relax a little," the bookseller suavely remarked, with no suggestion, however, of apology. Minturn, still dismayed, could not at first muster the phrases in which to state his errand. He distinctly had not liked to see the resolute swiftness with which the child had run from the shop and up the hot street as soon as she was released. "A pretty child," he commented, inquiringly.

"My granddaughter," Verry acknowledged. "I believe they say she is a pretty child. She's a little slow, however, has no—humor. But then, her mother never had. Sit down here, Mr.—"

On Minturn then making known his need, there came an immediately satisfactory response. Verry was as nimble-minded as he was ready-tongued, an almost startling contrast to the cautious, dawdling, often ungracious provincial. He had the books Minturn wanted, and understood their value, but declined to sell them, at least for anything short of a collector's price. It seemed fitting, he sanely urged, that such rare books, of strictly local interest, should remain in local ownership; a sentiment for which the dispassionate Minturn had prompt applause. Nevertheless, the descendant of the Flemings was at liberty to consult them at his own convenience: to come daily to the shop, if he would, and in the little office yonder, where there was a good light, study the volumes at his leisure. There were some queer old family trees in Croye, with very intricate branchings: Verry had studied them well. It was not unlikely that he might be able to supplement the proposed researches from his own knowledge. At all events, if Mr. Minturn would call at his house the next day, he would tell him such bits of tradition as he could recall regarding the Flemings—an admirable old family, in their remote and distinguished day.

In accepting this invitation Minturn was aware that he was not chiefly influenced by his interest in Deborah Fleming and her origin. It was the investigator in him, and the tireless student of souls, that had been enkindled. There was an excursion to be made beneath the surface of the keen old bookseller, whose glib ease of manner, while not suggesting the conventional world outside, seemed also strangely unrelated to local custom. There was something to be explained in him.

His family, at all events, a stolid domestic circle, did not explain him. Minturn had a moment with them the next day, before Verry took him off for their genealogical discussion. Dense, righteous, unambitious folk, our friend described them, recalling for us, with his easy phrases, the stout, phlegmatic wife, with her sleek, parted hair; the sanctimonious son, and the shabbily dressed widowed daughter, obviously on sufferance in the household, who sat silent, holding her little daughter in her lap. An unillumined group, who plainly had had no share in the more precious and intangible of New England heritages. It was easy to guess that Verry's marriage had been an early irrelevance, and that the relation between his family and himself, although peaceable enough, was scarcely warmer than that of mutual toleration. Minturn, dear, amiable fellow, was at home anywhere, even in rural New England on a Sunday afternoon, and as he submitted to the commonplaces that are upon such occasions punctiliously exchanged, Jared Verry, he noticed, sat aloof and restlessly silent in a dark corner of the musty, cluttered sitting-room.

As the guest stole glances at old Verry, the man's head bent slightly forward, an odd smile on his long, pointed face, his inconsequent glance half turned away, Minturn received, he said, his first clue to this extraordinary character. For the impression that for an instant smote him, sharply cutting through the actual scene, was that of thick, dusty, rustling branches, and, peering through them, sharp with wicked reticences, the laughing face of a satyr, the eyes bright with diabolical curiosity, the shaggy head alert for retreat. His sense of this apparition, for it was almost that, was so keen that Minturn was unable to breathe for a moment; and he gasped foolishly as he tried to reply to one of Mrs. Verry's groping

remarks. Then old Jared Verry himself came forward with his soft, lithe tread, carelessly interrupting the talk, and led his visitor away.

Minturn agreed to begin the next day his study of the histories of Croye, and the sultriness of the morning did not prevent his appearance at an early hour. Verry was selling text-books to a line of school-boys.

"Walk right into the office, Mr. Minturn," he urged. "I was late and haven't cleared the table for you, but make a place for yourself and sit down. You know where the histories are."

It was a disorderly, dust-filled little room to which this easy hospitality directed him. Minturn peered about among the shelves for the histories he had been shown two days before. These huddled volumes represented, he had understood, the bookseller's private library; and he wondered lightly what kind of books the old fellow would have collected for his own diversion. Minturn's learned eye—you remember that he was one of the most widely read men of our generation—ran skippingly over the half-effaced titles of the shabby volumes. Suddenly he stopped and swore under his breath. Where had the old reprobate—where had any home-bound citizen of Croye, Connecticut—heard of such books as these? By what possible means could he have acquired them, and, above all, what sinister purpose had they served? And Verry was so safe in letting them stand there openly. Not a member of the First Congregational Church of Croye but might have complacently read those titles without an inkling of the curious contents. The man must have some little learning—of an unstereotyped sort.

Verry, coming in, smiled slightly as he saw Minturn's absorption. "Have you what you need?" he asked, indifferently. There was never anything obsequious in his manner. "I've been wondering, Mr. Minturn, if you couldn't lend *me* something. The book trade gets dull after the schools close, and my new stock is rather poor—"

"I have some books with me," Minturn admitted. "But you might not care for them. What do you like?"

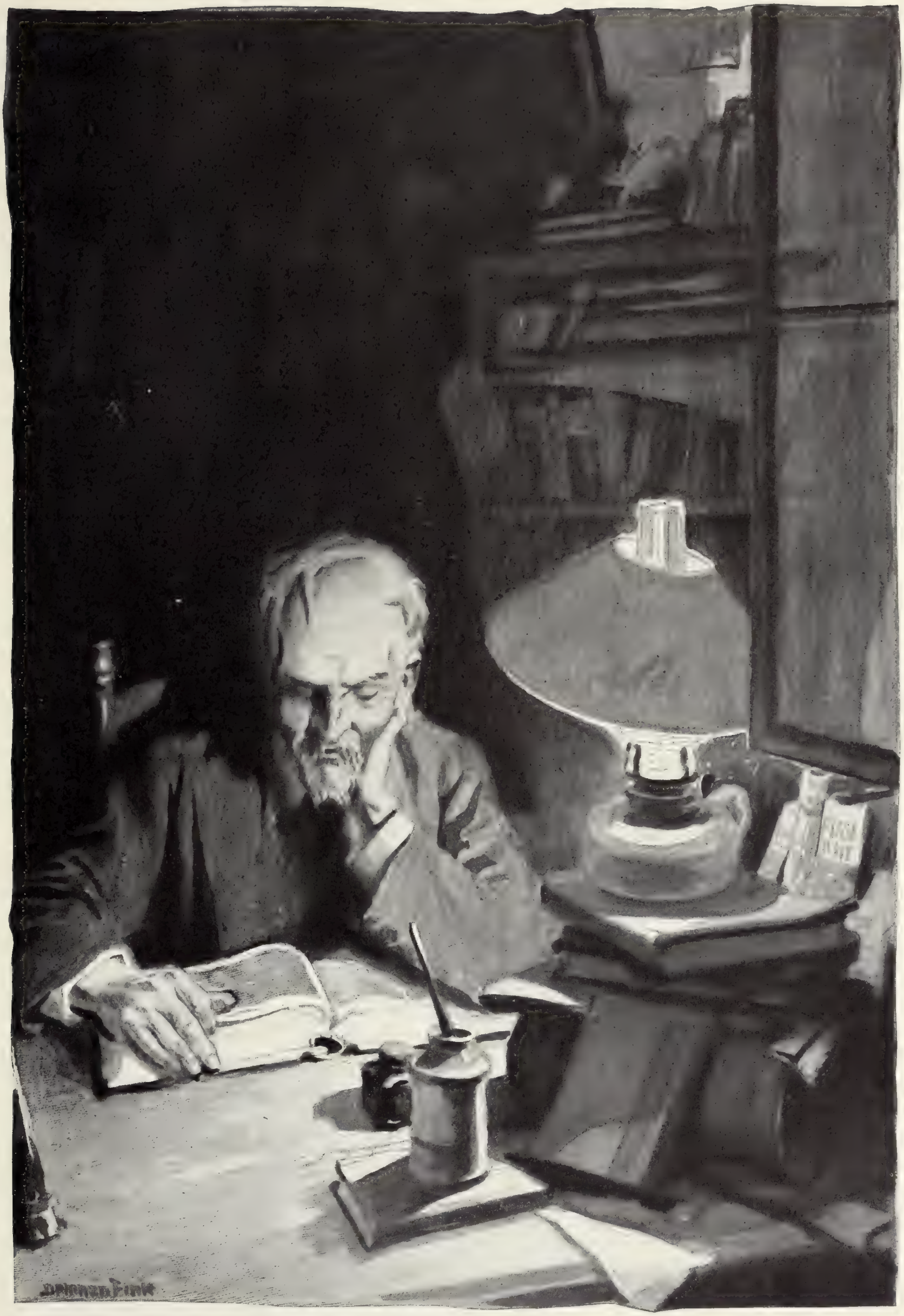
"Biography or history — that's about all. I like to read of the struggles men have made and the queer rewards they've had for it. That's my amusement."

"Oh!" Minturn gave him a cool glance. "I may be able to minister to it, then."

Minturn spent the summer in Croye. His original purpose stipulated no sharply definite end of his genealogical investigations, even had his now listless pursuit of them occupied much more time than it actually did. Meanwhile a group of us were delaying a yachting trip until he should come to join us, and summons to the spacious luxuries of cool country-houses were placed in his mail-box almost daily. Yet this fastidious cosmopolitan remained in a spot that is not reached by a cool breeze from May to October, and humbly ate soggy bread and blueberries each evening at the inn. Meanwhile the intangible quest to which, as you will have gathered, he had applied himself—the search for old Jared Verry's incredible inmost self—strengthened daily its possession of him. It wasn't an entirely pleasant pastime, but Minturn's enthusiasms were never ordinary ones. He waited and listened and watched his singular acquaintance, making at each point his deductions, until it seemed as though he were playing alone a dreadful game in some silent, dusky place, a wall of vapor shutting out the rest of the world. It was true that if the vapor could be burned away so that the rest of the world could see, there might perhaps be nothing there. But as it was, no one had seen or would see; and his encouragement lay in his having so far scored every point in his secret game. Bit by bit he had amassed the pieces of the ghostly pattern, and they had fiitted together with uncanny ease. And he believed that he saw now plainly how confirmation of the thing would beat in upon him; how, as long as he should stay and watch and wonder, instances of his conviction would continue to multiply.

"Did you *want* them to multiply?" we asked of Minturn, incredulously, when he first told us the story.

"Oh, distinctly," he assured us. "So would you. How otherwise could I have gotten rid of the abominable idea, except by first completely realizing it? There was another point, too. Assuming that



Drawn by Denman Fink

JARED VERRY SAT CROUCHED IN HIS LITTLE OFFICE, READING

the old fellow was constituted as I believed him to be, I wanted to get at his own degree of self-consciousness. But that, I finally determined, was not very great. It would have spoiled it all, of course, if he had known that he was—"

"Well, what?"

"Oh, a fish out of water," answered Minturn, lightly. "And more than that; a fish so long out of water that he was becoming adapted to the alien element. He was forgetting how to swim!"

It became an accepted custom that Minturn should spend his days in the rear of the little bookshop. They were long days, for the old man's detachment from his family was so complete, his domestic faculties were, to put it indulgently, so imperfectly developed, that he candidly preferred the less oppressive shelter. To a man of the world, and of letters, as Minturn was, Verry's mental elasticity made him a perfectly possible companion. The man's inexperience had set no bounds to his curiosity or to his really remarkable divination. He particularly loved probing, with Minturn's help, in the darker regions of the past, not at all with the idea of dryly informing himself, but to elaborate his view of life as a wicked sort of comedy, wherein the virtuous are discomfited and the unregenerate triumph with a kind of cold, passionless glee. The dominant quality in the old man, Minturn insisted, was his sense of mirth, which, however strengthened by his keen mind, was so divorced from compassion, from tenderness, that it became a monstrous thing. Verry laughed riotously at situations that turned Minturn, whose own sensitiveness may have been excessive, a little faint. More terrible still, Minturn believed that the genially callous old creature had no other sensibilities, that it would not be possible to move him otherwise than to laughter, that there were no passions in him, no love, no anger, and no hatred. Yet he was sane enough—cruelly sane! None of the sentimental delusions that make life tolerable for the rest of us distorted that clear, inhuman perception of human follies.

His not yet satiated desire to hear Verry talk of himself led Minturn to call at the old man's house one July evening, to ask him to take a walk. Mrs. Verry's wide person suddenly filled the doorway. Minturn looked at her; no suspicion of her husband's smooth, light villainies would ever creep behind that broad, virtuous mask!

"Mr. Verry? Why, he's down to the store. Didn't father say he had some accounts to settle up, Amelia? Yes, he's settling up some accounts. You won't step inside, Mr. Minturn?"

Even on the unlikely theory that the old man was actually at work, it would do no harm to interrupt him. Minturn strolled down the street and into the bookshop, where, as he had suspected, Jared Verry sat crouched in his little office, reading.

"I don't walk much, you know," he objected to Minturn's proposition. "I'm not a farmer or naturalist or anything of that sort."

"Look out your window a moment," Minturn urged, "and see if you wouldn't like to go down by the river."

Outside, the midsummer night was breathing very softly—warm, sweet, vaporous exhalations. The white haze that infolded the valley was strewn with the pale light of a reticent moon. It was a night for wraith-dances and for fanciful adventures. Verry peered into its mysterious opacity.

"I'll go with you," he said, and they set forth.

Minturn smiled to himself as the old man nimbly took the lead. "I don't doubt you are a good guide, Mr. Verry," he commented. "Where are we going?"

"I supposed that didn't matter," Verry answered, with characteristic ambiguity, "so long as you got your midnight walk."

"It doesn't matter," Minturn acquiesced, and lit a cigar. "Go ahead."

They had turned away from the town, walking out toward the haze-hidden hills, and before Minturn remembered where the road led they were at the entrance to the old burying-ground. Jared Verry stopped short, his hand on the iron gate.

"Come in," he bade his companion. "I'll show you Deborah Fleming's grave."

"Oh, I found it myself, you remember," said Minturn, a little uncomfortably. "But—yes, I'll come in with you."

They found themselves a moment later in one of those old, pathless graveyards, with crumbled monuments, that have so far outgrown their first grim functions as to have become places of genial, if never positively hilarious entertainment. Strangers wandered idly through it, finding decorous amusement in the dim inscriptions. Children coming from school trooped in to sit on the flat, oblong stones, while they told one another their simple, endless legends. Bright, hardy blossoms grew there, concealing the low entrances to the old tombs.

On a dark, ancient slab, "Deborah, beloved wife of Hezekiah Fleming, Ætat. 27," was still distinguishable, although the sentiment that accompanied the record was almost effaced.

"'Aug. 8, 1739,'" Minturn made out.

"Here is an older one," remarked Jared Verry, leading the way to the opposite end of the graveyard. "Did you ever hear of Isaac Slate?"

"Why, he goes pretty far back, doesn't he? And I believe your histories hadn't anything good to say of him—a conjurer or something of the sort?"

Verry bent low and tapped the damp stone with a lean finger. "I have made out that he is an ancestor of mine." Minturn doubted that the old man was speaking literally. "He's a matter of great pride with me. I like him. He found amusement in the world."

"At other people's expense?" Minturn suggested.

"That may be," agreed the old man, coolly. "But he wasn't stupid. He was a man of understanding, Isaac Slate." The old man paused. "I imagine he wouldn't have cared much for these days. He would have felt strange in them."

"And do *you* feel strange in them?" The question leaped from Minturn's lips before he could consider how it might impress his companion.

The old man looked about the ghostly place with bright, eager eyes. Then to Minturn's intense satisfaction he confessed, with an odd, unpleasant laugh, "Oh, I don't, here"—indicating with his slender fingers the narrow province of the dead—"but elsewhere, with the rest of you, I suppose I am a sort of stranger."

It was not much; yet it was as much as Minturn had dared to hope for. Believing as he did that old Verry had a misplaced spirit, with none but ghostly affinities, it pleased him to conjecture that the presence of an invisible fellow-spirit or two—Isaac Slate or whoever it might be—had led him to declare his dark and unsavory kinship. At all events, it was as near to a confession of his spiritual isolation as the old man ever got. And there seems little reason to believe that he pondered much on his own strangeness. He took himself, as he took the rest of the world, very lightly.

But what really held our friend most profoundly fascinated was the shadowy area that the bookseller's singular traits could merely suggest; the evidence, plain enough to him, of what Jared Verry could—Minturn did not precisely say *ought* to—have been. In the proper atmosphere, he maintained, or even in any other atmosphere in the world than that of provincial New England at the present time, Verry could have been a power. In an ampler country, a laxer century, perhaps, what dark, unseen evil might he not have wrought! For Minturn had really come to believe that, speaking quite soberly, a more perfect potential villain did not exist.

Now and then from the corner where he sat and studied he would watch Jared Verry move softly about among his books, or stand fingering them, or offer light, laughing comments to buyers or gossipers who came in; and suddenly, as though a curtain had been lifted, he would as distinctly see Verry's slender, inquisitive hands mixing dark, odorous poisons and hear his suave, agreeable voice conducting their secret sale. Or he would see the old man as a petty dictator, always whispering his villainies with a smile, and always causing blood to be shed behind curtains; or unctuously devising tortures that he himself had no taste for witnessing. Then, suddenly, choked by the sickening reality of his visions, Minturn would stumble out into the parched, prosaic street, determining to have done with it all, to leave the town the next morning. . . .

"Your psychology is too fantastic," an impatient listener once interrupted him. Villains that are worth talking about

don't wear the guise of saints from sheer inertia. Nor are country towns innocent of crime. If your bookseller had wanted to murder his wife and drop her into the well—isn't that what they do?—no such airy considerations as you suggest would have prevented him."

"You're not to confuse Verry with the brutal, inflammable creatures whose crimes you read of in the newspapers," Minturn explained, patiently. "As I've told you, he had no passions. The kind of sublimated evil of which he could have been the arch-perpetrator would have demanded at the least for its development a generally pervasive moral darkness. What soil for this delicate and subtle growth could a village like Croye offer? You see, the moral climate was smothering him."

So far as Minturn could learn, Jared Verry's parentage was obscure. Relatives of his, some village people, had taken him into their family when he was a young child, and had rather strictly brought him up, keeping him always close at home. While still a youth he had married, by what appeared to be an almost humorous inadvertence, a dull, excellent girl, densely surrounded by religious connections of a practical rather than an exalted order. In short, the character of a respectable and pious citizen had been forced upon Verry before he was aware of it, but little would it have accorded with that mysterious character to try to escape the name for godliness he had illegitimately gained. He held town offices and directed church charities. His neighbors liked him because he was affable and kept within his own affairs. If his home life, to a stranger, may have seemed curiously impersonal, none of the village families, for that matter, permitted themselves demonstrations of affection.

From time to time in that wretched little office of his, he doubtless sat still and spun dark little webs of iniquity—which disintegrated, however, as soon as they were wrought. For by the time Minturn knew him his original fiber had become pretty thoroughly weakened. His forbidding outlines could with difficulty be traced through the gray dust of convention. The discouraged satyr peered almost soberly through the human mask.

Yet, after all, Minturn once amended, it was not strictly true that he was the only person in Croye to guess the secret of the old man's nature. In an instinctive fashion, and with no power, of course, of putting it into words, Verry's grandchild, Daisy Hess, understood him. It became quite plain to Minturn that the child loathed her grandfather. It was Verry's custom to seize her from her play and tease her with an oddly frivolous pertinacity, and when the child could not understand what he had said, to mock her with that light, cruel laughter Minturn had heard on the day he first came to the bookshop. No phase of the old man's callousness seemed to Minturn more revolting than this, that Verry should be amused by the child's dislike of him. Had the mother, he sometimes wondered, a flickering suspicion of the truth, and had she, poor, penniless dependent, her own inherited flashes of secret cognizance? Was her child's feeling linked in some unexpressed fashion, with her own childhood?

It was plain that a man so completely obsessed as George Minturn described himself as being could not readily have escaped his deceptively frail fetters except with the aid of some sudden and artificial deliverance. So we were curious to know whether he stuck it out to the end—whether there was perhaps a death-bed climax?

It was, however, so far from feasible to wait for that event that it is not unlikely the old fellow is living still. Nor was it, as Minturn's narrative disclosed, a temptation to do so. It would have been possible for a person of more conventional habit of thought than our ingenious Minturn, yet knowing what Minturn did, to imagine that all through Jared Verry's life the forces of good and evil, as we say, had been contending, not in him—he had no moral conflict—but for him, dubious prize though he may be considered to have been. And the balance maintained between them was so even that Verry, terrifying as his possibilities were, probably never committed a single evil action. Habits of virtue imperceptibly encroached upon his spirit. So that finally he died. Not physically, as it happened. But the character that distinguished him died. The evil died.



Drawn by Denman Fink

HE STOPPED SHORT, HIS HAND ON THE IRON GATE

Wandering into Verry's shop on an evening not long after their walk together to the graveyard, Minturn met, emerging from the inner office, the pallid face and unathletic figure of a certain young Gammett, of whose so-called "unfortunate habits" he had heard whispers now and then.

"You'd think Lem Gammett was learning the book trade, wouldn't you?" remarked Verry, cheerfully, to his visitor, after the youth was out of hearing.

Minturn was struck by something that was almost hilarity in the old man's expression. "I've seen him here rather often," he admitted, carelessly. "A friend of your son's, isn't he?"

"Used to be," said Verry, briskly, "used to be. My boy doesn't have anything to do with him now, Lem says. My boy is the pious sort, you know. Lem isn't. He's had quite a fling — for Croye." The note of satisfaction in Verry's voice had not diminished.

"He looks it," commented Minturn, without interest. "Drinks, I suppose."

"Oh, he's tried nearly everything, I should say. Schooled himself pretty thoroughly. But he's gambled, mostly, the poor little fool."

"Why does he come—" Minturn stopped. The question, he realized, was not a happy one.

"Why does he come to me? Well, why not?" The old man leaned far back in his chair, clasped his hands about his knees, and looked at his visitor with keen amusement. "Haven't you learned what an exemplary reputation I have, Mr. Minturn? Perhaps, too, there's something about me that isn't as forbidding as some of the other—religious leaders of the town. Well, never mind how that may be." At sight of the expression on Minturn's face he dismissed these speculations with a wave of his hand. "You see, he's been here pretty often, but I never knew until to-night how far the young scamp had dared to go. Why, Mr. Minturn, it's taken that boy hours at a time to tell me about the scrapes he's got into. I've listened always, of course, because—well, I don't often hear anything of the sort. Now, at last, I see what he's been leading up to. Nerve is all gone, you see. Had to tell somebody."

"Horrible!" Minturn muttered.

But old Verry continued to smile. "He's in pretty deep," he went on, with an air of entirely cheerful meditation. "Pretty deep. They're already turning against him, he says, down there at the mill, where he's had a job for the past six months, and he's in debt for hundreds of dollars that he can't escape paying. Only twenty-one, too."

"What is the young scapegrace going to do?" Minturn moved nervously about the room, impatient for a change of subject.

"That's what he asked me. Asked my advice, rather, about two silly plans that he had. One was to 'borrow' the money, as he calls it, by some unsafe method that he had in mind. The other was to use a revolver. He actually pulled it out of his pocket and showed it to me. Good Lord, his face had a green look when he did it!"

"I should really be interested to know what your counsel was." Minturn could not keep the irony from his voice.

"Oh, I lent him the money to get square," Verry said, easily. "You won't speak of it, of course."

"You lent him the money!" Minturn had almost added, "But why?" when something arrested the words. He knew why. His weeks of study of the old man's character helped him to see now without illusion. There was no need now to ask fumbling questions. Verry could not, of course, afford the money. Neither was he a philanthropist. The truth was, Minturn saw, that the boy's wretched predicament held for the old man a rare seed of mirth. And he had simply considered the money a fair price for his secret amusement.

"Well, it would have been very stupid for him to have stolen the money—and I didn't care to see him blow his few poor little brains out."

"You were—" In his effort to say a civil thing Minturn again halted. He could not assure the inhuman creature sitting opposite him that he had been kind, good, disinterested.

"It seems to you rather an incongruous incident, doesn't it?" demanded Verry, looking at him queerly.

"It might be looked at in that way," Minturn agreed; and said good night.

The point of this episode, Minturn always hastened to add, was in its sequel. He himself was innocent of repeating the story. But in a manner easy to surmise, a glorified version of it leaked out. For what the old man himself had been far from foreseeing was the volume and insistence of the boy's gratitude. To the last seed the miserable youth's wild oats had been sown; and his pious devotion to his benefactor may have caused the only embarrassment the easy, indifferent old creature ever experienced. But the matter did not end there, with the boy's gratitude. Narrators of the story, as it came to Minturn's ears, agreed that Verry was a well-doer of exalted purpose, a regenerator of youth. Among a small but voluble circle he became a moral hero. It was, of course, the end of him. There was no dismissing the matter; reminders were too constant and profuse. And then, there was the taste of beneficence in his mouth. It lingered cloyingly. The old man's native impulses were thoroughly paralyzed at last. There was no further life in him.

It was then that Minturn, looking about the sun-scorched town, thought it a place of strangely meager charm. He decided that Deborah Fleming had been sufficiently accounted for, and telegraphed to New York the announcement of his immediate arrival.

May is Building Her House

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

MAY is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

IF it were the habit of the theater to translate itself by some powerful magic to the home of the inveterate theater-goer, there is hardly a play of the past winter which the Easy Chair would have left unwitnessed. Probably some of the plays would not have repaid the Easy Chair for the effort of keeping awake through them by its own fireside; yet on the hard conditions of faring forth through wind and rain and sleet and snow to several of the temples where Thespis is worshiped in our pagan city, it did not really fall asleep at any. It could not begin to visit them all, of course. By actual count of them in their advertisements for a night of middle February there were, of every sort, above fifty shows; and out of these the Easy Chair was present at only a modest eight or ten; certainly not so many as twelve; and of these not all in New York. The reader will say (and with justice) that a knowledge of this small number scarcely authorizes us to write of them at all, and certainly it would not do so unless we had, very early in our visits to the theaters, divined in ourselves a purpose which we had not at first suspected. This was no less than to observe the very apparent, the almost urgent, difference between the English and the American plays and playing which we saw.

It was to be noted that among the abounding, the possibly superabounding plays, both foreign and domestic, of the winter, none were by the master hands which used to give us masterpieces, and then latterly rather resorted to prentice-pieces. Mr. Barrie still touches nothing which he does not adorn, and the capricious motive of "The Twelve Pound Look" won serious meaning from the deep truth always in him; but of Mr. Shaw in "Fanny's First Play," what must one say but that when Mr. Shaw invokes the dread shade of Ibsen in making us laugh, he makes us laugh, surely, yet a little sorry to have laughed? He has learned from Ibsen the great trick of forcing us to see where we stand. But in Ibsen this power sometimes subdues whatever is antic in us to seeing our duty as well as our footing, and strengthens us for it; while in Mr. Shaw it frees the antic in us to mockery of the notion of ever finding out the right standing or taking any step to it. What made the evening given to "Fanny's First Play" well lost was the playing of it, so even, so equal, so perfect. Every part, the most realistic as well as the most fantastic, was faultlessly taken, and here early in our theatrical winter the main difference between the English and American performance was first suggested. There had already been the delight of seeing "Maggie Pepper" at a Boston theater in the autumn, but this charming experience had not held the suggestion of the comparison which afterward insisted till we had to confess that there was really no comparison on the same level. We confessed this to ourselves at first, and now we confess it to the reader, whose help we would gladly have in seeking the reasons.

One great reason for the undeniable fact seems to us the difference between the English voice and the American voices, for we have not one but many: the voice of New England, the voice of New York, the voice of Philadelphia, the voices of Pittsburg and Buffalo, and St. Louis and Cincinnati and Chicago. The ear attuned to our varying accents suffers only less from each than from that stage composite or convention which is supposed to be our English voice, but which is never imaginably English, as that of the English players so always unmistakably is. In "Fanny's First Play" and in "Milestones" the persons all spoke in consonance with their respective characters and their several stations in life, and yet they all spoke Englishly. With the eyes shut and in

any strange land, one could not have helped knowing them every one for English; but we poor Americans seem to have apparently no common tone which personal and sectional peculiarities merge themselves in, and this conjecture naturally brings us to another, namely, that it is to the American actor's inability to sink his individuality in a community of effect we owe the fact that we have the most deliciously dramatic sketches in the world and so few dramas.

We do not say that we have never had dramas. Harrigan gave them us; Hearne did; Bronson Howard did; Hoyt did; but these are all the names of the dead. We do not remember the name of the glad spirit, if ever we knew it, who gave us, year before last, "Excuse Me," but in its unity and in the subordination of its parts to the whole he gave us, possibly without knowing it, rather a drama than a dramatic sketch. Mr. Gillette repeatedly did the like and infinitely more, and Mr. Thomas does; but above any in these latest days Mr. Charles Kline has done it in "Maggie Pepper." In that very admirable piece he has so excellingly done it that we have no misgiving in putting it beside the best of the English pieces; none of these go beyond it in unifying a succession of situations to "one divine far-off event," and it goes beyond them in transferring from nature those wilding growths of our new conditions which we have but to see with the vision of art to know for fresh and wonderful. The English pasture does now and then smell of the garden-hose; but in the less formalized though not less ordered culture of Mr. Kline's drama there was always the sense of the free rain and sun. It was not merely that the department store was aching to be done in its unstaled variety, but that it was imploring art to treat it fearlessly and frankly when Mr. Kline came to it with his truth and courage, and did what it asked. There was no such stated and restated problem as holds us tremulous with sympathy in "Milestones"; and the solution was simple and inevitable as the answers of the general life to the conundrums of the individual life are apt to be; but not in this best of the new English plays, or in any of them, is there such character as lives in Maggie herself and most of the other persons of "Maggie Pepper." Here and there some of these falter into convention, and the greatest solution of all seems near it when Maggie blamelessly does what she would do rather than what a pitiless ideal would have her do, and accepts the lover who is not wholly unworthy though so little worthy of her.

The genuineness of several subordinate figures in the piece could not well be overprized; where they seem caricatured they are only vividly characterized, and where their lines are few they abundantly express their personality. This happens in many other American plays which remain in the mind as sketches throwing into the highest relief one principal figure. It happens measurably in Mr. George Cohan's very joyous and precious creation "Broadway Jones." One comes away from seeing it with a heart full of unconsidered pleasure in the kind spendthrift. A story has been told, but the chief figure has been so dominant that one remembers that almost alone. A heartless trust has been downed by the magnanimous heir of the ancestral chewing-gum business in his native town, and we see him going off to be married to the manageress of the factory, but we are aware afterward only of Jones and the nature of him. We say again it is delightful; but the effect is less that of a drama than of some matchless stunt of vaudeville.

It is single, it is simple, and the effect of the English plays which we have been seeing is complex; each particular fate is part of a general destiny, and subject, not superior, to the whole design. But for the matter of that, so was it with the person and the play of "Maggie Pepper," and she was as freshly, as enchantingly native as Broadway Jones himself; yes, she was more so, more constantly referable to the general frame and make of our things, even more lovable and indefinitely more respectable in the higher sense, though Broadway Jones was not ignoble and not inconceivable.

Some effort for the larger purpose of the English plays was not absent from the psychological specialty called "The Case of Becky." In spite of the audibly creaking machinery of the piece, and the visibly operated scientific apparatus, there

were moments of human interest in it springing from a situation not supremely devoted to the illustration of a single human being who was also a duplex human being. The itinerant hypnotist with his darkling past was so good artistically, though morally so very bad, as to prevent the play from being a one-person piece, and to broaden it, though by arch-melodrama, to something beyond the scope of a psychological situation. Apparently it failed through the impossibility of any one's being so very lovely and the next moment so very loathly as the heroine had to be, though she went to the extreme of using profane language and tearing her clothes in her transformations from angel to fiend in order to convince; the changing back was more convincing.

She did it as well as any one could, probably; and probably no one could have done better than the lady who took the heroine's part in "Years of Discretion." Here was something that if it had been suffered to grow reasonably from the original idea might have been altogether charming. A lady passing middle life has become so fettered by a career of blameless girlhood, wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood in the thin, pure air of Brookline, Massachusetts, that she comes on to free her cabined spirit in the turbid atmosphere of New York, and visits an old friend for the purpose. The one entirely pleasing and natural moment of the piece is that autobiographical moment when she first appears and pictures what she has been all along, and declares what she means to be, in large, indefinite terms. Perhaps the tutelage of her friend is not favorable to an ideal liberty. At any rate the poor lady abandons herself to a career of wild misbehavior such as appears to be common in the circles where her friend moves. She exchanges the decent if demure costume of Brookline for an excess of fashion which makes no secret of her figure; she favors rowdy attitudes; she smokes, she drinks; one of the gentlemen of that strange world hugs and kisses her; they hug and kiss her friend as a matter of course. We are expected to believe that this is the gay world of New York society, and certainly the poor lady believes it; but when it has gone outrageously on to no particular climax she is suddenly deathly sick of it; of the whirl of dancing, lunching, dining, opera-going; and she escapes back to Brookline, where one of those extraordinary gentlemen follows her, expressing a like loathing for New York, and marries her. There were gleams of good intention in the piece; possibly a satirical purpose of shooting at folly as it is supposed to fly in our upper circles, but the dramatists threw away a golden chance, the chance of sweetly and lovably disillusioning the dear lady in a comedy which no one need be ashamed to have seen.

Yet here was a praiseworthy attempt to depict a condition of things, and not merely to portray a character, which placed the piece in the order of "Milestones," with the interest distributed *pro rata* among the persons of the drama: that is, it was, on its far lower level, of the nature of a play, and not of a stunt, or a turn. It is not blaming it very much to say that of course it did not compare with the English play of "Milestones." In that singularly pleasing action the fable was carried from generation to generation with moral and social meanings beyond its wide horizons and far perspectives, and it was fine to see something in the theater so entirely right-minded, yet so faithful to what under the circumstances must have been. When, if ever, shall we have again such a tale of American life told on the stage in terms so kindly human?

The authors of "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead" imagined in the past doing for our rustic life something like what the author of "When Bunty Pulls the Strings" and "A Scrape o' the Pen" has done for the rustic Scotch life, with such effect that you wish to see them again and again as you wish to hear operas that please you. There was no such all-round good playing, not even in the fairly even performance of "Milestones," as one saw in these delightful pieces, though here again we should like to except "Maggie Pepper," for the reason that it was of like artistic make. It was not only the Scotch accent, always pleasing or at least amusing the ear in the various voices, which differenced the Scotch plays from the American. The American accents in "Mag-

gie Pepper" would have been variously offensive if they had not each expressed some delightful shade of our national character; Maggie herself was as nasal as she was adorable. But this American play, like those Scotch plays, was a picture of life, and not merely the relief of one more or less probable individuality. An English play, "Disraeli," partook the error or the defect of the average American play; the chief person was amusingly imagined and surpassingly played, but the other people had nothing to do but help him illustrate himself. For him, as for Broadway Jones, likewise surpassingly played, the drama was the occasion of a series of brilliant stunts, always by the same performer.

The company which gave "Disraeli" was English, as that was which gave "Milestones," but it was not of the same uniform excellence, or of the excellence of the American company which gave "Maggie Pepper." Here is a point where one may take courage and begin to hope a little. We have very good dramatic training-schools; it is the ambition of our theater to be better than it is; but the trouble seems to be with our dramatists. When one remembers how the interest of "Secret Service" was vitally diffused through the whole *personnel* of the cast, how each one had something to do which it was worth his or her while to do excellently, one cannot suppose that our present inferiority in playing is more than a phase. The first thing for us is to own the fact fully and then to go forward or backward and study how to surpass where we are now unquestionably surpassed. For our own part we believe that the English players are better than ours because their playwrights are better; and when we say English here we mean Scotch, too. They are able to imagine a play as something in which all the actors act, and are not mostly supernumeraries or spectators. They respect the common people of the stage, so glad to do well if they have a chance. They do not give them merely a part; they give them a whole; they endow them with a severalty which interweaves itself with the complex, the web, the fabric of general life, as by a volition of its own. We do not know whether or not they obey in this a more exacting dramatic criticism than ours. We do not believe they work under the fear or the favor of a more intelligent public. When their plays come here we welcome them to an endless succession of crowded houses. Evidently we like a good thing when we get it; though we seem so often glad of a bad thing.

So far as we make out from the course of our contention, our point is this: that we have not better playing because we have not better plays; that we have not such good players as the English because we have not such good plays. Without assuming too much, we think we may assume that we have proved this. The point is so important that we might leave some minor points merely made, not proved, as, for instance, that point about the greater delightfulness of the English voice. It is, indeed, for far the greater part, sweeter and richer than ours; but not all the English accents are pleasing; some would suggest that the American accents are, like many words and phrases called Americanisms, only survivals of older English expressions. At times Mr. Arliss in so very convincingly rendering Disraeli was to the last degree catarrhally nasal, and in this he did not offend our ears, though many of us are not in the least nasal. When we are so we may be charmingly nasal; who would have had Maggie Pepper produce her wit, her pathos, her courage, her conscience directly from her throat rather than through her nose? She was indeed divinely nasal; and other people in the play named after her were unfailingly acceptable in their reproduction of our different nasal accents. What we need, then, is not that convention of the English voice which seems the ideal of our genteel comedy, but the psychological or spiritual material which the vulgarest of our native utterances shall find itself dignified and important in expressing. This, again, must come from the dramatist; the mime, mimic he never so skilfully, cannot supply it to the part he takes submissively from the playwright. It comes back to the old, old story, to the necessity of life, of reality, of truth in the over-artist who, on the stage as much as in the book, plays the whole piece.

EDITOR'S STUDY

WE use the term "creative," applying it to the imagination, to art as the embodiment of imagination, to imaginative literature, and to life itself. What do we mean by it?

We can no more define creation than we can define life, the distinctive quality of which is that it is creative. We come as near as we can to a conception of creative activity when we call it genetic, thus falling back upon the Greek term *genesis,* and when we translate it into *becoming* we need to keep in mind the genetic quality of this becoming. Thus we are "warm"—as children say in their play—having such approximation to our unattainable goal as is reached in the Creed by the phrase "begotten, not made." To our human comprehension, nativity bears the nearest likeness to creation, and such similitude is suggested by the term "nature," which evidently was originally a designation of the physical world in its purely physiological aspects, as made up of living things which are born and grow. The term was the more readily applied to what we call the inorganic world by those early minds to whom that world seemed living and animate. Doubtless that early conception of physical existence will be revived, at least to the extent that every specialization in nature will be regarded as having analogous correspondence to what we see as genetic specialization in living organisms.

Creation itself must remain forever undefinable. Every specialization in which creative power is manifested shows form and purpose, as implications of Will and Reason, and is associated with material substance as embodiment, whereby it becomes phenomenal to organized sensibility, and in wider range to that sensibility aided by scientific instruments. This materiality is universal, everywhere the veil of creation as well as a contradictory aspect thereof—contradictory, that is, as it presents itself, in the inorganic world, to our observation; for, while creation as hidden from our vision is to our intuition tension and ascent, all the phenomena in space show descent, relaxation, decadence. It is a normal decadence, this cathodic series of creative specializations, but all harmonic, and all real, in the sense that it is all realization. In *reor,* "I think," creative *reason* is implied, and *realization* presents *res,* "the thing." That is the royal *(real)* thoroughfare.

The physical path, besides being invisibly an ascension, descends for the rising of organisms, where creation presents its visible signs in birth and growth. In human consciousness there is a direct intuition of the creative in psychical tensions and renewals. But we behold in human existence what appears to be an abnormal decadence. Man is a part of nature, but an aberrant part, with a distinct destiny which, though it may involve reconcilement with an all-inclusive, invisible harmony, takes an eccentric course not to be explained by natural laws and open only to psychical apprehension. In contrast with nature historic man seems to accumulate unreality. We can only recognize the inevitability of error in judgments and volitions that must be mediate before they can reach a natural immediacy—a necessity peculiar to the conscious experience of a freely choosing and rational being—looking beyond the unreality for the creative realization that shall include and luminously interpret the error.

In the development of pre-human life, we note phenomena so contrasting with those of unorganized matter as to seem a kind of preparation for this extraordinary human departure. The wonder in it all is life. The organic world can say to the physical: "You cannot be born or grow or live, and though you may dissolve or disintegrate, you cannot

die." But man can say to the whole world outside of him: "I alone can experience the supreme change, I can be born again, and can die the 'second death'; I can lay down my life and can take it up again."

It is in its contrast to the physical world and its approach to the human that other organic existence is more interesting, because it is qualitatively interesting, to human sensibility than any manifestation of the unliving universe can be, however impressive in terms of quantity and space. And it is in man's contrast to that same purely physical universe — in his aberrations, illusions, indirections, his fallibilities and recoveries, and in his masqued activities and conscious processes — that he is phenomenally most interesting to himself. Certainly his entertainment from actual observation, history, comedy, and fiction has been largely derived from these unrealities.

This interest, which in our last Study we designated as romantic, is distinct from that utilitarian interest which is confined to the practical aspects of human existence, and both are mediate, and distinct from the immediate sense of reality.

If we deny this immediacy, we deny creation, all the intuitions of Faith, Imagination, and Reason, and the soul itself; we assume that, for us at least, all things are what they seem, and that there is no reality apart from our ever-changing illusions, from sensible actualities and appearances. Then the invisible, all that Bergson includes in the "supraconscious" and the implication, in William James's pragmatism, of the real Use in apparent uses, are negligible, and Herbert Spencer's is the ultimate philosophy, as Haeckel's is the ultimate psychology.

Because the initial step to definite knowledge is through the senses, we cannot therefore deny that there is an immediate content of perception, a real and sure knowledge that is not definite — the ground of our knowing at all. When we pass from perception to conceptual judgments and logical inferences, to a notional world more mediate in its processes, as being more remote from reality, we must still admit that intellection is a specialization of Reason and itself creative, with an implication of reality, though as a conscious process it is an interruption and refraction of reality. Our definite content of consciousness is to reality as the continent to the sea in whose embrace it lies. Logic, mathematics, and the formulations we call laws belong to the real harmony, losing there their notional contours.

On the side of ascension, or tension, every specialization, being itself creative, as evolution is, derives directly from the creative source, and has reality. In macrocosmic physical phenomena this side is hidden from us, though the results of recent experiments seem to bring us almost face to face with creation; in the field of biology, it is partially disclosed; but, in that psychical mode of consciousness which Bergson calls the supraconscious, it is possible for us to have an immediate sense of creative activity becoming action, of reality becoming realization. From that intuition we must pass to the intuitive conviction of a creative quality interpenetrating all realization, natural and human, distributing harmony throughout the series of specializations, determining fitness, form, and order—the ascent dominating the phenomenal normal decadence and reclaiming the abnormal.

Universal kinship, a genetic bond, which is the ground of immediacy in direct perception and in intuition, is an implication of creation.

The actual world, whether of matter or of mind, open to observation and subject to conscious reflection, is definable because it is an illusion; it is definable, that is, through its disguises, whereby it can be caught, as something fixed and existing in definite relations. The creative is the only real and, not being subject to capture, is undefinable. The soul cannot be caught. We speak of the ever-changing illusion; but the change is due to the interpenetration of the creative, to the reality at the heart of the illusion. Thus the actual is the strange, but the real has an eternal familiarity and needs no definition. What we call an intuition is a flash of familiarity, not a seizure but a recognition, as when we find something we have distractedly lost. Only we must distinguish this famili-

arity from that acquired through use and habit, which often become our ways of losing the sense even of the actual.

We are here regarding actuality, at least in human existence, as quick rather than dead or inert, and the illusion as vivid and genuine rather than as trite and wholly detached from any sort of even masqued realization. We are regarding especially the illusions attending the earnest manifestations of the life of the soul in religion, art, and literature and philosophy. The soul is in all living realization, being, as we must always insist, averse only from indifference and atrophy. It is supraconsciously prophetic, seeing not what appears, but only what is becoming. In this vision is the implicit distinction of the soul from conscious individuality. Whereas in definite consciousness we see but the stuff the dream is made on, the soul holds the dream itself; we cannot say, except in metaphor, that it holds the pattern of the dream, for there is none, but only the informing Will and Reason. This was in the thought of William James when he used the phrase "the will to believe"—not the idea of believing what the individual finds most definitely pleasing to believe. His "pragmatism," as we have said, referred to the real Use determining all apparent uses.

In this distinction of the soul from conscious individuality we are only restoring to the individual soul the communality of souls which is as essentially its possession as Tennyson deemed its separateness when he wrote:

> "Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside."

We cannot think of the soul as creative save in this communality, or even as having individualism. Apart from the binding integrity of kinship, separateness loses its genetic meaning, as really and forever *a part* of that integrity. The communion of souls does not imply the confusion of souls or their reintegration, only this eternal and indissoluble integrity. The oneness of all being is not unity in the numerical sense. On the other hand, heterogeneity, like the harmony it distributes, is an implication of genesis itself. Reality, in its eternal ground, is not contained in our abstract conception; it is just there that it is broken into an illusive discontinuity.

Of course it is understood that we are using the word "illusion," whether the result of perception or of intellection, as a philosophical term, and not as meaning "delusion." Our senses veil the world, which, for us, can only thus be revealed; they never mislead us, as often our mental inferences do—as, when we say "the sun rises," it is our mind and not our sense-perception that is at fault. Indeed, the mental fallacy is corrected only through the scientific use of our senses. Because we extend the field of perception through instruments and are able, in the laboratory, to bring within its scope the more obscure processes of natural elements and forces, science itself passes from one working hypothesis that is seen to be at fault to another, which corrects at least that fault though it may involve other misconceptions. It is the mind that is correcting itself, but it is by means of the senses that the correction is possible.

The term "reality," too, when we treat reality as inseparable from "creation" is used in the philosophic sense to distinguish reality from appearance and also the real from the notional. Intuition is the psychical sense, the creative vision, of reality.

It is only the inexplicable that is homely and familiar to psychical sensibility. It is thus immediately familiar primarily in instinct and ultimately in intuition. Intuition is not less surely immediate because the world of mind and of matter, as acting upon mind and as the object of reflection, lies between it and instinct. This world of matter and of mind is the midwife of intuition, which has elsewhere its source and nurture. The world is all-important, the creative soul all-essential.

On the creative side, though there it is that all real—that is, all qualitative—distinction has its source, no notional distinctions occur, such as the mind discerns between present, past, and future; harmony, in the soul's intuition of it, is not a relative system; it is integral. Even what in the course of things, beheld as a fragment, seems contradictory to the intuition, is seen as continuously real in an undivided circle.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Campaign for Love

BY JAMES HARRISON SEVILLE

HAVE you ever experienced the feeling of loss which overwhelms one when, after making a careful proposal, the girl of your choice thanks you and begs to always remain a brother? Well, I have.

I proposed to Ruth Colwyn three years ago —by letter. I was at college then, and she was four hundred miles away, hence the letter. But as I had written my proposal one rainy night when I was feeling most blue and lonesome, I survived my rejection in a most pleasing manner.

Strange as it may seem, we kept up our correspondence. I entertained her with stories of a fictitious maiden whom I was supposed to be courting, and she in turn wrote me of her choice out there in our home town, although he was real enough. Her letters contained so much of him that had I stayed at college another year I would have known more about him than he did himself.

Finally I returned home and began to collect the details of Ruth's love-affair—from the neighbors. You know how it is in a country community: every one knows every one else's business. If they don't learn it over the telephone during the week, they get it after church on Sunday morning.

Well, it seems that Tom Jones was "a courting" Ruth sure enough, only he was so dead certain of her that he was now resting on his oars, so to speak, and waiting goodness only knows what for. Whether it was the high cost of living or whether he was waiting to see how Ruth would stand old age, no one seemed to know. They were not officially engaged, but all the town boys had long since ceased calling on Ruth. And so the poor girl waited and hoped, and that idiot Tom waited and —well, Heaven alone knows what was in his mind!

With this information, I could not refrain from offering a little brotherly help. Three years had cured me so well of my own love-affair that I was sure of myself. I will be frank enough to confess, however, that I never did like that Jones fellow. He was one of those silent, unemotional chaps who never moved faster than a walk, never was known to get excited, and took what goods the gods gave him with never so much as a thank you. "Sphinx face," Hazardville called him, affectionately. To think of him hesitating over a girl like Ruth! I'd make him appreciate her!

My mind made up, therefore, I decided one



"MAYBE YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME IF YOU ARE FEELING SO TIRED," SHE MOCKED

evening to call upon her. I chose Saturday necessarily, as that was the only evening in the week to which Jones had not laid claim. It was warm early June, and we sat upon the porch in the afterglow. She looked scarcely older than when I had seen her three years ago, but I could see that the strain of waiting for Jones was telling on her.

One must be a girl, live in a small town, never go away to school, nor have any aunts living at fashionable summer resorts to visit to really appreciate poor Ruth's predicament. She was a girl who would have been the pride of her classmates at college and the envy of the summer girls at the seaside. But why speak of it! She had not had her chance, and now she must suffer the humility of waiting.

After a half-hour's talk of mutual friends and town affairs, I blurted out what I had come over especially to say.

"Ruth, I know you will pardon this from an old friend, and I assure you it is that alone which prompts me to speak—but it is about Tom Jones. Are you really engaged?"

Only the fact that I had slid down cellar doors with her at the age of five, and proposed to her at the age of twenty, saved me. Just a little gasp and ever so slight a flash in her eye told me of the storm that never broke.

"Phil," she said, blushing, "I don't know that it is any of your affairs, but being such dear old friends I'll tell you." She became serious. "We are not really engaged, although he seems to think—that is, I think—or I mean—" She paused in pathetic confusion.

"It's a crying shame!" I said, angrily. "You're too fine a girl to wait forever for him."

"Well," she returned, excusing him, "he has promised his grandmother that as long as she lives—"

"And a fine, healthy old lady she is," I broke in, indignantly.

"You must not say that," she rebuked me, "and you must not speak against Tom."

By this time the shadows were deepening, and confidences seemed so natural that the fact that I had been away for three years, and that we were speaking of a question that was most sacred to her, did not seem at all extraordinary.

"Ruth," I said, "you don't have to tell me that you love him; your actions convince me," and I wondered if she would indignantly command me to go home; but she was silent, and the very silence seemed to stamp the statement a fact.

Yes, there was no doubt of it: she loved him. And he? Well—hang the ungrateful puppy!—maybe in his peculiar way he did love her, but what a way to show it! The affair must be brought to a climax; but how to do it—I must have time to think. With this idea in mind I suggested:

"Let's go into the house and you sing me some of the old songs. Remember how you used to croon 'Annie Laurie' for me?"

So in the dimly-lit parlor she sang, and I planned the great campaign. How to get the old "ghost of William the Silent," as we boys used to call him, to propose was a task worthy of a greater brain than mine.

In deep thought I figured it out. I would play at being his rival: he must have a little streak of jealousy in him somewhere. But Ruth must know of my little scheme, for I would not have her think that I was in earnest. I fairly shuddered at the possibilities. Yes, I would tell her, but how was I to get her consent to the plan?

I must have missed several remarks which she had made, for when I came to, she had turned around and was eying me curiously.

"Maybe you had better go home if you are feeling so tired," she mocked.

Now, how was that for gratitude! There I was with my brain all in a muddle over her troubles and she insulting me that way.

"Phil," she said, at my continued silence, "there is something on your mind."

Now was the logical time to confess.

"Ruth, you are right. I'm worried over something; and if you are the girl that I think you are, you'll take what I'm going to say in the way I mean it."

Then in carefully chosen words I unburdened my poor mind, told her my plans, and by all the arts I ever learned coaxed, bullied, begged, and flattered her until, finally, I obtained her half-hearted agreement to the project.

"But it is not fair to Tom," she added, defiantly.

If it had not been for a stubborn trait inherited from some of my Dutch ancestors, I would have quit right there. And to think that I was trying to do the girl a favor!

"Now, to begin with," I said, striking while the iron was hot, "suppose I take you to that beautifully exciting strawberry festival Thursday evening? Tom hasn't asked you to that, has he?"

Ruth confessed that he had not. "But he will be around. He likes staying here better than going out," she apologized.

"The old dog in the manger," I could not help muttering.

The festival proved a frost. Tom didn't appear, and after Ruth had fairly worn the printed roses off her gown, fidgeting around on the board seats, I suggested that we go home. She consented with alacrity.

Of course, Tom was waiting there, sitting in the porch swing; but whether he was asleep or worrying over the unexpected turn of affairs, I could not tell from his face. Tom always looks as if he were just waking up.

"You poor boy!" said Ruth, going over and sitting down beside him. "Why didn't you come over?" I could see that in a few minutes she would undo all the good work that we had done. I must do something, and do it quickly.

"Tom," I said, going over and sitting down in the last vacant third of the swing, "regarding that timber lot you want to

sell us, if you can fix the price right we'll buy." Then by asking him a thousand questions about some old trees which were not fit for fence-posts, I tided over the first crisis. Ruth had excused herself and gone into the house. Now to really declare war!

Rising from my seat, I extended my hand, bid him good night, went into the house, and shut the door after me. Only a brass monkey would have followed.

Ruth was just where I thought she would be, in the parlor waiting for us. She seemed surprised when Tom did not appear.

"Where's Tom?" she asked.



"GOOD!" I CRIED, UNTOUCHED BY THE SARCASM. "YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA WHICH, CARRIED OUT, WILL FINISH THIS DISAGREEABLE AFFAIR"

"Gone home," I said, laconically.

Then I unburdened myself. "Now listen to me. You're not helping one little bit. What were you trying to do to-night when we came home—fall upon his precious neck and weep?" I finished, with a fine show of scorn.

"I'll be good," she said, demurely. "What will I do next."

"Well, for one thing, you will have to cut down on the sweets. If you wouldn't sit out there on that dark porch and grow sentimental, we might make him come to terms." The shot must have told. She flared up indignantly.

"One would think that you wanted me to save my kisses for you," she said, sarcastically.

"Good!" I cried, untouched by the sarcasm. "You give me an idea which, carried out, will finish this disagreeable affair."

Walking over to an easy-chair, I dropped into it and outlined my plan to her.

"Every Saturday night at eleven o'clock Tom passes this house on his way home from that grocery emporium of his. It goes without saying that he always looks longingly in here. Next Saturday as he passes he will interrupt a little scene at the gate, which will so startle him that the next morning he will rush over here and want you to marry him at once. He will see me place one arm about your waist, draw you to me, and"—dramatically—" imprint a loving kiss on your fair brow. If that don't bring him, nothing in this world ever will," I chuckled.

Ruth arose in righteous wrath. "You speak as if I had already consented to your —to your nefarious scheme."

With well-feigned discouragement, I collapsed into the depths of that arm-chair.

"Of all the ungrateful girls! Do you think *I* want to kiss you? I've done it too often as it is," I said, cruelly.

"Not since I was twelve," retorted Ruth, blushing.

"Anyway, I was only going to pretend," I finished, lamely. "It's all for you and Tom. You really ought to thank me." I buried my head in my hands.

Suddenly a cool little hand rested on my head.

"Forgive me, Phil. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. It's most awfully good of you to help me. I'll do anything you suggest—within reason," and I knew she had tacked on that condition to cover the kiss. Well, we finally settled it; only I was not to kiss her. That was distinctly understood.

Saturday night came clear and beautiful; not a cloud to obscure the almost full moon. Ever so slight a breeze blew through the honeysuckle and disbursed its bewitching aroma over the grounds. The setting was perfect.

Promptly at five minutes to eleven we stationed ourselves at the gate. Promptly at eleven the even, methodical footsteps of Tom Jones echoed along the quiet, deserted street. Choosing my time with all the farsightedness and strategy of a great general, just as he approached I encircled her waist with my arm, gently drew her toward me—and then the unexpected happened. She nestled her head against my shoulder and gazed up at me. As I looked down at the moon-lit face, suddenly a feeling of longing took possession of me. A gentle stir of breeze, a whisk of honeysuckle, and resistance was useless. I clasped her to me and treacherously impressed a kiss upon her unexpecting lips.

Tom's step turned into a rapid, angry stride. Tearing herself from my arms, Ruth ran up the walk with the parting stab:



"I DON'T WANT YOU TO EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN. YOU'RE NOT EVEN HONEST"

"I don't want you to ever speak to me again. You're not even honest."

And I? Well, I walked slowly homeward, experiencing all the while a muddled feeling of rapture, loss, and gloom. The same feeling which, when alone and forlorn in that college dormitory four years ago, had made me write my proposal to her now rushed over me, but a thousand times more strong. I could not sleep; I must walk, and I did.

What a fool I had been! Now my chances were spoiled forever. I had lied to her. Why did I kiss her! But then without the kiss I never would have known—at least until it was too late.

Finally fatigue stopped me. Turning, I laboriously wended my way back. A more forlorn but, fortunately, bodily wearied person never existed. I flung myself upon the bed and dropped into an exhausted sleep.

The next two days were a lifetime of misery to me. Sunday evening Tom Jones would call on Ruth and propose. There was no doubt of that. My campaign had been a success, but behold me, the victorious general, mortally wounded.

On Monday evening I did some laborious calculations. That was by our agreement my night to call, but—well, now the affair was over, and, what was more, I had been dismissed, dismissed in disgrace. I decided to call, however.

Ruth was in the flower-garden, they told me at the house. I picked my way among the paths in a vain effort to find her. I had just concluded that she was trying to evade me when a voice at my elbow said:

"Are you looking for something?" There stood Ruth, with a sprig of honeysuckle in her hair and a most bewitching smile on her face.

"Yes," I said, humbly, "your f o r g i v e n e s s." I waited for her to speak.

"Well," she said, smiling, "as your manœuvers have been so successful, I'll pardon you. Tom proposed last night."

I was sure that he had, but to hear it from her lips somehow staggered me.

"You accepted him?" I asked, because I could think of nothing more sensible to say."

"Well, no," she said, stooping to pick a flower; "I refused him."

Maybe the campaign was not quite over yet. "Why did you refuse him?" I waited, breathlessly.

She was silent.

"Did you refuse him because—" I hesitated.

"Well," she teased, "go on, General. What now?"

"Because I loved you," I finished, folding her to my heart.

"How was I to know?" she asked, lifting her face to mine.

But I was too busy to answer.

Strictly Modern

MR. HENNER *(showing summer boarder through the chicken-house)*: "It's up to date, you see. There is the feeding-pen, here the dusting-room; at this end is the watering-trough, and on that side you see the nesting-boxes."

SUMMER BOARDER *(earnestly)*: "Strictly modern, isn't it? And do the hens really lay their own eggs?"

Misunderstood

MRS. BROWNING had a new servant-girl named Agnes.

"Agnes," said the mistress, "did you put the clothes in soak?"

"Oi did not," answered the girl; "did you want me to, mum?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply.

"Very well, mum," said Agnes.

About two hours later, Agnes presented herself to her mistress.

"Oi hev put thim clothes in soak, mum," she said, "but the parrot-nose av a pawnbroker wud give me only chew dollars on the whole outfit. Here be th' money, mum, an' it's sorry Oi am that ye bees so harrud up."

Overdoing It

LITTLE Anna received three dolls among her Christmas gifts. Her abundant supply caused her to become slightly careless, and one day the arm came off of one, exposing the sawdust stuffing.

"Well, you dear, obedient dolly!" she exclaimed. "I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

An Anniversary

A MAN may be rough-looking and yet have a touch of sentiment about him.

A ragged, ill-kept-looking man appeared at the door of a Providence woman's home and in a pleading tone asked:

"Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give a poor man who hasn't had a bite for two days?"

"Cake!" echoed the woman, in surprise. "Isn't bread good enough for you?"

"Ordinarily, yes, ma'am. But this is my birthday," explained the tramp.

Equally Distant

WHILE jaunting through the desert out Mojave way this summer, we stopped to ask a drink of a forlorn homesteader on a desert claim. He supplied us from a barrel of warm, acrid liquid.

"Where do you get your water?" we inquired.

"In town at the railroad tank."

"How far is that?"

"Six miles."

"Why don't you dig a well for it?"

"Same distance and harder work."



"Say, Doc, ma says yere to please come as quick as ye can. Baby's swallered the latch-key an' we can't get in the house."

Two Colts

THERE is at Princeton an instructor in mathematics who was country-bred, a fact that is frequently betrayed by some homely saying of his.

One day an undergraduate had performed some peculiarly useless and complicated process in arriving at the solution of a problem, when the instructor said:

"This reminds me of a colt once owned by an old friend of mine Down East. This colt was put out to pasture, after having been fed from its birth in a box-stall and watered at a trough in the yard. The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt would swim the stream to go up to the barn for a drink of water.

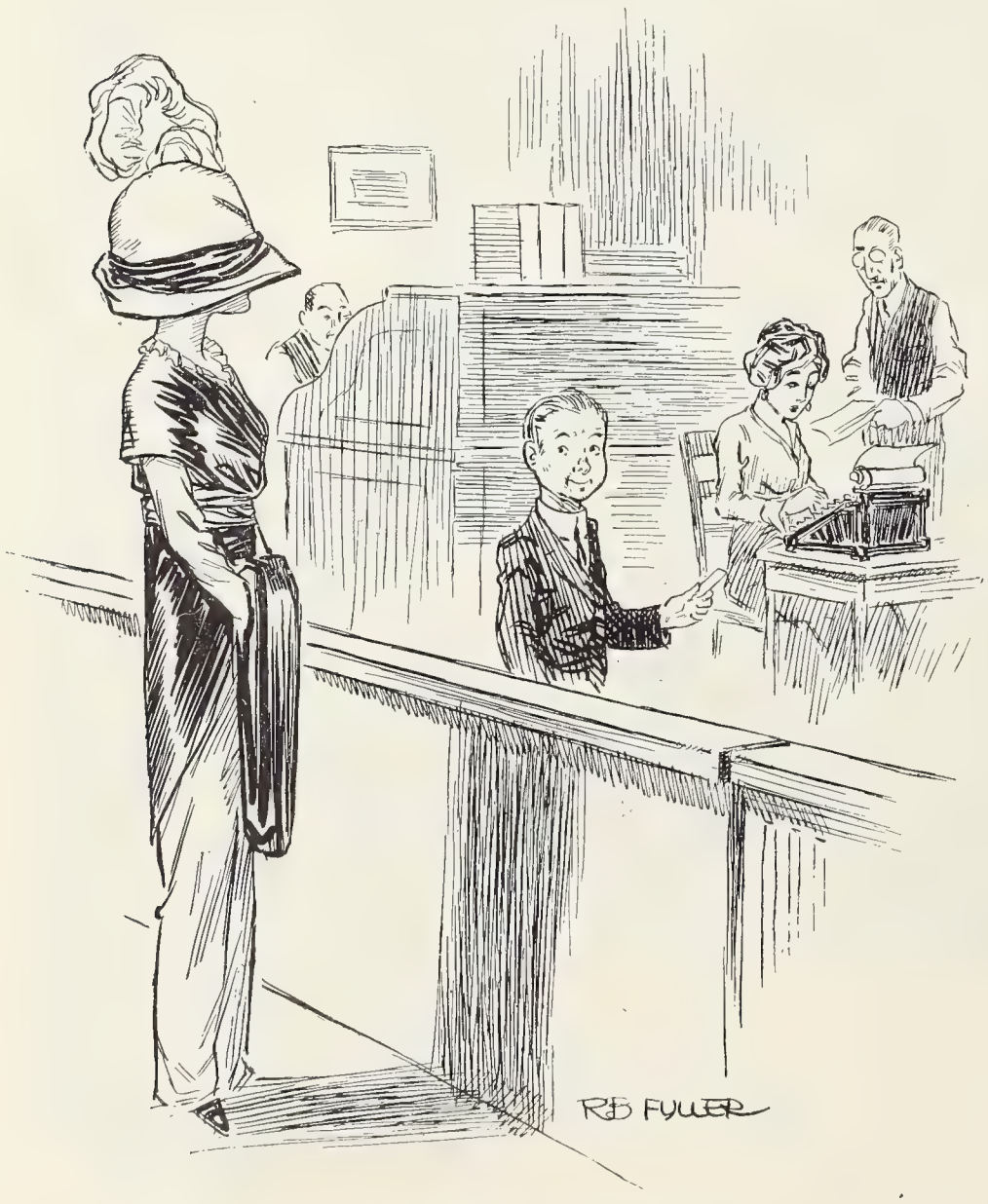
Sarcasm

WHEN one wants a mistake corrected, it is always well to express the demand impressively.

A Maine lumber-dealer recently shipped a car-load of lumber to a firm in Baltimore.

Upon its receipt and examination the customer dictated to his stenographer the following terse and telling message, which was immediately wired:

"Knot-holes received; please send the knots."



LADY. "*Can I see Mr. Jenkins?*"
BOY. "*Dunno, ma'am. I'll see if I can find him, then you kin try.*"

Quite Inseparable

A WASHINGTON woman, visiting a certain resort in Maryland, was much impressed by the sight of twins playing in front of the "hotel." "What dear little boys!" she exclaimed, "and how beautiful to contemplate them playing in such perfect accord!" Then, turning to their father, the proprietor of the place, she added:

"I presume that these dear little creatures are inseparable."

"Yes, ma'am," said the proud father. "They're inseparable all right. Indeed, ma'am, ye might say them boys is as inseparable as a pair of pants."

Why It Was There

ONE of a party of visitors at an insane asylum noticed that the clock in the hall was several minutes fast.

"That clock isn't right," he said to an attendant.

"Of course it isn't," answered an inmate who overheard. "That's why it's here."

Unappreciated

OFTENTIMES musicians complain of lack of appreciation, but here is a pleasant instance of one who won more admiration than he had ever aspired to.

A Chinese minister in Washington went to hear the Marine Band play. Particularly was he impressed with the trombone-player; so much so, in fact, that he offered him a handsome engagement in China.

"I have never seen a juggler," said the distinguished visitor, "who could swallow as much brass pipe as you and spit it out again, and yet the people here regard it with an utter lack of enthusiasm."

Fair Division

SHE was making the usual female search for her purse when the conductor came to collect the fares.

Her companion meditated silently for a moment, then, addressing the other, said:

"Let us divide this, Mabel; you fumble and I'll pay."

Based on Observation

TEACHER: "Explain the use of Miss and Mrs."

PUPIL: "You use Miss for a school-teacher and Mrs. for a woman that keeps boarders."



The Lazy Fisherman

The Wrath of the Poet

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

I'M tellin' ye now iv a hero iv shtory—
The Seanachan, chief iv the bards iv his time,
That harped before Guairé the King in his glory
An' proved to ahl Connaught the Power iv Rhyme.

Whin ahl in the palace was havin' a gay time
The Seanachan enthered—the brisk little man;
"Mille failthe!" sez the King; "ye're as welkim as Maytime!
An' what are ye atin'? an' fill up yer can!"

They biled him an egg an' they brought it to table;
But while he was tunin' his harp fer a lay,
The crafty ould Rats from the cellar was able
To rache the Bard's dinner an' roll it away!

An' whin he perceived how thim Rats had been thievin',
His wrath was thremenjus, his anger was shtrong.
He knew that his dinner was gone past retrievin',
An' hurled at the shcamps ahl the might iv his song.

He sang iv their wives an' their sons an' relations;
He shneered at their habits, the taints iv their blood;
He blazoned the sins iv their past ginerations
An' ahl their great-grandmothers back to the Flood.

Now mind ye, the wurrds that he used in his jeerin'
Was those iv a Poet, well taught an' well bred:
Yet, since there is ahlways some ladies in hearin',
'Tis best to forget what he sang and he said.

But ah, the poor Rats! Whin thim wretched rapscallions
Had felt the full wrath iv the Bard they'd defied,
They cra-aled from their crannies in throops an' battalions,
An', liftin' their pitiful paws up, they died!

So mark what I'm tellin', ye saucy gossoon, ye!
Don't anger a Poet whatever ye're at,
Fer fear he shud curse ye, defame ye, lampoon ye,
An' rhyme ye to death like an' ould Irish Rat!



Time and Tide

Before Her Time

LITTLE ALICE came in the house at luncheon-time with a pair of very dirty hands. Her mother looked at the little girl's hands and said:

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours."

"No, mother," replied the child, "but grandmother did."

His Devotional Attitude

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Donald was usually restless in church, so his mother was doubly gratified one Sunday morning to see him sitting with clasped hands and bowed head throughout a lengthy prayer. When, later, she expressed appreciation of his attentive manner, the boy's face softened with a pleasant memory. "That fly," he chuckled, "walked in and out of my hands exactly two hundred and seventy times!"

Formal

A CROWD had congregated on the beach.

"Why isn't something done to save that ship in distress?" cried one of the women, in an excited tone.

"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, ma'am," said a life-saver, hurriedly.

"Well, I do declare! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?" she asked, a trifle more complacently.

As Per Label

A WELL-KNOWN artist tells of an amusing colloquy in an art-gallery where two young women were viewing a copy of Millet's "Gleaners."

One of the young women was carried away by her enthusiasm. "How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" she exclaimed. "Above all, how natural!"

Then, after a pause, she said: "But what are those people doing?" Drawing nearer to read the title, she was enlightened. "Oh, now," she added, "I see! Gleaning millet! How wonderful! How beautiful!"

Forehanded

A FINE old Boston gentlewoman, brought up in all the most strict traditions of its bluest circles, announced to a friend one day that she had begun the study of Hebrew. As the student was close upon fourscore, the statement produced some surprise.

"Why, Miss Blank," the friend asked, "what good in this world will Hebrew do you?"

The old lady, who has a wit still nimble despite her years, replied with demure swiftness:

"It may not do me much good in this world; but when I get to heaven and meet my Maker, I should like to be able to address Him in His own language."

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